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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1974

## As We See It..... By Laurie Telfair

At the risk of acquiring the name of being a pretty trashy newspaper, I can't resist adding an editorial comment to the several recent news stories on the city and county trash problems.

The county has been in the garbage business now for the past couple of years, and, from general appearances and according to the county sanitarian, the cleanliness of the countryside has shown a marked improvement.

Not that the container system has been without its problems, however. A recent equipment breakdown left the containers overflowing for several days and complaints were hurled at the county manager and sanitarian like week-old orange peels.

Since then, several steps have been taken to improve the situation. First, the truck was repaired and the containers and sites were given a good clean-up. Service the past week or so has been maintained apparently on schedule.

Also the additional containers authorized by the county should help relieve some of the overflow.

And finally, a hint of competition just might improve matters. Another garbage collection firm has expressed interest in getting the county collection contract and is expected to meet with the commissioners on Monday. Whether or not they can offer any improvements remains to be seen but, it is one of the tenets of free enterprise that competition, itself, improves. We'll see.

The city's trash problems have been spotlighted recently also, by the roving Polaroid of the local Keep N.C. Beautiful chapter. Photos taken of downtown businesses a couple of Sundays ago, showed a somewhat less than attractive backside.

The problem seems to be two-fold: the type of containers used to hold commercial trash and the city pick-up.

Some merchants say they can't get the trash picked up adequately by the city. One store manager said he had to have the trash hauled away with his own truck.

But the main problem seems to come from the open bins used by many of the businesses. Keep N.C. Beautiful urges switching to the dumpster type of container and this would seem to be a good idea.

However, in order to do this, the city will have to purchase a new truck that will empty the dumpsters. According to city manager John Gaddy, the funds to buy a truck have been included in the last two budgets and have been switched by the city council to other projects each year. An ordinance suggested by Gaddy to require merchants to purchase the dumpsters was accordingly sidelined.

Of course, the council is not, willy-nilly, disregarding the problem. The \$60,000 in the budget earmarked for the truck was used to help make an unexpected \$252,500 payment on the city's water expansion project.

So, until the method of trash collection is improved, the only other solution is greater care on the part of the city's merchants to insure that the area behind their stores are neat and are not an eyesore.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:  
During the past two years, Hoke High's varsity football team has had some bad luck in having a winning season. However, the players this year will need the county's support to help them make the season. The previous two years, the Bucks had a winning season, good players, and good support. The past two years, the Bucks with bad records of 2-8-0 and 3-7-0, have had very poor support.

Everyone wants to be on the winning bandwagons. Everyone loves a winner and is fully behind the team that wins games, but when the luck gets tough, where are the fans? They have more important things to do. This poor support hurts the morale of the players even more than losing the game. The team spirit drops, and the true meaning of the game is lost.

The Bucks, with a score of 19-8,

defeating Red Springs in the first game has a good start on their season this year. The team has the attitude and the potential to carry them to the playoffs this year. The coaches have taken a different approach to the team and the practices this season. Their hopes for a strong team and a winning season are just as high as the players. I am sure the fans feel the same, but the support will be needed through thick or thin.

Not only do I urge the fans' support on the home ground, but also as the team travels the road. The support is needed at Clinton, Dunn, Pinecrest, and Lumberton, just as it is at home. I urge everyone to support the Bucks as much as they can, no matter what the outcome. As for myself, I hope the Bucks have the best season ever, and I plan to attend as many games as possible.

Thank you,  
Johnny Wright

'It's not much of a rumba ...  
but fortunately we dance well together'



The Christian Science Monitor

## Frogs In Short Supply

By Marty Vega

In these inflationary times, you can't pick up a paper without hearing about some other shortage. Yet, it is the duty of a responsible journalist to inform the public, and in this spirit, I submit to you the following information.

There is a serious frog shortage, no, not here, but in Minnesota. This alarming news was carried by a wire service report carried in the papers last week and state officials say the frog population is down 90% from last year. Now these are not the jumping frogs who gain fame in the contests, but just plain, everyday frogs, ordinary citizens like you or I.

Faithful readers of this column will remember the startling alligator talk which was reported here three weeks ago. However, this frog problem is apparently unrelated to the alligators, at least I have not yet uncovered any evidence to link them. You may be sure you will read about it here, first.

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Good manners still exist in San Francisco, even among the criminals. A story in last week's papers reported how a woman proprietor of a store refused to hand over the money when a robber announced a holdup. The man said, "Don't you see this gun?" and the woman replied, "I don't care, you're not getting the money." The gunman turned and left.

## Puppy Creek Philosopher

Dear editor:

I knew the times were out of joint but I didn't know how far - even if a steer on the hoof does bring only 20 cents a pound at the ranch and \$2 a pound three months later at the supermarket - until I read last night what's happening in the newspaper business.

According to it, one of Canada's largest producers of newsprint, the paper you print The News-Journal on, has just raised its price \$25 a ton, making it the fourth raise this year and bringing the price up to \$260 a ton in carload lots.

But what caused my mind to flip over backwards was the response of another paper company when it learned the Canadian firm had upped the price. "This is a highly competitive business," it said, "and if one goes up in price and can make it stick, the other companies usually follow."

You can see how far behind the times I am. I didn't know that competition now means you have to charge more than the next guy to keep him from getting all the business. This sounds like I've got it backwards but that's exactly what the paper company said. To meet competition today you've got to raise your price every time somebody else does, particularly if he can make it stick.

There's the point. If he can make it stick. And with the psychology of inflation what it is, he probably can. Raise the price—who knows, the public may grumble but still go ahead and shell out. Let's everybody get ahead while we can, then if a depression hits we'll be in good shape.

Sooner or later somebody's going to throw a monkey wrench into this spiraling system, but the trouble is very few companies are now making monkey wrenches and the few that are made are sky high and a man would have to think twice before throwing one.

Yours faithfully,  
J.A.

Reminds me of the story of the man returning home one night when he was accosted by a gang of thieves demanding his money. The man resisted and a terrific battle ensued until the man was finally downed and severely beaten. When the thieves removed only one dollar from the man's wallet, they looked at their victim in amazement.

"Why did you put up such a fight for only a dollar?"

"Oh," said the man, "I thought you were after the \$300 in my shoe."

Back in the days when I lived in Washington, North Carolina most families were proud if they owned one car and most everybody walked to work. There was a fellow named W.M. Shoop who worked at the International Harvester Company. Their place of business was on Market Street between Second and Third.

Shoop lived on Thirteenth Street, east of Market—a matter of some ten and a half or eleven blocks.

It was Saturday night. Cold and raining. Very cold, very rainy.

Shoop was detained at the office until nine-thirty.

As he locked the doors and started home he thought of the long, cold walk. Luck, however, was with him. A friend driving by saw him, stopped, hailed him, took him home.

Mrs. Shoop was at a neighbor's but would be in at about ten.

Shoop stirred up the fire, put on more coal, watched its beauty for a few minutes, then took off his shoes, put on his smoking jacket, lighted his pipe, settled back into his easy chair to enjoy the evening, relaxed, thought how good life is—

And then—

Shoop straightened up and a rigor passed through his frame.

He had left his car down at the store parked just across the street!

As he told me the story afterwards he closed with these words: "I put on my shoes and coat and hat and got out of that house and walked downtown as fast as I could and got the car, hoping like everything that I'd get back before Mrs. Shoop got home and found out what I had done."

If it's any satisfaction to you men—he did!

We know that for years you probably have been worrying about how the size of shoes—6,8,10,12 or whatever it may be—has been determined. A friend of

ours recently brought in a clipping from a trade journal which gives the explanation, so from now on you can quit worrying. Here it is:

"Why do we have shoes in 13 sizes? Because in 1324 Edward II, an English king, decreed that three barley corns from the center of the ear, placed end to end, equalled an inch. By careful measurement it was found that 39 barely corns, end to end, equalled the length of the longest foot. Since the longest foot measured 13 inches, this foot was called size 13, and other sizes were graded down from the longest normal foot at the rate of three sizes (or three barley corns) to an inch. Thus each variation between half-sizes and full sizes represents one-sixth of an inch—the variation between full sizes being one-third of an inch. The width of the shoe was determined in units of one-sixth of an inch."

## CLIFF BLUE ...

## People & Issues



SAYING IS BELIEVING!...There is an old fable that most people have heard that seems quite appropriate for the times. Here is the latest version:

There was an old man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He worked from very early to very late each day, and had no time to watch his TV or read his newspaper. He worked hard, was happy in his work—and he made very good hot dogs. He had big neon signs in front of his place, telling how good his hot dogs were. He greeted each customer cheerfully and served them quickly, carefully, and with a smile. He thanked each one for coming. And the customers came and brought their friends, and they bought his hot dogs.

The old man increased his wiener and bun orders. He bought a bigger coffee maker and ordered a bigger stove. He was so busy that he could no longer keep his own books, so he signed up an accounting service.

Then something happened:

The young CPA was appalled. He said, "Haven't you heard the news on your TV? Haven't you read the papers or the trade magazines? Don't you take The Wall Street Journal? We pose on the brink of a great depression; Inflation rages out of control. There is an energy crisis. There are food shortages and gasoline will soon be rationed. There is no confidence in Washington, the war goes on in Ireland and may start again in the Holy Land, and Russia wants to buy more wheat. There is violence in our cities and lawlessness in our towns. This is no time to expand—not with the automakers laying off thousands of people!"

The old man thought of this, and said to himself, "Well, this fellow's been to college, he reads the papers and business news, and talks to other businessmen, and he ought to know."

So he reduced his wiener and bun orders, cancelled his order for the new stove, started closing two hours earlier, turned his thermostat down to save on

fuel, and turned off his neon signs to save energy.

And his hot dog sales fell almost overnight. By the end of the month, his business was off 30 percent.

"You're right, young fellow," the old man said to his CPA. "The country is starting into another great depression."

THOMAS ROAD CHURCH—Now to get away from politics, inflation, and other economic concerns, I would like to relate an encouraging church story written by Ken Ringle, correspondent for the Washington Post-Los Angeles Times News Service and printed in newspapers carrying the service a few weeks ago.

Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, of which Jerry Falwell is pastor, has been called "one of the phenomena of the modern day evangelical movement."

Now in its 18th year of steady growth, it has in the past few years fathered a 12 grade Christian academy, a two-year Bible institute for adults, a four-year liberal arts college and a theological seminary.

The total student enrollment numbers more than 3,000 and, as Falwell said, "We teach patriotism, discipline and love of mom and dad and every professor is a Bible carrying Christian."

The church's \$10 million physical plant is built around a sanctuary designed to look like an ecclesiastical Monticello. The church has 100 school buses (with their own gas pumps) to collect worshippers from every hill and hollow within 50 miles of Lynchburg, and its own airplane to bring the students in from around the nation.

The church's television budget for its "Old Time Gospel Hour" program alone runs \$2.5 million a year.

We were not aware of the church before reading the recent article about it. The church and its leadership must certainly be attuned to the work of the Lord, otherwise it would not have "caught fire" so to speak as its great work would attest to.

## Just One Thing After Another

By Carl Goerch

The following comes from an address by Judge Frank Daniels at the opening of the new courthouse in Goldsboro, November 30, 1974:

"In 1787, in the County of Duplin, two Negroes, brothers, were charged with killing their master, March 15, 1787. They were brought to trial March 17, 1787, before the Court of Pleas and Quarter Session and confessed their guilt. The elder, who struck the blow, was sentenced to be carried to the Courthouse Square and their tied to a

stake and burned alive, and his ashes scattered upon the ground. It was adjudged that the younger brother be committed to the custody of the Sheriff, to be carried to the custody gaol and there safely kept until the next day, and then carried to the court House Square, tied to a stake and have his ears cut off, the letter 'M' burned on his cheek, and one hundred lashes laid on his bare back."

This is the only record of anyone ever having been burned at the stake in North Carolina that we know of.

## Browsing in the files of The News-Journal

25 years ago

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1949

The Carolina Telephone and Telegraph company this week began the installation of new equipment in their Raeford office which will take care of all applications for service the company now has on file. W.W. Aycock, district manager of Fayetteville, said yesterday.

Julian Wright has about finished work on his self-service grocery store and market on the Laurinburg Highway in the Sunset Hills section and announces in an advertisement on the back page of the paper that it will open Tomorrow under the management of Edwin A. Mercer, who has been store manager of the Pender store here for several years.

President Harry S. Truman will be entertained at a luncheon at the Officers Club at Fort Bragg October 4, during his inspection visit to the nation's biggest military reservation.

From Poole's Medley:  
In time of the Civil War when clocks stopped running there was no one to repair them, so everybody had a twelve o'clock mark near a south door, a line which showed when the sun reached the zenith.

The mobile x-ray unit which has been taking chest x-rays in the county since the last week in August had only taken 3,605 x-rays up through Tuesday of what officials hoped would be 10,000 in the county while the unit was here.

John Lauchlin McLeod died at his home here Monday morning. He was 77 years of age and had not been in good health for several years.

15 years ago

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1959

Before an enthusiastic crowd of Buck fans, the team from Hoke High scored a 28-7 victory over host Sanford Yellow Jackets in the Hoke Teams first district four victory.

At a called meeting of the town board Mayor Alfred Cole expressed his concern over the "seriousness of the situation" in regard to the water supply problem in Raeford.

In an advertisement, the Bank of Raeford was offering 3% interest on savings.

James H. Maxwell, son of Boger F. Maxwell, Aberdeen, recently was promoted to specialist forer in Germany where he is a member of the 47th Medical Detachment.

Bobby L. Campbell, fireman USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maxcy C. Campbell of 513 Green St., Raeford, serving aboard the dock landing ship USS Fort Marion, participated in an amphibious training exercise in the Hawaiian Islands, Sept. 14 to 23.

Hoke's first county-wide fair in many years is just over a week away and activity of those planning and participating in it is approaching its peak.

The Raeford Woman's Club will be hostesses to women teachers in Raeford schools at the annual banquet for them October 8, at 7:00 p.m. at the McLauchlin School, according to Mrs. Marcus Smith, Chairman.