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LION IN THE STREETS

We Get Yet Another Tale

From the banks of the Potomac comes yet another report on the nation's civil disorders, and with it a handful of recommendations sufficient to stagger the imagination and chill the marrow of our bones. This one, submitted by a special presidential committee set up to survey the problem, entails sweeping recommendations for public housing, employment, and a guaranteed annual wage.

Charity, friends, is one thing. Communism is another. We have yet to encounter the interpreter who has had guts enough to call the kettle black (or red, in this case) but we dare do it in the belief that the wolf, alas, may be just without our circle of fires.

For a generation now, we have observed and decried the lunatic fringe, which has fluttered from ghost to ghost, crying all the while, "a lion is in the streets," and called them thus because they could not pronounce pussycat. Prophets of gloom and doom we have chastised, because the communist takeover, however insidious, had naught but loss in competition from without with democracy from within.

Yet today we stand but one misguided Congressional vote away from a pure communism Marx and Lenin dared not dream of. A sharing of the wealth has been proposed -- without a sharing of the work -- and not a soul has

stepped forth to expose it for what it is.

The guaranteed wage we have heard proposed in the past would award to each individual (or to whatever unit the wage would be distributed) the sum of \$3,000, or the difference between that noble median and one's actual earnings paid for, of course, by the federal treasury.

And where would the treasury get the gold? From we who work, obviously, in the form of taxes. Thus, the individual who earned six thousand per annum and coughed up half for Uncle Sam (a rather absurd tax rate, except for purposes of comparison) would be supporting not only himself, but one full-fledged recipient of the guaranteed annual wage.

No matter how it's sliced, that's communistic, in that communist theory, we have been told, is to share the wealth of the state. Ideally, a substantial average is struck and everybody lives miserably ever after.

Not even Marx or Lenin dragged on that pipe of dreams. Certainly, in communist Russia and China, one does not eat, let alone share, unless he works. Which is altogether inferior to the procedure recommended for our fair land.

God forbid.

No Insult Intended

For the past two weeks, now, The News-Journal has carried articles about allegedly decreased moonshining activity in Hoke County since the establishment of ABC sale of intoxicants here some five years ago. The first may have indicated, in a slanted sort of way, that the ABC system has worked wonderfully well, diminishing to a trickle the flow of illicit spirits. The second -- the recitation of a Hoke businessman -- took exception with the first and gave credit for the dry-up to local industry.

In so doing, more than a few workers at Raeford Turkey Farms were offended, or so we have heard, although none has lodged a formal complaint at the newspaper office. It is easy to be misunderstood in presenting such a delicate parable, and in praising local industry our informant -- and certainly we ourselves -- did not mean to infer that Raeford Turkey Farms, or any of the area industries mentioned, are loaded with ex-bootleggers. Obviously, they are not. And anyone who imagined as much in reading the piece of Thursday last, exposed a sensitive spot in somebody's anatomy.

We would make no comparison between the work forces of Raeford Turkey Farms with other industry in the area, except to propound what, happily, is confirmed fact: A great many turkey plant workers, if not most all, apart from their current duties are unskilled, and likely would be driven back to the farm were their present employment to be terminated.

And this is what we wish to emphasize -- bootleg liquor be hanged. The economic value of

Raeford Turkey Farms is all but incalculable. It produces an annual payroll of a million dollars, plus, and in the barnyard vernacular, "that ain't feathers, no matter how you pick the bird."

If ever the nation should look for an example of what native ingenuity and enterprise can accomplish, with a helping hand from the federal government, no better illustration could be found than our own fowl processing plant. Its payroll dollars are a boon to all who share them -- and that includes, before the gamut is run, a great many people in Hoke County.

And if perhaps there is an ex-moonshiner or two among the several hundred citizens working there, take heart that hard work and devotion always are rewarded. And if, indeed, your employment gives you an opportunity to labor with dignity for your bread, we congratulate you and salute your employer.

Well done.

Argentines dine with such gusto that foreigners sometimes call their nation the "Land of the Stretched Belt," the National Geographic says.

Ancient Egypt worshiped birds and used their images as characters in hieroglyphics. Thousands of mummified birds have been found in burial vaults.

Chinese emperors once imposed the "Great Kow-Tow" on emissaries from foreign countries. The ritual called for three kneelings and nine prostrations before the emperor's throne.

"This Is the Lunar Year of the Monkey."



By Jim Taylor

Move Over, Edgar A



Spring is just around the corner. Soon the sap will be rising, salmon swimming upstream, and nature's gift to lovers will visit us a spell.

I don't get romantic (God forbid), or hardly nostalgic anymore, no matter how and when the seasons come and go (on second thought, they have a way of showing up pretty much on schedule). I get a kick out of the calf-eyed mooning that comes with spring, and remembering that I, too, once was young. I usually take particular pains not to ridicule young lovers.

I am sincerely interested in true love, for as the bard Robbie Burns wrote (in "A Cotter's Saturday Night," I believe): "O happy love, where love like this is found/O heartfelt rapture, joy beyond compare. I've paced much this weary, mortal round/And sage experience bids me this declare;/If heav'n one drop of saintly vintage spare./One cordial in this melancholy vale." 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair/In other's arms breathe out the tender tale/That scents the snow white thorn amid the evening gale."

I'm not quite certain my recollection of Burns that dependable, and I can't recall why I have remembered that one verse. Probably it is because somewhere in my long lost youth, I had a place for that special cubit of poetry.

Speaking of poetry, I love it, but think it has two proper places: to be whispered between lovers, and to be read from books on cold, windy, snowbound weekends and Saturday nights.

I almost have a mania about excluding poetry from the news columns, and it dates back, I suppose, to a two-year period in my early journalistic career when I had to deal with a pseudo-poet several times a week (and often more than once within a single day).

His verse stank (stink, stank, stunk), and had he been advised to pay more attention to meter, he'd have started to read the electricity indicator on the side of his house, presuming of course, that he had "electric."

He was a friendly man, and sometimes when things weren't so busy, we'd chat for a while, the poet, the publisher (who was an authority on the subject, if I remember correctly) and more than once the publisher would prod him, in a left-handed sort of way, to write more poetry.

The inevitable result, of course, was that Mr. Moore would turn up the next morning fifteen minutes from first edition deadline and want somebody to read his latest masterpiece.

I do not mean to belittle poor Mr. Moore, whose poetry, for all its faults, was probably better than mine. But to give either or both of us all the credit we were due, his poems were lousy and mine were worse still.

Unlike Mr. Moore, though, I didn't try to promote publication of my poems. Indeed, I seldom showed them to another, unless, perhaps, the "other" was involved. Mr. Moore had no such false modesty, though, because he signed

each and every offering: "Written (dated) by John Wade Moore, World's Greatest Poet."

Whether anyone else ever shared John Wade's admiration of his work, I cannot say for sure. But I rather doubt it.

Newspapers are hounded, to a great or lesser degree, by amateur poets who dash off a stanza or two in rhyme, which isn't the irrefutable evidence that two, or four, or six lines are a stanza, and one or more rhyming stanzas poem.

Sometimes the offering of everyday poets is quite good; more often than not, it is fanciful, and once you open that door a little crack, you are a sympathetic poetry editor forever in their eyes.

That is another reason that most newspaper editors do not solicit or accept poetry manuscripts. While one particular poem may be of its own merit good enough for the Saturday Review, the forty-five that will follow it from other bards will be mostly the same "Mama Ain't Dead, She's Only Asleepin'."

And therein lieth a lion best left to slumber. When one is moved to express his grief in poetry upon the passing of a relative or friend, what more noble purpose could inspire him. His thoughts, therefore, somehow seem sacred (at least to him) and it would take a terrible fool to make light of the sentiments of a daughter at the passing of her parents.

See TAYLOR COLUMN, Page 11

Philosopher Says Hold Riots In Faraway Saigon Or Hue



Dear editor:

According to an article I read in a newspaper some do-it-yourself garbage disposal worker dropped in the ditch along the road near my house out here yesterday, a lot of people are concerned about what's going to happen in this country next summer when the weather is warm and the rioting is easy.

I guess it's all right to have somebody worrying six months ahead, although I don't see how he does it. I'm not through worrying yet about what happened yesterday and is bound to happen tomorrow to worry about spring, not to mention summer. I thought of offering the suggestion to these planners that the place to hold riots is in Saigon or Hue. From the looks

of these wretched places you could stage one without being noticed, the before and after pictures would be the same, but that's out of my department.

What interested me in that article was the report that the way to prevent riots is to remove the causes. That's true, the same as it is with wars and divorces and school trustee fights and economic depressions, if anybody wants the job, but what really got my attention was a statement one of the rioters of last summer made. He said, as he walked off with a color T.V. set, "All I'm doing is collecting what's owed my great-great-grandfather."

Well, how you're going to prevent now what happened a hundred and fifty years ago to

your great-great-grandfather is a problem I'll leave to the experts in Washington. It'd require more re-writing of history than I could manage.

However, I like the idea. For example, I have been told that one of my ancestors was thrown in jail in England for life for a had debt he didn't owe, he wasn't the type of man who was given grocery credit in the first place, and I hope the bank recognizes this if I skip the next payment on my note. And if it doesn't, I'd ask it to remember what Julius Caesar did. What this country needs is more banks and television stores familiar with the history of the human race.

Yours faithfully,
J.A.

CLIFF BLUE ...

People & Issues



POLLS--Scoop at public opinion polls if you wish, but major decisions which establish personalities and the fate of the nation are made after the poll results are in. No doubt but it was the report of a public opinion poll or polls which caused Governor George Romney to withdraw as a Republican candidate for president, without waiting for the New Hampshire people to vote.

BRAINWASH -- Romney says that he is glad that he used the word "brainwash". We admire George Romney as an honest man and an honest politician, but we just can't believe him when he says he is glad that he used the word "brainwash" some months ago. When he admitted to having been "brainwashed," he was leading the field of candidates for the GOP presidential nomination. Then his popularity started melting away like a block of ice on a hot summer day and despite his campaigning--giving it the best he had -- he was never able to again establish himself as a strong candidate with a chance to win over LBJ.

NIXON--Rockefeller is in the race for the GOP Presidential nomination but we would put our two-bits on Nixon to walk away with the nomination when the Republicans meet in Miami. Nixon, like Johnson, is a pro in politics and it seems that the GOP pros are pretty strong for Nixon.

GEORGE WALLACE -- Former Governor George Wallace could turn out to be the "king-maker" insofar as the next president of the United States is concerned. Should Johnson receive 255 electoral votes in the November election and Nixon as the Republican candidate 255 electoral votes, and George Wallace carry three states -- Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana with a total of 27 electoral votes neither Johnson or Nixon would have a majority and according to the U.S. Constitution the issue would be decided by the House of Representatives.

But, hold your horses a minute. There is but very little chance that the issue would go to the House of Representatives. The electoral votes are not cast on November 5, 1968. The electors elected in the General election of November 5 will meet in their respective state capitals at a later date and cast the votes for president and vice president. The

electors do not have to vote for the candidates being voted on in the general election, although it is a general rule to do so. No doubt the electors for George Wallace will be dedicated Wallace supporters and George Wallace could well make a deal with either Johnson or Nixon to have his electors vote for the one he wished -- either Johnson or Nixon -- without the matter going to the House of Representatives.

And if neither the Democrat or the Republican candidate gets a majority of the electoral votes on November 5, we expect both to fall over themselves making concessions to the former Alabama governor for his electoral votes!

JORDAN AND EDWARDS -- Two outstanding Tarheel citizens, long active in politics and state government answered the final call last week--Henry W. Jordan and Lon Edwards.

Both Edwards and Jordan devoted many years to the up-building of North Carolina. Both were lay leaders in the Methodist church and both were what you might call "middle of the road" leaders in the Democratic party. Jordan gave serious consideration to running for governor in 1952 and again in 1964. During Kerr Scott's administration Jordan was one of his right-hand men--serving as state highway chairman. Lon Edwards served for many years in the State House of Representatives, was a member of the Advisory Budget Commission, president of the N. C. Farm Bureau and many other boards and commissions. Both Jordan and Edwards served North Carolina well.

MARGARET HARPER -- Jimmy Harper, husband of Margaret Harper who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor and editor of the State Port Pilot of Southport makes no bones about who he is supporting for the state's number two job. In a ringing editorial in behalf of his wife, Jimmy has this to say: "If Margaret Harper were married to someone else--and we are glad she is not--we would have to say that she is an extremely capable person who is too wise to jump on a job she didn't believe she could handle..."

JJ DINNER -- From all over North Carolina Democrats will gather in Raleigh for the Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner this Saturday, March 9.

SENATOR SAM ERVIN SAYS



WASHINGTON--Most Americans cherish their right to use private property in all ways permitted by state law as one of their most precious possessions.

Yet, the Senate has been considering an "open" housing proposal that would make far-reaching changes in property rights of every American. The threat is one that should not be taken lightly in an era of social legislation. In fact, the Senate recently refused to reject the "open" housing provision in a series of votes.

When one removes the slogans "fair" and "open" from the title of the housing bill, it becomes evident that its purpose is to rob all Americans of their basic rights of private property. Again, as with most civil rights legislation, the purpose is to substitute a bureaucratic for an individual judgment. At present, individuals can select and choose those to whom they sell or lease property. The bill would change this when a prospective buyer or lessee registered a complaint with the federal government that he could not buy or lease property because of his race or religion.

Thus, the bill seeks to impose the will of the federal government as a substitute for the will of the individual in the sale or lease of residential property upon the theory that individuals ought to be free to choose buyers or renters only so long as their judgments are in accord with administration views.

This negates the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment. The power to control residential property and its sale and rental would be in the hands of one cabinet officer in Washington. It would nullify state property laws, and it would make property contracts subject to the bureaucratic judgments of the Department of

Housing and Urban Development.

In one stroke, this bill would embroil the federal government in every housing transaction upon the complaint of any person that another person had elected to sell or lease his residence to a member of another race or religion.

This bill is another example of a trend that I have noticed for some time. When freedom is to be taken away, the legislation always provides that it will be most difficult to present a defense or to receive a trial by jury.

The "open" housing bill demonstrates this to a high degree. Complaints would go to the Secretary of the Housing and Urban Development Department on the banks of the Potomac. Then he would determine if a hearing should be held on the complaint. If a hearing were held, he would act as prosecuting attorney. Thereafter, he would act as a jury in finding facts, and as the judge in rendering judgment. One can understand from the provisions of this bill that the prospective seller or lessee of residential property would get the message that "Big Brother" was watching his every move when he sold or rented his house.

Like other societies that have won and lost freedom, we had better wake up to the fact that freedom is best left to the people.

The speed of a cloud or a cloud system can be measured within about three miles an hour by weather photographs from satellites.

Huge neon signs in Moscow promote Communism, safety, and sobriety, the National Geographic says.