

# The News - Journal

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1975

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

After months and months, some tangible results of the long library drive are being seen.

A building plan is nearing final approval and a large, attractive sign marks the future site for construction.

Now what we need is the money.

A massive effort has already gone into the drive to raise \$100,000 as the community's part of the \$300,000 structure.

School children have bought bricks for ten cents each. Raeford Woman's Club has held bazaars and other fund raising events to make a major contribution. The Kiwanis Club has donated several thousand dollars made at their annual pancake suppers and dozens of other groups and organizations have staged fund raisers for the library.

And still some \$33,000 remains to be raised before the new building so badly needed can become a reality.

This large sum: a dreadfully large sum when so much effort has gone before it. Maybe the idea of a county with some 18,000 residents setting out to raise \$100,000 was a trifle optimistic.

But then, the glass is half empty or half full, depending on your viewpoint. The goal is two-thirds completed: only a third remains to be done.

R.B. Lewis, who heads the fund raising drive, is a trifle optimistic himself. He reports that he has sent letters to several of the nation's wealthiest men, asking for a donation.

He is also hoping for a response from the home offices of the chain stores located in Raeford, which, of course, derive income from Hoke County customers. Several organizations have not responded to the drive yet either, he reports, and he hopes to hear from them.

It has been a long drive and a hard one, and people are probably a bit tired of hearing about donating to the library.

But think of the goal. A new building as lasting tribute to the nation's 200th birthday.

\*\*\*\*\*

City police are cracking down on Raeford residents who haven't bought city car tags. If you haven't gotten yours yet... it's cheaper to buy the tag for \$1 than to pay the \$5 fine for not buying it.

## Browsing in the files of The News-Journal

### 25 years ago

Thursday, February 23, 1950  
 The Glee Club of N.C. State College will appear in concert in the Hoke County High School auditorium tomorrow night at eight o'clock.

\*\*\*  
 The Town of Raeford this week purchased a new fire truck

\*\*\*  
 John M. McDowell passed away at his home near Shannon Sunday morning about 4 o'clock after an illness of several months.

\*\*\*  
 Cpl. John Culbreth left California February 15 for Okinawa where he will be stationed.

\*\*\*  
 From Poole's Medley:  
 Socialism is impractical; it is unfair, for the industrious will not fare any better than the loafer in that state of affairs.

\*\*\*  
 Lewis Upchurch, county chairman for the 1950 March of Dimes, this week released another set of figures on the drive, showing a total of \$3977.79 raised in the county during the drive.

\*\*\*  
 A quota of \$1,728.00 has been set by

the Hoke County Chapter of the American Red Cross to meet community needs during the coming year.

\*\*\*  
 A Hoke County project is among those being advertised by the State Highway and Public Works Commission for private contract letting early in March.

\*\*\*  
 Last Friday night the Hoke High School cage teams journeyed to Parkton where the local sextet went down in defeat, 47-26, while the local boys came through with a 48-38 victory.

### 15 years ago

Thursday, February 25, 1960  
 Charles Morrison, town clerk, reported to The News-Journal yesterday that he had been advised by J.E. Easterling of the local Government Commission that the town's \$480,000 water and sewer bonds had been sold at an average interest rate of 4.6536 per cent.

\*\*\*  
 Bert Bennett, State campaign manager for Terry Sanford of Fayetteville in his race for the Democratic nomination to be governor of North Carolina, yesterday named Neill L. McFadyen of Raeford as campaign manager for Sanford in Hoke County.

## The old logrollers



by Marty Vega

## Tragic Tale Told Truthfully

Recently a large university conducted some sort of controlled experiment dealing with the effects of noise in the environment on people. While I don't know what the conclusions were, I understand the scientists haven't found anything definite.

Reminds me of the sad case of my old friend, Franny Feddup. It's too late to help Franny, but maybe something can be done to avoid another tragedy like hers.

Franny, poor woman, suffers from chronic, acute delusions that she is always hearing thunder and therefore, it is about to rain. Hearing the noises of a storm constantly, and then never seeing the rain, well, it drove the poor dear insane.

It all started when she, married a handsome young soldier. She gave up the tranquil, peaceful life she had driving a cab part time in Brooklyn and accompanied her bridegroom to a sprawling Army post in the rolling hills of North Carolina.

Almost immediately we noticed the change. In the midst of conversation, Franny would suddenly go to the window. "Hear that thunder? Must be a big storm coming."

Day by day it grew worse. Franny was convinced she was hearing loud thunder all the time.

It was soon apparent she needed professional help. But the doctors were

puzzled, they had never run across such a strange psychosis in a young woman. Specialists were brought in for lengthy consultations.

Finally one doctor suggested a radical approach. Treatment would consist of a series of sessions in which Franny would be told under hypnosis the noises she was hearing were not thunder and lightning, but simply the mortar fire and illumination rounds from the nearby Army post.

But Franny was not so easily fooled. "I KNOW thunder when I hear it", she screamed.

It was pathetic to watch her family crumbling under the strain. Her children's clothes were always dirty, for how could she hang wash when it was sure to rain? Her poor husband was robbed of his sleep and jolted awake nearly every night with a firm shaking. "Did you roll up the windows in the car? It's raining. Better go out and check."

Yes, certainly one of the strangest aberrations ever known in the annals of psychiatry. And seemingly hopeless.

I haven't seen Franny in a while, but I often think of my poor demented friend, doomed to a lifetime of torment until a cure is found. Her husband transferred to a sprawling Army post in the rolling hills of Georgia and the last letter I had was brief:

"Would like to have you for a visit, but I don't think you would enjoy it. The weather here is awful, terrible storms every night...."

## Puppy Creek

## Philosopher

Dear editor:

An economist in boom times is like a coach with good material and a winning season - everybody hails him as a smart hombre and wants to give him a raise, but let a recession set in or the material play out and the public turns thumbs down in a hurry.

With times what they are, I guess the reputations of the country's economists are in the worst shape they've ever been in. You know, one says the way to stabilize things is to balance the budget, another says forget the budget, cut the taxes; another says yeah, cut taxes by 12 billion dollars, another says no, cut them by 20 billion. One says things will get better in the third quarter of the year, another says he sees improvement by the fourth quarter, another says it won't happen till 1976, another won't answer his phone and hopes nobody remembers what his prediction was.

But not a one that I can find told us six months ago what was fixing to take place right now.

In other words, economists, if you listen to enough of them, turn out to be as confused as the rest of us. In short, they're in the wrong profession, and I got to thinking.

Now we've got enough unemployment as it is without adding all the economists to the ranks, so I've been trying to figure out what other line of work they'd be suited for and I have come up with the answer: they ought to become weather forecasters, where nobody expects you to be right more than 10 per cent of the time.

But, you may argue, wouldn't that throw the regular weather forecasters out of work?

Come to think of it, I guess it would, which just goes to show that I don't know anymore about solving the country's economic plight than anybody else you're hearing from. I know so little about it I'm almost Congressional material.

Yours faithfully,  
 J.A.

## Letter To The Editor

To the editor:

Perhaps there are a great number of Indians presently living in Hoke County that have not been filled in on the funds of the U.S. Government has sent to this county for the improvement of the Indian students

We would love to take time out to let you know where the funds are going, such as salaries.

Danford Dial - guidance counselor - \$13,816.  
 Lewis Oxendine - home visitor - \$4,950.

It will be better if they'll forget about the children and put it all in salaries. For example, three children lost their mother and they applied for assistance and were denied by the guidance counselor and home visitor. There are many more in the same condition seeking help and being denied.

Would you call that honest? I don't think so. It's time that we unrecognized Indians in Hoke County would wake up and be real braves. Take this matter to Washington, D.C., and get some action in this county.

From a person that is concerned about Indian children in Hoke County.  
 Erle Locklear  
 D.L. Locklear  
 Rt. 1, Aberdeen

## Stories Behind Words

by William S. Penfield

### Dumbbell

Centuries ago it required hours of daily practice over a period of years to become expert at ringing tunes on huge cathedral bells.

The noise created by beginners was a nuisance, so a dummy system of ropes and weights was devised - allowing learners to practice without disturbing the community. The noiseless device was called a "dumbbell."

## CLIFF BLUE...

## People & Issues



PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY-We note that a move is on in the North Carolina General Assembly to repeal the Presidential Primary law by holding the primary for State, District and County offices in August. We can see no good purpose for changing the primary date for these offices to August. If the date were moved up to June, where it was for many years, it might serve some purpose, but a June primary for state offices would permit a Presidential primary so those interested in such a move would hardly have interest in a June primary.

More and more decisions which are made in the White House have a direct bearing on the lives of all our citizens. Only occasionally does the average citizen attend a precinct or county political convention. There is just as much interest in who is President as who is governor, so why deprive the people of this democratic opportunity? Any move to deny the right to express their opinions in a presidential primary strikes at the fundamentals of democracy. We hope our legislators do not succumb to this move to deny our tax-paying citizens this fundamental right.

WHERE LIES THE FAULT-In the Carthage District Court in Moore County recently, according to a story by Valerie Nicholson, veteran court reporter, "from 10 to 11:15 a.m. Wednesday and from 9:30 to 11:50 a.m. Thursday, they got off a good many cases, - including 30 in which the State took nol pros with leave."

There are questions here that need answering: With the State taking "nol pros" in 30 cases, are the law enforcement officers grabbing every Tom, Dick and Harry just to bring people into court, or, are the courts falling down on their jobs?

We doubt that the law enforcement people are bringing people in without reasonable cause. Frankly, people in increasing numbers feel that the courts are falling down on their responsibility!

An effort is underway now in the General Assembly to take away from the people the right to elect the judges.

We submit that maybe the reason voters in a few areas have turned to laymen in electing judges is because of

the manner in which some of our courts are run by lawyer judges.

We have some able judges and capable solicitors, but people across the state are getting fed up with serious crime stalking the streets in daytime as well as night.

Year by year as the courts become more and more lenient towards the criminal element with less thought towards the law-abiding, tax-paying citizens, serious crime has been growing by leaps and bounds. This policy of coddling the criminals is simply not paying off in respect for law and order.

REP. STEWART-Rep. Carl Stewart, Jr., a Gaston County lawyer has come up with some proposals that sound plausible. Here are some of them:

-A two-thirds vote of a jury should be sufficient to convict in a criminal case, and juries for less than life imprisonment should be smaller than 12, but at least six;

-The State Constitution should be amended to strip the governor of power to stay execution of a convicted rapist or first degree murderer;

-Court costs should be hiked (from \$16 to \$30) and all the money used to support the courts rather than going to the schools.

-The period from arrest to trial should never exceed 60 days in a felony; 30 days in a misdemeanor. Continuances should not be granted except on written motion in open court. Stewart says, "getting cases continued is the most popular and the most abused method of delay available to the defendant's attorney."

-Concession in return for guilty plea should be prohibited, and a guilty plea should not be considered by the court in determining sentence.

Stewart says he also considers the correction system a "sorry state", and opposed new million dollar dormitories "with all the comforts of a university - A felon who leaves a North Carolina prison should never want to go back-not because he has been subjected to brutality which I abhor-but because his tenure should be accompanied by the sternest discipline, the hardest work and the finest rehabilitation program that our resources can provide."

## Bicentennial Notes

## Those Were The Days...

Part V of V  
 By Pauline McFadyen

But our high school days were really wonderful. I might say these were carefree, but many nights when I was going to have a test next and was not prepared, I worried. Why I am sure that old building burned partly as an answer to my prayers. Of course 'twas too late to help me, but many a night I prayed for it to burn instead of studying.

How we ever managed I don't know, but 10 girls and 3 boys did finish the 11th grade which was all of high school at that time.

Graduation was the big event of our lives, for not many people went to college then. For weeks we girls and our Mothers planned class night and commencement dresses. For class night I had a pink dotted swiss with 30 yards of lace around the skirt. Mrs. Lester always grew lovely sweet peas and gave each girl a large bouquet to hold in her arms as she sat on the stage.

Our motto was "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." We had no idea what that meant, but it sounded good. Our class flower was the yellow rose and our colors were yellow and green.

Our teacher helped us to compose a song to the tune of "When the Great Dawn Is Shining" which brought in the colors-

"When the great red dawn is shining



Read John 4:35-38

He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. (2 Corinthians 9:6)

My father was a very conservative and successful farmer. I have heard him say, "If I am extravagant on anything it is seed sowing." He chose the highest quality seed and sowed liberally, much more than recommended, and rarely ever failed to reap a bountiful harvest.

Paul knew the law of sowing and reaping when he said in his letter to the Galatians, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

How important it is, then, that we sow seeds of kindness and love, showing to others our concern for their spiritual

And the emerald have grown pale  
 When the yellow rose has withered  
 And brave loyal hearts will fail  
 Class of '24 will be loyal  
 With a heart that is fond and true  
 Our memories will e'er be turning  
 High school days, senior days, to you."

By the time we mournfully sang this song the parents and relatives were getting sentimental. But when we slowly marched down the aisle singing "Where, oh, Where" there was hardly a dry eye in the auditorium. For we began "Where, oh, Where are the gay young freshmen?" and we repeated these several times answering "Safe now in the sophomore class." Then, "where oh where are the wise young sophomores?" "Safe now in the junior class." "Where oh where are the jolly juniors?" "Safe now in the senior class." Where oh, where are the dear old seniors?" Out, out in the wide, wide world." This was sung slow and mournful. We had marched slowly, so that we finished just as we reached the hall where we stood crying. The audience just sat there a few seconds wiping their eyes too.

Most of us did go out, out in the wide, wide world. I really wanted to go to college, but everytime during the summer I wound up the Victrola and played "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again" I felt I just couldn't leave home and my happy school days.

and temporal welfare, and giving ourselves in humble service in God's harvest field. Both in sowing and reaping we must work with haste. For the King's business demands haste.

Also, we should be willing to sow where another may reap. Do we not reap a harvest where another has sown? In so doing we become laborers together with God and share together in the harvest.

PRAYER: Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the blessed privilege of laboring in Thy great harvest field. May we so labor that we may have sheaves to lay at the Master's feet. Amen.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Don't be stingy with your sowing.  
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 -J.W. Brannock, Berry, Kentucky