

# The News - Journal

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1971

## A letter from the publisher

Dear News-Journal Reader:

By this time, many of us have completed our assorted over-indulgences, slept them off or just let time cure them. We have by now got a new decade of this fascinating age off to some sort of start with a good resolution or two. Some of us, sadly, have even had time already in 1971 to break a resolution or two. But, it would seem that a broken resolution is better than no resolution at all.

If you didn't read the Puppy Creek Philosopher last week you missed one fine recommendation for what we need this year. For the benefit of those who may not have read it I'll quickly summarize. Old "J.A." said what the world needs most in 1971 is to re-discover the ability to kid itself. I am not certain we ever really had this ability, but I'll agree it's one we need, and badly.

I used to have a friend who abhorred the idea of a person taking himself or herself too seriously, and considered it just about the greatest of the minor faults. We had a code expression about someone who did this. We'd say he "violates rule six," and tend to avoid his company.

J.A. says the measure of a real man is his ability to laugh at himself, and tells the anecdote about President Lincoln's reply to the cabinet member who reported that another cabinet member had called Lincoln a fool for taking a certain action.

Lincoln's reply: "You know, the more I think about what I did, the more I'm afraid he's right."

That's a good example of being able to keep yourself in perspective, but the one I have considered classic for a long time is the Army's allowing Beetle Bailey to be printed in "Stars & Stripes."

The comment that the best thing you can say for 1970 is that it's finally over might be a fair place to try to get a discussion started.

The fellow who thought this one up was able to recall some of the things we found wrong with each other and the world during the eventful year recently ended. He was probably not pleased with the slowness of the Vietnam withdrawal, or he was displeased with the idea of any withdrawal. He was certainly sad with the state of business during most of the year, unemployment and the stock market also, and the state of law and order in the country was not good. . . Of course, everywhere you turned, there was more evidence of the younger generation going straight to hell, what with long hair, grass, girls running all over men's dormitories. And the Middle East situation was getting worse instead of better, and learning, during this terrible year, that everything seems to be polluted in some way. . . the air, the water, the land, the fish, our children's minds. Hijackings and kidnappings seem to be increasing, and everyone is going to join a union and strike against the public, and race relations are in bad shape.

Well. This could go on and on. I seem to have painted myself into a corner. What I had in mind was to list a few of our problems and then apply the old Puppy Creek philosophy to them, laugh them off, so to speak. . . But look that list over. Things really are bad. And there must be some juicy items of evil that didn't even occur to me. So what can we do? How can I end this piece? Shall we take ourselves seriously, throw up our hands and go play a fiddle? . . . That's a solution, but maybe not the best one.

Let's try like we started. After all UNC beat USC Monday night when they didn't have a chance just by trying harder, the old Hertz line. To rationalize, each of us faces one inevitable end, and no matter how bad things get, that cannot be changed. All we can do is work at the way we are able to face it, and maybe trial and tribulation and trouble provide a better field for giving us strength than peace and plenty, sweetness and light. If Confucius or someone didn't say "Adversity breeds strength," or something like it he sure missed a fine chance at a proverb, for to my mind it is the breeder of strength. My space is about up, but this human race got to the point of civilization by overcoming adversity, of all sorts and for many centuries. So what we face today is not only a great challenge but a great opportunity, an opportunity to be stronger than ever before.

So let's, with a chuckle, take a deep breath and have at it. The devil will probably take the hindmost.

Sincerely,

Paul Dickson

Publisher

## Browsing in the files

of The News-Journal

### 25 years ago

Thursday, January 10, 1946  
The report of condition of The Bank of Raeford showed assets of \$3,104,352.99.

The report of the condition of the Raeford Savings and Loan Association showed assets of \$165,732.74.

The Hoke County commissioners in their monthly meeting at the courthouse last Monday appointed Harry A. Greene, of Raeford, county coroner to fill the unexpired term of Dr. R.A. Matheson, Jr. who had resigned.

Sgt. Clarence Rose has been discharged from the Navy and is at home.

Pfc. William McPhaul Clark,

who has been in Germany, has been discharged from the Army and is at home.

Pfc. Raymond L. Clark, who has been on duty in the Pacific, has been discharged from the Army and is at home.

QM3-C Harold McDiarmid received his discharge from the Navy at Charleston, S.C. Monday and is at home.

Pvt. Warren G. Childress of the Army Signal Corps has arrived in Italy.

Pfc. Charles Davis, who was wounded in the ETO has received his discharge from the Army and is at home.

### 15 years ago

Thursday, January 5, 1956  
At its first meeting of the year, held Monday night with

Mayor Alfred Cole presiding and all members present, the town board of Raeford established a clear policy on where the town's fire equipment may be used.

Crawford L. Thomas, farmer and businessman, is to be installed as president of the Raeford Kiwanis Club at the club's regular weekly meeting. He will succeed Julian H. Blue.

### FROM ADDENDA

The Carl Morris sales stable on Harris Avenue opposite the Laurinburg and Southern Depot has been torn down and the lot cleared.

Over 70 cases were cleared from the docket of Recorder's Court in a day and a half of court, and about half as many more were left over to start on next week.

### Puppy Creek

Dear editor:  
Despite the drive to clean up the environment newspapers can still be found blowing around and when I saw one coming toward me yesterday riding a stiff north wind across my lawn I stood my ground and was able to catch it without moving out of my tracks, which makes me an environmentalist, I guess. An environmentalist you know is anybody who found out within the last two years what the word ecology means.

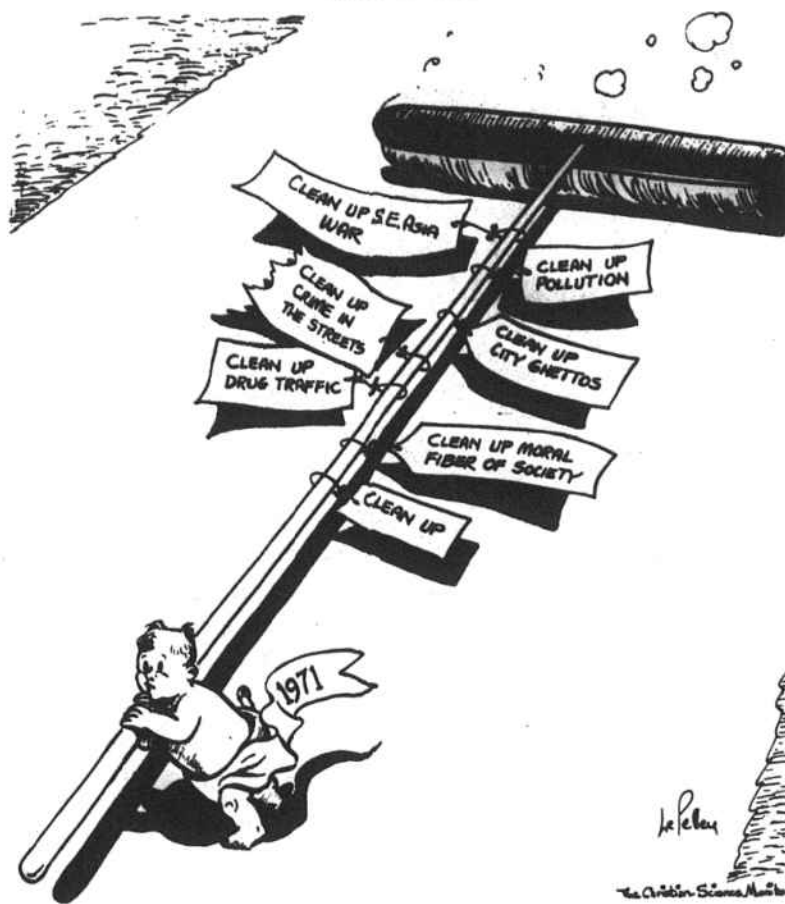
Having done my duty toward preserving the environment, although I've never understood why a copy of the News and Observer blowing across a lawn is any

### Philosopher

worse than dead leaves doing the same thing, I went inside and started reading.  
An article that immediately caught my attention told about a rumored break-through in brain chemistry. According to it, science hopes to have a new chemical invented soon that'll improve a man's intelligence.  
"It may be possible," the report said, "to improve by chemical means the general level of intelligence in man."  
All right, let's say it works. Let's say you can inject a man with the new chemical and he actually becomes more intelligent.  
Then what happens? Right off the bat some smart-alec in Washington will demand that

everybody be given an injection, every man, woman and child in the entire country, and what do we wind up with?  
We wind up with smarter policemen trying to cope with smarter criminals, smarter prosecuting attorneys getting their ears pinned back by smarter defense lawyers, smarter politicians bamboozling smarter voters . . . thunder, we'd be about where we are now, with the main result being just an increase in the cost of living to cover the price of the shots. . .  
Most people I deal with are already too smart for me. Speeding up both of us isn't going to close the gap.  
Yours faithfully,  
J.A.

New broom



By LAURIE TELFAIR

## Glad To See Snow Both Come And Go

I'm always glad to see snow come. . . and glad to see it go. Snow sliding silently to earth imposes a sense of isolation as the familiar appearance of commonplace things changes. Watching snow fall from a grey overcast sky, I feel locked within myself, private and apart from the rest of mankind.  
Basically, I don't like snow. It is a wet, cold nuisance, its only advantage being that it is prettier than rain. Lydel Sims, a columnist for Memphis' The Commercial Appeal, conducts a yearly "think sunshine" campaign starting with the first crisp days of fall to try to ward off snow in Memphis. He has had little success.

Sims also objects to pictures of children frolicking in snow, poems about snow or any other glorification of the stuff - winter wonderland or not. He contends that attention to snow by the news media encourages it to snow more often, or, even worse, actually creates snow out of what would have been only rain were it not for the publicity.  
Our cat harbors an intense dislike of snow. Let it snow during the day while she is asleep and she will spend the first hour after she wakes going from door to door trying to find the one into summer. She meows to go out at each door in turn, and when it is opened for her, she looks at the snow, tests it with her paw and steps back into the room. She waits awhile and tries another door, hoping there has been a mistake. Finally, if she is to maintain her social standing in the household, she must go out. She leaps from the doorstep into the snow and then, with impeccable dignity, she walks away from the house, lifting each foot above the snow and shaking snow from it before each step.  
She rebelled once against the forces of nature. We lived a winter in Omaha, arriving there

from the South in a January blizzard. By the time it stopped snowing, it was already a foot or more above her head. This was too much for her. Abandoning decorum, dignity and all her toilet training, she let it be known - once - that she was not, under any circumstances, going out until that snow melted and the ground thawed so she could dig a proper hole as a cat should. This appeared to be a reasonable demand, so we compromised with a kitty-box in the garage.

The children are all for snow. At the first sign of snowflakes, they haul out the Omaha sled and wait for the ground to be covered. They have learned from past Southern snows that they must move quickly to enjoy it before it is gone. Although grateful for snow when they can get it, they bemoaned the waste of a good two-inch snowfall last week during the school vacation. A snow of that magnitude should come only on a school day, preferably when there is a test scheduled.

Snow in the South causes great driving miseries. It has always been a wonder to me that in my hometown, despite Mr. Sims' influence, there are usually two to four periods of snow-covered roads each

winter and each one is greeted by drivers as an entirely new experience. Cars creep forward at ten miles an hour and become, inevitably, stalled on the first hill they attempt to negotiate at that speed. It sometimes takes several hours for drivers who live in the suburbs to get home from work as roads become jammed with massive tie-ups of stalled cars. My mother drove in snow once in 1946 and has not driven again when there is so much as a heavy frost upon the road.

Despite the nuisance, snow has a few good points. It's good to eat in snow cream. It's pretty. It's perfect for building snowmen. And it is useful in scientific investigation.  
Some years ago, I decided to test the exact length of time a snowball in July would last. I made several snowballs in winter, wrapped them in plastic wrap and stored them in the freezer. On July 4, I took one out, placed it on a plate in the noon sun and timed it. A snowball in July in that particular year lasted nine minutes and forty-two seconds.

There are of course some other old expressions concerning the duration of a snowball in a particularly hot place, but I was not able at that time to conduct any experiments in that location.

## STORIES BEHIND WORDS

by William S. Penfield  
Libertine

When men who have been enslaved all or most of their lives are suddenly given their freedom, it is not surprising that many of them should abuse it.

Such was the case with freed slaves in Rome. These men, who were unprepared for freedom, became notorious for their loose moral conduct.

The Romans called a freed slave "libertinus" (one who is freed), from "liber" (free). "Libertinus" was adapted into English as "libertine," where it is used to describe a person who acts like a freed slave - in other words, a dissolute or licentious person, one with loose morals.

## Just One Thing After Another

By Carl Goerch

A friend asked us the other day the origin of the expression, "Larrows catch meddlers." We had to admit we had never heard such an expression. She was sure that we had, everybody had heard the old saying all their lives, she admonished.

We were of no help to her and almost forgot the incident until we ran into another friend who laughed and said, "I believe the expression is, 'Larrows catch meddlers.'" Well, this made more sense to us and we were interested in his comments on the subject.

"I used to hear old Jim - Jams, our cook for fifty years, say it - yes, a hundred times. We kids would go snooping around the kitchen, peeping into pans and pots, looking for what it was that smelled so good and old Jim would shoo us out. 'Git out o' here dis minnit. Keep outen dem boxes 'n pans 'n things. Don't you know laylows ketch meddlers? Dey'll ketch you sure's de world. Git right out, you chillun!'"

Speaking of expressions, someone remarked the other day, "He always calls a spade, a spade," which reminded me of a story that they used to tell on Bishop Quintard of Tennessee.

Bishop Quintard was approaching the home of one of his friends, perhaps the Senior Warden of one of his parishes, when he heard violent language, picturesque language - the kind a Senior Warden would ordinarily not want his Bishop hearing him use. As the Bishop rounded the corner and came in sight, he found that his friend was evidently having trouble with his gardening operations. And the friend was embarrassed when he realized the Bishop must have heard

him. "Bishop," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry you heard me, but I was very exasperated, and you know I call a spade a spade!"

The Bishop smiled. "I don't think you were doing it that time, Doctor! Sounded to me like you were calling it a damned old shovel!"

Here are some unusual bits of information about some of our presidents, contained in a slipping sent us a week or so ago by Miss Kittie G. Foster of Louisville:

1. John Quincy Adams' wife was born in London, England.
2. Woodrow Wilson made a hobby of composing limericks.
3. John Quincy Adams wore the same hat for ten years.
4. Garfield's funeral was never paid for.
5. Chester Arthur was the best-dressed president. He had 80 pairs of trousers.
6. Zachary Taylor died of heat prostration after laying the cornerstone of the Washington Monument.
7. Mrs. Grover Cleveland received the first parcel - post package ever mailed in America.
8. U.S. Grant pawned his watch for \$22 when he was a young man.
9. Zachary Taylor and Franklin Pierce were elected president of the United States without ever having run for any political office before.

Several years ago a couple came into the register of deeds office in Nashville and asked for a marriage license.

The bride's first name was Queen Elizabeth.

The groom's mother's first name was Dushess.

The first name of the person writing the license was Empress.

## CLIFF BLUE . . . People & Issues

**GOVERNOR'S RACE** - In less than a year from now the 1972 gubernatorial race will be warming up, and some of the candidates may have already announced, come January 1, 1972. Dan Moore announced in the early fall of 1963, followed by Richardson Preyer and later by Dr. Beverly Lake.

On the Democratic side three possible candidates now appear in the offering, with others interested in making the race should they get the nod of certain leaders.

Now, to name the three most likely contenders on the Democratic side, alphabetically:

State Senator Hargrove (Skipper) Bowles of Greensboro as of now appears to be the surest bet to run of any of these being mentioned. "Skipper" has been making hay by coming out forthright on issues and he will likely have the support of the Terry Sanford inner-circle. He will be a formidable candidate regardless of how many enter the race.

Attorney General Robert Morgan will be a strong candidate, if he runs. As Attorney General he has been at the right place at the right time saying the right things. The time is drawing near when he must appear more interested if he hopes to hold the lead position which many would probably give him now should he choose to run.

Lieut. Governor H. Pat Taylor, Jr., will likewise be a strong candidate with formidable support if he runs as many feel that he will. He is able, smart and might well find senators friendly enough and loyal enough to keep him off the hot seat in case of what might look like a tie vote on a controversial piece of legislation like liquor - by - the - drink, redistricting or a half - dozen other issues which could be very hot and close in the State Senate.

Another man who will bear close watching is President Leo Jenkins of East Carolina University. Leo is interested and will have some mighty enthusiastic supporters should he decide to make the race.

C&D Director Roy Sowers has not given up the idea of running yet, and should he become a candidate, would be regarded as the candidate of the Scott Administration.

**COMPUTER REDISTRICTING** - Senator Hargrove

Bowles of Greensboro and Rep. Norwood Bryan of Fayetteville have announced support for a bill to turn the sticky re-districting matter over to a computer. A computer might do a good job, but it will be hard to persuade a bunch of politicians to turn such a touchy task over to an impersonal robot.

**SENATOR JORDAN** - U.S. Senator B. Everett Jordan will be coming up for reelection in 1972 and there is talk of primary opposition to the Saxapawan man. Our thought is that whoever decides to take him on will have his hands full for the senator will hardly be an easy fall for any would-be successor.

**MENDEL RIVERS** - The passing of Rep. Mendel Rivers of Charleston, South Carolina removes from life one of the strongest and most effective leaders in the U.S. Congress. Some of his opponents probably regarded Mendel as a typical old ourdmudgeon but to us he was every inch a strong man and a statesman and the people knew where he stood. Although we disagreed with a number of his positions we respected his ability to get things done. From what we have been reading, his successor as chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, Rep. F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana will operate in the same manner that characterized his fallen chief.

**TED KENNEDY** - Senator Edward (Teddy) Kennedy has said again and again that he is definitely not a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972. Well, maybe not, but our guess is that Ted will become more and more available before convention time 1972.

**FINANCIALLY** - Financially speaking, U.S. Senators and Congressmen who retire voluntarily or who are defeated do pretty well, provided they have served six years. Senators and representatives who have paid into the pension fund for at least six years can draw a pension based on the average of their three highest-salaried years. We note that U.S. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee will collect a federal pension estimated at \$38,000 a year. Gore was defeated in the November election after 32 years in Congress.