

# The News - Journal

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER  
Published 6 days a week  
NMA SUSTAINING MEMBER - 1970

North Carolina PRESS ASSOCIATION

Published Every Thursday at Raeford, N. C. 28376

119 W. Elwood Avenue

Subscription Rates in Advance

Per Year - \$4.00 6 Months - \$2.25 3 Months - \$1.25

PAUL DICKSON ..... Publisher-Editor

SAM C. MORRIS ..... General Manager

Laurie TELFAIR ..... Reporter

MRS. PAUL DICKSON ..... Society Editor

Second-Class Postage Paid at Raeford, N. C.

Your Award - Winning Community Newspaper

"It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1970

## Alfred Cole contributed much

For close to half a century Alfred Cole affected the lives of people of this community in many ways.

As a youth and young man he excelled on the athletic field, inspiring others by his outstanding performance and leadership, and starting early to show an interest in the welfare and development of younger boys, fostering in them skills and winning attitudes and clean living. In his capacity as assistant scoutmaster for many years he was a friend and confidant who filled gaps and provided answers and encouragement for many a lonely youth. As National Guard caretaker for many of the same years he met the same need for a different group of youths with advice and hope during a period when many of them were next door to the poorhouse. Later, on active duty in the Army as their first sergeant, he was a friend in need on countless occasions.

After World War II his contributions to this community, fed by an almost boundless energy for many years and

characterized by zest and enthusiasm for whatever he was about, took many forms. Cole Avenue in the western section of Raeford was in the middle of a cotton patch when he got back from the war, and he shared with Julian Wright the first substantial development of the town in that area. He served as mayor for eight years and many battles, and contributed much to improving the operation and services of the town. Active in his church, the American Legion and the Kiwanis club, he held positions of leadership in all, and he organized Hoke County's civil defense system and was its first director. He was happily married, raised a fine family and lived to take great pleasure in his grandchildren.

Yes, Alfred Cole affected the lives of many here in many ways. He lived a good life, and enjoyed it. His contributions were widespread, and as he moves into the memory of those who knew him, we know it will be affectionate and lasting.

## Losing game

Once started, the seeds of inflation grow like weeds. And the weeds soon begin reseeding themselves. A study by the American Economic Foundation shows how the reseeding process works. The root of the problem, it says, is unearned wages which simply drive up production costs, personal taxes and the cost of living, thus requiring another unearned raise which soon will require another and another and another. And the dollar gets cheaper and cheaper. As productivity has declined in relation to wages, everyone becomes committed to a losing game of chasing their tails.

At the moment, the U.S. worker's average real income is lower than four years ago; his average weekly wages are \$117.55, but in terms of 1957-59 dollars, he earns over \$77.40 compared

with \$78.39 four years ago. The trend toward more pay for less work set in a long time ago. The man for example, whose income went up \$3,000 in 1959 to \$4,500 in 1969 gained, not \$1,500, but only \$135 in terms of 1959 dollars. The man who moved from \$4,000 to \$6,000 gained \$235, not \$2,000 in purchasing power. The large group who have broken through the \$5,000 barrier since 1959 and moved up to \$7,500 are not \$2,500 ahead - only \$290 ahead.

Judging by the current look, strong union demands will soon result in more inflationary unearned wage increases. If this is inflation psychology, there will be no end to it until people are once again willing to base pay increases on increased productivity.

## Subsidy ceiling

Farm subsidies are one of those practices which irritate most Americans who aren't in the agriculture business and even many who are. The \$3 billion a year in direct subsidies for not producing crops, or for making up the difference between what it costs to raise a crop and what it sells for, is a considerable sum. It is being eyed by both houses of Congress and the administration. And at this point, it appears that the end of unlimited subsidies is near. The Senate has in effect already approved a \$20,000 limit, the House a \$55,000 limit, and the White House has intimated it could live with anything in between. In any event, it appears there won't be any more subsidies like the \$4.4 million one which a California grower got last year.

In principle, we approve of the subsidy limits. The dollars saved by the government would not amount to all that much - \$150 million to \$250 million for the \$20,000 limit, and about \$60 million for the \$55,000 limit. With the tight federal revenue situation looming, even this amount would be a help. And there is something about paying for unproductivity which thwarts common sense.

But the country shouldn't fool itself about other likely effects of cutting farm subsidies. The agriculture industry in America is troubled by overcapacity. If the large growers, many of them in California, decide to switch from cotton and other heavily subsidized crops to mainline vegetable crops, a number of smaller growers could be forced out of business. This would be regrettable for two reasons. It would further hasten the transition to "Big Farm" or corporation agriculture. And it would likely lead to the conversion of more valuable farmland into housing tracts. With the population of the United States rushing to increase by half again in the next few decades, this farmland perhaps would be better kept in subsidized trust for eventual needs.

Of course, by keeping the subsidy limits between \$20,000 and \$55,000 the middle-income farmer would still benefit from the direct subsidy. But he won't be saved from the competition of the big grower.

The subsidy ceiling issue isn't a simple one of ending a political giveaway. And yet it is both likely and right that the ceilings be set down any way. -The Christian Science Monitor

'Good news, you won't be invaded by Germany'



## Washington Weekend Ends Two Expectations Of City

By Laurie Telfair

It takes a strong family structure to survive a vacation. We spent last week-end in Washington, the first time the children or I had been to the nation's capital, and believe me, it was lovely, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Two expectations I had gathered from the news reports of Washington were shattered immediately. I expected to walk knee-deep in litter and to find a thug behind every bush. But the city was surprisingly clean and I didn't see a single mugging. Of course, we kept to the public areas of the city, which appeared to be inhabited only by other tourists.

The first place we visited after checking into a motel Friday night was the Washington monument, where our car protested the slow pace to find a parking place by blowing a water hose and spewing steam. So we parked by a no parking sign with the hood raised and left it to cool while we walked up the hill to see the monument. By the time we got there, however, the place was closed while the police looked for a bomb. They must not have found one, because they re-opened a short time later, after removing mine detectors and other devices and we joined a mob to ride up the elevator to the top for a view of Washington at night.

Then we walked down the 898 steps, which left me crippled for the rest of the weekend and, I am beginning to suspect, permanently lame.

For the rest of the weekend, we hustled like tourists through as many attractions as we could manage. The children enjoyed parts of the trip but they were actually more excited about the idea of going to Washington than they were with the reality of the visit. They preferred the motel swimming pool to the long lines and endless walking and they did not suffer in silence. A guidebook to the White Washington House applied to the fanny is an effective means of repressing dissent but it will

undoubtedly precipitate a phobia of guidebooks and historical attractions.

People-watching was an interesting part of the trip. The city was jammed, with large crowds everywhere, but there was a holiday spirit throughout the crowd. The city itself was geared to the visitors, with almost adequate parking close to the public buildings and friendly park service workers to stop traffic or issue directions.

There were many foreign visitors, especially in the Lincoln Memorial. The Indian women were most noticeable, in their flowing saris, but there were other visitors from many other lands as well.

There were also young people in abundance, many

carrying bedrolls with them. From the size number, and ferocity of the mosquitoes, I hope they were just planning to sit on the grass on their blankets to watch the Shakespeare festival in the park and weren't planning to camp out overnight there. I fear only their bones would be found the next day. My daughter bought a necklace with a peace symbol and, half-way through the Smithsonian, took her shoes off. I expected her to tie an Indian band around her head next, but come to think of it, that would be an improvement of her usual in-the-face style. We returned Sunday, after seeing Arlington Cemetery and Mount Vernon. It was a nice trip. But it's always good to get home.



## STORIES BEHIND WORDS

by William S. Penfield

### Pyrrhic Victory

One of the most notable foes of the spread of the Roman Empire was Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, a region in northern Greece. Pyrrhus was a relative of Alexander the Great and wanted to establish an empire on the western end of the Mediterranean Sea, as Alexander had done on the eastern end.

In 281 B. C., Pyrrhus led an army into battle against the Romans. Pyrrhus won the battle, but looking over the field strewn with the bodies of his best soldiers, reportedly said, "One more victory such as this, and we are lost."

Such a triumph came to be called a "Pyrrhic victory" - any success gained at too great an expense.

### Bootlegging

In Colonial America the sale of liquor to Indians was forbidden because the Indians often drank to excess, reaching a wild, drunken state in which they posed a threat to entire communities.

But community safety didn't appear to concern some citizens. They smuggled liquor to the Indians - at a profit, of course. One of the favorite ways of slipping liquor to the Indians was in flasks concealed in the legs of the smugglers' boots. This practice was called "bootlegging," and those who engaged in it were "bootleggers."

"Bootlegging" came to mean the transportation or delivery of any illicit commodity, especially liquor.

## Puppy Philosopher Creek



Dear editor:

I had just settled down on my front porch yesterday reading a newspaper and had already finished one article reporting Congress was about to set a limit of \$55,000 per farm in government payments next year which I thought was fair. I believe I can just about meet expenses with that amount, it sure beats what I'm getting now, and had wondered to myself, after hurriedly reading that Chet Huntley, on retiring as a television newscaster to open up a tourist attraction in Montana, said he found astronauts boring, if he'd find tourists real exciting

- the one that came by this Bermuda grass farm the other day asking directions to Fayetteville didn't seem like he'd be too interesting to know permanently - anyway, to get on with this sentence which is getting out of hand but take a deep breath and keep going, I was just getting well into the newspaper when a car drove up and a neighbor got out and waded through the grass and sat down on the steps and asked: "When are you going to cut your lawn? It's getting too shaggy to walk through."

"When are you going to come abreast of the times? I asked him.

"Whatta you mean? he demanded.

"It's the new style in lawn grass," I explained. "Us high fashion people are letting it grow longer this year. Everything is longer this year. Hair is longer. Sideburns are longer. Dresses are longer. Wall Street brokers' faces are longer. Anybody with a crew-cut lawn just ain't with it. This is 1970, man."

"Uh-huh. Well, I guess I'd better be going," he said, and got up and left.

He never did say what he came for.

Yours faithfully, J.A.

## Just One Thing After Another

By Carl Goerch

A friend recently sent in this problem:

A man had an automobile and ran it 24,000 miles before trading it in. He used SIX tires on his car during that time, switching them around so that each tire had run exactly the same distance. How many miles did each tire run?

Of course, 4,000 miles isn't the right answer. However, the problem oughtn't to present any great difficulty and you ought to be able to figure it out in two or three minutes.

A picturesquely interesting spot in the Sapphire Country, in the region of Lake Sapphire, is Paint Rock, which in years gone by was called "Painted Rock." This name originated from the fact that there is a streak of red about 20 feet from the base of the rock, this stratum having every indication of having been painted.

Paint Rock is a giant conglomerate which rises to a height of 200 feet. It is formed of irregular, partly-colored strata which seems to have been broken up by some tremendous force, probably volcanic, into curious seams of every imaginable size and shape. Parts of this unique formation actually hang out over the road and appear momentarily about to fall.

Here's an old riddle sent in by Mrs. L.B. Street of Enfield. The answer appears at the end

of this column if you should have any difficulty solving it: Five hundred begins it, and five hundred ends it. And Five in the middle is seen. The first of all letters, the first of all numbers. Have taken their station between.

You no doubt know of Chowan County's fame as a watermelon market but do you know how the industry started? Believe it or not but it all started from a stray seed in a coffee bag.

In 1895 Maze Miller bought a bag of coffee in Elizabeth City. In that bag, which came from Honduras, he found a watermelon seed. He planted it and reaped three fine melons.

From the seed of those three melons, he sowed an entire acre the following year. That year, he had 500 melons and the next 21,000.

He continued to sow and reap until his crop and those of his neighbors had reached almost unbelievable proportions. Needless to say, when Mr. Miller died, in 1918, he was a rich man.

Today Chowan County is still raising Cowper Neck Specials.

The answer to the riddle is: David. If you succeeded in working out the correct answer, give yourself a pat on the back you deserve it.

## CLIFF BLUE ... People & Issues

UNION...Union County, formed in 1842 from Anson and Mecklenburg has an interesting history. It's citizenship is well aware of it's fine heritage, and the many fine men and women which Union has given to the state and nation, with Andy Jackson of Waxhaw topping the list.

CAMP GROUND...On Saturday evening it was our pleasure to attend a picnic supper at the Pleasant Grove Camp Ground near Mineral Springs in Union County preceding a meeting of the Carolinas Genealogical Society.

The Pleasant Grove Camp Ground serves as a splendid link for the present with an excellent part of the past. Since 1830 Pleasant Grove Camp Ground has served as the annual gathering place for Methodists in that region. Prior to the Civil War more than 200 houses or "tents" constructed of poles and hewn logs stood in the area. Now there are about 80 small cabins or "tents" as the people there call them circled around the area with many of them only about three feet apart with the open air meeting pavillion in the center where services are held during the second week in August each year.

Owners of the cabins or "tents" come and spend the week, renewing friendship and attending the services at night. We think this is good and healthy and something people in other areas might well consider.

HENRY GRADY...The Pleasant Grove Camp Ground reminds us of a story told about the late Henry W. Grady, noted writer and orator of Atlanta, Georgia, who died at the young age of 39 in 1889. The story, taken from Macartney's illustrations, goes like this:

"In 1886 the New England Society held a dinner in New York. Among the speakers was the great popular preacher, T. De Witt Talmage. In his address Dr. Talmage described the return home to the North of a Union soldier after the Civil War. Then a young man on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution arose to speak. In simple pathos he described the Confederate soldier as he came back, ragged and wasted, in his faded gray uniform, to his ruined and desolate home in the South. The next morning Henry W. Grady awoke to find himself famous. Everybody wanted to hear him speak. Eulogy and flattery poured in on him like a flood from all parts of the nation.

"One day he closed his desk at the office of the Constitution and, telling his associates that he was not sure when he would be back, disappeared. No one saw him

or heard of him for a week. He had gone to the Georgia farm where his mother still lived. When she met him at the door, he said 'Mother, I have come to spend some time with you. I have been losing my ideals out in the world where I am living. I am forgetting the things I learned here in the old home, and God, is getting away from me. I have come back to you, Mother, to live for a little while.' The famous orator was a boy again with his mother, the two wandering together over the fields, talking, praying, singing together. Then he went back to the city, refreshed and strengthened, ready to face the temptations of life."

Going back to old Camp Ground and spending a week might well prove to be a far greater tonic for facing the challenges of today's fast moving society than the more popular avenues taken by the great majority of people.

And Grady's retreat to his old home and his mother was not only solid and fundamental then but a might good plan to follow today.

JAARS...In the rural area near Waxhaw the Jungle Aviation and Radio Service, Inc., a division of the Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc., is headquartered and in operation. Wycliffe Jungle Aviation and Radio Service was organized in 1947 to help search out lost tribes and to air-lift pioneer Bible translators quickly and safely above the jungle swamps, perilous rivers, and steep mountain trails - right into the tribe's own front yard. JAARS gets the translators to where they want to go, provides radio communications between their tribal homes and a headquarters base, delivers supplies and mail, and stands ready to give immediate assistance in times of emergency.

FESTIVAL...The Waxhaws Historical Festival and Drama Association is doing a great job in emphasizing the historical and culture values of the Waxhaws Settlement along with the Wisackyola Historical Festival.

Each acre of young, vigorous growing forest produces four tons of oxygen each year while at the same time growing about four tons of new wood, reports the Southern Forest Institute. This amount of usable oxygen will supply the oxygen needs of at least 18 people for a whole year. The wood can be used to manufacture any one of more than five thousand individual consumer products made from trees.

## Browsing in the files

of The News-Journal

### 25 Years Ago

Aug. 16, 1945  
Tuesday evening, August 14, the leaders of the United Nations announced to the world that Emperor Hirohito of Japan had accepted terms of unconditional surrender, and that the war in the Pacific had ended.

With the 75th Infantry Division in the Assembly Area - After nearly 100 days of front

line fighting, Pfc. Daniel R. Currie of Raeford, a member of the 730th Field Artillery, is now working to move American soldiers to the United States and the Pacific. Also now a member of the 730th at Camp San Antonio in northwestern France is Sgt. Clarence M. Willis, who was transferred from his old unit, the 541st Field Artillery Bn., because of high point for overseas and combat service.

Camp San Antonio is one of 17 vast tent centers which can accommodate 270,000 troops at one time for homeward movement.

J.A. McGoogan, tax supervisor of Hoke County, was re-named vice-president of the state association of tax supervisors at a meeting of the executive committee last week in Chapel Hill.