

Viewpoints

Military building could help county

It would be nice if Hoke County could benefit directly from the \$63.32 million the House of Representatives approved last week for construction next year at Ft. Bragg.

Last year \$31.1 million was spent and few who live in Hoke County knew any construction was underway.

Although this county has been struggling for survival since it gave up more than 100,000 acres to create the military reservation, relatively few direct benefits have drifted our way.

Almost all of the Ft. Bragg housing, administrative offices, classrooms, recreational facilities and commercial operations are located with easy access to Fayetteville and Cumberland

County. Civilians and military personnel live, work and spend money in those areas outside the reservation which are the easiest to reach. This county is not one of them.

Areas accessible to Hoke County are used primarily for field training and as a firing range.

Efforts have been launched by local leaders to attract more Ft. Bragg personnel to this county, but the task is difficult because of the access to the reservation. Hoke County is not convenient.

Congressman Bill Hefner, who serves as Chairman of the House Military Construction Subcommittee and who represents Hoke County, played a key role in the approval of the funds for the Ft. Bragg building.

Congressman Hefner could also play an important part in getting some of the new buildings constructed in a location accessible to this county or, at least, in helping develop a highway link from Raeford to the existing main operations area.

Taxes are going up in this county, and a few more residents would help ease the burden.

Editorials

Perhaps local leaders should remind Congressman Hefner on a regular basis that those living in Ft. Bragg and in Cumberland County can do little for his re-election hopes, but that voters living in Hoke County can help.

Officials earned Seattle convention

In a week or so, a group of Hoke County officials will be heading off to Seattle for the National Convention of County Commissioners. Local taxpayers will be picking up the tab, and it is probably going to be a bargain.

During the convention, members of the Hoke County Commission will not only have an opportunity to attend instructional sessions, but the of-

ficials will also be exposed to fresh ideas and different approaches to running a county government.

It is true much of the convention's activities will be recreational. Those sessions can also be profitable for developing better relationships with elected peers from this and other states.

In a normal year of service to the county, a commissioner will attend two four-hour regular meetings each month. Commission members also must serve on other special committees and represent the county on other area boards which meet on a monthly basis.

As Hoke County grows, the job of being a commissioner is becoming more demanding, and the pay is low. Commissioners are paid \$125 per month and the chairman \$175 per month.

In addition to their regular salary, each year the commissioners attend the national convention. They have earned it. We hope they profit from the experience.

Clean water act working

By Bill Hefner
Congressman

For the most part, the Clean Water Act is a success. Since 1972 it has done a lot to clean up the pollution in our rivers, streams and lakes. Fish are now returning to waters that had been too polluted to feed them.

For the next several days I will be working with the other Congressmen and women on a bill to update the Clean Water Act.

In its first stages during the early 1970's, it was called the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1972. Back then the Act had a national goal of eliminating all pollution from the nation's waterways. That's a pretty tall order, but it has been surprisingly successful. Congress approved a mid-course correction in 1977 helping to stay on

target, but trouble began to surface when President Reagan began his budget cutbacks in 1981. The Clean Water Act still was able to accomplish much, however.

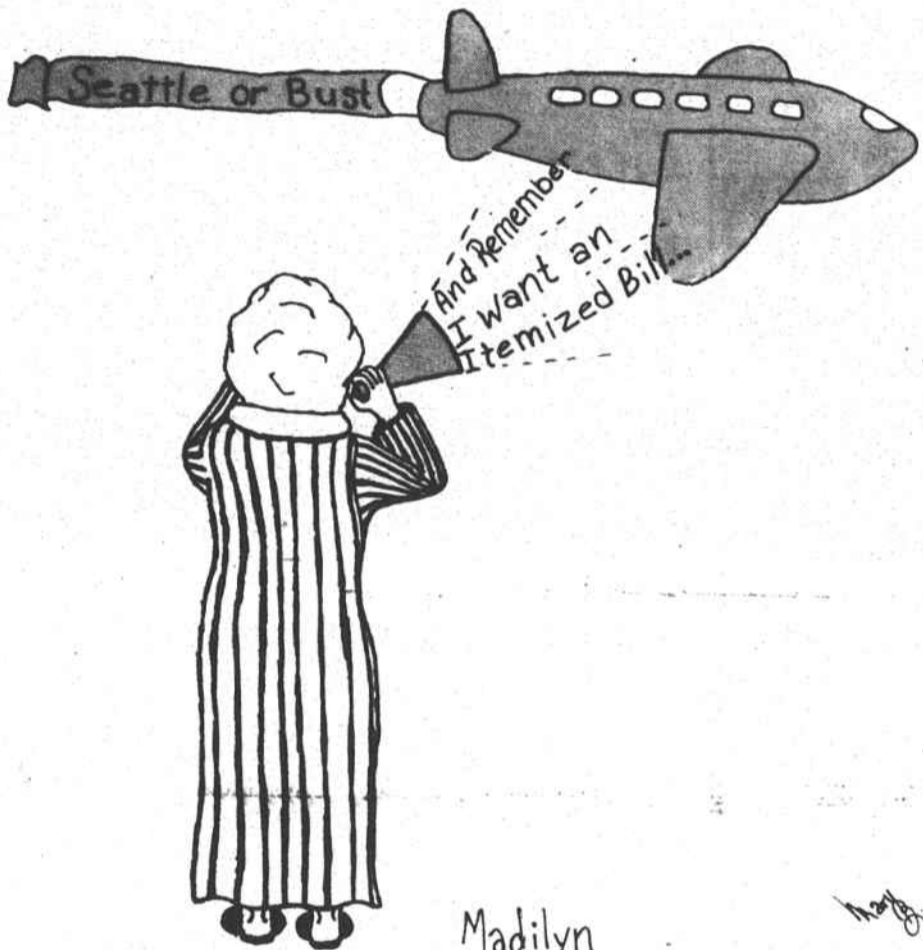
Many parts of the Act expired in 1982 and since then Congress has been wrestling with the problem of putting it back on the books. That's where we now stand.

This year's bill is undergoing several major changes and it has drawn a few protests, but I'm glad to report to you that the Congress seems to be ironing out those problems. It appears an agreement is now reached between the U.S. House and environmental groups. Here's what's happening.

This bill extends the Clean Water Act through 1989. It raises the amount to be spent on sewage

treatment construction grants and it raises the federal government's share of treatment plant construction costs. If the Act passes Congress, a new program would be set up to control run-off pollution from fields or streets. Also, some industries would get more time to comply with Clean Water Act standards. If it becomes law the new act would begin a new program to clean up "toxic hot spots." These are waters which will not meet water quality standards due to toxic pollution. The Clean Water Program would also be expanded.

The Clean Water Act has done a good job of serving you and your families, and helping to preserve our good earth. I can't say that about all of those federal programs coming out of Washington.



'Friendly skies' should start with personnel on the ground

By Lucien Coleman

The skies had been friendly enough, as promised in the airline's advertising. But the agent at the counter on this side of the Pacific definitely didn't fit the image.

At the airport in Tokyo, one of my traveling companions had checked a box containing six pairs of scissors with the rest of her baggage. When we arrived in Seattle, the box never did appear in the baggage claim area. So, when we checked in for our flight to Texas, my friend asked the agent at the gate what she should do about it.

"You'll have to take that up with the customs people," he said. "I can't do anything about it." His whole demeanor said, "Lady, get lost. Don't bother me with your little problems."

My sense of chivalry all aglow, I stepped into the fray. "Excuse me," I said, with as much pleasantness as I could muster under the circumstances, "your airline checked the box aboard in Tokyo; therefore, it seems to me that your airline is responsible for producing it on this end of the line."

"You'll have to check with customs," he repeated, his voice sounding very unlike friendly skies. "I'm not responsible for it." "Sir," I responded, somewhat less pleasantly, "you are an employee of this airline, and this airline is decidedly responsible for my friend's parcel." But to no avail. That round went to the

Things That Matter

representative of the "friendly skies."

Yesterday, I went to a local store to ask about a minor problem afflicting my portable cassette player, a missing screw. When I asked the salesman where I might find a replacement screw, he replied, "I don't know." That was it. Not, "I'll try to find out," or "You might try so and so." Just, "I don't know."

Now, I wouldn't have given it a second thought except for the fact that the guy's store sells portable cassette players like mine.

However, deciding not to pursue the matter, I asked another question. Having noticed a newer model of the cassette player on the shelf, I inquired, "How does the new unit compare with my old one?" Again, the same bored response, "I don't know." Sensing that I was inconveniencing the fellow with my questions, I left.

A few hours later, my wife and I stopped at a bakery thrift store, where they sell day-old pies, cakes, and bread at greatly reduced prices. The young woman at the counter was a delightful person. "Let me know if you don't see what you want," she said, "and I'll try to help you find it."

We had never set foot in the store before, but you would have thought we were longtime customers. "We have a very good buy on sesame-seed buns today,"

she smiled. We bought several packages of sesame-seed buns.

"This whole-grain bread is excellent," she said. "It's my favorite." We bought two loaves of whole-grain bread. In fact, we left the store with six bags stuffed with buns and breads of various kinds.

"Now be sure to put those sourdough rolls in the freezer until you get ready to serve them," she told us, as we prepared to leave. "They don't keep very well in this hot weather."

The difference between that young lady and the two dullards described earlier is that she was serving customers. They were doing a job.

America celebrating 208 years

By Cliff Blue

Two hundred and eight years ago, on July 4, 1776 this Wednesday, the people celebrated the Declaration of Independence.

On every fourth of July, the United States celebrates its birthday. On that date, in 1776, representatives of 13 British colonies in North America adopted an eloquent statement setting forth the reason for declaring their independence from Great Britain.

No one was much surprised at the news. War against England had already begun. Battles had been fought at Lexington, Concord, and Breed's Hill. Colonial troops had seized Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

George Washington had been named to lead the colonial army. The spirit of independence was abroad in the land. Many men were asking, with Samuel Adams, "Is not America already independent? Why not then declare it?"

The actual birthday of the country was much quieter than celebra-

People & Issues

tions of its anniversaries. No Liberty Bell rang out the glad news to a waiting crowd. The great decision for independence had really been taken much earlier.

On June 7, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia moved in the Continental Congress that "These United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States." Three days later, Congress voted to name a special committee to draft a declaration supporting Lee's resolution.

On June 11, it named John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Livingston, and Roger Sherman to the committee. Jefferson was given the task of preparing the draft:

"A Declaration of the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled."

Congress approved the Lee resolution on July 2. Strictly speaking, this act became the official declaration of independence.

On July 4th Congress adopted the final draft of the declaration in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. This draft was largely Jefferson's work. John Hancock signed the document "by order and in behalf of Congress."

Charles Thompson, secretary of Congress, attested Hancock's signature.

GRADUATE PLACEMENTS

Job offers to recent college graduates have risen sharply compared to last year, but they have yet to match the level of 1982. At the same time, starting salaries have increased little, if at all, in most career fields, reports the governing Boards of Universities and Colleges.

After forty years of dramatic growth, enrollment of the nation's community, and technical colleges dropped very slightly between the 1982 and 1983 fall terms, according to figures released by the American Association of Community Colleges.

Mountain inn is like being in bygone era

By Warren Johnston

Well, it had been hot, and we had deserved a break, I thought, as the old Bluebird buzzed along Highway 211 heading home from the mountains.

The bus was subdued. Everyone was exhausted, particularly Sadie Louise. After three days of food and frivolity, the peace was an abrupt change.

"I want to go back," Sadie Louise moaned tearfully. Everyone agreed.

The mountain outing had been planned a week earlier. An emergency meeting of the Hoke County Culture Club had been called to address a pressing matter, the weather. It was too hot in the S. hills to do anything sophisticated. We knew we had to go elsewhere.

"It's hard to get worked up about culture when your knees are sweating," Sadie Louise had said.

Several of us had to purchase extra rope from the hardware store in order to get our suitcases closed, but once we got everything together, we piled the Bluebird full and headed for cooler temperatures.

The Puppy Papers

After about four hours, too many traveling songs, eight pit stops and a half dozen orders of all-the-way dogs and fries, we rolled into Blowing Rock and the Gideon Ridge Inn.

The Bluebird strained up the long winding driveway to the inn. We climbed out of the bus in short pants and summer attire, only to be greeted by congenial hosts, panoramic views and cool weather.

"I think my right knee is frozen," Sadie Louise squawked, as she dragged her disheveled Samsonite from the bus and ravaged it in search of a sweater.

Before long we realized we had discovered a rare place, much like an enchanted forest or a hidden garden, which before we had believed only existed in tales of "how things used to be."

The inn is a special place. The three proprietors still care about tending to the wants of their guests and do it with deft expertise. Soon after the morning coffee, served with a wake up call, the fresh fruit and flowers in the rooms, the five-course breakfast and the six-course dinner, we knew it would be a weekend to be savored.

Once Sadie Louise learned not to chew the entire artichoke leaf and discovered that fresh peaches were good on chocolate ice cream, we felt confident that the Culture Club had finally found a permanent site to hold our quarterly convention.

The only minor setback came on Saturday, when Sadie got word that we were having snails for the first course at the evening meal. She hid in the bathroom and refused to come out until we told her the menu had been changed. Escargots would be served instead.

When we were not eating, we were walking on the terraces, admiring the gardens or reading in the finely appointed and comfortable library. There was even a brief singing held around the piano, but we had to cut it short after the grandfather clock in the lobby struck 2 a.m.

As we left on Sunday, Sadie Louise hung out of the bus window. She could be heard halfway down the mountain yelling out her pledge to return as soon as possible.

"I'd even eat escargots again, if I could just go back," she said, as we rolled home.

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