

Viewpoints

Community development takes total commitment

Hoke County and Raeford officials should brush aside the recent failure to gain federally-backed Community Development funds for local projects and should get on with re-applying for next year's round of money.

Before putting ink to the new applications, the local officials should take a thorough look at last year's scoring and attempt to avoid the same pitfalls.

However, by looking closely, county officials may also find that what is required to be successful is a willingness to put out more than just the token effort of previous years.

Although the program is funded by the federal government, it is administered and applications are judged by the state Department of Natural Resources and Community Development (NRCD). Almost 170 communities applied for the funds, and only 39 projects were funded. It would be an understatement to say the competition was keen.

In the evaluations of the applications, both the county and Raeford received the maximum points in the category that determines the projects' benefit to low and moderate income persons.

Editorials

The perfect score is a clear indication that the state recognizes that there is a need for community improvements in Hoke County.

Beyond giving the local applicants high marks for need, NRCD was not impressed with either the county or city applications, and gave both some of the lowest scores in the state.

In the area of committing local private or public funds to go along with the CD funds, both bodies scored miserably. Neither had proposed using any county funds to go along with the federal grant.

Raeford scored slightly higher in that area because the application did say that city crews would be used to do some of the labor. However, both applications appeared to place this county in the position of saying: "Give us the money and we'll make the improvements." NRCD said "no."

A check of the projects which were funded this year and in the past, shows that each of them made substantial contributions of additional funds either from state, local or private sources.

In the choice of area to be improved, Hoke County got 105 out of 200, and Raeford flunked with a 43.

Few residents in the area chosen by Raeford had incomes below the poverty level or live in substandard housing, according to NRCD.

There is a dire need to improve living conditions in many areas of

Hoke County and in Raeford, but until the local governmental bodies get serious about obtaining federal assistance and making local sacrifices, it is unlikely that anything will be done.

Last year's \$1.2 million would have improved the lives of many Hoke County residents, and the money would have lifted the overall quality of life for the entire community.

This year it is hoped that local officials will recognize that this county needs to help itself before we can expect the federal government to lend a hand.

Kudos for signs

Members of the county Commission should be congratulated on the new signs welcoming travelers to Hoke County.

The large green signs stand out at the Hoke lines of the major highways offering a greeting to all who enter. The signs also display the county seal and are a credit to our image.

Erecting the markers was a step in the right direction, and the cost of the signs was small considering the message they convey.

Now that the commissioners have welcomed visitors to the county, we hope the officials will begin working on a plan to get the newcomers to stay.

Cole Porter, step aside

Last week, as I read Lucien Coleman's column entitled "They don't make humor like they did," I found myself outraged by his comments about modern singers.

Though the majority of the column praised the humorous writings of Mark Twain, a position which I support wholeheartedly, Coleman began his article with comments saying that rock singers are under talented and over promoted.

He even went so far as to try and compare Cole Porter with some of today's singers, although fortunately he called no names.

First, there can be no comparison between today's singers and the droning of Cole Porter.

Certainly some of these singers



By Ed Miller

show off their bodies, incorporate fire works into their shows, and hold their microphones a little closer to their mouths than they need to, but who is to say that these things are not needed?

Speaking from experience, a rock singer does almost have to swallow his microphone. There is a simple reason for it too.

Today's music is louder and, in the quest to make each vocal sound audible, the mike must be held close to the mouth.

It is a simple matter of physics, not an underground plot to annoy or irritate people who might think it unsanitary.

Moving on, I really cannot apologize for the singers that take their shirts off during a concert.

As abominable as it might sound, there is a reason for that also.

Most singers today do not sit on a stool and sing, they work.

Running around a stage trying to excite a crowd, one tends to work up a sweat.

The atmosphere at a concert is usually fairly loose, so when a singer gets hot, he takes his shirt off.

It's a mere matter of comfort. Now, all of you basically greedy sorts out there, answer one simple question.

If you were the singer of just one of over 100,000 rock groups in the world today, and you found that your band attracted bigger crowds because your road crew set off pyrotechnics during a show, wouldn't you keep using them?

I thought so.

They do not do it to cover up strained vocal chords.

Competition is competition.

The words immediately come to mind for another entire argument about the comparison between Cole Porter and some rock singers.

While I will admit that there are some famous singers today who could not sing their way out of wet paper bags, right off the bat I can name three world renowned singers who could sing the shorts off of Porter even if they had a lung illness and a sore throat.

For those of you who would like to put my recommendations to the test, I suggest you listen to any album by the European group Whitesnake.

Singer and leader of the group David Coverdale has been around for years, and the man's vocal inflections made that band the best selling in Europe for two years running.

Old records of Deep Purple feature the singing of Ian Gillan.

Just as a side note, Gillan was the original Jesus in the rock opera "Jesus Christ Superstar."

His range and ability for perfect pitch would probably leave poor old Cole drop-jawed.

Lastly, a young American fellow, Ronnie James Dio, has (See COLE PORTER, page 3A)



There are two things I will never run out of, my opinion and signs...

Madilyn

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Divorce is not exclusive for newly married couples alone

You might expect divorce to run rampant among the newly married. It's not easy to learn to live with a veritable stranger. But you would think that people who have shared the same bed for two decades would have ironed out all the problems.

Unfortunately, the 20th wedding anniversary doesn't always signify 20 years of marital experience. In some cases, it simply means that a

couple has repeated one year of marital experience 20 times.

According to Dr. Alfred A. Messer, an Emory University professor of psychiatry, a surprisingly large number of couples in their 40s and 50s are seeking divorce.

In a typical year, nearly a quarter of the persons filing for divorce had been married for at least 15 years. Messer suggests a number of reasons for this



Lucien Coleman

Things That Matter

phenomenon. Part of the trouble lies in the fact that marriages often get off to

a poor start. The seeds of marital disruption are planted at the wedding altar. For example, it is estimated that in more than one-third of today's marriages the bride is pregnant as she walks down the aisle.

"Some of these unions endure out of a sense of guilt and obligation," says Messer, "and once the children leave home this sense of responsibility and guilt is relieved

and the reasons for continuing the marriage may no longer be the same."

But the most significant factor contributing to middle-age divorces, in his opinion, is the tendency of American families to make idols of their children.

"The children have become a nucleus around which most activities revolve," Messer observes. In our child-oriented society,

parents begin to look more and more to their children for gratification and for a purpose in life.

"What happens, then, when the children grow up and leave the house? A void ensues."

And what are the solutions to the problem? One suggested by Dr. Messer is that "a couple should strive during courtship to find out if they can become a pair without depending exclusively on the magic of stardust."

Dressing for Pinehurst can be exhausting

We were invited to have dinner at a Pinehurst hotel. It was one of those rare opportunities that does not often befall a resident of Hoke County, so we accepted.

"But I didn't have a thing to wear," my wife said, several days later as she unloaded 12 apparel packages from the car.

The invitation had caught us both by surprise and our wardrobes at a low ebb. The new 12 packages would now carry my wife through the affair. I didn't complain about the cost. After all, for an outing to the grand hotel, I certainly preferred that she wear new clothes to "nothing at all."

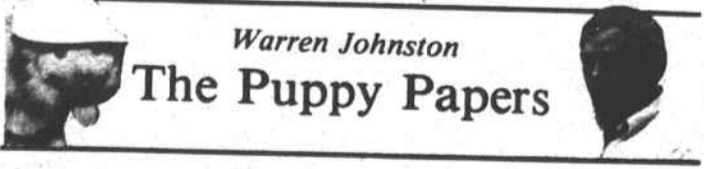
I may not have spent a lot of time hanging around the "creme de la creme," but I knew it just would not do for either of us to go to Pinehurst naked.

The year before I had been given a pair of bright green pants for my birthday. Although one sees a number of them walking around town, I had been a little nervous about wearing the slacks in Hoke County. "People sort of look at me funny," I had said to my wife the last time I wore them.

The pants are of a good quality, and I had also felt guilty about leaving them hanging in my closet.

Pinehurst offered us not only a chance to see how the other half lives, but the invitation also gave me an excellent chance to wear those green britches.

"Green pants are precisely the sort of thing they wear," I said, knowing that my wife had reservations about the slacks being ap-



Warren Johnston

The Puppy Papers

propriate.

I knew the pants were right for the occasion because I had seen an ad for Pinehurst in a magazine. All the men in the photograph had been wearing green pants.

"I'll fit right in," I said.

On the evening, we arrived at the hotel decked out in fine clothes, squeezed the old Ford in amongst the Cadillacs and Mercedes and headed in for supper.

The last time we had left the old Ford in such a fancy parking lot was when we were on our honeymoon. We were staying at The Cloister on Sea Island in Georgia. The management left a note on the windshield informing us that the parking spot was reserved for guests and if we did not move it, the car would be hauled away.

"I hope they don't tote off the old Ford," my wife said on our way up the Pinehurst steps.

As we entered the hotel I was immediately struck by the number of persons who were wearing green pants. There was a sea of green legs.

I had been correct about the advertisement. The men had been wearing slacks similar to mine, but what I had failed to notice was that all of those pictured in the ad were not customers of the hotel. They were employees.

Green pants were the uniform of the day for bell boys, waiters, bartenders, desk clerks and members of the orchestra. I saw no guests wearing them.

On the way to join our friends, who were waiting at the bar, four persons asked me directions, and another accused me of giving "lousy" service. "Why don't you do something," he said.

I made the mistake of going to the mens' room during the evening and on the way back, I had to carry luggage up three flights of stairs for a couple who was checking in.

By the end of the evening I was exhausted. I had served coffee and dessert to six customers and drinks to another 10.

"I never dreamed they were so short on help," I said to my wife on the drive back to Hoke County.

"It's a good thing the kitchen workers wore white, or I might still be there."

As the old Ford pulled into the driveway on Main Street, I decided that the next time we were looking for a relaxing evening with the other half, I would not try to blend in quite so well.

I have a pair of white shoes and a pink shirt that I've been saving for just the right occasion.