

Viewpoints

Burlington effort needs local support

Burlington Industries and other American textile manufacturers are making an effort to flood President Ronald Reagan's desk with over 4 million letters asking for his support of a bill designed to curb the current level of textile imports.

The supporters of the campaign are not sure if the President will change his plans to veto the bill, but they are hoping the letters will at least sway votes needed in Congress to override Mr. Reagan.

In the Carolinas, the textile industry employs about 311,000 workers and related industries have another 162,000 on the payroll. In Hoke County about 1,800 persons, or about 22% of the workforce, depend on textiles for a living. Nationwide the figure is about 2 million.

Backers of the legislation say by 1990, those jobs could be lost if something is not done to slow down the current tide of textile and apparel products coming from outside the USA.

During the past four years, about 200,000 jobs have been lost and over 250 plants closed, because of the imports, industry spokesmen say.

Congress is expected to give attention to the matter soon and to pass on to the President's desk a bill being sponsored by Sen. Strom

Thurmond, R-S.C., and Rep. Edgar Jenkins, D-Ga.

The bill would reduce current imports of the top textile producing countries and bring them to 1983 levels. Quotas would also be broadened to cover a greater range of textile products and would target such nations as: Hong Kong, China, India, South Korea, Japan, Brazil, Indonesia and Taiwan.

Although economic conditions are different, Reagan has expressed fears the bill would set off a worldwide economic depression, and cites similar protectionist legislation which preceeded the 1930's.

There is also the American consumer to be considered. Shoppers in this country are literally benefiting from the best of both worlds because of the competition between foreign and domestic textile producers.

However, there is little doubt, this country is sliding rapidly in the worldwide manufacturing race, and if something is not done to establish fair trade practices, we can look forward to many of the high job loss predictions coming true.

The trade quota bill will not solve the problems of the US textile industry, but it will allow a short breather, to give manufacturers time to update equipment, to streamline production and to solidify labor relations.

We support the effort to rollback the foreign share of the American textile market to 1983 levels and encourage all Hoke County residents to respond to the letter writing campaign being waged by Burlington Industries.

With the quotas in place, then perhaps the producers can continue to address the problems of the aging US industry and once again make American textiles competitive on the world market.

Get involved, wear a T-shirt

Efforts are being made by promoters of the North Carolina Turkey Festival to encourage all state residents, and particularly those in Hoke County, to show their colors next Monday by wearing a "Strut Your Stuffin" T-Shirt.

Monday is the beginning of festival week, and it is hoped that a good show of the bright yellow shirts will be a searing reminder of the kick off of activities in Raeford on Wednesday.

For those who do not have a shirt, they are available at various locations around the county, including the Chamber of Commerce. All proceeds from the sale of the shirts goes to support the festival.

We encourage all county residents to help promote the event by wearing a "Strut Your Stuffin" T-Shirt on Monday.

The North Carolina Turkey Festival needs the support of all county residents, and wearing a shirt is an easy way to be part one of the biggest events to hit Hoke County in recent memory.

PRESIDENT BOTHA SPEAKS ON MAJOR REFORMS FOR SOUTH AFRICA:



THANK YOU, PRESIDENT BOTHA.

Play offered a good earful

A few years ago Ray Stevens recorded a song called The Shriner's Convention. His friend Coy did not attend any meetings. He used convention time as play time. Chorus girls and waitresses were his target. Ray tried to get Coy to be true to the tradition of the Shriners. When he called Coy on the phone he always said, "Coy you have embarrassed us all."

Theresa and Wilson McBryde are two of my favorite people. Mrs. McBryde's judgment has been as sound as any individual I have known over the years.

Sadly, my bubble burst recently and my faith was shaken in my evaluation of her judgment. She is the social director of the Mildouson Extension Homemakers.

Each year the ladies invite their husbands or friends to an outing at the Bordeaux Dinner Theatre. Theresa makes the arrangements. Somewhere between Ireni inviting me, and the night of the event I kept hearing the number 50. It finally dawned on me, the ladies needed 50 people to get a special price. My good wife asked Don and Linda Steed to share in the festivities. Others were invited by various members of the club.

Arriving at the theatre about 6:30 p.m., we were given first class seats. Edna Lou Pool was on our left, and my fellow farmer the Rev. Ben Ferguson was on our right. We were in good company.

Opening night under the best of circumstances is difficult. When new management takes over, it takes a few days to operate at maximum efficiency. Being two hours late serving dinner didn't particularly disturb me. I was enjoying the fellowship surrounding us.

Anticipation of a good show, which was "Chorus Line," was evident by the mood of the crowd. When the pretty girls appeared on the stage with tights, no unusual thoughts entered my mind. Even the young men with odd looking dress didn't bring a gasp. Being away from Don Steed for a couple of years has dulled my alertness on his mannerisms. If I had been in the mood for recall, I would have remembered about his glasses fogging up when something sensa-



Looking On
Raz Autry

tional was going to happen.

Four letter words have never shocked me. I don't like them, but apparently producers of plays and movies feel they make a production better. The first few lines of the play and its share of the forbidden words.

As they increased in number, I began to observe our crowd.

My friend, Rev. Ben was glassy eyed and staring into space. Theresa had the program about a quarter of an inch from her eyes and smoke was coming through the paper. Ireni, my mate was doubled over with laughter. This is the same woman who refuses to go to a movie with me if there is a scene in the living room which belongs in the bedroom. Edna Lou was eyeballing her daughter with the gaze of a protective mother hen. Her daughter was enjoying the show. Steam was coming from Don's glasses. Linda was giving him that "I dare you" look.

As the play progressed the language became increasingly unacceptable for a Sunday School class. To be honest, it wasn't acceptable for any place most folks visit. I am no prune, but my ears

began to glow.

After the ending of the first act, I predicted plenty of empty seats. When the curtain opened for the second act my prediction became as accurate as the weather man's, never right.

Every seat was occupied. Rev. Ben did disappear during intermission. His disappearance was not an exit, only he claimed, to adjust his glasses. The Rev. is a fighter. Nothing additional could happen in the second act we hadn't heard in the first.

I had given a report to my friend and former secretary Gertrude Daniels during intermission on Don Steed's behavior. She had been instructed by the office staff at the board of education to detail his actions. Seeing him with the pulled half-way down and his coat slung over one shoulder, confirmed anything I reported.

Second acts are normally short in a play. The Chorus Line did not change that tradition. The language didn't get any worse, however, it didn't get any better.

I would make a poor critic. It is necessary to concentrate on the total play rather than certain aspects of it. Not one line was written about the language. I am sure the play has a good theme. It must be hidden between @/./.* and @?/:1/2@.

Echoing Ray Stevens famous lines I can only proclaim, "Theresa you have embarrassed us all."

Letters To The Editor

School bus needed for Jones Hill kids

To the Editor:
I am writing this letter for the children who live on Jones Hill.

It is a shame for children of seven and eight years old to have to walk to school when there are as many school buses as we have on Jones Hill.

We will change to eastern standard time the last of October. It will be dark and cold in the mornings, and these kids will be walking to school.

The people who make decisions on who rides and who walks, should put themselves in the position of the parents of Jones Hill and see how it feels to have their children walk to school.

Some of us are less fortunate than others who have cars. We should not have to depend on our

neighbors to give our child a ride to school when we have buses.

Let's not wait until someone loses a child before we give these children a bus. That would be like closing the door after the horse is gone.

Robert Terry McGregor

Nursing home needed

Editor's Note: This letter was shared with The News-Journal.

Dear Mr. Martin:

The Hoke County Department of Social Services is quite concerned about the seemingly slow process of reaching a final decision in awarding the certificate of need for nursing home beds in Hoke County.

When an elderly individual needs nursing home placement, the family's burden is compounded

because no beds are available in Hoke County. Because of the critical need for nursing home beds in the state, families can be asked to separate themselves great distances from loved ones. My own staff spends hours trying to locate just one bed on most occasions. At present, the Department has knowledge of a number of individuals discharged home from the hospital due to the lack of a nursing home bed.

When government causes a hardship such as in this certificate of need process, the process becomes part of the problem. What can you do to expedite the awarding of the certificate of need for sixty-two nursing home beds in Hoke County?

Sincerely,
Ken L. Witherspoon
Director

Festival worries cause sleepless nights for many

I've had a hard time sleeping lately. I've been worried about the Turkey Festival.

I don't believe I am alone in my concern. There are probably 300 others out there, wandering around the dark corners of their houses at 3 a.m., nervous about the upcoming event.

"What are you doing?" my wife shouted, one night when I bumped into her as we walked around our dark living room. She had been up for hours, worried about the depot, that she and a handful of others are remodeling.

My wife makes lists of things she has to do when she can't sleep. I get up out of bed, put on a bowler hat, lean slightly forward, walk in a circle with my hands locked behind my back and worry.

To get our minds off of the festival, we tried an outing with the Hoke County Culture Club. We went to see the String Quartet from the North Carolina Symphony, who were in town last week.

"This will give us something else to think about," Sadie Louise said, as we settled in for "An Evening Together."

We had all been excited about getting a local opportunity to listen to good music and to rub elbows with former Governor Bob Scott. We weren't disappointed.



Warren Johnston

The Puppy Papers

The evening was fine. We rubbed most of the material off of the elbows of Scott's new suit and heard pieces composed by Beethoven, Haydn and Dvorak.

Everything was pleasant, until the quartet played "Turkey in the Straw," and we started worrying again.

None of us, who worry about the Turkey Festival, are sure why. The four-day event has been in the planning for about two years.

For months we worried about whether or not it would be a success. Now, when it is less than a week away and after we have received statewide and national publicity, we are in a panic about it being too successful.

"What if we do have 30,000 people show up?" one of the wor-

riers asked. "Where are they going to park?"

The next day, we found more parking places and turned the traffic control over to the police chief. He didn't seem worried.

Then somebody was upset because there were no motel or hotel accommodations in Raeford. "Where are they going to stay?" they asked. "And what if it rains? And why don't people clean up Main Street? I've been up all night worrying."

We were so worried we called a meeting of the planning committee. Everyone put on bowler hats, and we walked around a table with our hands locked behind us.

Putting on festivals is like farming. If it rains, it rains, we said, suggesting that additional prayers be offered for a dry spell next week.

It is as if we have started a big ball rolling towards Hoke County. There is no way to stop it now, and about 300 of us will be nervous wrecks until it has come and gone.

I was going to write about how Sadie Louise fell asleep during the Haydn and went face down in her chocolate chip cheese cake, but I was too worried about the Turkey Festival to remember the details.

The News-Journal

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