SON OF A GUN

by Joe Lanier

It was pointed out to me that the county commissioners and/or the county manager apparently do not think there is anyone in Duplin County fit to be the industrial developer. The reason for this thought?... The fact that the job was open and was not advertised in the local media. But, you say, the local media did have the fact John Gurganus (former industrial developer) resigned and that a new job description was being formulated. . . So, yes, I say back to you, the local media did report these happenings, but this is not an advertisement for the job. . An example. . One person applied after reading these happenings in the newspapers and was told. . "The job has not been advertised yet." And, therefore, the person was not given an application. So this person looked and looked in the local papers and the Sunday edition of the N&O. . Never did see the advertisement. . Feeling that something must be wrong, this person called the personnel office earlier this week and was told. . Oh, yes! The job was advertised and the deadline for filling out an application was Feb. 24. . This is shameful, folks, just absolutely shameful. . The people who foot the bill, the people who pay the commissioners' salaries, the county manager's salary, for the personnel office, for the building housing it all, are not fit to, or qualified to even apply for the job, much less fill that position? Well, I disagree with that whole line of thought...I know for a fact several people in Duplin County who are more than qualified to fill the job — and, in fact, would make better representatives of Duplin County than some out-of-county or out-of-state person just looking to up himself in the job market. . . In fact, I know people who can do a better job in those offices named previously that could be a help to Duplin County, not just a salary-drawer. . . But, I am about to get off the subject — the subject being, telling the people of Duplin County when a job is open on the county payroll. . . I work for several media people, or companies, and try to stay out of the advertising portion. . . So, I really don't know what the charges are on classified advertisements, but in the county papers they

We have had a few sunshiny days lately and I enjoy watching children play. Wow! Of all the things they have to play with, I don't know how they ever get around to it all. . . Now, for those famous words "In my days as a child," we didn't have much to play with. . If I had a split tobacco stick with a piece of string tied to one end, and a twig from a tree in the shape of a gun, I could straddle that stick pretending it was a horse, and I could run around the yard pretending to shoot the bad men all day long. . . I remember one time I got me a thoroughbred horse. This was a sleek-looking horse. It was a "grading stick." A grading stick was a tobacco stick that had been whittled down with a pocket knife to make it slick for the "tied tobacco" to be slipped on and off the stick for taking to market. . . Some of those old split tobacco sticks. . those maverick horses. . .had splinters that would sometimes stick in your legs or some other place, and you would have to tie your trusty steed to a tree and let the doc (Mom) pick out the splinter with a needle. . . Of course, the splinter was a bullet in my pretend world, and I would carry a small stick into the house with me, to bite on while the bullet was removed. . But I usually ended up crying and was given some biscuit pudding to hush. . . If I had told my dad I had nothing to play with, he would probably have pointed out a tobacco truck and say, "There, play with that." Or, "Get a hoe and we can chop some corn." Speaking of a tobacco truck, I have pushed and pulled one of those things many a mile, on hard dirt, that is. It is tough going in sand. . . I ran everyone out of the house one time playing my cowboy role. I had what I thought were fired, or spent, gun shells or casings. I had been blowing in them for a whistle, pretending to be surrounded. I threw them in the heater, like in the movies. My mom said, "What are you putting in that heater?" I showed her one, and she said, "Jim (my dad), what is this that J.T. put in the heater?" Dad quickly recognized it as dynamite caps, still live, and getting ready to explode in that heater. . . Mom cleaned up ashes for a year out of that room, and it took just about that long before I was able to sit down comfortably again. . . Son-of-a-Gun. .

Pedestrian Killed

Willie Down Farrior Jr., 31, of Route 2, Rose Hill, was killed Monday night, March 12, on Highway 11, 4.3 miles east of Rom

BASKETBALL GAME

The James Kesan faculty versus the Student Council in a basketball game Fri., March 16, at 6:30 p.m. \$1

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