

# The News - Journal

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

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1970

## The United Nations' future

Merely by being there, the United Nations has justified its existence during the past weeks. No, we do not mean by this that we expect nothing more from the world body than its mere existence or presence. For the whole quarter-century of the world body's life, we have pressed for ways to make it more effective and to broaden its scope for good. And we are convinced that this need for a more effective United Nations is as urgent as at any time in the past.

Yet it is true that the quarter-century celebrations which have been going on have served to remind the world of how much worse off we all might well be, were the United Nations not in existence. In recent weeks it has:

- Provided the reason for a gathering of world leaders, enabling these latter to exchange public and private views.
- Provided a forum in which the critical and complex issues of war and peace in the Middle East could be more fully exposed.
- Reminded us all that the United Nations is history's most inclusive international body, thereby underlining the fact that, notwithstanding the multitude of unsolved problems, the world is slowly but surely overcoming its divisive divisions.

The world requires just such a reminder. The centrifugal forces of greed, hatred, envy, racism, ideological rivalry, inherited prejudice and so on are still strong and pervasive. They must continually be countered by examples of cooperation, brotherhood and the exercise of higher ideals and concerns. We need such examples as individuals. Governments and nation need them just as sorely.

As we have said so often before, we hope that the United Nations can go forward into much greater active service to mankind. This is its true end, we believe, ultimate destiny. Organizations, like individuals, must mature, grow, and expand in usefulness, or they run the risk of withering into (to use President Grover Cleveland's wonderful phrase) "innocuous desuetude."

The fact that the United Nations was founded after the demise of the League of Nations shows that, however ill men and nations may have treated the latter, the world now feels a firm conviction that some kind of international organization is crucially desirable. The next step lies in the larger and more effective utilization of this organization. For this a new kind of United Nations activism is requisite. It must come someday. Let the world make sure that it does not take another quarter-century to effect this.

## No grounds for panic

The stark slayings of a family of five in Santa Cruz, Calif., has further opened questions about the course and tenor of life in America. Similar questions were raised by the Tate-Manson case earlier this year.

The leading fear one hears remarked about is that a cult of the irrational has been loosed. Some associate it with what they believe are the liberalities of California, whence so much social change has come of late. Of course, throughout the land, people feel an intensification of fear over the safety of their loved ones when such events occur. But there are no reasons to believe that the recent California slayings are unlike the aberrational deeds of other regions and other eras.

Some citizens associate the slayings with changes among the young. This too may be unfair. Youth's unrest and life-style changes are at worst a mixed bag. Many of youth's tendencies—less worship of materialism, for instance—are constructive. Even many of youth's confrontations with established society are motivated by a passion for a better order, not simply to destroy the old one.

Some have even gone so far as to wonder whether the slayings may be part of

the frame of mind bent on revolution in America. But again, when one looks at such revolutionary types as exist, one does not see the makings of a sustainable revolutionary force among them. The fearful would often lump together whatever they consider frightening. But when one sees the likes of those "revolutionaries" surfacing in Algiers—a Black Panther, Eldridge Cleaver; an urban guerrilla, Bernardine Dohrn; and a drug apostle, Timothy Leary—one does not see the makings of anything like a cohesive revolutionary force. Terrorism, it must be remembered, is not revolution. Indeed, resort to terrorism may be a sign that a truly cohesive revolutionary base does not exist.

We do not believe, then, that from any single recent event or group of events one can find clues as to the direction larger America is heading.

We especially feel that the news media should handle with restraint such high emotional impact events as the recent Santa Cruz slayings. Playing to the fears such events arouse only magnifies the fears. It distorts judgment. And it diverts attention from the continuing preponderance of good in American life.

Editorials From The Christian Science Monitor

## Browsing in the files of The News-Journal

25 years ago

November 8, 1945  
Headline: Neill McFadyen Doubles Corn Yield By Changing Seed.

Mrs. H.C. Maxwell, 49, died at her home Saturday afternoon, November 3rd, after an illness of several months.

From Poole's Medley: I learned many years ago that most folks think any kind of treatment is good enough for sorry people, and are not particular how they treat them. Our character's show up in our acts.

Dan McInnis, John McGoogan, Tom Hall, Clyde Upchurch, Bill Upchurch, Andrew Ratley and two sons, and J. W. Williams of Raleigh spent several days this week at Bogue Sound on a fishing trip.

Worth English, CMI-c, has returned home from the Pacific and has received his discharge from the Navy.

Pvt. Harold Gillis, who has been stationed at Camp Croft, S.C., will leave this week for Indianapolis, Ind., where he will be given clerical training.

Sgt. Billy Crawley, who has recently returned from two years service overseas, has received a discharge from the army under the point system. He was with the First Army when they landed in Normandy and has been awarded the ETO ribbon with five battle stars. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Crawley.

Private Raymond Teal is working as a clerk in the surgeon's office of the 5th Replacement Depot in the Philippine Islands. Pvt. Teal has been in the Philippines since July of this year.

15 years ago  
November 3, 1955  
The United Fund budget

was announced by chairman Younger Sneed at \$6,902.44.

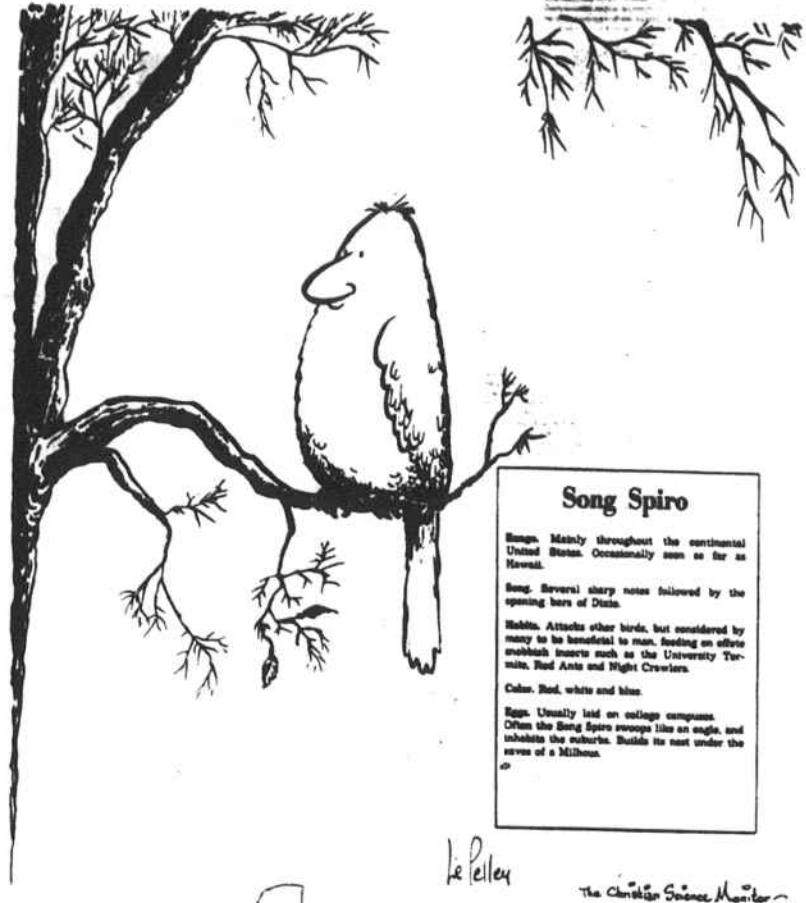
At a special meeting at the courthouse Monday night the Hoke County board of commissioners employed J.W. McPhaul as county accountant and tax supervisor succeeding John A. McGoogan, who passed away on October 16.

State Highway Patrolmen J.E. Dupree and W.T. Herbin, in reporting for October, say that it was one of the bloodiest months on the highway of the State in several years.

In Tuesday's session of Hoke County recorder's court 46 cases were handled, with 19 defendants leaving bonds in traffic offenses and several going to the roads for terms of several months each.

The Raeford Kiwanis Club will hold its Pancake Supper Nov. 10th. Israel Mann is in charge of the affair.

## Most interesting bird of the year



**Song Sparrow**

**Range:** Mainly throughout the continental United States. Occasionally seen as far as Hawaii.

**Song:** Several sharp notes followed by the opening bars of Dixie.

**Habits:** Attacks other birds, but considered by many to be beneficial to man. Feeds on office rubbish insects such as the University Turkeys, Red Ants and Night Crawlers.

**Color:** Red, white and blue.

**Eggs:** Usually laid on ceiling corners. Often the Song Sparrow swoops like an eagle, and catches the insects. Builds its nest under the eaves of a Millium.

Le Pelley  
The Christian Science Monitor

By LAURIE TELFAIR

## Pumpkins Are Troublemakers

You wouldn't think that a Halloween pumpkin would be the cause of a family crisis.

Having just gone through the holiday, I know that the round, orange vegetable - or perhaps it is a fruit - is not as innocent as it appears. Pumpkins are troublemakers.

Now I have a problem with pumpkins anyway. Last year I bought the Halloween jack-o-lantern on Sept. 10 and cleaned its rotten remains from the storage room floor on Oct. 16.

It is absurd to buy a perishable fruit - or what-have-you - two months before it will be used, but I was in a very receptive mood then and it is probably a good thing no one offered me the Eiffel Tower.

I had just received word that a loved one would recover from a near-fatal illness... Well, to be perfectly honest, my dog, our only son, the German Shepherd, was being let out of the vet's that day after a long and expensive disease and I was overjoyed. Coming home, bearing the invalid, I stopped at a vegetable stand and saw a large, orange, seductive pumpkin. The fruit stand operator said he'd make a special price on it and it was mine.

It was the largest, most perfectly - formed pumpkin I ever owned. In another month, it was also the most rotten.

This year I waited until mid-October to buy a pumpkin. It has its flaws, but in all, it was a very nice pumpkin. My elder daughter took one look at it and declared she would be the disgrace of the neighborhood if she had to put that jack-o-lantern on her porch.

The pumpkin was put on the back porch out of sight. By this time, the neighbors had begun to put tasteful arrangements of pumpkins, gourds and Indian corn on their front porches but one is

loath to make one's girl-child the object of public scorn, so our pumpkin stayed on the back porch.

Then Father became involved and that's when it became crisis. He takes his Daddy duties very seriously.

He decided that we could have two pumpkins, since he wasn't very impressed with my choice anyway. He took my pumpkin and with skillful carving and painted hair, sideburns and eyebrows, it became a very distinctive jack-o-lantern. He topped it with a black beret and a cigar and it looked something like Edward G. Robinson, without the beard. We put it on the roof of our flat carport, since by then vandals had smashed a few of the tasteful arrangements.

So far, so good.

Next we went out to choose another, perfect pumpkin. We tramped around a large lot filled with pumpkins, two adults seriously discussing the merits of one sphere over another. Finally, it was selected and brought home to the children, who by then had lost most of their interest in the project anyway.

Then came time to carve the creature. The girls had a contest to design the face and Father picked the nose and

mount of one design and the eyes of the other, all in the interest of fair play. But unsatisfactory to the older girl, who chose to protest bitterly and then flounce off to her room, announcing her complete disinterest in jack-o-lanterns anyway and leaving Father, who had invested several dollars and considerable time into trying to be a good guy, feeling like the wronged party.

The uncarved pumpkin was put away, with a few angry words, and this got the younger daughter, who was being sweetly innocent and properly enthusiastic, into the crisis. Tears ran like rivers and somehow, in the deluge, Daddy became the bad guy for causing it all in the first place.

The pumpkin was carved that night before bedtime - though the atmosphere was a bit strained. It is a fine jack-o-lantern, a work of art for its creator and approved by both children.

Unfortunately, the beautiful shape and robust color hid a flaw, a decaying spot within its core that was revealed upon slicing into it.

We probably had the only plaster of paris-filled jack-o-lantern on the block.

## STORIES BEHIND WORDS

by William S. Penfield Atlas

The Titans, according to Greek mythology, were a race of gods. After a 10-year war with Zeus and his force of gods, the Titans were overthrown.

One of the Titans was named Atlas. Zeus decreed that Atlas' punishment was to stand on a chain of mountains in northwest Africa and support the heavens on his shoulders.

Mercator, the noted 16th century Flemish geographer, was familiar with the myth. In 1578 he published a book of maps, and on the title page he used a drawing of Atlas supporting the heavens.

The picture was used on the covers or title pages of other books of maps. Eventually any book of maps was called an "atlas."

## Puppy Creek Philosopher



Dear editor:  
I've heard it said that people who don't know history are doomed to repeat it, and probably the same applies to Algebra or Chemistry or anything else a student fails in, but in the larger meaning of the saying I ran across an item in a newspaper last night that bears it out.

According to it, the airlines in the U.S. lost 58 million dollars in the first half of this year. They blame it on rising operating costs and falling numbers of passengers. Too many empty seats, they said.

Don't you see how history is repeating itself? That was exactly the same story of the passenger trains.

Some people said passenger trains disappeared because the railroads discouraged train travel by giving lousy service and thinking up ways to make it inconvenient, while the railroads said it was because they were losing money.

Now I don't know anything about air travel, but I know a few people who do and they say once you get on a plane you can get where you're going in a satisfactorily short time, if the hijackers took some other plane, but lots of time you have to sit around the airport for an hour or so before taking off, after spending an hour getting there, and sometimes you have to circle around your destination an hour or so waiting for other planes to

land, and when you do finally come down you have to wait a long while to get your luggage, and sometimes you don't get it at all if it went to Omaha when you were going to Cincinnati.

You can see where this is leading. Gradually the airlines will cut down on their passenger service, passengers will find the service isn't worth the trouble, and everybody will have to travel by car of stay at home.

If confined at home, with television what it is, a large segment of the population will go stark raving mad.

Clearly the airlines ought to take a refresher course in history.

Yours faithfully,  
J.A.

## Just One Thing After Another

By Carl Goerch

One of the most colorful citizens North Carolina has ever known was the late Julian Price, who served many years as president of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company in Greensboro.

The following are some anecdotes that he used to tell on himself or that his friends recall:

"What do you hate worst in the world?" somebody asked Mr. Price one day.

"A lazy man!" he retorted. "A crook has energy. He does things and sometimes you can get the best of him and get something good out of him. Occasionally you can reform a crook and a reformed crook is a good worker. But a lazy man - every day you keep him, you're throwing your money away. I try to keep one from being hired anywhere in our organization."

"I'll bet they've still got some of that snuff left," chuckled Julian one day not long before his untimely death when he was asked about a famous sale he had made back in 1903 to the Proximity Company store when John J. Phoenix was store manager and Julian was selling for the American Snuff Company.

He sold Phoenix a solid boxcar load of snuff.

The American Snuff Company wrote back in alarm as soon as the order came in. Surely there must be a mistake.

"No mistake," Julian wired back. "Ship the snuff."

It was shipped.

"If he ever cussed out anybody connected with the company, you could be pretty sure that he thought a lot of you," said Karl Ljung, who himself had been with Jefferson Standard for many years. "If he didn't like you, he

wouldn't bother to take up much time with you.

"I hadn't been with the company very long when I went haywire about some agency proposition. Mr. Price called me into his office and gave me down the country. When he got through, I said: 'Well, I guess this means that I'm fired, doesn't it?'"

"He came back quickly with: 'Hell, Karl! If I had any intention of firing you, I wouldn't be standing here cussing you out.'"

One of the first Greensburgers Julian called on when he started selling life insurance back in 1905 seemed a little worried about the strength of the Greensboro Life Insurance Company.

"How many policies does your company have, Julian?"

"Damned if I know, but when I get in with your application, they'll sure as hell have one."

"I'll bet he was wearing his hat," remarked one of Julian's admirers when told about an office interview with Price.

It was no bet. Anybody in Greensboro, most anybody in the insurance business, knew that Julian Price always wore his hat in the office. How come?

"I believe it is a holdover from his railroading days," remarked a friend. "When Julian was telegraphing in little, cold and drafty country stations he had to be running in and out of the railroad sheds, and I guess it was somewhat the same story when he was dispatching. He's the kind of fellow who doesn't want to be fumbling around for a hat or anything else. When he is ready to go, he wants to go right now."

## CLIFF BLUE... People & Issues

Apologies... Having been quite busy in the political arena for the past few days, we did not find time to prepare a column for this week's papers but will be back with you next week.

This column is now carried by about 50 newspapers from Murphy to Manteo in North

Carolina (it is carried by both the Murphy and Manteo newspaper and about 48 in between). It was started in June 1954 and has been written continuously except for two months in 1964 when ye scribe was engaged in another political undertaking.

Thank you. H. Clifton Blue

**SENATOR SAM ERVIN SAYS**

MORGANTON -- Campaign 1970 is now history, and the voters have chosen 35 Senators, 435 Representatives, 35 Governors, and thousands of State and local officials to serve them.

Many question the value of political campaigns, because they say that the whole system leaves much to be desired. But when one takes this approach, he forgets that the genius of the American system of government is that it rests upon an electorate that must weigh carefully all of the strengths and weaknesses of the candidates before arriving at a conclusion as to whether they should be placed in positions of trust to administer the complicated affairs of government.

When one considers that government touches the lives of every citizen from the cradle to the grave, and often determines whether he may have a job, where his children shall go to school, and how much money he shall have after taxes, political campaigns take on a vast importance.

In some respects, a political campaign may be likened to a trial by jury. The candidates file their briefs, present their evidence, make their arguments, to permit the jury to return its verdict. Like any human institution, the process is subject to an error, but it is the best system yet devised to govern our society.

In the final days of the campaign, the President and Vice President came into our State to advise the people as to their choices in the political races. Our distinguished visitors had many reasons to adopt this campaign strategy, for every

Administration desires to have as many of the "politically faithful" in Congress as possible.

Actually, however, it does not always work out for the best interest of the people for a Member of Congress to be too closely wedded to the President, no matter what his political party may be. This is so because the President is not infallible in his judgments about legislative matters. For this reason, voters have traditionally recognized this and have sought to choose a Member of Congress on the basis of his character and courage to strive to do what is right as he sees it.

I sought to point this out in the statements which I made during the campaign, and where necessary I detailed my concerns about the handling of governmental affairs by the present Administration. I did so in the belief that the voters are entitled to judge the candidates and the issues before going to the polls.

We live in a perilous time, and in spite of my disagreement with the President and Vice President about certain political matters, I have always taken the position that I shall support them whenever I deem their policies and judgments to be right and that I shall oppose them whenever I deem their policies and judgments to be wrong.

I am firmly convinced that we must be constantly alert to the danger that everybody will go about seeking to say what everybody else is saying. In a day of rapid communication, slogans and formulas are oft repeated with much dexterity.