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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1975

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

The Friday furor that exploded over the building of the parking lot at the corner of Elwood and Stewart called attention to some of the things Raeford has and also some of the things it needs.

One of the things the city does have is an explicit zoning ordinance, with a zoning administrator and board of adjustments to go with it.

However, it won't do the city much good to have the apparatus with which to control growth, if it isn't used.

Much of the excitement over locating the driveways at the bank's parking lot came from a breakdown in implementation of the existing ordinance.

According to the city manager, bank authorities obtained a building permit to remove an old house and clear the land to build a parking lot on the corner. However, they did not include the plans for the lot construction, with the driveways opening from Elwood and Stewart Street.

According to the ordinance (section 11.5), any altered use of an existing premises must be authorized by a building permit. Furthermore, the application for the permit must be accompanied by plans detailing the change or use.

Since this was not done, it came as somewhat of a surprise to city officials when a workman proceeded to knock out two sections of the street Friday morning. Complaints from the day school proprietor across the street, who, seeing parking spaces for the parents of her students disappearing, brought city and zoning officials on the run.

And so began a quick study of the zoning laws.

Perhaps, following this episode, more citizens will be aware that the city has a right and a duty to control growth within it. What one does on the property one owns does indeed affect the rest of the community.

City government, through its ordinances, attempts to "lessen congestion in the streets; to secure safety from fire, panic and other dangers; to promote health and the general welfare; to provide adequate light and air; to prevent the overcrowding of the land; to avoid undue concentration of population; and to facilitate the adequate provisions of transportation, water, sewage, schools, parks and other public requirements."

One of the things this incident has shown the city lacks is a consistent policy of enforcement of its ordinances. Presumably, if there had been no complaints, the city would have let the lot be constructed without inquiring into the plans for it or in what way it would have changed the traffic pattern of the streets bordering it. These are legitimate concerns of city government; to fail to regulate growth is to fail to safeguard the interests of the citizens.

## Browsing in the files of The News-Journal

### 25 years ago

Thursday, February 2, 1950

Crawford Thomas received the first annual Citizenship Award presented by the Raeford Kiwanis Club to the outstanding citizen of the community each year.

From Poole's Medley:

Singing is the highest grade music known to humanity, especially when it originates in the human soul. And it should be good music, for it had the greatest Maker.

The sheriff's department and one Raeford policeman raided Lackey's Truck Terminal on the Fayetteville road Tuesday and report that they found about two cases of government whiskey.

### 15 years ago

Thursday, February 4, 1960

The flu has had it. From a 24-hour-a-day preoccupation with many patients it has become only a fill-in for conversation.

The theme of the first college Career Day in Hoke High School is "Knowledge for What" and is a long-overdue recognition of the students' right to know why they are going to school and what they may expect to find in the work-a-day world.

State Grange Master Harry B. Caldwell of Greensboro, was guest speaker at the anniversary ceremony of the Ashmont Grange of Quewhiffle township, Hoke County, which was held at the Ashmont School on Sunday afternoon.

Fire last Thursday night destroyed the garage of Dave Hannon at his home just west of Raeford on the Aberdeen Road.

Two hundred and twenty-five Hoke County citizens met in the Courthouse on Monday evening, January 30, in the interest of securing more rural telephones in the county.

"Henry, you haven't brought home any more stray, beat-up cats have you?"



by Marty Vega

The Christian Science Monitor

## A Car Hater Confesses

While watching a program about the unfavorable foreign trade balance on my Japanese-made TV set, another of the seemingly endless car commercials came on to assault my ears.

Frankly, I've become a confirmed car hater. Being a car hater is bad, but it's not like being a Communist or a pornographer.

If God had intended women to own cars, the sideview mirror would be a Clairol "true to life" mirror.

The only thing a car is good for is to go to a drive-in movie. Or when you reach behind the seat for the belt and you find some change. (Sometimes you can find change like this after a trip to the drive-in, hee, hee, hee.)

Okay, my gripe is nothing new, but I think it needs restating. Frequently, Why can't Detroit make a car that works reasonably well? At least for the length of the loan, please.

My hatred for cars did not develop overnight. It was nurtured by a heater that quit on the coldest day of the year on a cross-country trip, 70 miles from the nearest dealership; an ominous popping sound in the clutch which was finally traced to a missing zirt after a five-and-a-half hour wait; a glove

compartment that flew open every time a corner was turned. All this under the warranty.

Since that time, I have shelled out my hard-earned money to replace a faulty alternator (13,000 miles) and a new clutch, \$152.07 at 19,000 miles.

And, I have paid for the more costly tuneups from the car dealers because the cheaper places declined to fool with the emission control system because of its complexity.

I've done my part. I've treated the car with care, followed all instructions and I'm even a very good driver. The only mishap was when a tree pulled out suddenly at an intersection and I couldn't avoid him. Luckily, there was only minor damage. Probably been drinking. Uninsured tree.

Before the gas crisis, the sociologists said we were all supposed to be having love affairs with our automobiles. Well, I was frigid.

If Detroit wants only happy owners, why then does this owner eye the car suspiciously every morning and crank the engine warily, wondering what new thump, squeak or rattle will develop.

When this car quits on me, I will either move to a remote mountaintop in Colorado and buy a horse or go to a city like Chicago with a decent mass transit system.

Right now, I'm leaning to the former.

## Puppy Creek Philosopher

Dear editor:

I never have understood how the government economists can figure out down to the last decimal point what the cost of living index was last month. You know, say it went up 8.1 per cent, compared with 7.03 per cent the month before. Things like that.

I suppose the figures are gotten up by school teachers who can tell you that the top student's knowledge after four years of high school stands at 94.5 compared with the next in line or salutatorian's at 94.4. It's an exact science and leave it at that. Don't be checking up to see how things turned out ten years after graduation.

Anyway, those are statistics you can take or leave but there's another batch that has me puzzled. Government statisticians have just announced that productivity by the country's whole work force declined 5.1 per cent during the last three months of 1974.

How did the government get those figures? You talk about the C.I.A. snooping on private citizens, you mean to say somebody has been checking up on me and can tell you what my production level was during October, November and December of last year?

Furthermore, how many people in Raeford do you think would like to know how much they really produced last year or yesterday for that matter? And how can the government tell whether you're producing or not? It might look like an editor for example was just sitting in a cafe drinking coffee when all the time his mind is racing, although I don't suppose the statisticians have figured out a gadget to tell actually how fast it's racing.

People's minds, like windmills, turn at different rates of speed, depending, sometimes of course, on which way the wind is blowing.

Now I know that some people are saying Congress is spending too much time investigating the C.I.A., the F.B.I., etc., but I'd like to see it look into how somebody found out how hard I worked last year. I believe Congress will be willing to do it. After all, if I was faced with solving the economic crisis I'd find something else to do too.

Yours faithfully,  
 J.A.

## Bicentennial Notes

# Those Were The Days . . .

(Part II of five)

By Pauline McFadyen

I believe it was the year I was in the second grade that I had such a good time. I had a pretty young teacher who was going with Dr. Wilkins, a new doctor in town.

Our school at that time was near where Raeford Savings and Loan is now. The campus extended from Edinborough Street down to the Baptist Church. The entire campus was fenced in with a strong wire fence topped by a wide railing. There was an opening near where the Fords are now parked and another near the Presbyterian Church. In the center of the lot was a large rectangular white wooden school. Downstairs was a wide hall with large square rooms on either side. Upstairs was the auditorium with a good size stage. Back of this stage were the dressing rooms where we crowded when giving a pageant or a play.

During the day one of those dressing rooms was used for piano. The school rope for the bell was at the head of the stairs. There was a small room at the head of each flight of steps. When I was in the first grade Miss Spratt taught art in one of them.

To the left of this building was a little one room office used by the principal. Here a teacher might send a pupil to be dealt with, or she might send to find out the time.

To the right of the school was a large frame house where the principal, his wife and twelve children lived. The pump for the girls was on this side, also the huge wood pile. To the back of the campus was a long building where I went to the second and third grades.

The girls large wooden toilet was directly behind this building.

I know little about the boys side of the campus, for we were entirely separated during recess and lunch.

There was no shrubbery on the campus and the ground around the building was hard as a rock from being trampled. The girl's side was covered with rusting hair pins, for the big girls pinned their hair up with rats and cootie gangs too.

In each room there were double desks with an inkwell on each side.

When the first bell would ring my sisters and I would begin looking for pencils, books or a lost toboggan. We just had to rush for it was inexcusable to be late. We never dreamed of such a thing.

I remember my Father's sister lived with us and went to school when I was in the first grade. I went home with her a few days during Christmas. It was only fifty-six miles, but we had to go to Aberdeen and spend the night and catch a train next morning. We did the same

coming back. We were supposed to be in Raeford before school time. I was getting very worried and I kept asking a man on the train what time it was. He told me 8:60 and I thought surely I could make it on time for I must be there at nine.

I knew we had to line up to march in and out of our rooms each time except in the morning. Mr. Hassell had Graham Dickson beat the drums for us to march in after he had inspected the lines. We marched to our rooms and stood until our teacher walked to her desk and nodded. We put our books in the desk and began working. We studied reading or arithmetic until the bell rang. Then we would have chapel. Each teacher took her pupils up one set of those stairs. Then we sat in an assigned place and the teachers walked up on the stage and sat. The principal read from the Bible, had prayer and made announcements. Then Miss Liles walked over to the piano. How then young boys could sing "We're Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground."

After singing a couple of songs we marched to our rooms and worked until recess. Again the entire school lined up and marched out. As soon as we were dismissed it seemed everyone ran for the pump. We little ones could hardly get a drink for the big girls pumped for the big girls. Too, sometime I would leave my collapsible cup in my book sack, but a friend would lend me hers.

The long wood pile on the girl's side just seemed a wonderful place to play. Several of my friends and I climbed to the top of that huge mountain of wood and for several days threw off pieces until we had a large opening in the center of the pile. We made a wonderful playhouse there. Why, we didn't have time to get a drink of water. We made tables and chairs of the small loop and played until the bell rang again.

Finally lunch time would come and again we flew to the playhouse. We even ate there. But a teacher saw us one day and told us it was dangerous to play there.

So we would take our dinner lunch bags and spread them on the ground and have a "spread". Now a spread is putting lunches together. Two or three of us would decide at recess to spread at lunch. It really was hard to spread when you had fried chicken and chocolate cake and your friend had sweet potato and jelly biscuit. Of course there were no sandwiches then.

By the time we had eaten the crowd around the pump would be thinning and we smaller ones could get a drink before playing pop - the whip and stiff - starch. If anyone was lucky enough to have a rope to bring we would line up and jump by running in. Then some of the big girls would come over and want us to turn hot peas for them.

(Continued next week)

## CLIFF BLUE . . . People & Issues



IN THE WHITE HOUSE?—Remember the 1972 presidential campaign when George McGovern was talking about giving everyone a thousand dollars! Well, from statements finding their way out of the White House it sounds as if McGovern might be president and not the former conservative leader of the GOP in the House.

JFK—John F. Kennedy, in his inaugural address on January 20, 1961 said: "And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

Well, it seems that most everybody must have misunderstood the young statesman. Instead of doing for our country and ourselves, it seems that from that day on more and more people have been calling on the government to do things that we should do for ourselves.

EMPLOYMENT—The unemployed compensation program comes in mighty good when people are out of work. To strengthen the program would it not be good when the compensation reaches 13 weeks to let the person work three days each week during the next 13 weeks in some type of public work? We have many projects that go undone due to the lack of funds and this would be an opportunity to give part-time work on deserving projects. The work provided should be as near as possible in the realm of the type work performed before they were laid off, but certainly not mandatory.

CHURCHILL—In World War II Winston Churchill called for "blood, sweat and tears." Now the call might be "Hard work, ingenuity, produce more and keep your chin up."

SALES TAX—Talking with a veteran State House member who is chairman of one of the top committees a few days ago about Governor Holshouser's proposal to repeal the sales tax on food, effective July 1, 1976, the gentleman said the tax would not be repealed. If it needed to be repealed the legislator said, it should be repealed effective July 1, 1975 and not 17 months from now!

FCU MED SCHOOL—We attended a meeting of the FCU Medical School Advisory Board in Raleigh a night last week. It was nice to see Bill Friday and Leo Jenkins in one accord to move forward in unison to build a four-year medical school at East Carolina University.

When an idea's time has come, all the king's horses and all the king's men can only slow the pace. Now it's heartening to see Bill Friday, a great educator and a great citizen, and the board of governors of higher education marching one way with Leo Jenkins and the FCU Trustees.

SHERIFF STAHL—The conviction of Sheriff Stahl of Mecklenburg County last week of voter intimidation will make sheriffs and other elected officials more discreet in firing employees who do not support them when they are up for reelection. The law is well-intended but is really a farce in some instances. No person who is qualified to be sheriff will long keep a deputy on his staff who votes against him at the polls. If a sheriff or any other public official is to be able to do a good job he needs and deserves loyalty so long as he is honest and trying to do what is right. When the time comes that a deputy or some other employee cannot support the boss in his work it is time to move out—and if the boss is dishonest or not competent, then is the time to blow the whistle!

Many sheriffs have dismissed a deputy for disloyalty, and such will continue to be the case, by whatever camouflage is necessary.

INTEREST RATES—If interest rates could be held down to a reasonable rate we suspect it would do more to bring both recession and inflation in line than all the other costly methods being promoted by President Ford and the Congressmen and U.S. Senators.

WISDOM—Senator Jesse Helms, speaking in the U.S. Senate last year said: "Superior wisdom does not reside in Washington. If it did we would not be in the economic fiasco that is gripping the country."

## Rural Fires

875-4242