

Viewpoints

Hoke United Way doing a good job

United Way, the county's largest fund raiser, is getting into full swing, and if history is any indication, Hoke Countians will realize the need and will dig deep to help the fund go beyond its \$26,230 goal.

There is no shortage of causes in this county with genuine needs; however, we believe that United Way offers residents, businesses and industries the best opportunity for doing the most widespread good.

In the past, this county has done its part to help those in need and has generously supported just about any cause which was deemed to be for the common good.

When one considers that the population of

Hoke County is only around 22,000 and our per capita income is about the lowest in the state, the amount of money donated to fund raising efforts here each year is amazing.

Hoke Countians respond to local drives with more than \$100,000 annually, and in addition, individuals kick in more than \$1 million to support the county's churches.

Perhaps the reason that donations seem to flow in Hoke County is because fund raising has become a year round project. Those helping others here are not bashful about asking, and during some months the hat seems to be passed for different causes almost daily.

The United Way offers a different approach. This year one donation will help support 22 projects, including such local causes as the Boy and Girl Scouts, 4-H, the St. Joseph Home Health Agency, the rescue squad, the Hoke Reading and Literacy Council, the Children's Center, Share Your Christmas and others.

Editorials

Each year as the Fund gains in strength, more support can be given to each agency or cause, until that project can depend solely on the United Way for its needed revenue.

Other local fund raisers, like the Hoke Hobnob, the local support group for the North Carolina Symphony and the Humane Society, which now do not qualify, could also be brought under the umbrella.

If the United Way goes the way it is designed, Hoke County can look forward to one large helping hand and a diminishing number of outstretched small palms. Those working for the different agencies coming under United Way will also be able to spend more time serving and less time worrying about raising money.

United Way needs support to achieve not only this year's financial goal, but also to make its long range plan a reality.

We back the United Way and what the organization is attempting to do in Hoke County. This county needs one strong united fund raising effort, rather than dozens of small ones.

Spring array deserves hand

The show being put on throughout Hoke County by Mother Nature and her array of blooming trees, plants and shrubs is one of the finest in recent memory.

This spring, there seems to have been the correct blend of cold weather, rain and sunshine to have made the dogwoods whiter, pinker and redder than usual and to have made the azaleas, tulips, iris and wisteria bloom in perfect unison.

We believe the Show of Spring, particularly in Hoke County, deserves a tip of the hat and a round of applause.

Reagan nearing 3-year peak

By Cliff Blue

As November's elections approach to within six months the disarray of the Reagan Administration seems nearing a three-year peak. This could be bad news for the president. Some aides believe he must use a strong hand to discipline his team. But when disagreements occur among Cabinet officials who don't fear a return to private life, how is Reagan to discipline them?

The Edwin Meese controversy is the latest of problems, which if not cleared, could compromise Reagan's up-to-now good election chances.

Meese's confirmation as attorney general is now somewhat doubtful. He may not have -- and probably didn't do anything intentionally illegal. But his judgement about personal loans and federal jobs is certainly suspect -- and disapproved by many.

Now, Jacob A. Stein, a top Washington lawyer who promises a "dignified thoroughly professional investigation," puts Meese right much-out of the political-atmosphere. Stein's politics are not known. He has never voted. He explained that he lived in the District of Columbia before residents won the right to vote. Anyway, it appears that Meese will get a fair verdict be it good or be it bad!

NON-SMOKING...The Civil Aeronautics Board decided recently it is impractical to ban smoking on airliners based on length of a flight, leaving passengers free to smoke as long as non-smokers are provided separate seating.

People and Issues

FUNERAL PRICES...The National Funeral Directors Association announced recently it had decided against taking to the U.S. Supreme Court its challenge of a federal regulation requiring that consumers be given more detailed information about funeral prices.

TOO FAST?...The nation's economic growth surged to an annual rate of 7.2% in early 1984, the government reported recently, setting off fears that an overheated economy could trigger renewed inflation.

TORNADO...A few days ago, Gala (my wife) and I visited the Roseboro area where the tornado did great damage to property of people and homes. Much of the damage in the Roseboro community was some six to eight miles south-east of Roseboro in Cumberland County. It was a devastated area with homes leveled and destroyed leaving two dead and in a few places homes were not damaged at all. The Salemburg area was also badly struck.

The people of the area and surrounding communities have really come forward and helped out as real neighbors always do in times of an emergency.

REAL ESTATE INTEREST...The Wall Street Journal in its April 4 issue headlined a story: "Real Rate of Interest is Dropping, Helping to Prolong the Boom." The story in brief said: "The real cost

of money -- the interest rate minus the expected inflation rate -- is declining, and the implications are both good and bad." The next paragraph read: "On the favorable side, the drop in real interest rates suggests that the current expansion of the nation's economy should have fuel enough to continue at least through the end of the year. But, unfortunately, real rates are declining for an unsettling reason: Prices are rising faster than nominal interest rates, the rates you actually pay.

SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO...Reading history, we note that on April 6, 1917 President Woodrow Wilson's call for a declaration of war against Imperial Germany was voted by Congress. The chief complaint against Germany was its U-boat warfare. Allied victory in 1918 led to the infamous Versailles treaty of 1919, with its overly punitive provisions and betrayal of Wilson's fourteen points -- led to World War II and made possible the rise of Adolph Hitler, all of which raises many interesting questions.

CONVENTIONS...We note that the Democratic national convention will meet in July, San Francisco. The Republicans will meet in August, in Dallas, Texas. Each convention is expected to attract at least 25,000 people, enough to give each city an economic boost of \$20 million or more.



Ah, the life of a social butterfly...
I just can't miss a party.



TV wrestling brings back ole days

By Lucien Coleman

Television wrestling shows ain't real cultural, I know. But it's the only thing going nowadays that can even come close to capturing the pathos and villainy of the old-time melodrama. Besides, watching the groaners sweat, swear, and slap the mat sends me on a real nostalgia trip.

It was during the summer of 1948, I think, when television came to Tyronza, Arkansas. My Uncle Sammy happened to own a combination grocery, furniture, and appliance store. So, naturally, his

was the first house in town to have a television set in it.

At that time, television viewing wasn't a private affair like it is today. It was a social event. Every day, along about sundown, the neighbors would start showing up. And, soon, every chair in the house would be in the living room, arranged like theater seats in front of the television.

At first, Uncle Sammy and Aunt Grace would greet folks at the door. But that finally got to be too much for them, jumping up and down every few minutes. So, finally,

they would just holler, "Come on in!" Pretty soon, folks would show up and join the viewing audience without even knocking.

Programming was pretty thin back in those days. Not much variety. But you could always count on the wrestling shows, beamed straight from Memphis, Tennessee, to get the crowd excited.

Every bout was between some good guy and a low-down sneaky villain, who would gouge, choke, and bite when the referee wasn't looking.

Things That Matter

Good ole Farmer Jones would put an end to such evil shenanigans by taking after the culprit with one of his hightop brogans, to everybody's delight. At such moments, even sedate Sunday School teacher types in Uncle Sammy's living room would scream, "Get him! Get him! Beat his head in!"

Well, he shouldn't have choked and gouged when the referee

wasn't looking.

I can't believe that was 36 years ago.

Television technology has come a long way, what with synchronous communication satellites orbiting the planet, and video disc players more common than TV receivers were then.

But, even with "Star Wars" and "E.T." special effects, television has never had more spellbound audiences than the neighbors who gathered in Uncle Sam's living room.

Fayetteville dining is a lingering affair

By Warren Johnston

A group of out-of-towners came into Raeford Saturday. It was the job of the Hoke County Culture Club to show them a good time.

After a fun-filled day of touring the local sites, everybody started feeling a little hungry. About 5 p.m. they began making noises like they wanted to eat something.

The visitors were being real nice about it, but Sadie Louise was getting grumpy and yelling things like: "It's time to eat."

Well, eating places get thin around here on Saturday nights, so we all piled into the Bluebird and headed for Fayetteville.

We arrived at a restaurant around quarter to six following an in-depth eyeballing of the destruction on Hay Street. The tour was punctuated with comments from Sadie Louise, who remembered when the section was at its peak during the war years.

"Those were the days," she kept saying. We got everybody out of the Bluebird and crowded them in through the doors of the restaurant.

"I wanta eat," Sadie Louise yelled. "There will be about a 15-minute wait. You may wait in the bar, and we'll call you," the restaurant hostess said politely.

We found a table and settled into the comfortable bar to wait. We were outside of Hoke County, so everybody figured we'd be safe to order a round of drinks.

Not only were they out of Sadie Louise's favorite brand of elderberry brandy, but they also did not even stock dandelion wine.

The Puppy Papers

She was incensed and ordered a double martini with three olives.

Long about 9 p.m., the third round of drinks and about the time Sadie Louise was trying to pick a fight with a sumo wrestler sitting at the bar, they seated us in the dining room.

"Can we bring you anything from the bar while you look over the menu?" the kindly hostess asked.

When we ordered iced tea and coffee, the hostess knew we were serious about eating and promised to send our "food counselor right on over."

"I'll be with you in a minute," our food counselor said when she swept by our table 30 minutes later.

"Before you start ordering, I must tell you that we are out of the prime rib," she said after she returned at 9:45.

Well, of course we all wanted prime rib, so in unison, we threw the menus into the air and put our faces down in the butter plates.

"That will do no good," the counselor scolded. "And while you were carrying on that little demonstration, we ran out of baked potatoes and London broil."

It was now apparent that timing had become critical. We straightened up in our chairs, and even Sadie Louise stopped eating the flowers on the table. We ordered second and third choices, mostly steaks, without hesitating.

"Now that's better," the consultant said, pointing us in the direction of the salad bar.

We all had a fine salad and a slice of delightful bread. About 11 p.m., the hostess returned.

"I don't know how to break this to you, but we've run out of steaks," she said.

With that news, Sadie Louise began shooting wads of butter from the end of her knife at a group of happy diners at an adjoining table. She had to be restrained and forced, with the rest of us, to order chicken.

The meal was fine, and after a round of complimentary desserts, we headed for home. It was 1 a.m.

There was a foul smell in the air as we left the restaurant. Some of us thought it was Sadie Louise, and were relieved when she suggested that there must be a pig parlor nearby.

Gasping for air, we climbed inside the Bluebird and longed for the sweet smells of Hoke County.

On the drive back, along with several rousing camp songs, and the idle chatter about what a good time we'd had, there was much speculation about the smell.

We finally decided that the Fayetteville police must put out the foul air to make people go home early on Saturday night so they can get up in time for church.

"Well, I hope they don't find out about that in Hoke County," Sadie Louise snorted as the bus rolled into Raeford.

We all agreed and promised to leave the part about the smell out of the club's minutes. We were glad to call it an evening.

The News-Journal

ANPA NCPA

Published Every Thursday by
Dickson Press, Inc., Paul Dickson, Pres.
119 W. Elwood Avenue, P.O. Box 550
Raeford, N.C. 28376

Subscription Rates In Advance
In County Per Year—\$10.00
6 Months—\$5.00
Out of County Per Year—\$12.00
6 Months—\$6.00

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2nd Class Postage at Raeford, N.C.
(USPS 388-260)