

Editorials

County needs approval for two-school package

During 1986, Hoke County residents will be faced with a decision which will affect future generations more than any issue that has been on the ballot in recent memory.

Sometime during the coming year, voters will have to decide on the question of backing a bond issue to build new schools in Hoke County, and the wrong choice could come back to haunt us.

School and county officials are currently wrestling with a construction plan designed to meet the needs of the changing student population.

Although no official statements are being made, there is strong evidence this county should build two new facilities.

An elementary school is needed to accommodate the growing Rockfish community, and a middle school must be built to replace the deteriorating Turlington School.

The bad news for this small county with a limited tax base, is construction costs for both facilities could hit \$10 million.

However, about half of the price tag can probably be covered through state rebated sales tax funds, and additional local money might also be found in the county's \$2.3 million reserve account.

Two schools could be built with bargain increases in the local tax

rate, and we believe taxpayers would be foolish not to support their construction.

Eventually both schools must be built, and past experience has shown this county that delaying construction does little more than expand the problem and defer the pain.

Construction costs and interest rates are both lower than they have been in recent years or than they promise to be in the future. The time to build is now.

We encourage school and county officials to move quickly to formulate a plan for the construction of the schools and to get the issue to Hoke County voters while costs are within reach.

Hoke County needs to provide the best education possible for all its students, and we believe the construction of two schools is essential for meeting the demands which are already on the horizon.

To do less would shortchange the future of this county's youth now in the schools and would probably sacrifice the quality of education for generations to come.

Corporate citizens putting Hoke on map

In recent years, Hoke County's corporate citizens have become an integral part of the growth and improvement of the community through strong support of local programs.

Not only do these firms employ most of the work force and pay most of the local taxes, but they also pick up most of the tab for local charities.

Without the help of the large corporations operating here, this county would be a much poorer place to live.

In the past, Burlington Industries has routinely paid half of the United Fund goal and has made generous contributions to Hoke County schools and assorted local projects.

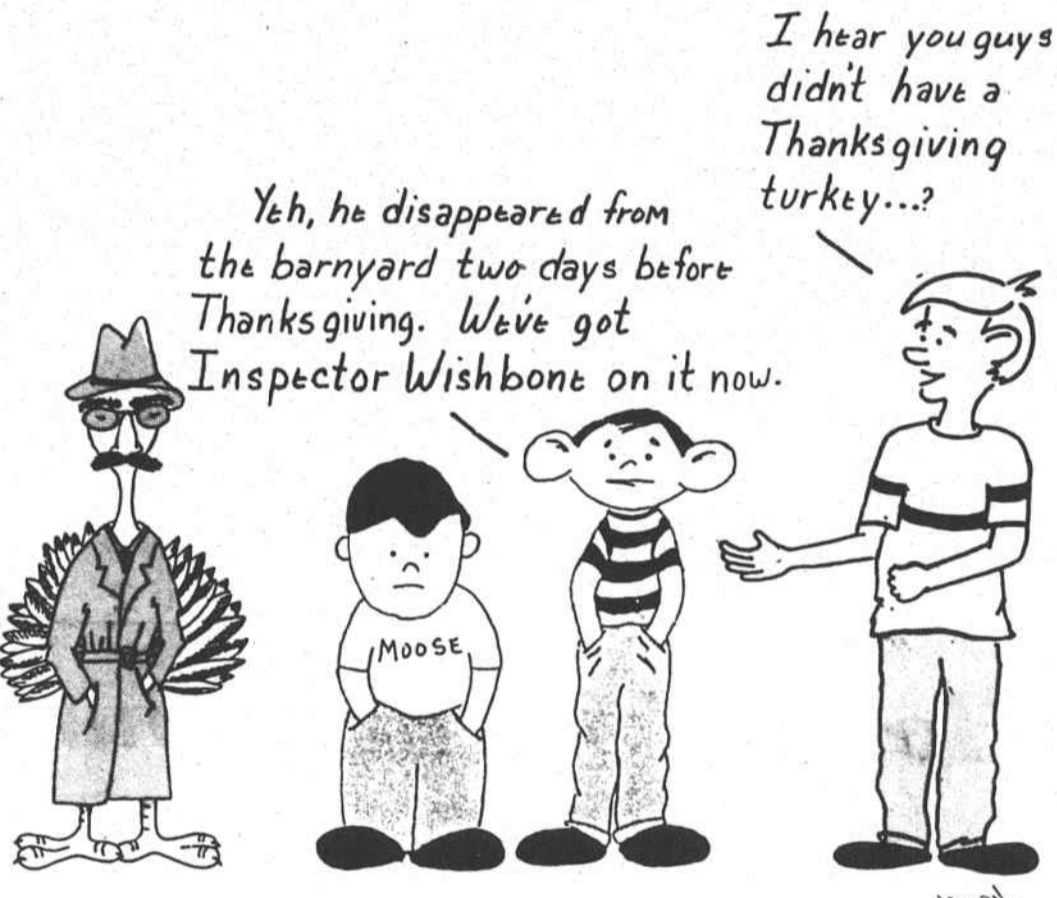
This year, Faberge donated T-shirts which allowed the North Carolina Turkey Festival to raise needed operating capital, and last week, plant employees pushed the United Fund over its goal by more than \$10,000.

Without the House of Raeford, the North Carolina Turkey Festival, which drew over 30,000 to Hoke County, would not have been possible. The firm also makes substantial contributions to Share Your Christmas and helps meet other community needs.

JRA Industries, United Carolina Bank, Heritage Federal and Southern National Bank, all come through regularly with support for assorted projects.

Hoke County is fortunate to have good corporate citizens, and with their continued help, this community will remain a good place to live and work.

We commend the local industries for their efforts to give Hoke County a brighter future.



Yankee vernacular needs training

Over the years I have made a lot of Yankee friends, regardless of those friendships I still don't understand them. Being a lot smarter than southerners must give them a lot of satisfaction. It must be so. They all say they are smarter.

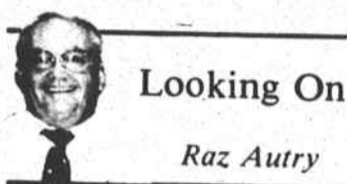
One of their smart remarks is about our southern accent. It is true we talk a lot slower and make words that aren't in the dictionary, but some Yankee needs to explain to this less-than-bright southern boy why "youse guys" is better English than "ya'll." Maybe that is why they are smarter. They know the difference.

Every Sunday morning before church I take a different route for my daily walk. On the Sabbath I walk across the golf course. I will pass the first green on what is called the original old course. Invariably I will encounter a group arriving on the first green. Most of the time it is my northern brothers.

On one particular Sunday, the group was very vocal. One member of the group had a vocabulary limited to four-letter words. Even though he probably could not be heard by the residences of the course, I decided to ask him to improve his language or have someone in the group to teach him another word, preferably not a four-letter one. As I approached, he was waving at our friendly gnats. Talking to me he said, "Jesus, what can I do to get rid of those bogs." I was so thankful the Lord is so merciful.

I said, "I would appreciate it if youse guys would not spray anything on those insects. They are the official insect of the sandhills and are an endangered species. Just treat them gentle, and they will not only become your friend but will also improve your language." When I disappeared he had not left the first green, with his mouth still open he was gazing into space.

My friend Hank Richards, the distinguished principal of South Hoke School, is one of my good Yankee friends. Although he has lived in the south for many years, he will on occasion, revert back to his sinning ways. The Richards'



Looking On
Raz Autry

two fine children were born in the south with them guiding him and his second daddy, Squire Robert Gatlin, there is still hope for Hank. If those two weapons fail, I have an ace in the hole. The McNeill boy will take him to the wood shed.

It is sad for me to report we have another outstanding Yankee in the seat of power. The Reverend Frank Lloyd is from New Jersey. He claims he was born in southern New Jersey, but that claim won't stand up with the intellectuals he deals with in the Raeford United Methodist Church. Frank is quite popular with the members, and he can probably get away with things other Yankees couldn't.

The men of the church decided to get together and instruct him on some of our southern ways, so he would really be effective in dealing with us sinners. Elected by an overwhelming vote to be our spokesman, was my friend Neal Senter. The men felt Neal's serious nature and positive attitude would make the greatest impression on Frank, unfortunately Neal declined the honor. He said he was too busy sitting in the courthouse seeing that justice was distributed fairly and equally. His herd of cattle required a great deal of his time also.

We next turned to Clyde Upchurch, who is the lay leader of the church. Some of the men nixed his selection by convincing the rest of us that Clyde would change the subject so many times in his talk with Frank, that the preacher would be totally confused made sense. We all agreed to turn Clyde out to pasture.

Dr. Lenwood Simpson, who is chairman of the administrative board, was our next nominee. His appointment was soon rejected because of his connection with Amway. The men felt Lenwood

would try to sell Frank a burglar alarm, and that would be an insult for a minister not to trust his fellowman.

Lenwood suggested Bob Nelson. This suggestion had absolutely no support. Having heard both of them sing in the choir, their fear was, instead of Bob talking to him about his "youse guys" they would strike up a duet, and Bob would completely ignore his assignment. Sadly, we had no one left on our list except the custodian, and he told us up front he couldn't understand the preacher.

In desperation, we decided to seek for one last time outside help. Roy Jones suggested the Reverend John Ropp.

Enthusiasm ran rampant in the group. Irvin Hubbard threw a monkey wrench squarely in the middle of the suggestion. He stated without exception, Brother Hub was a top notch man and everyone knew he loved his fellowman. He had to love them to put up with that bunch of Presbyterians. However, Irvin said he had one little flaw in his character. He claimed the Honorable John talked as much as I do and he would extend the conversation with Frank far beyond the intent and completely forget to mention the purpose of his visit.

The men of the church abandoned the project and prayed that turnips, collards and hog jaws would turn the trick.

US has new export opportunities

by W.B. Jenkins
N.C. Farm Bureau Federation
In the last five years, farm exports to Western Europe have declined a whopping 45%.

Exports to our best Asian customer, Japan, have shown no growth. The whole situation has caused policy makers to take a hard look at the development of Third World countries, and how they could take up some of the export slack.

The World Bank classifies 94 countries throughout the world as developing nations. These coun-

tries will also be buying less from the U.S. this year, but take a closer look and you'll find that the Third World nations now account for a record 39% of U.S. commercial exports.

The key to tapping more of the Third World market will depend on the buying power of those countries.

In the late 1970's and early 80's their economic growth slowed and their foreign debt mounted.

But in 1985 their financial difficulties have eased.

What stirs the imagination of U.S. exporters is that as income

rises in developing countries, so does the urge to increase food imports.

Ninety percent of the world's population growth within the next 15 years is expected to take place in Third World countries, so we know the mouths will be there to feed. Development assistance programs can be very important in improving the economies of Third World countries.

Even a slight improvement in the growth of these countries could provide some new customers for U.S. exporters to look forward to.

Visiting newspaperman raises cloudy national questions

There was a big-city journalist in the neighborhood recently. He was hanging out at St. Andrews Presbyterian College, and talking about life in Washington, D.C.

Laurinburg was going to be exposed to all the bright lights and action of the nation's capital. I wanted to see it. I put on my sunglasses and went over to check things out.

"It's a Potemkin Village," Thomas J. Brazaitis said. "Washington is like a Hollywood movie set."

I was intrigued. I decided to stick around. Brazaitis is the Washington Bureau Chief for *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* and covers the White House, as well as much of the other stuff going on around town.

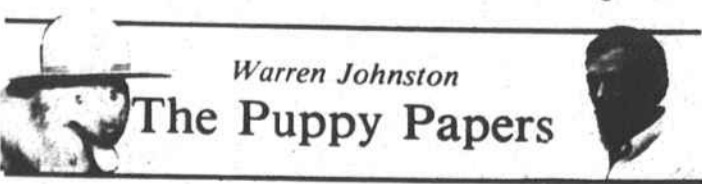
Ronald Reagan's staff members are masters at image making. The aides pose the septuagenarian president on the cover of *People Magazine* lifting weights, play up his defeat of cancer and picture him riding horses on his California ranch.

"They know they can't control what we say, so they try to control what we see," Brazaitis said, noting that television cameras are restricted to what the president's staff calls "photo opportunities."

While newscasters are reading reports about some presidential faux pas or raising questions about his ability to lead, images of a virile and loving Ronald Reagan strolling arm-in-arm with Nancy, float across the television screen.

"The public does not hear what is being said. They only see the pictures," the Washington newsman said.

Staff members have agendas planned to the last detail. In Korea,



when Reagan looked out through binoculars across the 38th parallel at the North Korean Communist troops on the other side, not only was the spot where the president was intended to stand marked, but his footsteps leading to that spot were also painted on the walkway. "Everyone in Washington, particularly the president, is playing to the cameras," Brazaitis said.

Even though there are more news people per capita than any other city in the world, rarely are journalists able to get below the surface in Washington to report an in-depth story.

The volume of news coming out of Washington is overwhelming. Maybe I read the situation wrong, but it seemed from what he was saying, the media is not keeping up. Reporters are awash in routine coverage.

I started wondering what really goes on in government, and who pulls the strings that control the world.

If journalists are too busy to look below the surface, then no one is watching. The public is seeing little more than what we are intended to see. Just as Russian Empress Catherine II failed to see the true

empire being built by Gen. G.A. Potemkin, the American voters and the press know only a facade of the U.S. Government.

As I listened to Brazaitis, my head began to swim with crazy questions like: Why do candidates spend millions to be elected to Congress only to receive an annual salary of \$72,000? Who reaps the most from arms deals and war? Who gets the big defense contracts? What happens to former Pentagon officers when they retire to private business? Are there profits made by some who might prompt the seemingly capricious moves of the Federal Reserve? How many corporations do not pay taxes? Can the EPA be trusted to protect the environment? Is federal spending beyond redemption, or is there a master plan?

I felt naive. I didn't raise the questions with Brazaitis. I didn't want to seem foolish. So, instead, I waited and asked my wife.

"There's not enough time in the day to worry about stuff like that. You will give yourself a headache, if you think too long," she said.

Questions without answers can be hard on the brain. I could understand the plight of the national press corps.

"You'd be better off worrying about how to get all those leaves off your yard," she added.

The leaves were overwhelming, but after two hours of raking, I had reached a temporary solution. Not only was my yard once again green, but I had forgotten my state-of-the-world frustrations.

I hope journalists in Washington have leaves to get off their yards. After a little raking, I am sure they will feel better.

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