

# Viewpoints

## Downtown commission has tough job ahead

Members of the Raeford City Council got the push started again for downtown revitalization last week when they authorized the naming of a policy-making commission to oversee a new sustained fix-up drive.

The task of the commission will be to establish guidelines for restoring the downtown business district and to give the area the vitality it once enjoyed.

To be successful, the commissioners must exhibit strong leadership and must have a firm resolve. Those qualities were lacking in earlier efforts and contributed to their failure.

In the past, the city has attempted to lead the fight to make downtown more attractive to shoppers. Those efforts fell short of the mark because of poor participation by the merchants and property owners.

This time, city officials are appointing residents with a stake in

the community, who have a better chance of keeping enthusiasm high.

Downtown Raeford represents, not just a group of businesses on Main Street, but the district is the heart of Hoke County, and embodies much of this community's heritage.

Before Hoke County was formed in 1911, farmers and their families were making a day out of shopping in Raeford's downtown. The area housed the offices of doctors, lawyers and dentists. Banks, mule traders and barber shops were located there. Stories still abound about the gatherings at the depot and the many travelers who stayed at the old Bluemont Hotel.

Although its influence has diminished, the downtown area is still a vital financial part of the community. In addition to generating sales taxes, the area's property owners and merchants contribute about \$41,000 per year to county tax coffers and about \$27,000 towards the maintenance of the city.

Economic developers are the first to admit a viable downtown is a reflection of civic attitudes. A thriving, refurbished commercial district is an unmistakable sign for a prospective industry that a community is on the way up and is a good place to locate a plant.

Downtown revitalizers believe a commercial district should be packaged together and sold as one would market a shopping center.

Part of the marketing technique is to create events which will bring residents and shoppers back to the area.

Raeford has started the marketing with the first North Carolina Turkey Festival, which is expected to draw thousands of local and state residents to the downtown area for a day of fun and fond feelings.

Many of those attending the festival may return and shop. Visitors may discover Hoke County is a friendly and improving community and may want to make a permanent home here.

The festival will also give Hoke County a chance to show off the almost completed restoration of the old Aberdeen-Rockfish Depot, which is expected to be the cornerstone of the downtown revitalization effort.

Both the festival and the depot restoration are products of the labors of hundreds of residents and should bode well for Hoke County's community spirit.

The groundwork for downtown revitalization is laid, and now the burden of leadership for the drive will fall on the newly appointed commission.

Their job will be a thankless one, but essential if Hoke County is going to remain a good place to live, work and shop. We wish the new commission well.

## Frahm helped build an industry

It is only fitting that the man who is synonymous with the turkey industry be mentioned on this first turkey festival. To the credit of Southern National Bank the directors recently honored Leonard Frahm for his services on the board of directors. Some individuals never receive the due respect from a community or else they receive it late. My friend Leonard is receiving it late.

Coming to Hoke County from the state of Iowa to help develop The House of Raeford enabled the task to be accomplished because of his keen mind. His ability coupled with his great concern for people proved to be a moving force in making the products of The House of Raeford known worldwide. His concern for those with leadership ability who had never been given the chance to prove themselves, got the chance under his leadership. They responded to his belief in them by becoming a total efficient working unit. Many got a chance to achieve because of the total commitment of this man.

My first involvement with the Frahm family came in 1967 when my family became their neighbor. I was not familiar with a couple who had nine children. It wasn't long before I realized Pa and Ma Frahm were a team. Pa kept the family's perspective on the right track. Ma kept them straight including me. Ma Frahm didn't believe in deviating from the expected. She is one fine tough lady. The Autrys enjoyed seven great years as their neighbors.

Leonard is a man who doesn't waste time on a lot of foolish talk. Before his illness he and I played a lot of golf together. Going to Arabia on one of our golf outings gave us a chance to talk and it gave me an opportunity to fall into one of his devious traps. Leonard would always take his time before he asked a question or answered one. He explored all avenues. Generally I just asked the question without thinking. More than once I lived to regret it.

One such incidence occurred on this particular venture to the golf course. Approaching the crossroad going into Arabia is a cemetery. As we came to a stop I noticed some men were constructing a block wall around the cemetery. Not noticing the grin on Leonard's face because



Looking On  
Raz Autry

he was anticipating my question and I would suspect he had guessed the answer was forth coming. I asked one of the men if the wall was being built to keep people from going into the cemetery. Without cracking a grin he replied, "No, it is to keep those buried here from getting out."

My friend couldn't play golf for laughing. He was delighted I had been suckered.

Being careful about singling out any individual who helps one is wise. However, I have no qualm in saying Leonard Frahm was my number one source of help in accomplishing the fulfillment of dreams.

Building the stadium, the track furnishing materials for school events and pushing the booster clubs was a foregone conclusion when I needed help.

When Leonard was approached for help I soon learned my ducks had better be in order. He believed in doing things in a first class manner. On many occasions he had told me he was not interested in being associated with shoddy work.

Illness which robbed him of his drive, didn't slow his desire for perfection. He has never quit. For years after he was officially retired he has gone to the plant. His advice was sought by people who were smart enough to realize it was there for the asking.

I am proud to call him friend. For being allowed to pass his way I am truly thankful.

When the record of mankind is recorded for all generations, no record will stand taller than the man from Iowa.

Irving would you relax,  
I told you the Mayor said  
he'd love to have us for  
dinner tonight...



Charley I don't know,  
are you sure that's what  
he said?



## September is historic month

One hundred and seventy one years ago (1814) the United States was at war with Great Britain for the second time in three decades. The British had captured Washington and burned many of its public buildings, forcing the government to flee.

A British admiral with a large fleet, guarding transports with many thousands of British troops, threatened to burn Baltimore.

On the 11th of September, 1814, the fleet sailed up Chesapeake Bay. Next day 9,000 troops were landed at North Point, twelve miles from Baltimore.

The British troops advanced against some 3,500 American troops. American sharpshooters killed their commander as the engagement began. After two hours the British won the field, and camped for the night. American forces were reinforced.

Meanwhile the British fleet opened a bombardment of Fort Mchenry, which guarded the sea approach and was garrisoned by 1,000 men. When the bombardment was halted at 3 a.m. those watching it (including Francis Scott Key on a ship in Patapsco



Cliff Blue  
People and Issues

Bay) didn't know whether Fort Mchenry had surrendered or the British had called off the bombardment.

At dawn, however, they could see the Stars and Stripes still flying. The British had decided to abandon their attack and Baltimore was saved. Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner" that morning when he saw the nations flag still flying.

The 12th is still remembered to this day in Maryland as Defenders Day.

**WIVES AND MOTHERS . . .**  
One of the good feature stories of late is the success of a group of wives and mothers in Washington, D.C. who formed an organization

known as the parents Music Resource Center.

Their aim was to force the music industry to label pornographic music for what it was. The wives were shocked at the detailed relating of acts such as incest, sadomasochism, thrill killing, oral sex with a gun, etc., being peddled to anyone of any age.

This of course, is the end result of the permissive sixties, when a riot began to take hold among many well meaning but misguided and mislead young people.

The PMRC recently warned stations across the country to ban such porno on the air. Hundreds of stations have done so and more are doing so. And most of the bigger records and tape recorders have agreed to print a warning on porno rock—including the words "parental guidance."

Some think the warning should be more specific—the labels should tell prospective buyers if the music promotes drug use, violence or sexual activity. The music industry, for the most part, is now hiding behind the free speech and anticensorship argument.

## Turkeys turn down Hoke County sweat festival idea

There were a bunch of us sitting around in the local library a year or two ago with nothing to do.

It was one of those muggy days that settle in on Hoke County during July. The library is air conditioned, and it seemed like a pleasant place to sit, so there we were.

"We need a little excitement around this place," one of the group members, who was originally from a big city, suggested after about an hour of listening to us hum tunes quietly to ourselves.

"Why don't we have a festival," somebody else said.

"Naah. We've been having arts and crafts shows for years and nobody comes," another said, as we sat around the big oak table, twiddling our thumbs and rapping our fingers.

"Sure is hot out there," a fourth member, who was used to spending his summers in Alaska, said. "We could have a Sweat Festival."

Well, we tossed around the idea of a sweat festival for some time. Several recommended we have events like egg cooking contests on the Main Street pavement, and others were coming up with the rules for the "Great Sandhills Sweatoff."

Finally the idea of a sweat festival was rejected. It's a good thing too, because some of the proposed events were becoming a little tasteless.

Thoughts of honoring watermelons, rhododendron, jack fish, and the old fish setter who lives downtown were also brought up and quickly shot down by the group.



Warren Johnston  
The Puppy Papers

"Turkeys," Somebody said.  
"Naah. It'll never work. Nobody will support a bunch of turkeys running around on Main Street," another said.

Well, Somebody had not been suggesting a kind of festival. He had only been calling the rest of us a bunch of gobblers because we were being so indecisive.

However, when everybody else thought the idea of a turkey festival was pretty good, he gladly took credit for the suggestion.

Before long, the ball was rolling towards the first North Carolina Turkey Festival, and people from Quashville to Rockfish were getting excited.

We were challenging turkey growers all over the nation to compete against the champion North Carolina trotters in the first Turkey Olympics, when Somebody figured out we didn't know anything about Turkey Olympics.

So, we called Dick Combs at The Inn on Lake Waramaug in New Preston, Connecticut. He had been having birds run, jump and

gobble for years as a kick off to the New England Thanksgiving feast. He told us how to do it.

Help also came in from Alamance County. They have one of the most successful arts and crafts shows in the state, and they shared their hints.

Members of the Turkey Federation got involved and moved the statewide cooking finals from Raleigh to Raeford.

Money began to pour in from across the state and the southeast, mostly from turkey industry men, turkey suppliers and the North Carolina Legislature.

Jean Hodges and Hodges and Associates of Fayetteville took over our advertising campaign, which we kicked off with the "Strut Your Stuffin'" logo on bright yellow shirts donated by Faberge Inc.

Even Carolina Power and Light, Ft. Bragg and Carolina Telephone chipped in heavily with labor and funds. Who would have thought those big guys would get involved. Certainly not that group cooling off at the library.

The word about Hoke County has been spread over the state on television, radio, newspapers and billboards.

Now, it is the eve of the festival. The weather is holding. Nobody in town is sleeping. During the day, the county is ablaze with bright yellow T-shirts. We're all acting like kids before Christmas.

All we can do now is wait for the sun to come up on Saturday, so we can open our presents.