

Farm-City draws over 200

Last week was Farm-City Week nationwide and about 200 Hoke County business leaders, farmers and residents celebrated at a banquet on Tuesday night.

According to Hoke County Agricultural Extension Agent Willie Featherstone, those attending seem to enjoy the chicken dinner which was sponsored by the county Livestock Association.

During a presentation ceremony after the meal, Agnes Mae Campbell was praised as this year's Outstanding Woman in Agriculture.

Raleigh radio farm announcer, Johnnie Hood, spoke about the Farm-City program.

The purpose of Farm-City Week

is to help spread better understanding about how dependant farmers are on business, and how dependant business is on farming.

Much of this country's rural population works to produce food and other essentials for the rest of the population.

Although there are many country dwellers in the agricultural branch, only about 2.4% of the total population works to produce what the rest of us eat so inexpensively.

As an example of just how little a return is received by farmers on what they produce, it was determined that the dinner served at the banquet, consisting of chicken, green peas, potatoes and roll, only produced an 11 cent return to farmers.

The local Farm-City program was made possible through the help of sponsors, Featherstone said.

Those helping the event with donations were: Cape Fear Farm Credit Association, T.B. Upchurch Inc., Farm Chemicals Inc., The Johnson Company, Tar Heel Hatchery Inc., Reid W. Childress, Heritage Federal Savings and Loan Association, Southern National Bank, United Carolina Bank, Burlington Industries, Inverleith Farms, Arabia Golf Course, Hoke Co. Civic League, Raeford Farm Supply, Raeford Oil Co., McLaughlin Hardware Co., Raeford-Hoke Chamber of Commerce, Edens Farms, Pittard and Perry and The House of Raeford.



Good party
Over 200 Hoke County residents enjoyed Farm-City Week festivities Tuesday night during a dinner held at the Gibson Cafeteria at Hoke High School. Agnes Mae Campbell was named Hoke County's Outstan-

ding Woman in Agriculture during the evening. Here, some of those attending appear to be enjoying the chicken dinner sponsored by the Livestock Assoc.

... Odyssey worth ribbing

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Amarillo. Amarillo is a city of 150,000. Many WWII veterans have fond memories of Amarillo.

As we entered New Mexico, the terrain had a Nebraska look. The shape of the earth began to change as we traveled into the state. Rolling hills and mountain range began to appear. Cattle were still plentiful. Horse ranches are identified with New Mexico. Several of them are located along I-40.

D.R. spent six months in the military hospital in Santé Fe. He wanted to visit it. I told him expecting the buildings to be intact was asking a lot. It had been a long time since WWII. His grandchildren thought he served in the Civil War. We found the buildings had been replaced by a shopping center.

Sante Fe is nestled in a sea of mountains. It is quaint, sprawling and alive. A mixture of Mexican, Indian and whites make up the local population.

Taos is three towns in one - Spanish, Indian and Anglo. The ride up the mountains was breath taking. As we watched the flowing of the Rio Grande, I could almost hear the water singing the songs of yesterday.

One world led into another as we moved through the three villages in Taos. The Indian village was primitive according to present day standards. Electricity and modern water systems are not a part of their way of life.

Retracing our journey to Sante Fe we headed toward Albuquerque. Our destination was the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest and the Grand Canyon.

Crossing into Arizona, we had to stop at an inspection station to see if the illegal fruit Huff bought in New Mexico was up to par. He told me to talk to the people at the inspection station. He said he couldn't talk, and that was all I did.

The town of Halbrook is the gateway to the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert. Looking at the petrified trees as we drove through was a humbling experience. The coral and purple of the Painted Desert is one of the great wonders of the world. Eventually it will lose its color. Volcanic lava protected it for centuries. Time and the elements have their toll.

On the drive to the Grand Canyon snow covered mountains were plentiful. Cattle once again began to appear on the range. Adjectives are not adequate to describe the constant changing of scenery. Only the ability to grasp the beauty of the touch of the Master's hand would suffice.

Beautiful is in the eye of the beholder. The Grand Canyon wouldn't look the same to all eyes. However there could be no improvement of it in the eyes of those who view it.

Flagstaff is a city which played a part in the early stagecoach runs. It is the end of the Sante Fe Trail.

Phoenix has a population of 800,000. Orange trees loaded with fruit are plentiful inside the city. Palm trees dot the landscape. Cactus which is plentiful in Arizona is used in Phoenix and small town to decorate the yards.

Copper mines flourish below Phoenix. Like any industry which leaves a community, unemployment follows. Several small towns in the mining area became ghost

towns when the mines closed.

Entering New Mexico once again we headed for Las Cruces where Robert and Countess Jones live. Robert was born and reared in Hoke. Although we were still surrounded by mountains for all practical purposes we were once again in the flat lands.

Night life in Las Cruces offers a variety of entertainment. I tried to talk Huff into doing the town. Emmie gave him the evil eye and I had to settle for a belly dance bar.

For those who love country music El Paso became a part of their lives through Marty Robbins, the country western singer. His song El Paso City is a classic. It is a sprawling city which tries to find some common ground with Mexico. Its neighbor to the south offers both comfort and despair. Well traveled highways, diversity in city living and the changing landscape make it unique even in Texas.

Our journey led to San Antonio. D.R. was particularly interested in this part of the state because he spent part of his service time in and around the area.

San Angelo is a well kept city. We left San Angelo to go to Balingier to see D.R.'s old airport. We found it and much of it was usable. To keep the blood flowing in our veins, Corbett decided to stop in the runway as a plane was coming in. D.R. was calm as usual. His bad leg suddenly got well as he dashed into his old hang out.

San Antonio was our next stop. The drive to the city was a constant mixture of rocky landscape and green field. Our chief objective in San Antonio was to take the river road walk along San Antonio River. D.R. was his usual jolly self. Instead of walking, he took a river boat. I had barely taken my seat when D.R. announced to the world that he was ready to go. He had already had his moneys' worth.

Steve Connell, the son of Avery, lives in Austin, as does Emmie's cousin. Apparently D.R. doesn't have any kinfolks, none which claim him. I called Steve and he claimed to be in bed. It was eight thirty in the morning. I found not only is Texas large, it has late sleepers. Maybe Steve is just a tired Tar Heel.

We had an excellent dinner at Howell and Lugean Walker's. Lugean is the daughter of the late Carl Riley of Hoke County. Lugean was born in the county.

Our trip east carried us to Marshall, Texas, Shreveport, Louisiana, Jackson, Mississippi and Atlanta, Georgia. One must pass through Atlanta. All those who die must pass through Atlanta.

Reflecting I must confess to several biased opinions. Long trips are not my cup of tea. My partner, D.R. was not feeling up to par and couldn't insult me as much as he enjoys. However he was a pleasure to be with. Emmie was her usual charming self. She loves to travel and loves people more.

I spent more continuous time with my brother Corbett than I have since we were children. I insisted he go with me when we rented a motel room so I could explain to the inn keeper we were brothers and not two gays traveling around. He does get in a hurry when he is driving. He is the only man I know who can bring one across country in three days. Most of the time the telephone poles

looked like toothpicks. Believe this journeyman; there is no place like home.

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