

Viewpoints

Kudos for delegation

Having representation in Raleigh paid off for Hoke County during the General Assembly's short session which was just completed. As a result of the session, this county will receive over \$135,000 for special projects, and the quality of life for a number of residents should be improved.

Without a strong voice in Raleigh, however, Hoke County's chances of getting a slice of the state money would have been much poorer.

Rep. Danny DeVane, along with Rep. Sidney Locks, Rep. Pete Hasty and Sen. David Parnell, came through by obtaining "pork barrel" and other state funds for Hoke County projects such as: the courthouse, the library, the Literacy Council, the old Armory Park, the Children's Center and for industrial development.

Their efforts will allow construction to begin on repairing the 73-year-old courthouse, which is rapidly deteriorating and suffering from leaking roofs, peeling paint, inadequate bathroom facilities and falling plaster.

Parnell was able to engineer a grant of \$67,500 from the legislature, which will be combined with accumulated local facilities fees of more than \$100,000. With the new state funds there should be enough money to make a visible change in the landmark structure.

The Hoke County Library will get \$5,000 to purchase a microfilm reader printer for the history room. With the machine, the library will be able to build a strong collection of newspapers and documents that record this county's past.

State Human Resources funds may have saved the Hoke County Children's Center by providing enough funds to pay off the mortgage on their new location.

The center had been forced to move to the new site because of inadequate fire exits in their old location. Because of the added expense of meeting the mortgage payments, the center's staff was having a difficult time meeting other obligations.

Industrial development received a shot in the arm from the legislators. Extra state funds of \$10,000 were pumped into the program and should help Hoke County and Raeford meet the needs of upgrading the effort.

The Hoke County Literacy Council received \$8,000 for operating expenses. In a county, where more than one-third of the adult population cannot read, those funds were needed.

In addition, recreation and the old Armory Park will get \$3,000 in fix up funds and maybe restrooms.

All of these projects may have survived without the help of the delegation and the legislature, but as a result, life in Hoke County with the extra money will be much nicer.

It is something new for Hoke County to have a group lobbying on our behalf in Raleigh, and local taxpayers should continue to make use of the asset by seeking additional funds for projects like a satellite college and a facelift for Main Street.

Who knows, if the delegation keeps bringing home results like those of this year's short session, Hoke County residents might even get used to a higher standard of living and to having elected officials who are responsive to their needs.

No visible records

In case you haven't noticed, there are no markers around that commemorate the history of Hoke County.

There are also no markers to record the names of those county residents who gave their lives in the service of our country.

No signs are standing which would tell a passerby that the Raeford Institute existed, that Hoke County was formed in 1911 from Cumberland and Robeson counties, that LaFayette slept in Dundarrach, that Raeford was founded in 1901, that Sen. John W. McLaughlin lived here or that this county led the world in watermelon production.

According to Dr. Jerry Cashion, who heads up the recognition program, gray metal state historical markers, which are familiar sites in many North Carolina counties, are erected free of charge at locations which have statewide significance. Hoke County has a few which would qualify but that have not been marked.

Courthouses are not marked free by the state, unless something of statewide significance happened there.

However, a county can mark their own courthouse with a gray metal sign, which would tell the history of the founding, for about \$900.

A cheaper method, Cashion suggests, would be to use a stone with a brass plate telling the story. That marker would cost only about \$300.

A similar marker could be used to honor this county's war dead. Hoke County can take pride in its past, and we think the story should be remembered and visible for those who pass by.

As part of the rehabilitation of the courthouse, we suggest that members of the Hoke County Commission earmark an almost unnoticeable portion of this year's contingency fund and erect a marker commemorating the history of this county.

City Council members should also use some of this year's surplus tax funds to place a marker in front of City Hall telling the story of Raeford.

Perhaps a group, like the American Legion, will follow the elected officials' lead and place a monument to the war dead. The Hoke County Historical Society might be able to address the other needs.

"Just a bit to the left, now point your right arm toward Fayetteville, Okay, perfect now don't move..."



"I'll be glad when they get these cable television problems straightened out..."



'They' need to be dealt with

If they are really guilty of all they get blamed for, they ought to be hunted down and brought to justice.

I'm talking about that elusive bunch of baddies everyone calls "they," like when someone says, "I hear they gonna raise taxes again this year" or "they don't care about the common man anymore," or "they really do have this country in a mess."

Whoever they are, they apparently have an awful lot of responsibility for setting things straight in this country. "They gonna have to do something about the high cost of living, escalating interest rates, unemployment, crime in the streets," and so fourth and so on.

As you and I very well know, "they" is just a weasling word, a handy substitute for rational thought. It is also an escape hatch for the chronic complainer who doesn't want to accept his share of the blame for the way things are.

Take the "high cost of living."

Lucien Coleman



Things That Matter

Americans pay about as much for convenience as they pay for food at the grocery store. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, when the consumer spends a dollar on food at the neighborhood market, he buys 40 cents worth of produce and 60 cents worth of marketing services. For instance, if we don't want to peel our own potatoes, we buy them already peeled and sliced in the frozen foods section. But, when we do that, we must pay for someone else for those services.

The total on your super-market register slip is inflated considerably by snack items, the most expensive and least nutritious products you

can buy at the grocery. I'm talking about products like potato chips, candy, chewing gum, cheese sticks, pretzels, and popsicles. Spending for items like these increased by nearly 70% in a single decade.

The well-known financial columnist, Sylvia Porter, once estimated that 23% of the money we spend on groceries goes for non-food items.

The point I'm trying to make is that living is costly not just because "they" (whoever they are) have it in for us, but because we insist on a more affluent lifestyle than our grandparents did. So, let's not put all the blame on those mythical persons called "they."

In the last five presidential elections, only 60% of our eligible voters even bothered to go to the polls to cast a ballot. It's much easier to sit around and complain about what they are doing in Washington. Accepting responsibility for correcting the situation is harder.

Knox announcement surprises Democrats

The announcement recently that the wife of defeated gubernatorial candidate Edward Knox and Knox's brother, Charles Knox were supporting U.S. Senator Jesse Helms for the U.S. Senate came as a surprise, to say the least!

The announcement was also somewhat of a shock to Governor Hunt who said he was "deeply disappointed, absolutely baffled by why they would do that." This was the second shock for Hunt, the

Cliff Blue



People and Issues

other being President Reagan, and others shown on the State Beauty Pageant speaking strongly for the

reelection of U.S. Senator Helms in the November election.

HAY FEVER... If you are one of the estimated 18 million Americans who suffer from hay fever, June is the only time of the year when there are three separate allergens in the air, tree pollen, grass pollen, and mold spores, says Dr. Raymond Slavin of the St. Louis University School of Medicine.

INTEREST RATES... High interest rates are expected over the next several months by several analysts surveyed by the Wall Street Journal, despite predictions by the White House that rates will fall. The economists also see further increases in the first half of 1985. It looks like interest rates go up and down somewhat like a seesaw, but mostly up when you go to borrow the long green!

Image change sparks concern

I shaved my mustache off last week. It wasn't any big deal. It was just time for a change of image.

I had been wearing it since my father died. That was about eight years ago.

I liked it at first. I thought it gave me a slight resemblance to Clark Gable, but I don't think anybody else agreed. My wife said it made me look "cute," and that she would divorce me if I shaved it. I saw her point and let it grow.

However, towards the end I began to think that I looked like Pancho Villa. He had never been one of my favorite heroes. Besides, in light of the problems in Latin America, I didn't want to be confused with a left wing revolutionary and shot by a band of misguided death squaders, who had wandered to North Carolina in hopes of sharing a fun evening with members of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce. I shaved instead.

The first time I remember desiring facial hair was when I was six. I wanted to look like Walt Disney. I tried for months to grow his neatly trimmed mustache. Nothing happened. I had to resort to a penciled version.

At 13, the desire hit me again while I was watching an Errol Flynn swashbuckler on Saturday morning TV. He seemed pretty tough, and he had a look I liked.

"I thought I might start looking like Errol Flynn. I'll need a mustache, you know," I told my father.

He hit the roof. "Why would anybody in the world want a smelly thing like a mustache? Everything you eat stays right under your nose and rots. It makes me sick to think about," he said.

I never asked him again about a mustache, and I didn't consider bringing up the passing fancy I had for looking like Grigori Rasputin. Grigori had a full beard.

When I shaved last week, most people, other than my wife, didn't notice. I was self-conscious though, and I felt a twinge of what it would be like to be undressed in public.

For the first couple of days, I had an inkling how Bubba Wyche must have felt in the eighth grade when we threw him out of the boys' locker room naked into the crowded Garden Hills swimming pool. There was no place to hide.

I decided to handle my mustachelessness, like Bubba handled his sudden exposure.

"I'll be nonchalant. I'll be blasé. I'll act like I never had facial



Warren Johnston

The Puppy Papers

hair. After all, I am now a clean-cut all-American kid. I might even pass for a Republican," I said to myself.

I still had misgivings and sought help from my wife. "I'm feeling a little nervous about going out in public with my new look," I told her, hoping to receive some consoling advice.

"I think you should put some clothes on and then let your mustache grow back," she said calmly, not glancing up from a copy of *How To Find a New Husband: A guide for divorced women*.

There was no turning back. The mustache was gone, and I had to go to work. I put on dark glasses and headed out.

"Are you feeling well? You look a little off your feed," the first person I recognized on the street said.

"Oh, you shaved your mustache. Well, grow it back. You look naked," someone else said.

Another wanted to know if I had changed my voter registration. "You know we don't have too many Republicans around here," he warned.

After several days of similar inquiries and just as I was beginning to believe being hunted by right-wing Salvadorians might be preferable to being constantly linked with the GOP, my new look seemed accepted. Things returned to normal.

Democratic candidates began stopping by the newspaper again to be interviewed, and even my wife put down her book and started speaking to me.

There were other things for me to worry about, like whether anyone noticed that my socks did not match. I had forgotten about the mustache. Then the blow struck.

"Oh you've shaved your mustache," a teen said, as we entered a local restaurant the other night.

"That's a shame. You always reminded me of Magnum, P.I.," she said.

I'm considering growing a new one. I ordered a Detroit Tigers baseball cap.

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