

# Letters

A MAILGRAM SENT TO  
W. R. GRACE & CO.  
CHAIRMAN OF THE  
BOARD OF AGRICULTURE  
COMMISSIONER

Dear Mr. Grace:

I am uncomfortable, disturbed, and deeply concerned that many North Carolina farmers are at the point of harvesting tobacco, which has been damaged by contaminated fertilizer sold by W.R. Grace & Company, without assurance of fair and equitable settlement for their damages.

I am calling upon your company to give immediate and specific answers to these questions:

1. What assurance is being given to each farmer that he will suffer no monetary loss from the 1984 crop?
2. What assurances are being given that the farmer

will receive full value if the damaged tobacco is discarded or rejected at the market?

3. How will the farmer be made aware of the specific terms of settlement prior to harvesting tobacco?

I disagree completely with the reduction of settlement payments for the allotment value. Farmers grow one crop of tobacco in a year. Settlements should carry no contingency for future production efforts and risks to receive full compensation for this year's crop.

Cordially,  
James A. Graham  
Commissioner of Agriculture  
State of North Carolina

# RANTING & RAVING with Gary Barton

Remember folk: These views are mine. They are not necessarily anyone else's. Heck! They ain't even necessarily views! Just my rantings and ravings, I guess!

## A "DOG-GONE!" GOOD LIFE

Dogs. That little saying that goes: "Dogs are man's best friend," always bothered me somewhat. I mean, the way I see it, it's small wonder there's such a high divorce rate in our fair land. I mean -- be honest with me -- how many women do you know who would feel content to play second fiddle to a dog in a family relationship? Not many, I dare say. Although some men actually treat their pets better than their family.

Heck! I ain't never liked dogs -- or cats either for that matter. Seriously. As far as I'm concerned, a cat is one of the most useless animals on the face of the earth. The only thing I ever see a cat do is stare down its nose at me when I stare at it. I believe a cat's whole purpose for being put on earth is to stare humans down. And they strut around, a purring and a prancing, and a looking down their noses at human beings. Heck! I have to put up with racism from people every day. But I'll just be danged if I'm gonna put up with a cat treating me with disdain or contempt. No! I don't like cats. And I've noticed that the feeling seems to be mutual.

And dogs aren't much better. Except, at least a dog -- or some dogs -- do make good watch dogs. I owned two dogs in my lifetime. I lived in a neighborhood so bad in Durham that folk would not only steal your hubcaps, but they'd steal your tires off of your hubcaps. So I bought me a watch dog. And I guess you could say he was a good 'un. At watching I mean. He sat there one night and watched a thief haul off \$300 worth of my prized junk. Of course I called the fella who I bought the dog from who incidentally told me he trained the dog. I messed up by not asking what he trained the dog to be. He could very well have trained the dog to be a door stop.

The fella took the accomplice (I suspect the dog helped the thief by holding the door for him), and brought me another one. I believe this one's mama must have been cross bred with a horse. I mean, he was humongous! And it was love at first sight. Yea! The dog went to drooling and I could tell right off he would "love" to gnaw on my shin bone. And I knew for certain I would "love" for him not to. Well, this watch dog was too good. The man had tied him to my front porch bannister. When I came home the fool dog wouldn't let me in my own house. So I called the fella again. He came and got the big brute. And I've had a "dog-gone" good life ever since.

To be perfectly frank with you, I'm kinda scared of dogs. You might say I'm scarred mentally and physically when it comes to dogs. And it all came from an unpleasant experience I suffered when I was a young'un.

We lived in Hollister, home of the Haliwas. An old timer owned an old, mean, decrepid-looking ornery critter that was a sad excuse for a dog -- or anything else for that matter. The old timer (it would just as soon be one kind of dog as it would another) was hard of hearing. I honestly believe loud noises hurt the dogs ears because if it heard a loud sound it would go stark raving mad. It was a well known fact that it was in everyone's best

interest to be quiet when passing the old timer's house so as not to attract the ol' dog's attention.

One day, my friend and I were walking on the road that ran by the old timer's farm. Just to look at the old, weather-beaten dog, you'd think he was a prime candidate for burying. The ol' critter just lay underneath a chinaberry tree drawing an occasional breath of air and boo-koos of flies and gnats.

Another friend walked about fifty feet in front of my friend and I. He was bad for pulling practical -- and impractical -- jokes. As a matter of fact, he had just pulled one on my friend walking beside me. That's why we had excommunicated him from our friendship for the time being, forcing him to walk in front of us. I mean, this fella had a warped sense of humor.

About the time my friend and I got in front of the old timer's house -- whispering so as to not attract the ol' dog's attention -- the excommunicated friend up front hollered at the top of his lungs: "Hey, boys! Y'all better hold it down! Might wake the ol' dog!" You could have heard the fool a mile away.

They say sound travels faster than light. I don't know. I do know I saw my excommunicated friend up front running for his life. Then a mini-second later I heard what he said. If I was a betting man, I would have bet at the time that that ol' decrepid dog was traveling faster than light or sound. I seen the ol' dog bounce about a foot in the air, coming down with all four paws clawing for traction. Then all you could see was a cloud of dust rising. The dog was somewhere in the middle of the cloud of dust. I didn't wait for an invitation. I knew from experience that the dust was caused by the ol' weather-beaten dog finding traction. So I shifted my body into "L" for "Lord have mercy!" and it sounded like I was a dragster the way my sneakers were squealing, fighting for traction. Not to be outdone, seeing the dog gaining ground fast, my mouth soon followed suit. I squealed and prayed all in one gulp: "Lord have mercy on my soul-and my soles!" For the dog had caught up with me and was taking little nips at my heels and soles with his razor-like gums (I'd have sworn that dog was too old to have any teeth left in his head. But the scars on my heels say otherwise).

Well, needless to say, getting scarred physically by the dog, also scarred me mentally. And I have no use whatsoever for dogs to this day.

Some folk say it's good for your development as a human being to sacrifice something you like. Some folk give up salt. Others sugar. And so forth. Not being much of a stickler for details, I gave up dogs. And it's been a "dog-gone" life ever since!

Well, folk. If you've read this far and are expecting to read something witty or wise, I hate to disappoint you. But the fact of the matter is, this is the end.

We'll talk some more next week, God-- and you--willing.

# EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE

We Cannot Know Where We Are Going if We Don't Know Where We've Been...

So fittingly we honor our Pioneer Fathers

## AS I SEE IT

by  
Bruce  
Barton



A hangnail is not so called because it hangs -- it just hurts. Ang, in Old English, meant "pain".



### LANDMARK'S BOB WINDSOR IS MY FRIEND. AND HIS APOLOGY TO GOV. HUNT PROVES IT.

Governor Jim Hunt recently received an apology from my friend Bob Windsor, the hard-nosed (but gentle too) publisher of the N.C. Landmark, the Chapel Hill based newspaper that has taken America by storm, and has catapulted Bob Windsor into the public eye; making him a villain in one camp and a folk hero in another.

"I was dead wrong to publish the article about Gov. Jim Hunt that appeared in the July 5, 1984, issue of The Landmark," Bob Windsor said in a prepared statement. "I have asked God to forgive me this transaction and believe He will. I hope that the governor and those of you whom I have offended do so also."

Hunt had said that he would file suit against Windsor's paper if an apology and retraction were not issued. Hunt also charged that Sen. Jesse Helms, his Republican opponent in the November Senate race, was involved with publication of the story.

"The governor will make his decision on any legal action after he and his special counsel (Phil Carlton) review Windsor's apology and the retraction that he has promised to publish," said Will Marshall, press secretary for Hunt's Senate campaign.

During a news conference recently in Wilson, Helms said the story was "repugnant and unfair and has no place in a political campaign."

The story said unidentified sources alleged Hunt had a girlfriend while in office and a homosexual lover. The article said the allegations were rumors and that the paper had made no effort to check them.

Windsor said he wrote the story in the middle of the night toward the end of 72 straight hours of work when he was upset at advertisements linking Helms with death squads in El Salvador.

"At no time did I say Jim Hunt is homosexual," Windsor continued. "Both the story and the ad shock and draw attention to statements that have no basis in fact. Regardless of my outrage, two wrongs do not make a right. I was wrong."

Windsor said he would offer space in his next edition for Hunt to make a statement.

I knew Bob Windsor in my Chapel Hill days, and both of us learned how to live without booze about the same period of time in the late 60s and early 70s.

I count him a dear friend, and his apology to Hunt proves it. It takes a big man to admit he was wrong, and Bob Windsor is a big man. I hope Gov. Hunt will be a big man and accept his apology.

### COUNTY COMMISSIONERS SEEM AFRAID OF POOR PEOPLE

It's hard to believe... but it seems, according to their actions, that our County Commissioners are afraid of poor people.

A number of poor people and other concerned citizens appeared at a meeting of the County Commissioners Monday night to call for the firing of the Social Services director and the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the embattled County agency.

The recommendation to fire Russell Sessoms, the director, and Bill Herndon, the Chairman, was voiced by Tom Jones, a staffer from the Robeson County Clergy and Laity Concerned, the progressive force that first brought discrepancies at the agency to the attention of the public.

It seems that the Social Services Dept. failed to use nearly \$300,000 allocated for Crisis Intervention Funds to help alleviate the needs of poor people. Sessoms and the Department did not publicize the program, nor did they attempt realistically to devise a reasonable way to spend the funds. They seemingly took the easy way out and did nothing.

So, Monday night about 75 to a 100 poor people mostly appeared before the Commissioners and vented their rightful anger.

I was late arriving and saw four or five policemen when I entered the lobby of the floor where the Commissioner meetings were held.

According to bystanders, Carl Britt, the Chairman, seemed to panic and said, "I'll have order, or I'll bring the sheriff up here and clear the whole place." And he did.

The precipitous action was prompted by complaints of a 30 minute time limit imposed by Britt. Sessoms appeared at the last meeting before the Commissioners without any kind of limitations and was treated differently than the poor people Monday night.

According to a local news report Britt said that the group's appointment was up and when he did one man stood up and walked toward the commissioners, shouting "...You all figure us for nothing (but) I'm just as good as anyone of you." And, of course, he is.

But, in all honesty, Bill Herndon, who is also a County Commissioner seemed to be concerned about staff interpretation of the funding guidelines and was quoted as saying that employees charged with interpreting the guidelines are "not perfect" and probably made some "mistakes in judgment." Herndon also noted, and few



## Vietnam Memorial Committee Seeks Funds, Volunteers

A Raleigh-based committee that's raising funds for a North Carolina memorial to honor Vietnam veterans is seeking a broader base of volunteer support across the state.

The committee is seeking volunteers in each of the state's 100 counties to coordinate fund-raising events.

"We have chairmen in the major metropolitan areas, but we're still looking for coordinators for most of the state," said Joseph F. Partin, treasurer of the N.C. Vietnam Memorial Committee.

Thus far, the committee has raised \$50,000 of the \$300,000 needed to place a memorial on a state-approved site at the northeast corner of Capitol Square. The funds include a \$20,000 grant from the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation in Winston-Salem.

The memorial will be a statue designed by Abbe Godwin of Greensboro, depicting two soldiers carrying a wounded comrade and scanning the sky for helicopters. The sculpture design has been approved by the N.C. Historical Commission.

For more information about the committee's work or to make donations, write to the N.C. Vietnam Veterans Memorial Committee, P.O. Box 31948, Raleigh, N.C. 27622.

disagree, that they are among the "very best" Social Services professionals in the state.

It is the director and the chairman who are being called upon the public's carpet, not the staff. Everyone knows that, or I hope they do. The staff is faced with many sociological problems stemming from three social winds blowing, and more. But they cannot administer a program that they do not know anything about.

That is a major complaint against Sessoms, Herndon and the rest of the administrative staff, including the Board of Directors. They didn't tell anyone about the program, including the public and their own staff.

Herndon indicated that a more realistic funding guideline was being sought, and that is commendable. If there is a problem people ought to face up to it and solve it as Herndon seems to want to do.

But it's pitiful, really! No one spoke up for the poor people from the Commissioner's dias. No one. And one (H.T. Taylor) said he could be a little more understanding if anyone other than preachers were involved. Taylor said that church and state, as he interprets it, ought to be separate. I just looked at him funny.

I thank God for ministers like Rev. Elias Rogers, Rev. James Dial, Rev. Hubbard Lowry, Rev. Mac Legerton, and other fine and outstanding ministers who speak up for poor people. Jesus did, you know.

We elect County Commissioners to represent the people (and that includes poor people) but they seem to have problems with that. Monday night they acted as if they were afraid of poor people. They called the law on them. I just hope poor people will remember that.

Poor people ought to keep score on incidents like Monday night and pay them back at the ballot box. Why we might even be able to put a poor person on the County Commissioners if we had a mind to and thought well of ourselves.

If I run for the N.C. House of Representatives I swear before God and my fellow man that I will always represent poor people, and all the people. I will not be afraid of them, that's for sure.

Poor people won't hurt you, honest! We're just like everyone else, and we ought to be treated always with respect and dignity. Just like Russell Sessoms, for instance, was treated.

And, of course, the County Commissioners took no action on the call for Sessoms and Herndon's ousters. I doubt anyone really expects them to do anything. It is sociologically impossible to act at the behest of poor people in Robeson County. Most of the poor people in Robeson County are the wrong color, as I see it.

### Class Reunion

The Pembroke High School Class of 1945 is in the process of planning a Class Reunion. Class members are urged to contact either Juanita Locklear at 521-4749 or Cleo Mavnor at 521-4149.



Dr. Sherwood Hinson, Jr.

### Local Man Hit by Train

According to police reports, a local man, Joseph Oxendine, 39, was killed instantly Saturday evening around 9:45 when struck by an eastbound freight train. The deceased is the son of "Fishing" John Oxendine and Mittie Oxendine of the Pembroke area.

### OBITUARIES

#### MRS. ROSIE DEESE

Mrs. Rosie Deese, 80, of Route 2, died Thursday in Scotland County Memorial Hospital.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p.m. Sunday at Berea Baptist Church. Burial followed in the Deese Family Cemetery.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Weldon Lowery of Pembroke; and five sons, James, Caswell, Hardy and Ertle Deese, all of Pembroke and Junior Deese of Maxton.

## LUMBERTON CHIROPRACTIC CENTER

### NUMB ARMS, LEGS Danger Signals

There may be misalignment of vertebrae in the spine causing pressure on nerves, yet the patient experiences no pain in the back. Instead, a variety of sensations may be felt in other parts of the body. These include tingling, tightness, hot spots, cold spots, crawling sensations, electric shock sensations, stinging, burning, and others.

Here are nine critical symptoms involving back pain or strange sensations which are usually the forerunners of more serious conditions. Any one of these usually spells back trouble.

- (1) Paresthesias (see above)
- (2) Headaches
- (3) Painful joints
- (4) Numbness in the arms or hands
- (5) Loss of sleep
- (6) Stiffness in the neck
- (7) Pain between the shoulders
- (8) Stiffness or pain in lower back
- (9) Numbness or pain in the legs.

These signals indicate that your body is being robbed of normal nerve function. Until this function is restored, you will, in some degree, be incapacitated. The longer you wait to seek help, the worse the condition will become. Don't wait! Should you experience any of these danger signals... call for in depth consultation in Layman's terms.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONCERNING YOUR HEALTH CONTACT:

LUMBERTON CHIROPRACTIC CENTER  
Salem Square (The Newest Professional Park)  
Fayetteville Rd. - Phone 738-3600 - Lumberton

#### REV. NUMER R. MORGAN

The Rev. Numer Ree (N.R.) Morgan, 81, of Lumberton, died Wednesday. Funeral services were held Sunday at Smyrna Baptist Church with the Revs. Ronald Locklear, Numer Locklear and Douglas (Jake) Mitchell officiating. Burial was in Robeson Memorial Park.

Pallbearers were Kenneth C. Morgan, Robert S. Morgan, James E. Lowery, Carlton R. Hunt, Paul J. Hunt, Ronnie E. Morgan, Gerald C. Morgan and Roosevelt Scott Jr.

Area ministers were honor pallbearers.

Mrs. Dora Hunt and granddaughters were in charge of flowers.

Music was by the Calvary Gospel Singers and the Victory Singers.

#### MRS. SWANNIE L. CUMMINGS

Mrs. Swannie L. Cummings was born May 7, 1900 and departed this life July 12, 1984 at the age of 84.

Funeral services were held July 15, 1984 at 4 p.m. in Bear Swamp Baptist Church with the Rev. Robert Mangum, Rev. Grover Oxendine and Rev. T.M. Swett officiating.

She is survived by one son, Jimmie Cummings of Maxton; one step-son, Woodrow Cummings of Pembroke; four daughters: Mrs. Newman Oxendine (Thelma) and Mrs. Charles H. Brewer (Aderine), both of Lumberton, Mrs. Relford Cummings (Catherine) of Pembroke, and Mrs. Roy Burchette (Cora) of Baltimore, Md.; three step-daughters: Mrs. Jude Bullard (Sally) of Maxton, Mrs. Gus Locklear, Sr. (Josephine), and Mrs. Zedan Bullard (Clavie) of Pembroke; 23 grandchildren and 53 great-grandchildren; and a host of relatives and friends.