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THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1981

**Welcome back**

A hearty welcome and best wishes, of course, for many successful seasons for Hoke County High School: these sentiments are directed to Tom Jones, returning to Hoke High, this time as head football coach. Condolences at the same time to Glenn Draughon and best wishes for the success he worked so hard for the past year, but which led him and his Bucks in his only season as head football coach. Jones is leaving the position of director of athletics of the Scotland City school system to return to Hoke coaching. He left last year that job after serving as defensive coordinator, and very ably, head coach Clyde Campbell. Jones brings back with him 11 years of experience in high school athletics, 10 of them as a head coach or an assistant. He also is loaded with a prior knowledge of Hoke High: its organization, administration, faculty and students; and the athletics of the 4-A Division on IV in which Hoke plays. When he starts work March 1 he will become the Bucks' fifth coach since 1971. But he plans to remain the fifth, saying he'll stay as long as they'll keep me."

--BL

**Long bus rides**

Louisiana's Buckeye High School case is another which points to a major defect in the federal school busing program. This is another case in which students must travel far to go to a school when another is close to their homes. For some students, the school is within two miles of home, but a federal judge has ordered them to attend, in the interests of a desegregation plan, a school 15 to 20 miles from their homes. The parents of three white girls declined to obey the order and sent them to Buckeye. They argued that desegregation wasn't the issue, that long-distance busing was. Not only did they ignore the court order but a Louisiana state judge, Richard Lee, backed them up personally enforcing for two days his order that the girls be sent to attend Buckeye. Last week the federal judge started contempt proceedings against Lee and the parents of the girls. The federal judge can't be criticized for his actions; he has been doing his job, in the government-ordered desegregation policy, and starting contempt proceedings for the ignoring of a court order. But it's long past time that the federal program take into consideration the hardships of long-distance busing on children. The government fears, of course, that relaxing the rules to allow children to attend the schools closest to their homes would bring about in milder form the old separate-and-unequal segregation that was outlawed by the U.S. Supreme Court in the early 1950s. That was the basis for this reasoning, since segregated housing areas still exist, though the situation has been changed to some degree by apartment shifts. On the other hand, quality of schools has been almost well equalized since those days, and the prime evil in desegregation was that black children were getting inferior educations. It's outrageous for any child to have to ride 15 to 20 miles to a school -- which means being away from home up to 12 hours a week -- when one is within two miles of home, just to conform to some mathematical formula made in Washington. Practically, before the early '50s, busing was a tool of segregation. The place where desegregation made sense visibly could be seen in Gray County. Yancey at the time had only one high school, and it was for whites only. The consequence was that black children had to ride school buses 70 to 80 miles every school day, round trip, to Asheville because Asheville had an all-black high school closest to Gray County. Desegregation didn't eliminate busing, but it did eliminate those long bus rides. The federal authorities should consider riding distances and their relation to fuel consumption, as well as hardship on children -- and not focus entirely on getting the "proper" ratio of whites at each individual school.

BL

**This Is The Law**

Mrs. Smith, an elderly widow with no children, wanted to make sure there would be money for her funeral and burial. In fact, she wanted to go so far as to arrange her own funeral and pay for it in advance. What options are available to her? Of course, she could make the funeral arrangements with her funeral director, and she could set aside the money in her savings account.

But North Carolina law also provides protection for her if she wants to pay the money to the funeral director in advance.

If she makes the arrangements prior to death and also pays the funeral director, he must deposit the funds in a bank or savings and loan. If she later changes her mind, she may withdraw the funds.

These so-called "preneed burial contracts" are becoming more and more prevalent in North Carolina.

**It's a Small World**

by Bill Lindau

Newspapermen used to have a term of contempt for editors who would refrain from attacking problems or personalities that needed attacking, in editorials. They'd say the paper was courageously condemning "communism in Afghanistan." The idea in the phrase was, of course, that it takes no courage to criticize something or someone that is far away and very unlikely to see what you have written. But since the world turned as it has in the past 13 months, the term is not an insult, since communism in Afghanistan, backed by the Russian military occupation, is a proper subject for editorial writers.

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New Year's Day was a holiday for most people in Hoke County, but *The News-Journal* people (along with the staff at a local restaurant, thank goodness), worked. It wasn't any hardship for me, though, as what work there was to do was possible to do leisurely. Then, too, the morning ride from Southern Pines was no strain, as there was little traffic. A catering truck set the pace from McCain eastward, at about 35 miles an hour. But I had no need to hurry, so that was all right. The hardest part of working that day, was the same as the one of working any day -- getting up at 6:15 a.m. (there are dogs and cats to feed and dogs to take walking, and me to feed, before I can leave for Raeford). I used to work on holidays, including Sundays. When I was working on daily newspapers, and that rather frequently was a different story. Since I was the only reporter on duty, whatever happened in the entire area of 10 to 20 counties, depending on the paper's circulation area, was mine to get the information about. In Asheville, one period, there was a sticky killing on each of two successive Sundays. One of them, though, happened to be my day off, but I had to go to the scene (it was Tryon) since the only reporter working that day had his hands full, or too full. The other happened in Marshall, Madison County. Jealousy was the motive for each, as it turned out. And in each case, the killer was not convicted. In the Marshall case, the jury found a housewife innocent, and in the other, the killer was never arrested (though "everybody" in Polk County knew who he was). He had died since, of natural causes. The only witness the state had, at the coroner's inquest, was stopped from testifying, because she was the wife of the leading suspect. Under the law, she could have testified only if she had been attacked by her husband. Aside from those crime stories, I also had the "fun" of gathering material for a story about the bad weather and its effects in the mountains, and forest fires and what started them, how much each burned, and where, and whether they were under control or still being fought.

The first Sunday in June 1953 was a nightmare for reporting, and worse for drivers using that stretch of road: a freak frost had occurred during the night, leaving little patches of ice the entire 16 miles of U.S. 70 between Asheville and Black Mountain.

In an hour's time, 25 cars and trucks had skidded to everything from some bent fenders to total losses, but fortunately injuries were minor. The drivers had come upon the patches by surprise. Even in the mountains, no one expects to see ice on the roads in June, even early June. That job took getting hold of the investigating state troopers, who were understandably hard to get hold of, since each investigating one accident after another. But, with the cooperation of the troopers beyond the call of duty, we had the story together and written in plenty of time to make the first edition. Then on another Sunday, a bus carrying about 60 people from the Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly ran off the mountain near Newfound Gap on the North Carolina-Tennessee line in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park at night. It is about 60 miles southwest of Asheville. Fortunately no one was injured seriously but I had to get the names of the people who were and were and where they were treated, while a staff photographer was taking the pictures. There also was the investigating officer to interview to find out what happened. I didn't have to go all the way back to the office to do the story. Just called from the nearest pay 'phone, at Cherokee, and gave the info to the city editor, who wrote the story, and kindly put my name on it. The ride from Asheville to the wrecked buses was rather exciting, though. The photographer was in a hurry and drove accordingly. On one stretch between Asheville and Canton, he had his car "riding" the bumper of a car ahead, waiting for a chance to pass. Both cars were running about 20 miles over the speed limit. On another stretch I happened to glance at the speedometer and immediately wished I hadn't: we were doing 90.

And every time Jack Jones sings off camera, the theme of "The Love Boat," I see his father, Allen, also a singer, wearing nothing but a bath towel, wrapped around his middle, and smiling politely, while standing in the door of his hotel room in Charlotte in 1946. I had gone to his room to get an interview, but he didn't have time, he said, apologetically. Incidentally, if you saw "The Love Boat" episode of a few weeks ago, you know Allen Jones's voice is still excellent, and hasn't faded in quality with the passing of the years. I don't believe Allen ever made it big in the movies. The only movie I remember him in was the love interest with Kitty Carlisle, also a singer but an actress as well, in a Marx brothers' production. And among the celebrities I almost interviewed but didn't were Judy Canova, in Asheville; Ginger Rogers, in San Antonio, Tex.; Walt Disney (Karl Fleming beat me to it. He got up real early and went to Franklin. Disney's people were doing the Davy Crockett movie in the mountains at the time); and Dorothy Lamour, at the Pineville

There also were pleasant stories done on holidays. I was called off a vacation one day to go to the Asheville-Hendersonville Airport to interview an incoming visitor. The visitor was a former First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt. She was on her way to Western Carolina University

The foot bridge spanning the Oconalufy River off U.S. 441, which runs to Newfound Gap, collapsed and dumped about 40 men, women and children into the water. The river is shallow but it runs over rocks. Most of the people were injured. Fleming won a State Press Association award for that story. Later he moved to the Sunday magazine of the *Atlanta Journal*, then to the *Atlanta Bureau of Newsweek*, then to the *Los Angeles Bureau of Newsweek* (where he got hit by a piece of lumber while covering the Watts riots). He's managing editor of a Los Angeles television station now. Not bad for a guy who got most of his early education at the Methodist Home in Raleigh which, as is generally known, was for poverty-class kids.

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You can meet all kinds of people in the most unlikely places. I interviewed Richard Nixon (then Eisenhower's VP), on top of Roan Mountain, on the Tennessee-North Carolina line at the northwest corner of the state. I also got a picture and a brief interview with Cecil B. DeMille, on the beach near Kitty Hawk. Just happened to run into him while I was working for two weeks for the Elizabeth City *Daily Advance*. Some of you are too young to remember DeMille. He was famed internationally as a producer of "spectacular" films, with casts of thousands. One thing I still remember from that interview: DeMille was very courtly in the old manner, a gentleman in the old, gracious style. Unfortunately I remember only one statement he made in the interview. Replying to one of my questions, he said he wasn't a native of North Carolina but almost was. His parents' home was in Washington, N.C., but his mother was visiting in Pennsylvania when he was born. My lapse of memory is understandable, however. That interview took place some time in September 1940.

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Dinner Theatre near Charlotte about three years ago. Dorothy, who made the sarong famous back in the late '30s and '40s, appeared in a "Love Boat" piece also recently. Judy Canova, in case you're wondering, is the mother of Diana, a star of the comedy series, "I'm A Big Girl Now," with Danny Thomas, and was formerly in "Soap." I didn't get to talk with Judy when I phoned to her husband told me in a friendly way she wasn't available at the moment. Back to Dorothy: she was at Pineville doing a part in a stage comedy and was quite good at it. She played in comedy movies with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. The "Road" pictures, but as I recall didn't have comic parts in them. Dorothy also was "credited" at one time with nearly destroying the women's hat industry, by making the head kerchief popular.

Incidentally, I revealed my general age when I referred to Tech's people as the Gobblers. They're the Hokies now. The name probably was changed after the word "turkey" became a slang insult. Personally, I feel that the turkey bird is more to be pitied than censured. It can't help having the personality it has. It was born that way and never can make it to the White House, though some critics of our national politics claim that some turkeys have.

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**Browsing in the files of The News-Journal**

- 25 years ago**  
Thursday, January 12, 1956  
The congregation of the Raeford Baptist Church accepted the resignation of its pastor, the Rev. James E. Baker, Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker and their children left Tuesday for Mrs. Baker's home in South Carolina.
- 15 years ago**  
Thursday, January 13, 1966  
A petition calling for a vote of the people on whether or not package beer sales should be permitted in Hoke County this week was declared invalid because it did not contain enough qualified signatures.
- The home of the Covington farm, about two and a half miles south of Raeford on the old Bethel Road, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Hinnant and family and formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Peter McLean, was destroyed by fire of unknown origin shortly after dark last Saturday night.
- Kenneth W. McNeill got shot in the eye on a dove shoot Saturday at Timberland, and was taken to a Fayetteville hospital where it was first thought he would lose his eye.
- The Raeford Chamber of Commerce closed its license tag office in **The Bank of Raeford building** some time ago, and state tags are not being sold here this year.
- The Bank of Raeford in a report of condition showed assets as of December 31, 1955 of \$3,544,812.34.
- Bert Ishee, president of the North Carolina Education Association will address the Hoke County unit of the association at its second meeting of the school year in the Hoke County High School Library tonight, Mrs. Leola Flannery, until president, has announced.
- Daniel E. Baker, local sales representative for F. S. Royster Guano Company, Wilmington, attended the annual sales conference for the company at Virginia Beach last week. He was awarded a trophy for the best all-around salesman for the Wilmington sales division.



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