

Few flowers are as easy to grow or produce as many blossoms as California poppies.

After death, the finger bone of a skilled hunter or jaw bone of a wise chief may be preserved by tribesmen on New Guinea as sacred objects, the National Geographic Society says. For tribes who lack a written language, the relics keep alive the feats of their former owners for succeeding generations.

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Walter Coley, R. Ph.

Weekly Health Tip

One common cause of insomnia is exhaustion — simply being "too tired" at night. One remedy is to try taking a nap, even for 15 minutes, during the afternoon or early evening. If you cannot nap, at least rest with eyes closed and no interference from radio or TV. A snack just before bedtime to alleviate hunger, may also be helpful.

Floke Drug Co.



ROTOR RADAR—A UH-1 HELMS (Helicopter Multifunction System) aircraft, equipped with rotor blade radar, awaits military potential tests at Ft. Rucker, Ala. The radar system, developed by Bell Helicopter, will be tested by the U.S. Army Electronics Command. The radar antenna extends across approximately 70 per cent of the blade span and is designed to give helicopters unrestricted flight capabilities during conditions of low visibility. The large horizontal antenna will be capable of showing details like fields, fence rows, tree lines, roads and vehicles.

Manatee A Bust As Mermaid, But Its Appetite Helps Man

A manatee has a face only a mother could love and a figure only a sailor too long out of port could confuse with a mermaid.

The ungainly aquatic mammal has no ears, blubbery cleft lips, a bristly mustache, and sunken eyes. But its sparsely haired, bulbous body does taper to a pancake tail, giving rise to the mermaid legend.

No less a sailor than Christopher Columbus reported he had seen a manatee/mermaid in the New World, but the admiral conceded that "they were not as beautiful as they are painted though they had something like the human face."

These distant cousins of the elephant range in length from 8 to 15 feet and weigh from 500 to 1,200 pounds, the National Geographic Society says. Understandably, they have voracious vegetarian appetites.

Manatees manage to survive in the rivers of West Africa, Central and South America, Caribbean islands, and Florida, but man's encroachments endanger them.

The animals have been hunted and harpooned; manatee steaks are a prized supplement to native diets. Even in Florida, where a poacher risks a \$500 fine, manatees occasionally are

killed for food or so-called sport.

The Florida building boom is pre-empting wildlife habitats, and pollution already has destroyed the manatee's food supply in several rivers.

Curiously, the manatee's appetite may be its salvation. It thrives on water hyacinths, a pestiferous aquatic plant that chokes clogged Florida canals, and efforts are underway to feed the mammals.

Manatees spend a quarter of the day indiscriminately eating whatever submerged aquatic plants happen to be at hand. They eat more than a pound of vegetation daily for every 10 pounds of body weight.

They do not, as was once held, use their flippers to guide vegetation to their lips. They don't need to. All a manatee has to do is turn inside out its horrendous lip pads and tuck the food into its mouth with the attached bristles.

Daniel S. Hartman, who studied manatees in Florida under a National Geographic Society grant, swam with them in the warm waters near the source of the Crystal River. He wrote:

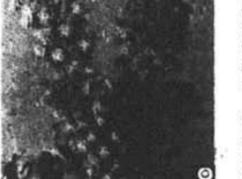
"At play, manatees bouch muzzles to muzzles in what best can be described as a kiss. This behavior is one facet of a whole repertoire of nuzzles, nibbles, nudges, butts, and

embraces. The performance as a whole becomes serene ballet, a slow-motion ritual of lazy posturings and positionings, twistings and turnings."

Though manatees are shy, Mr. Hartman became accepted by some. "A few more were so tame that, when soliciting a back scratch, they would hamper my work by lolling directly in front of my mask," he wrote.

Mr. Hartman coped bravely with the problem described by one versifier:

"I'd hate to be kissed by a manatee. The prospect's too much for my vanity. Her bristly mustache! Would give me a rash! And destroy my last vestige of sanity."



A little darling of a flower is mignonette, grown for its delightful scent.

Wildlife Afield

BY JIM DEAN

Last year was the first year that I ever bragged about killing a limit of doves with a box of shells.

"Hmmm," you might say. "It certainly took you a long time to become a good shot."

Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say that last year was the first year I ever killed a limit of doves with a box of shells. I only said that I bragged about it. There is a world of difference.

Actually, I confess that I have never killed a limit of doves with a box of shells — and there is absolutely no chance that I ever will.

On the other hand, you might say that I learned the art of prevarication as practiced by most experienced dove hunters.

The fact is that only novice dove hunters tell the truth about how bad they shoot. The experts have learned countless little tricks which help them convey the image that they are peerless dove shots.

An example of what I'm talking about is shown by the following story.

It seems that a friend of mine from Alamance County once told me that he had killed a limit of doves with a box of shells. Being an impressionable chap, I believed him.

"He was telling you the truth," admitted one of his friends later. "He really did kill a limit of doves with a box of shells, but I think you should know that he buys his shells by the case and he didn't say what size that box of shells was did he?"

See what I mean? That's the kind of thing we're up against. Anyway, to get back to my education in these matters, when the dove season opened last year, I decided that I would elevate my reputation as a dove shot. It turned out to be remarkably easy.

Before one of my hunts, I bought two boxes of shells and emptied one of them into the game pouch of my hunting coat. The other box I carried in my hand.

On the way to the dove field, I showed all my companions the box of shells I was holding.

"You see this box of shells," I said. "I am going to kill a limit of doves with these 25 shells — no more and no less."

"Sure you are, Lean," chuckled my comrades.

When we got to the field, the doves were flying very well, and soon everybody was blazing away. For the moment, at least, they had forgotten my boastful promise.

At first, I picked my targets rather carefully, substituting loose shells from my game pocket freely so that anyone looking at my box on the ground in front of me would think I had taken only a few shots.

As the afternoon wore on, I collected a pretty substantial pile of doves — most of them mine. More important, although I had shot most of the loose shells in my pocket, I still had seven or eight left in the box.

By pacing myself carefully, I managed to run out of shells —

both the loose ones and the ones in the box — shortly after collecting my limit.

I carried my doves and the empty box of shells back to the car and reminded everyone of my pledge. They were understandably impressed, and my reputation as a dove shot was assured.

This year, on September 4 at noon when the first half of the split season on doves opens, the daily bag limit will be 12 doves per hunter.

And if you don't kill a limit with a "box" of shells, don't say no one told you how.

In recent years, I have been studying the habits of one of the earth's more interesting creatures.

"Americanus Slobovious" is the latin name for this beast — a name which probably derives from the fact that this is the only animal on earth which commonly fouls its own nest. The animal is easy to track because it leaves its spore scattered everywhere.

If — after reading the first two paragraphs — you think this is going to be one of those cute columns on anti-litter, you'd better stop reading.

The "slobs" I'm talking about are hardly guilty of anything so innocent as tossing a gum wrapper out of a car. They aren't satisfied just to scatter paper and bottles along a roadside. They've got bigger ideas than that.

I'm talking about nearly every person who has ever visited and many who have "developed" Bogue Banks. Ten years ago, this was one of the last relatively untouched beaches on the coast.

There were some cottages, a few piers, a motel or two, sand, sea oats, coastal forest and lonely beach. Those who regularly visited the area liked it even though they knew that the honeymoon would not last forever.

What has happened to Bogue Banks in the past five years, however, could never have been predicted in even the wildest dreams of the most rabid pessimist.

In some areas around Emerald Isle, bulldozers have swept acres of land clear of the protective cover of the grass and sea oats, despite local laws which prohibit cutting sea oats or dune plants. Even the high sea wall which protects the cottages and prevents the sea from cutting a new inlet has been pushed down here and there. Now, the sand blows constantly, and heat shimmers above the white, drifting sand.

A realty company has placed a "Lots For Sale" sign on the raped land, but only through ignorance would anyone buy a lot where there is neither a sea wall nor sea oats. Apparently, this company belatedly recognized its mistake. Now, the whole area has been spread with asphalt to keep the sand from blowing. The "Lots For Sale" sign still stands — a bitter joke.

Parts of the island are slowing being devoured by a sea of trailers packed side by side on bulldozer-swept sand. Please don't misunderstand. I

have nothing against trailers. In some cases, they provide families with the only feasible way to own a place at the beach. But I question the wisdom of allowing whole villages of them to spring up along the coast, apparently without any control.

Not only are such settlements often unsightly, they are also unsafe. A good storm will take them, whereas a reasonably sound cottage will weather anything short of a direct hit by a slow-moving hurricane.

On the southern end of Bogue Banks, developers have cut a road through the coastal forest to the inlet, and carved up the area into blocks for development. As of my last trip, the sea wall in this area had not been destroyed, and some forest still stands within the blocks, but if any beauty in the area is to remain, great care must be taken from this point on.

Already, the once handsome inlets, beaches are covered with litter. This area was recently proposed as a park, but nothing was done.

The new bridge across the sound to the southern end of the banks has opened the area to greater use — and therefore, the probability that the island will be desecrated is greatly increased. The bridge saves time, but invites destruction of the area it serves, and I greet its opening with mixed emotions — like watching your worst enemy drive your new car off the end of a pier.

What is needed at Bogue Banks — and elsewhere, along the coast — are strong, enforceable regulations and zoning laws to protect the rapidly disappearing beauty. Parts of Bogue Banks are still handsome and relatively unspoiled, but how long will they last?

The state is concerned about beach erosion, but until uniform laws are passed and enforced which prevent the destruction of sea oat cover and sea walls, little progress against erosion will be made. In the meantime, our 300 miles of coast may have lost its last vestige of appeal because their problems are by no means limited to Bogue Banks.

"Have you ever caught a robin?" Jimmy Davis asked me a couple of months ago.

"Well, I've got a few hopping around on my lawn, but I've never tried to catch one," I replied. "I suppose if you could get one to take a worm, you'd have a pretty good aerial battle on your hands."

"Okay, wise guy," started Jimmy. "I mean redbreast sunfish — those fish I've been studying down east."

I admitted I had caught very few, and Jimmy graciously revealed a plan to fill this gap in my piscatorial experience.

This past week, we spent a day fishing for robin in the Black River, a dark, tea-stained stretch of water that coils its way from just east of the town of Garland through the southeastern swamps until it joins the Cape Fear River above Wilmington.

The upper end of the river is not particularly large, and when the water is low, shallow sand bars make boating interesting. Farther down, on the lower eight to 10 miles of the river, it is much larger, and its flow is affected by tidal currents sweeping out of the sea up the Cape Fear River.

All of it is breath-taking. Giant cypress stand along the edge cooling their knees. Spanish moss hangs from their limbs, trailing in the water. Jimmy says some of the trees are probably over 500 years old.

Jimmy's interest in the river and its robin is understandable. In recent years, he has been studying these fish for the N.C. Wildlife Resources Commission. Hopefully, the results of his study will elad to even better robin fishing.

On the way to the river, Jimmy shed a little light on the subject.

"The four best large rivers in the southeast are the Black, South, Lumber and Waccamaw," said Jimmy. "There are excellent robin populations in many other creeks but these are probably the best rivers."

"Most fishermen use cane poles and crickets for robin, but small spinners and flies also work well at times. We'll try a many different methods as William H. Tapp, Jr., possible today in order to give you a chance to see how we fish."

Legals

NOTICE OF SERVICE OF PROCESS BY PUBLICATION STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA HOKE COUNTY IN THE DISTRICT COURT

ALEX L. BAXLEY PLAINTIFF VS. NOLA M. BAXLEY, DEFENDANT

TO: NOLA M. BAXLEY: Take notice that a pleading seeking relief against you has been filed in the above entitled action. The nature of the relief being sought is as follows:

Under ground of one (1) year separation. You are required to make defense to such pleading not later than the 11th day of October, 1971, and upon your failure to do so the party seeking service against you will apply to the Court for the relief sought.

This, the 17th day of August, 1971. R. PALMER WILLCOX, Attorney for Plaintiff 112 E. Edinborough Ave. Raeford, North Carolina 16-18C

CREDITOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator CTA of the estate of Luverta McK. Huey, deceased, late of Hoke County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before February 26, 1972 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. This the 26 day of August, 1971. R. Palmer Willcox Administrator CTA Attorney-at-Law Raeford, N.C. 16-19C

CREDITOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Maggie Leach, deceased, late of Hoke County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before February 19, 1972 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. This the 19 day of August, 1971. Alfred K. Leach Administrator R. Palmer Willcox Attorney-at-Law Raeford, N.C. 15-18C

CREDITOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Lucius A. Biggs, deceased, late of Hoke County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before February 12, 1972 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. This the 12 day of August, 1971. R. Palmer Willcox, Administrator Attorney-at-Law Raeford, N.C. 28376 14-17C

CREDITOR'S NOTICE The undersigned, having qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of Walter P. Powell, deceased, late of Hoke County, all persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned Administratrix on or before the 12th day of February, 1972, or this Notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned Administratrix. This, 10th day of August, 1971. Fannie Mae Powell Administratrix Raeford, North Carolina William L. Moses, Attorney Moses & Diehl 127 W. Edinborough Avenue Raeford, North Carolina 14-17C

CREDITOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Gertrude W. Tapp, deceased, late of Hoke County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before February 12, 1972 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. This the 12 day of August, 1971. William H. Tapp, Jr., Administrator possible today in order to give you a chance to see how we fish."

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