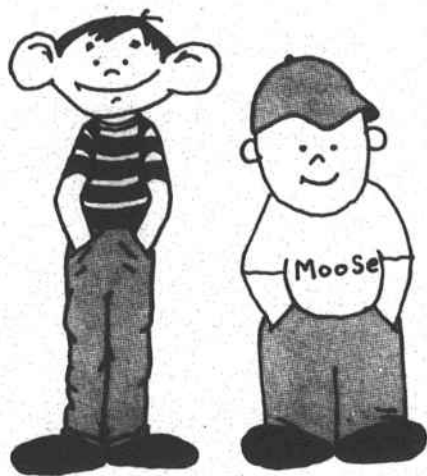


Viewpoints

"My brother, Moose, and I would like to apologize to everyone who has crossed our paths this Summer. Especially to Mr. Smith, your cat will be fine as soon as the color comes back to its face. And to Mrs. Jones, the Fireman said you could rebuild as soon as the ashes cool."



Now if you'll excuse us we have only a few more weeks of terrorizing, I mean Summer left."

Marky.

Reagan 'joke' in foul taste

Not only was a "joke" made by President Ronald Reagan Saturday before a radio broadcast in foul taste, but the remark also suggests to the world that the President may have lost touch with reality.

Prior to the regular weekly broadcast, and during a microphone check, Mr. Reagan joked: "My fellow Americans, I'm pleased to tell you we have signed legislation today that would outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

The White House confirmed Monday that the President made the comment, but said that it was supposed to be "off the record."

Perhaps the White House and Mr. Reagan are finding it difficult to apologize for a cavalier remark that sent a chill through the entire world.

One also has to wonder if Mr. Reagan really believes "off the record" that the answer to world peace is the annihilation of the Soviet Union.

It is hard to find humor in a joke about destroying this planet from a man who has the ability to carry out the act with the push of a button.

If the comment did nothing else, it added fuel to the argument put forth by the Russians that the United States is out to end mankind and that we have a madman at our helm.

During the last three years, the Reagan Administration has increased tensions in the world to levels not seen since the early 1960's, and jokes like the one Saturday do little to improve matters.

If a similar joke had been made by a Kremlin official about the

Passion for saving time can be too costly

He didn't have much time to waste. So when he arrived in Cincinnati and found that his Trans World Airlines flight would be delayed, a Louisville business executive switched to Allegheny Airlines Flight 853. It saved him a 45-minute wait at the Cincinnati airport.

But flight 853 was ill-fated. Minutes later, it ended up in an Indiana soybean patch. There were few survivors. The man gained 45 minutes but lost everything.

That occurred in 1969, while I was still living in Louisville. But it could have happened yesterday. Today, as then, Americans are still obsessed with the idea of saving time.

Not long ago our family went out to pick peaches at an orchard near Weatherford, Texas. It's the kind of thing we don't do much anymore, because--you guessed it--it takes so much time. But the sight of our three-year-old granddaughter plucking those plump red peaches and delivering them to us with satisfaction and pride; well, that was the best investment of time I've made in a long while.

Later, as my wife and I peeled peaches at our kitchen table, we talked about those nostalgic days down home on the farm in Arkansas.

Her father would always arrange his work schedule so he could be available to peel fruit during can-

Editorials

United States, we do not believe that Mr. Reagan would have been quite so amused.

Student job program meeting training need

Hoke County Board of Education staff members should be commended for conducting a successful summer jobs program for about 75 local students.

The students were employed in various jobs in the community, which ranged from ditch digging to sign painting, and were paid minimum wage. Not only did they conduct a useful service, but they also learned a skill that many of them will be able to use after graduation.

Funds for the project were provided by the state through the Job Partnership Act. Hoke County received about \$88,000, of which most went to pay student wages and into the local economy.

The student summer job program fills a need which is lacking in other educational studies. It provides on the job training.

Most Hoke County students do not go to college when they have completed high school. Many depend heavily on the vocational education program to prepare themselves for life after graduation. That course of study needs to present as realistic a picture as possible, and the summer jobs project is helping.

It is hoped that the Hoke County Board of Education views the program as successful and will continue to seek the funds needed to keep the summer jobs project and others like it going.

We take our hat off to Wes Williams and other school staff members, who worked to make this year's effort a success.



Lucien Coleman

Things That Matter

ning season. He would spend a whole day sitting on the back porch carefully removing the skins from peaches.

Measured in purely economic terms, it wasn't an efficient use of his time. But a man can get in touch with his soul peeling peaches.

As that Louisville executive

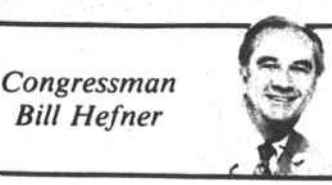
discovered, our passion for saving time can be costly. It probably contributes to hypertension and other forms of cardiovascular disease more than we know. It makes us forget our manners in rush-hour traffic and at supermarket check-outs. And it has virtually done away with one of the most valuable institutions mankind has ever known, the leisurely family dinner.

While we scurry around saving moments, glancing anxiously at the bleeping faces of our electronic watches, maybe we should give some serious thought to an important question. What are we going to do with the time we save, anyway?

Ag hearing was microcosm

I was glad to see that the United States House Agriculture Committee was able to learn a few things about North Carolina Agriculture on July 30th. That's when the committee visited the 8th Congressional District at my request in order to get ideas for the upcoming 1985 Farm Bill. This bill is very important because once it is written and passed, it remains in effect for the rest of the decade.

Members of the organization called Concerned Farmers of North and South Carolina were able to give the committee a list of their worries and ideas on how the 1985 Farm Bill should address them. As it turns out, those concerns are being heard from farmers



Congressman Bill Hefner

across the nation. For example, the bill should help the farmer to produce at a profit; be of sufficient duration to enable good planning (about 7 years); provide reliable markets; encourage the family farm as a heritage that can be passed intact from parent to child; reform farm credit to be responsive to farmers' needs; and stimulate agriculture research.

There is something else I would highlight. I would suggest that a major problem being faced by farmers is the high interest rates with the current threats of even higher rates this year and next.

The Congressmen attending the hearing were able to see a microcosm of the entire United States because there are so many different kinds of Agriculture here in the 8th Congressional District. Not only were farmers in this area given a chance to have direct input into the 1985 Farm Bill, but the committee members had a rare chance to see and hear a good cross-section of American Agriculture right here at home.

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor are encouraged and welcomed. Writers should keep letters as short as possible. Names, addresses and telephone numbers should be included and all letters must be signed. Names will be printed, however, other information will be kept confidential. We reserve the right to edit letters for good taste and brevity. Letters should be received by *The News-Journal* by noon on the Monday of the publication week.

The News-Journal

ANPA

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

LOUIS H. FOGLEMAN, JR. Publisher
WARREN N. JOHNSTON Editor
HENRY L. BLUE Production Supervisor
MRS. PAUL DICKSON Society Editor
SAM C. MORRIS Contributing Editor
ANN WEBB Advertising Representative

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

Search for looby was worth the long ride

Last week my family got together at Holden Beach. These family reunions are a lot of fun, and we try to hold them on an annual basis. This year, all 13 of us piled into an un-air conditioned beach house, shared one bathroom, got sunburned, ate mounds of seafood, watched the Olympics, played games and had plenty to talk about during the ride home. It was a wonderful time.

One evening, during a break in the jingoistic coverage of the Americans amassing 83 gold medals, we played a game called "Dictionary."

According to the rules, which we made up, someone in the group selects a word from the dictionary that is unfamiliar to everyone playing. Each player writes down what they believe the word means. The guesses are placed in a stack, along with the correct definition, and the participants vote for the one they like the best.

One of the words was "looby."

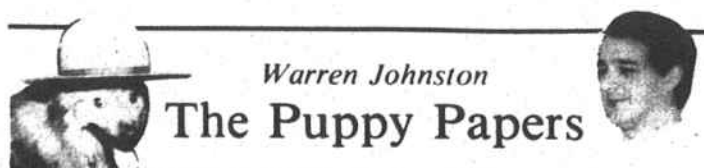
I thought that a looby was a drink taken by British mechanics when they are feeling a bit out-of-sorts.

However, I was wrong and was given a giant raspberry by the group for my definition. A looby is a big, gangling, clumsy fellow. I was amazed, but accepted the answer as correct.

A few days later, after the family had gone home, my wife and I decided we were too exhausted to drive seven hours to Atlanta to attend my high school reunion.

"I think we should look for loobies instead of going to Atlanta," I told my wife.

She thought the idea was strange, but we headed in the direction of Nags Head anyway. I figured we would see plenty of loobies along the way. After six hours, we had written the search off as fruitless.



Warren Johnston

The Puppy Papers

to counting "no vacancy" signs. We passed about 600 before we found a place to stay.

After we had passed 590 full establishments, my wife started to take on the appearance of an ax murderer, and I was beginning to look a lot like the intended victim.

Later, I was glad I had bribed the desk clerk and gotten that couple from Des Moines put on the street.

The room was being cleaned, so we spent an hour sitting on the beach and watching the waves.

"I'm glad we didn't make that long drive to Atlanta. That extra hour would have killed us," my wife said sarcastically, as we unfolded our chairs and plopped down our cooler.

The Outer Banks are different from other North Carolina ocean resorts. The beaches are more crowded, and there always seems to be something happening of note.

On this occasion, a fellow from Virginia had gotten his truck stuck. Behind the truck was a sailboat on a trailer. He had been attempting to leave, when he bogged down in the loose sand. The tide was rising.

A big crowd had gathered, and several of the vacationers were trying to help.

Since I am opposed to driving on the beach, I did not offer to lend a hand. My wife and I sat in our chairs, sipped chilled beverages and watched.

drive out. The truck would inch forward and get stuck. The process would start again.

"He obviously doesn't know how to drive in sand," I told my wife, who was mildly interested in the entire affair.

"Here comes a looby," she said, excitedly pointing down the beach at a fellow who appeared to be about eight feet tall. "He'll get that truck out."

I resisted the urge to jump to my feet and cheer as the looby lumbered towards us. He was a gangling fellow, who wore blue jeans with the cuffs rolled up and a white shirt. His six-foot tall parents trailed along behind him, looking dwarfed.

"That's my baby elephant," his mother said smiling, as they passed our chairs.

The looby and his parents watched for about 30 minutes as the Virginian and his colleagues dug and failed. His mother kept encouraging him to help, but he just stood with his hands in his pockets.

Finally, when all seemed hopeless and the truck was sure to be caught in the tide, the looby strolled into action. With one hand on the back bumper he pushed the vehicle on its way.

We joined the other on-lookers in a round of applause.

Unfortunately, the Virginian had disconnected the boat, and had to back up to get it. He got stuck again.

"This guy is pretty stupid," the looby said. He looked disgusted as he walked down the beach, dragging along his parents who wanted to keep watching.

Our room was clean. As we were leaving, the police arrived to arrest the Virginian for driving on the beach.

"You know, it was nice to finally see a looby," I said. "Even if we did have to drive six hours."

After supper, we returned to the room for a few rounds of Dictionary. The next day on the drive home we occupied our time by looking for grampus and pointing out malihini.