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PAUL DICKSON Publisher - Editor
SAM C. MORRIS General Manager
LAURIE TELFAIR Reporter
MRS. PAUL DICKSON Society Editor

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THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1971

Opinion and commentary

by Paul Dickson

It would appear, at least to a casual observer, that Governor Scott was beating on three boys with their hands tied behind them when he verbally assaulted William Friday, Leo Jenkins and Cameron West in a speech at Wrightsville last week-end. Since the speech they have acted as if their hands were tied, too, as they have almost refrained from comment or retort. Their actions have been much more a credit to their positions than the governor's have to his position as their superior, in my opinion.

Scott's reference to three of the state's most respected leaders of education as acting "like kids," and his saying that their attempts to outmaneuver each other were "comical... vicious... sickening," is to me a little vicious and sickening itself, and would be comical if it didn't come from my governor. I am moved to envy the fellow with the bumper sticker I saw recently which said "Don't Blame Me. I Voted Gardner."

No, for the governor to disagree with Friday, Jenkins and West, who seldom if ever agree with each other, is one thing, but for him to ridicule their efforts from his lofty position is another. The only one of the three who would comment at all was Jenkins, who summed up very well when he said "What we're trying to do is build better institutions. Our motives are fine in all cases."

The people of North Carolina know this to be true even if the governor doesn't.

The governor also disclosed during the week end that he is tired of politics and plans to return to Haw River and his dairy farm after his term is over, intimating that he would like the role of elder statesman. He further indicated that the mansion is to be used more for a home and less for entertainment during the rest of his term, and specifically that it will not be used for a tea for the Raleigh Terpsichorean Club's debutante ball this year due to the fact that he resents references to his Haw River farm origin and to his wife's coming from a mill village which were apparently made by someone at the debutante tea last year. Well, no one would say he has any obligation to the Raleigh Terpsichorean Club, for sure, but some of us from farms and mill towns might wonder at these connections being resented.

I am not really upset at Bob Scott, and think he has actually been a pretty good average governor, and that in his appearances out of the state he has been a credit to us. It just gets me a little aggravated to see him picking on three fellows whom he well knows cannot use the same weapons to defend themselves, so I decided to hit him a lick for them, as it were. By the time it's over my outburst will probably not turn out to be any smarter than his, but it's off my chest anyway.

There was a little piece in one of the papers the other day about some trucking executive speaking to a group in North Carolina, and he got in a few words in favor of allowing tandem trailers on our highways after discussing other phases of the trucking business and its benefits to all. He said these trailers, one hitched to the other like a two-car train behind one locomotive, are allowed in 35 states now and expressed the hope that they would soon be allowed in North Carolina.

A bill to allow these in this state was defeated in a recent term of our General Assembly, and it certainly should be beat when it comes up again. Most truck drivers are courteous, but not all of them, by a long shot. Anyone who has ever come up behind three or four of these big rigs, one behind the other on a road with only one lane each way, knows with certainty that they should not each be allowed to be twice as long. If you have an opinion on this, a word to your senators and representatives probably wouldn't be wasted.

...and, to finish out, here's one from Billy Arthur:
Employment Security Commission representative was in our place telling about interviewing a man and asking what he did for a living.
"He said he wasn't working and I asked why he didn't get a job," the ESC agent stated.
"What for?" he was asked.
"So you can earn some money."
"What do I want with money?" the man asked.
"You save up enough and you can retire and then you won't have to work any more," the agent counseled.
"Why go through all that?" the man asked. "I'm not working now."

I read of a fellow who said he finally got his boy to cut his hair, but wished he hadn't. Now he could see his earrings.

Browsing in the files of The News-Journal

25 years ago
Thursday, May 30th, 1946

Israel Mann, returning from New York, where he had spent the week buying merchandise for his store, caught himself stranded in Richmond last Thursday night when the railroads went on strike.

Betty McLean and Daniel Baker have been announced as winners of the 1946 American Legion school awards in the Hoke County High School senior class.

In the race for Democratic congressional nominee, C.B. Deane, Rockingham lawyer and insurance man, defeated W.E. Hornor, Sanford publisher by 35 votes in last Saturday's primary.

The American Legion baseball

tournament was concluded here last Friday afternoon with Lumberton the victor after winning over Red Springs in a close game, 2-1.

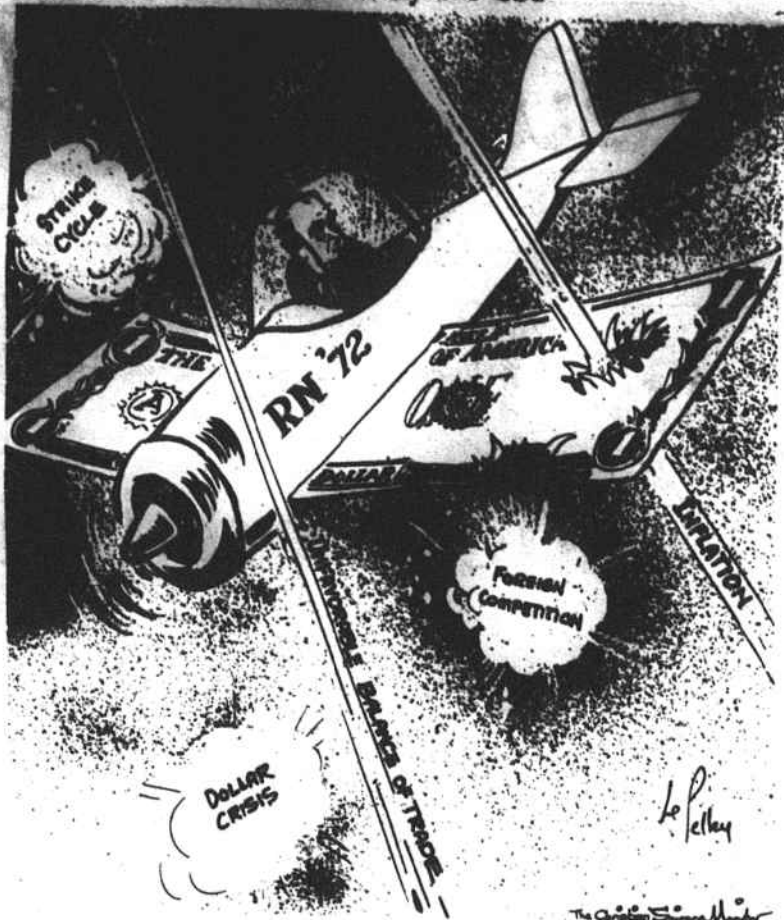
From School News:
The mascots for the 1946 senior class were Evans McNeill and Younger Snead, Jr.

The Annual Farm and Home Week will be resumed at N.C. State College on August 19th. This event has not been held since 1941 because of the war.

15 years ago

Thursday, May 24, 1956
James Dewitt Tapp, resident of this county for 42 years, suffered a heart attack early Saturday and died in Veterans Hospital, Fayetteville, Tuesday night.

It isn't only the SST



By LAURIE TELFAIR

Mom And Baseball Are Fast Friends

Did I ever tell you about the time my mother picked up an entire baseball team between New Orleans and Memphis?

We used to ride trains back then. My father worked for the railroad, so we got free passes, and ever so often my mother and I would go to my grandmother's house in Hattiesburg, Miss. When I was very small, this was an easy trip because Hattiesburg had passenger rail service through Jackson for points north, but later, passenger service was cut off and Hattiesburg, like so many places, became a city you couldn't get to from here.

Thus a trip to grandmother's meant travel to Jackson on either the City of New Orleans or the Panama -- both crack trains at that time on the Illinois Central Railroad -- and then a bus ride to Hattiesburg. We didn't go by train very often after it became so complicated but one summer, when I was about 12, we did. On the way home, Mother picked up the ball team.

We were riding in the club car. Mother preferred it to the coaches. She said it was cleaner and, besides, I could get a soft drink and she could enjoy a brew while the Mississippi countryside glided past the windows.

There were twenty or so other passengers in the club car that day. All men, they were sprawled about in the lounge chairs, sleeping, playing cards and looking pretty run-down.

Now, Mother can spot a ball player at a hundred paces. Most of her adult life had been spent in the company of baseball players of varying skills and ages.

My father was a promising young semi-pro pitcher when they married. Back then, so he tells me, most companies had

their own teams and employees were recruited more on their athletic ability than on their job experience.

He had been a high school "bonus baby" of the Detroit Tigers as a youngster but instead of the big leagues, he had been farmed out on a Class "D" team. A few weeks of bus travel and old hotels had made home and mama look awfully nice, so Dad left the big league and went to semi-pro. Later, he was signed to a Class "AA" team, the Memphis Chicks, and then went off to the Army.

After a couple of years in service, it was more semi-pro and then he started coaching boys' teams. He's worked with all ages since then, from PeeWees to American Legion.

And Mother was around during most of his baseball career. She has warmed bleachers in most of the Southeastern states, kept score, washed uniforms (but never during a winning streak) and has listened to more games being re-played over a brew at night than she could care to add up. Fortunately, she likes baseball.

So she struck up a conversation there in the club car and sure enough, it was a baseball team, all right. They were the Little Rock Travelers, heading home from a series in New Orleans. The haggard looks came, supposedly, from the rigors of the nightlife in New Orleans rather than from the steady defeats the team had suffered that year.

We talked the rest of the way to Memphis and somewhere in the conversation, Mother invited them all out to dinner at our house the next time they played in Memphis. They accepted.

The Travelers came to Memphis the next week. My father met them at the train station -- he was on duty there at the time. We went to the ballgame that night, with free passes left for us at the gate by the visiting team. And, traitors in our own town, we sat behind the Traveler's dugout and cheered them against the Memphis Chicks. It would be nice to say the Little Rock team won, but, actually, I don't remember.

We waited for them to change, and loading the car with as many as would fit, and leading a taxi caravan, we took about three-quarters of the team home for a late supper.

Feeding a baseball team can do terrible things to the grocery bill. Mother had fried chicken all that day and had prepared tubs of potato salad and all the other stuff that goes with the meal. I'm sure before it was over she regretted ever having opened her mouth on that club car.

It was a fun thing, though. We used to go to the games regularly whenever the Travelers were in town, and we followed the progress from the sports pages of the few players who made it to the big leagues.

The Chicks' ballpark burned down a couple of years later and the Travelers quit coming to Memphis. Mother watches her baseball on television now, and while it may not be as much fun, it's certainly easier on the grocery bill.

Puppy Creek Philosopher

Dear editor:
One trouble with this country today is that people are too impatient.

I was reading just last night that when the six-cent postage stamp went to 8 cents, some post offices around the country didn't have any on hand and customers were mad because they had to stick a 6-center on their letters and then add either 2 ones or one 2-center. I guess some people are too busy to be wasting their time like that, but they ought to slow down and realize that the only way the Post Office's Printing Plant in Washington had to get the new stamps out over the country was by mail and naturally that takes quite a while.

Some people are so impatient about getting ahead, forgetting that nowadays a penny saved is only a half-penny earned. Others say that a penny saved sometimes means the sales tax kitty was short-changed.

I know one farm woman who's mad because her husband hasn't planted this year's crop, and another who's mad because hers hasn't planted last year's. You can always find something to get mad about if you work at it.

Or take the Presidency. Regardless of how large a vote he went in with, sooner or later any President becomes the victim of wholesale criticizing and complaining, and this frequently gets under his skin. It shouldn't. Presidents ought to remember that most politicians and all tires wear thin after a while.

Everybody needs more patience. After all, New York wasn't polluted in one day.
Yours faithfully,
JAI

People & Issues

CLIFF BLUE ...

THE MOORE YEARS ... A nostalgic reception and dinner at the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh last Thursday night marked the publication of "The Letters and Papers of Governor Dan Killian Moore."

Over 350 friends and supporters of the former governor and now Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court paid \$9.50 for tickets to attend the affair.

The program following the dinner took the form of an old-fashioned revival with Toastmaster Associate Supreme Court Justice Joe Branch sending out little notes to a dozen or two in the audience to testify which all did in fine manner.

Probably the two best talks were made by Lieut. Governor Pat Taylor and Mrs. Moore, wife of the former governor. Pat Taylor was witty and to the point. Mrs. Moore was eloquent!

Joe Branch who managed the "Mountain Man" campaign for governor called attention to the fact that Dan Moore, during his first two years in office fulfilled every campaign commitment made and later actually brought about a reduction in state taxes.

Some people run for office on a plank advocating the reduction of taxes, but when they get into office, vote to increase them. Dan Moore didn't run for office on a tax reduction platform but he worked for and brought about tax reduction in the 1967 session of the General Assembly.

Dan Moore was a modest governor with his mountain feet on the ground. He served the state well, and the fact that over 350 people from the mountains to the sea came out to pay honor to him last week when he no longer has appointments to make is good indication that his work and his leadership are appreciated.

Should he desire, we suspect that he could hit the campaign trail again and gain another four-year lease on the old gingerbread building commonly known as the governor's mansion on Blount Street.

WILBUR MILLS ... Congressman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, generally regarded as the most powerful man in congress and second in Washington only to the President, visited North Carolina last week and spoke to a joint session of

the General Assembly in opposition to President Nixon's revenue-sharing proposal.

While not an announced candidate, from his replies as to his presidential aspirations at a press conference, we feel that he will very likely develop into an active candidate long before the 1972 convention opens. From what we read and hear he is gaining support across the nation.

On last Thursday while Rep. Mills was in North Carolina, five more Democratic congressmen in Washington announced support of efforts to obtain the Democratic presidential nomination for the Arkansas congressman. The new endorsers were Reps. James J. Delaney of New York, Ray Roberts and W.R. Poage of Texas, Thomas N. Downing of Virginia and Walter B. Jones of North Carolina.

UNC TRUSTEES ... Membership on the UNC Trustee board of 100-plus is a coveted and much sought-after place. But the average trustee has but little to do with the running of the Consolidated University. It's the executive committee composed of about a dozen members who make the decisions. Except in rare instances the full board just rubber stamps the actions and recommendations of the executive committee.

HILLSBOROUGH ... Inauguration for the mayor and town commissioners in Hillsborough (population 1446) will bring to that historic municipality, incorporated in 1795, former Governor Dan K. Moore, now Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court to swear in his friend and supporter, Fred Cates as mayor and Allen A. Lloyd, Arthur W. Crabtree and Jack L. Martin as town commissioners. Two years ago Associate Justice Joe Branch made the trip to conduct the ceremony which this year will be held in the Colonial Inn on June 7 at 7 p.m. Hold-over commissioners are Fred T. Clayton and John R. Roberts.

Former Speaker of the House, Lt. Governor and Highway Chairman A.H. (Sandy) Graham, will present Justice Moore, who managed Graham's campaign for governor in Jackson County in 1936 when the Orange man ran for governor along with Dr. Ralph McDonald and Clyde R. Hoey.

Just One Thing After Another

By Carl Goerch

While at the Azalea Festival in Wilmington a couple of years ago, we became acquainted with a gentleman from South Carolina who proved to be a most interesting conversationalist. Maybe we'd better not mention his name, because he might not want his fellow South Carolinians to know his appraisal of them, but here's what he had to say:
"We folks in South Carolina are just about as independent a group as you can find anywhere in this world. When we make up our minds about something we stick to it regardless of what the consequences may be. It doesn't make the slightest difference whether other people agree with us or not."

"South Carolina was the first state to secede from the Union. If the Confederate States had won out, it wouldn't have been long before South Carolina would have seceded from the Confederacy. And if South Carolina had seceded from the Confederacy, it wouldn't have been long before Charleston would have seceded from South Carolina. If Charleston had seceded from South Carolina, it wouldn't have been long before that section of the city south of Broad Street would have seceded from Charleston."

Another little problem from our puzzle-loving friends, Mr. O.F. McCrary of Raleigh:

"A horse travels eight miles per hour and a cow travels six miles an hour. They start at the same time, going in the same direction. After running for five hours the horse turns back. How far had the cow run when the horse meets her coming back?"

A number of years ago we published in our magazine a list of the town officials of Delview in Gaston County, the smallest incorporated town in North Carolina. At that time the population was seven and these were the officials:
Mayor, Onie Dellinger.
Commissioners: Onie Dellinger, A.T. Dellinger, and Ola Dellinger

Town Clerk and Town Treasurer: Ola Dellinger

Tax Collector, Fire Chief, Police Chief, Building Inspector, Director of Public Works, Superintendent of Water Plant and Light Plant and Town Engineer: A.T. Dellinger.

Purchasing Agent and Town Manager, Onie Dellinger.

Recreation Director: Ola Dellinger.
Attorney: David P. Dellinger.

A number of years ago there was a trade in North Carolina that has completely vanished from the scene: the umbrella mender.

One oldtimer in Raleigh recalls: "There were two permanent residents of Raleigh, husband and wife, who followed this trade. He was known as 'Umbrella Jones' and she was known as 'Parasol Jane.' In addition they were a number of itinerant menders who used to come to town quite frequently."

Another individual who has disappeared from public view is the scissors grinder, who used to announce his arrival by means of a bell. Then, too, come to think of it, we haven't seen an organ-grinder in years.

There's a river in North Carolina that is not really a river, the Brunswick River. The Cape Fear divides about four miles above Wilmington and flows around Eagle's Island, the two streams joining again below the city. Brunswick River, then, has a life of only about eight miles.

At one time, this was considered the main channel of the Cape Fear, and that part of the river which flows by Wilmington was considered a branch. In old deeds it was called "The Thoroughfare," a familiar coastal word for "cut-through" or marine short cut.

Likewise, what is now the Northeast River at one time was considered the main Cape Fear, and what we call the Cape Fear was, in old documents, referred to as "the southeast branch of the Cape Fear."

SENATOR SAM ERVIN SAYS



WASHINGTON - The dollar crisis which occurred in Europe earlier this month raises anew the problem of fiscal responsibility on the part of the Federal Government and what we ought to do about it.

No nation on earth needs to take a harder look at its financial obligations than this country. According to the best estimates available, there is a strong possibility that the Federal Government will incur deficits aggregating \$53 billion for the fiscal years 1971 and 1972 under a long-time budget concept that prevailed until recently. This concept excluded revenues and borrowings from

trust accounts to arrive at the annual surplus or deficit. Moreover, the Treasury now owes nearly \$400 billion. Interest on the national debt alone now totals more than \$22 billion annually. Further complicating our monetary affairs, since World War II we as a nation have given away, loaned, and invested more dollars overseas than have returned to this country. These are the basic causes of the latest attack on the dollar.

During this era, we have often been told by our economic advisers that "there is nothing to worry about." Often, they have come up with figures that seemed to

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