

I went over to see George the other night. Myrtle won't home and if you want to talk to George, that's the best time - when Myrtle ain't home. Fact is, if you want to talk to all, you'd better get it done when Myrtle ain't around. We've had three rescue calls to my house when the little woman and Myrtle got together. Folks thought a cyclone had hit and called the rescue. They really buzz, them two.

"George", I said, "How'd you make out getting your chickens arrested. Did you take them to the High Sheriff. Did he lock 'em up?"

"Frank", he said, "I been meaning to come see you and talk about that very thing. I took them chickens to the High Sheriff and he charged them with being a public nuisance. He said he didn't have enough evidence to hold them on the air conditioner stealing charge."

"Did he lock 'em up, George? What'd he do with them?"

"He said it won't no good putting them in jail. He said the bars was too wide a part. He said them chickens would be out before he could get home."

"What did he do with them, then, if he couldn't put them in jail?" I asked.

"He put them in that old building near the police station. You know the place, Frank, where the county puts their surplus stuff."

"Did he put some water and feed in there for them or did the jailer come by three times a day and feed them?"

"I ain't quite sure, Frank. I didn't go by to see about them until today and you ain't never gonna guess what's happened."

Come To Think Of It

By FRANK COUNT

"That's for sure and I'm beginning to think you ain't gonna never git around to telling me neither."

"They're gone, Frank. Every last one of them chickens is gone."

"Gone? Did you report this to the High Sheriff? What'd he say? Could he explain it, George?"

"I couldn't find the High Sheriff, Frank. But I seen another of the big shots in the courthouse and I told him my chickens was missing."

"Well, hurry up, man, what'd he say? Did he offer any advice?"

"Well, he started out making some kinda speech about working for the people and how he was always asking favors and how he wished he'd stayed on the farm. Finally, I just asked him straight out if he knowed what happened to my chickens."

"Yeah? Well what'd he say? What'd he say, George?"

"Frank, this is gonna git to you, boy. I know how easy you are to git upset. Promise now you won't go to pieces when I tell you what he said."

I promised and agin I asked "What'd that courthouse wheel say, George? What happened to your chickens they put in the county storage house in front of the police department?"

"The ducks got 'em, Frank. That's what the man said. He said flat out--the ducks must a got them."

Well, I ain't never. That's what I thought of first. I ain't never. I knowed George was upset. He wanted to kill them chickens. He didn't want nobody hurting them. And here he was full of doubts. He must a had a load of worry on his mind. He didn't have no way of knowing what happened to his chickens. They could be cold and hungry for all he knowed. They could be crying for George for all he knowed. 'Course this won't very likely. Even chickens don't miss George but so much.

I allowed as how maybe somebody had 'em for Sunday dinner and George started to cry. He likes fried chicken.


"George", I said, "You got to git a all points bulletin out for your chickens. I seen 'em do that on television and the suspects always turned up. This is a serious thing, George. What if them chickens is loose somewhere? They're fugitives, George. Somebody could shoot 'em on sight."

"I hadn't thought of that, Frank. It's more serious than I thought. What if they attacked a innocent citizen. I'd be responsible, Frank. I can't sleep thinking about it."

"Well, cheer up George," I told him, "Things ain't all bad. Chances are them chickens ain't loose. Chances are some friend of yours thought about the trouble you'd be in if they was running around town. Chances are he done you a favor, George. Chances are he et them for you. So cheer up, George. Count your blessings."

A nickel still goes a long way today. You can carry it around for a week without finding anything to do with it.

"LITTLE LAMB, YOU SEEM TO BE TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!"



ON THE MOTH OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK
JOHN J. SYNON

Once or twice, now, I have made a false start at passing an opinion on this Ted Kennedy mess. But I find, beyond the obvious, there is not much to say about him, personally. In a word, he is unclean - in the biblical sense. If he were put behind bars for the rest of his life, it would suit me just fine. And that is about all there is to say of Edward Moore Kennedy.

But he won't be put behind bars. Ted Kennedy will go on being a member of the United States Senate and as sure as God makes foolish women - specifically, 28-year-old, moonstruck spinsters - just so will Ted Kennedy, one day, become the Democratic nominee for the presidency.

That is what is of public significance in this affair: The forces that have made this essentially-oafish scion into a glittering symbol - a hypnotist's bangle with which to mesmerize the American people - such as these will maintain him, so. At whatever price, they will.

However little, then, is to be said of the rotter, personally, there is plenty to be said of and against the cabal of hogs that pull his strings.

I don't refer to the likes of Kennedy's foot washer, the man Joe Gargan, nor to the former U. S. Attorney Paul Markham who, the two of them, so Kennedy says, shared some part of his tragic "nine hours." I point at the whole of the kingmaking Liberal Establishment.

Do I believe the stable will be cleaned? Indeed I do not; not by those who, today own the shovel. I don't because I am as certain as I can be that they themselves are the filth. They themselves are what must be cleaned - out; or turned into salt.

How well I remember, just a few years ago, the actions of another of these Great Liberals, this one the governor of a State. His high-flown nibs, you might recall, slipped into a man's child-packed home and stole the mother-wife.

How did the public react to that? They re-elected the adulterer, knowing he was an adulterer, is how they reacted. And that some who read this will wonder just which governor I refer to proves how easily we, as a people, shed the memory of the contemptible. And that sort of memory, born of the Liberal's permissive creed, is why this particular American Tragedy will blow over and the witless will support the polluter in degree greater than they ever did.

Unless those Americans who are concerned about their collapsing country collect 'round an old-fashioned banner - that of God and Country - and throw the rascals out, we will all find ourselves spasm wracked, struggling in a bubble of air with no hand to help us. We will struggle, gurgle and die as did the moth of Chappaquiddick.

A motorist is a person who, after seeing an accident, drives slowly for the next five minutes.

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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Happy Dreams

If you want something to keep you awake at night or if you already can't sleep and want an excuse, mull over these latest crime figures, released this week by the FBI:

--Almost 4,500,000 serious crimes were recorded in 1968, a 17 percent rise over 1967.

--Risk of being a victim of a serious crime increased 16 percent 1968. Your chances? Two out of 100.

--Firearms were used to commit 8,900 murders, 65,000 assaults and 99,000 robberies last year.

--Since 1964, use of firearms in murder is up 117 percent.

--Daytime burglaries of residences rose 247 percent in the past eight years.

--Property valued at more than

\$1,700,000,000.00 was stolen in 261,730 robberies, 1,828,900 burglaries, 3,442,800 larcenies and 778,800 auto thefts.

--Arrests of juveniles for serious crimes increased 78 percent since 1960; the 10-17 year group, jumped 25 percent.

--Narcotic arrests jumped 64 percent last year.

--Sixty-four law enforcement officers were murdered last year.

--Seventy percent of the persons under 25 years of age released in 1963 were rearrested within five years.

--Forty-six percent of the 94,467 offenders arrested in 1967 or 1968 had been imprisoned on a prior charge.

Happy dreams.

Sheer Madness

It's that time again. In just a matter of a few weeks the school bells will be ringing. It hasn't been so long ago that one could follow these sentences with some glowing phrase of grandiloquent language noting the joys of childhood and the best days of their lives--school days.

But these days are not now. The Franklin County schools and the Franklinton City schools are where they have been for the past several years--ready to start but not knowing just how they will be allowed to do it.

They are not alone. School systems in Halifax, Warren and any number of other localities are in the same boat.

The courts are bogged down with school desegregation cases. HEW is causing confusion and doubt in others. Back-to-school sales are even uncertain in some areas. There are systems unaware today whether or not they will operate a school this year.

Just how long this madness is going to continue nobody seems to know. Millions of dollars worth of school-buildings are being abandoned and in many cases by school systems unable to afford the luxury. Families are being split as children are carted away to new strange and private schools. Children are being separated from their parents at a time in their lives when they need parental guidance.

Normal pleasures attendant to school attendance are fading. PTA's have been abandoned. Supporters of the schools are finding other avenues of service. Attendance at school functions--once a community happening--is down in many cases to alarming pro-



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I would like to make a few comments on your editorial in the Aug. 7 issue of The Franklin Times.

First, and foremost, let me state that I thank God I am a southerner. I am proud of the fact that I am a Southern Conservative of the George Wallace-Lester Maddox school of thought. I am proud of every opportunity to fly the Confederate Flag and I stand when I hear "Dixie", the finest song ever written.

You speak of North Carolinians and Franklin Countians being proud of their heritage. In the past tense. Many of us are still proud of, and honor the memories of those men who fought for the Confederacy and we are still proud that the Stars and Bars first flew over Louisburg and Franklin County.

No one need apologize for Governors Maddox and Wallace. If it weren't for the men we have left, of this type, where would we be today? Suppose we had only those opportunist politicians of the Sanford-Kennedy-Johnson-Scott type; which we seem to have in such abundance here in North Carolina. These so called "progressives" or "moderates", as they term themselves rather than the out and out left wing liberals that their actions show them to be.

You speak of Wallace and Maddox as "lacking in sophistication". That is indeed a compliment. Have you ever looked up the meaning of the word "sophisticate." It means to adulterate; to render artificial; one who argues smartly, but evades the truth. Thank goodness Governors Wallace and Maddox are not sophisticated.

As for their grammatical errors; perhaps you are just confusing this with a southern accent. After all Governor Wallace is a college graduate and an attorney.

If only more of our politicians, school board members in particular, had the intestinal fortitude, shown by some of our "red neck" Wallace and Maddox type southerners, to take a stand against

Federal encroachment on State affairs.

I think it would be well to remember that if one travels the middle of the road he is likely to be hit by traffic from either direction.

By the way, who was it you were working for in the last election? Wasn't it that same fellow you are now

somewhat critical of for not meeting with Governor Maddox? What's that bit you had in the paper that time about wanting to be on the winning side?

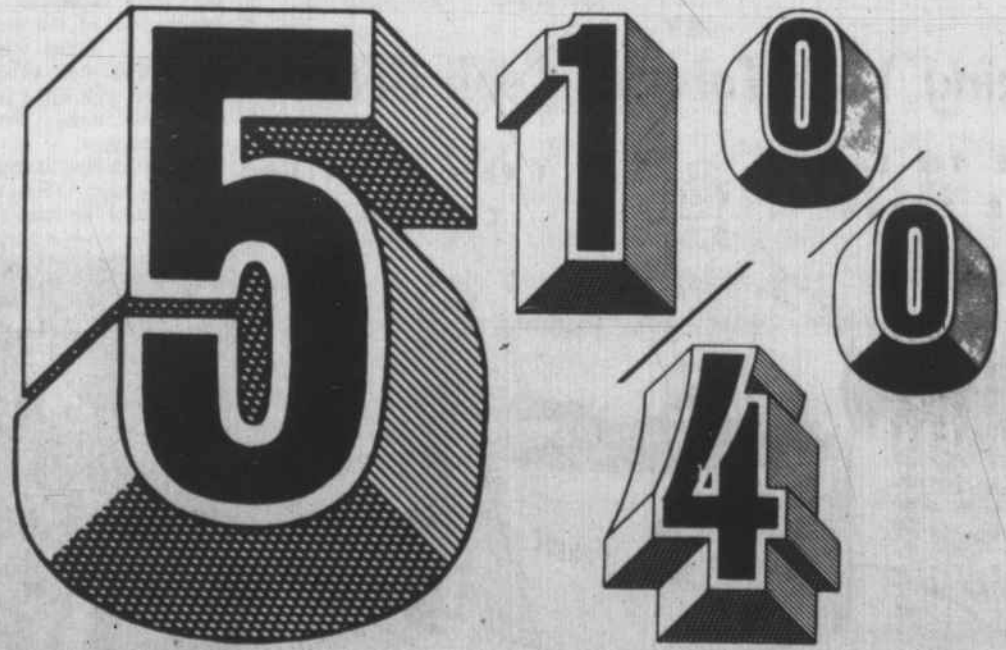
As for me I prefer being on the right side, win or lose. A red neck, southern conservative and proud of it.
T. H. Pearce

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