

Farming creates jobs for other industries

by John Sledge
N.C. Farm Bureau Federation
Spreading out from farms is a business and industrial network that comprises this country's largest and most basic enterprise.

Around 22 million people work in some phase of agriculture. Farming itself uses 3.7 million workers—as many as the combined payrolls of transportation, the steel industry and the automobile industry.

Agriculture requires the services of 15 to 16-million people to store, transport, process and merchandise the output of farms. Another 3 million people provide the seeds, fertilizers, and other supplies farmers use for production and family living.

Approximately one out of every five jobs in private enterprise are dependent on agriculture.

Farmers spend about \$131 billion annually for goods and services to produce crops and livestock. This expenditure creates millions of jobs in steel, rubber, automotive and machinery industries, plus seed, feed, fuel, fertilizer and similar services for agriculture.

A recent study by University of Georgia economists shows for each \$1 million farmers spend on livestock, machinery, buildings and other farm inputs, more than 100 new jobs are created to service their needs.



TRICKLE-DOWN PYRAMID SCHEME

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It's a Small World

by Bill Linden

I never could be a hunter generally because like many other people, I have this feeling for living creatures.

But one of the things that make bears appealing to me is that when they're standing up and walking, they look like fat, hairy old men with drooping pants.

I wrote this in another story many years ago, but it was deleted. The reason was the editor felt an embarrassing kinship with the description. The editor WAS a fat old man with drooping pants (though not particularly hairy).

And now I'M a fat old man with drooping pants (though not particularly hairy). But bears have given me this kindly feeling toward FOMWDP. So I'm writing it with no feeling of injured vanity.

Though bears, even the women bears, do resemble the old guys, a person encountering a bear on highways in tourist areas should remember that the animals are wild. For example, one Great Smoky Mountains National Park ranger nearly had a nervous breakdown when he came across a

picture-taking tourist up near Newfound Gap on the Tennessee-North Carolina line.

To make a funny picture, the tourist had his wife sitting in the front passenger seat of the car. In the driver's seat was a large bear he had coaxed into the car.

The ranger with great care managed to coax the bear out of the car and into the woods where it lived, before disaster could strike.

Then there was another tourist who was just being friendly. The tourist and his wife were driving to a picnic spot and had a carton of picnic food with them. Up near Newfound Gap, the driver saw a large, friendly looking bear ambling about on the road, sniffing for food. So the goodhearted man offered it from his seat in the car.

The bear gratefully accepted the sandwich in one easy swallow -- and then proceeded to climb into the car to get the rest of the lunch.

The couple immediately left through the door on the other side, and all ended well, when two rangers persuaded the bear to leave the car, which the bear was getting

ready to do anyway as there was no food left.

The travelers, shaken but unharmed, resumed their trip and had a very nice picnic. But first they had to detour to a country store outside the park and buy something for their picnic lunch.

Faulty communication, of course, can create problems.

Our daughter, Sara, came up with this example the other day.

A woman was having an elaborate dinner party. In explaining special preparations to her maid, who was from India, she said, "Now when the moment comes, you carry the roast suckling pig to the dinner table with an apple in the mouth."

The maid immediately threw a fit and flatly refused. Her employer, however, managed to persuade her to go through with it.

So at the appointed time, the maid appeared, walking toward the diners. She was holding the roast pig on a platter. And in the maid's mouth was an apple.

In England, it's 'Chips'

By Lucien Coleman

Having just finished off a delicious steak and kidney pie and a superb trifle, I folded my serviette and asked Barbara whether or not she was still working.

"Oh," she said, "I still invigilate at the end of term, just enough to keep a pound or two in my pocket. Would you care for a biscuit with your tea?"

When we were in England last month I was reminded once again that Oscar Wilde wasn't just jiving when he called Great Britain and the United States "two great nations divided by a common language."

In England, napkins are serviettes, trifle is a sinfully rich dessert, cookies are biscuits and money is counted in pounds. There, you put petrol into your auto's fuel tank, keep your tyre tools in the boot, and lift the bonnet to check your oil, windscreen washer fluid and the belt that turns the dynamo. And, of course, you dip your headlamps instead of dimming

them. British housewives pin nappies on their babies' bottoms and wind them, rather than burping them. If you intend to communicate with them by telephone, you promise to ring them; if you tell them you'll call later on, they'll expect you to show up in person. And they will serve your tea "white" or without milk.

On British roadways, soft shoulders are soft verges, highway interchanges are roundabouts. And you don't pass; you "overtake." Trailer trucks are articulated lorries and moving vans are removal vans (or pantechinons). My wife and I saw a huge sign bearing the word "Cementation" several times before we realized it was the name of a concrete company doing highway construction work.

Beeburgers are catching on in England. (Hamburgers, there, are made of ham.) You can find McDonald's and Wendy's in London. But the most popular take-

away (carry-out) food is still fish-and-chips. By now, most Americans know that "chips" is the English way of saying "fries." What is less well known is that what we know as potato chips are potato "crisps" on that side of the Atlantic.

The business establishments in shopping areas there have all sorts of unfamiliar labels—confectionist, tobacconist, fruiterer, green grocer, sweet shop, ironmonger and the like. And it takes a while for an American to learn the proper names for products. Cream of wheat, for instance, is called semolina; eggplant is aubergine, rutabagas are swedes, zucchinis are courgettes, and hamburger is minced beef (usually from New Zealand).

In clothing stores, snaps are press studs, sneakers are plimsolls, windbreakers are windcheaters, a parka is an anorak, and if you want your new trousers cuffed you order them with "turn-ups."

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From the Superintendent's Desk

By Raz Arty

My Experience and My Thoughts

My tenure as school superintendent in Hoke County is fast coming to an end. As I visit the schools on a day-to-day basis, the teachers will wish me well and ask me if I will miss it. I have reflected on that question quite a bit lately.

I will miss my association with the teachers and the personnel in my office. I won't miss the superintendency.

The job description and the position has changed so much in the last few years the satisfaction of trying to do the job is gone.

I am thankful that the board of education gave me the opportunity to serve as superintendent of the Hoke County School System. I would not have felt that my school career was complete if I had not experienced the superintendency.

The superintendent's job in Hoke County has the same frustrations as superintendents have in other counties and cities. My personal experience for the most part has been satisfactory. I have tried to tackle the tough issues and not by-pass any of them.

Every decision I made, if I had to make the decision again, I would arrive at the same conclusion. However, my timing would have been a little better.

The truly great shock I got was to suddenly realize that I was a wide open target for all to shoot.

Twenty years as a principal prepared me for the pressure of the job, but it didn't prepare me to face the realization that I was going to always be the heavy and that very few would come to my defense, regardless of how right I was.

One of the most pleasant of my experiences was working with the three races of people. I always tried to be a fair man in dealing with people. Once people feel you

are a square shooter, regardless of whether they agree with the decisions you make, they will support you and the decisions in the final analysis.

I learned a lot about the people of Hoke County, more so as a superintendent than a principal.

Unless you were born and bred here, you will always be an outsider.

The people of the county have more compassion for their fellow man when he is down and out than any people I have ever known. I make that statement with pride for them, but I also must say that they are the most passive people I have ever known.

If a superintendent gets in trouble there is no need for him to look for help except from the five true friends he has made. He is on his own. There will be no cards and letters to support him. All the space in the newspaper will be reserved for those who are interested in crucifying him and they usually come out in force.

Many years ago, a friend of mine told me that when you become an administrator, the first year the people scrutinize you; the second year they idolize you; the third year they criticize you; the fourth year they crucify you.

My experience has been pretty much along those lines.

I realized a good while ago that I had stayed too long in Hoke County. I am sure a lot of folks agree with that statement. Early in my career I made a vow that I would not stay any place over seven years. I held to that until I came to Hoke County.

After seven years as high school principal, I was appointed to the superintendency. At the end of that seven year period I was at the end of my career. As I look back, I realize I made a mistake by not

leaving four or five years ago.

I make that statement not because I don't like Hoke County and its people, but simply to emphasize that after a few years I, like every individual who pushes hard, need a new challenge to be able to operate at my maximum peak.

Even I, in handling the role of the superintendent, was not prepared for the viciousness of the public or the unfairness of the press in dealing with delicate situations.

There are so many things that are confidential, when dealing with personnel, that you cannot tell the general public, simply because the teacher tenure act will not permit it. A tough skin is a necessity.

The really hard part of dealing with the unfavorable publicity is the strain that it puts on your family.

No amount of money regardless of what the letter writers say, will erase the strain on your wife's face or the tears on her pillow that were shed for you.

You know the price has been too high when your family begins to trust on one instead of trusting everyone as they had done in the past.

My basic philosophy of education has never changed. I have placed the welfare of the children above everything else.

I have given the job my best shot.

I leave with no bitterness toward anyone and wish the board of education and the new superintendent luck.

The road won't be smooth, but if all the people in the county will remember that education is the number one priority and that everyone must work toward that end, then the road, if not smooth, will be passable.