

# Editorials

## All of county worked to land judge's seat

The selection of Raeford attorney Warren Pate as a district court judge is a positive step for Hoke County and could signal a revival of political recognition.

Although in the statewide scheme of appointments, the district court slot might seem minor, to Hoke County the nod from Gov. Jim Hunt had major significance.

In the past this county has relied on a few individuals to lobby our case in the Raleigh arena. As a result, few favors have been handed down, particularly by the Hunt Administration.

Despite overwhelming support for his candidacy during the last two elections from Hoke voters, the governor has snubbed this county when it came to appointments.

During his seven years in office, Hunt has named only one county resident, and that was to a statewide task force. In addition, the governor has also removed others from positions on major boards.

It is safe to say, appointmentwise, that things have not been going Hoke County's way lately.

When it comes to getting the most votes, Hunt has chosen his appointments well, and has overlooked the wishes of smaller counties, like Hoke.

Until the eleventh hour of the Pate selection, it appeared that the hopes of Hoke County would again fall on deaf gubernatorial ears.

Rumors, substantiated by reliable sources, pinned the judgeship on Spring Lake attorney Hank Finch, who was one of the three nominated by the joint Hoke-Cumberland bar association.

However, at the last minute most of this county's political leaders rallied influential support from Cumberland County and other parts of the state to overcome the governor's leanings and to win the appointment for Hoke County.

Through a united effort, county leaders offered a loud voice and accomplished the goal of retaining the seat on the court that Hoke has held for the last 19 years.

Had those who worked the hardest for Pate's appointment fallen into the ways of the past and allowed a few county representatives to handle the bid for the court seat, Hunt would probably have chosen a Cumberland County man.

A Cumberland appointment would not only have been a slap in the face to the voters of this county, but it would also have been a major setback to the future of Hoke.

If the voters here want growth, improved living conditions and to make this county more attractive to new industries, we must have help from state and federal political leaders.

This county can no longer sit quietly and hope that someone in higher political office will recognize our needs and come to the rescue.

Earlier this year, both Hoke County's and Raeford's bids for community development block grants were lost in the shuffle of bureaucratic paperwork. Funds went to other communities, whose projects were no more worthy than ours, but who did a better job lobbying to get the money.

Had more attention been paid to the Hoke applications by local officials and others in the county, perhaps the outcome would have been different.

Other communities have found that once those federal and state funds begin to flow, the task of keeping them coming becomes almost routine.

Hoke County's request for state "pork barrel" money to repair the aging courthouse also never got off the ground. The reasons were the same. No one asked loud enough.

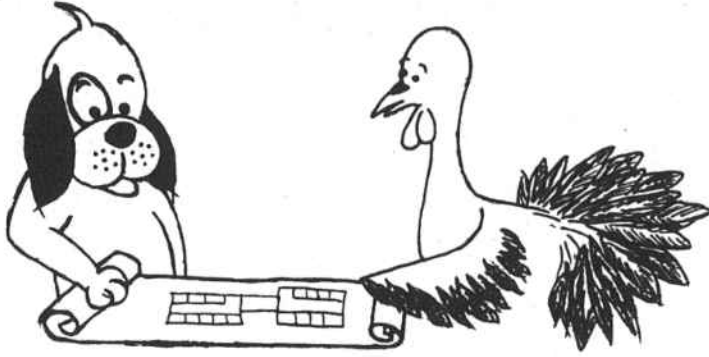
The Pate appointment is a victory for a small county over one 10 times its size. It is also an indication of what Hoke residents might accomplish if we continue to let Raleigh and Washington know our desires.

If this county ever expects to receive state and federal grants and to have residents elected or appointed to offices outside Hoke's geographical boundaries, then we must keep asking loudly.

We congratulate Judge Pate and commend those who worked to get him the appointment.

We also hope that in 1984, the enthusiasm generated in the Pate campaign will not be forgotten, and can be channeled into additional rewards for this county.

PLEASE, TELL ME I'M DREAMING  
I do not see a dog & turkey  
discussing plans for a new  
dog pound.



Madilyn



# Letters To The Editor

## Cherokee rights have been abused

To the Editor:  
When you discuss the saga of the American Indian, everyone thinks about warriors riding across the plains of the midwestern United States to attack a wagon train.

Does anyone think about the white man coming to this land, claiming this land in the name of his religion, forcing most of the Indians from their God given lands and the massacre of thousands, if not millions, of Indians who were defenseless?

"Well, brother, you know that this was all bad and it's all in the past," says the white man in the great house.

Then the government will say, "You are not full blooded because Gen. Custer raped your great, great-grandmother."

Who is to blame? God almighty knows, and so do all of you.

The federal and state governments will say, "we are good to the Indians."

Let me tell you something. If you dear readers believe this, then you will believe anything.

The State of North Carolina and the United States of America have lied to the Cherokee Indians of Hoke County Tribe, and they have had the gall to do it on paper in United States District Court, Greensboro.

It seems that they are afraid to face the Cherokees of Hoke County on the open battlefield of the court.

Why? They are chicken, and they are guilty.

In 1953 and 1956, the defendants passed the Lumbee Acts. These acts of law illegally set aside the rights of the Cherokee by placing blanket coverage over Robeson County and the adjoining counties of North Carolina.

We are fighting in court to have these bills declared to be bills of attainder in violation of Article One, Section Nine of the U.S. Constitution.

These bills have deprived us of our tribal rights and constitutional rights without due process of law.

The Lumbee name is connected to a river, the Lumbee River, which does not exist and a tribe of (?) born on April 20, 1953.

Who are not Indians but are half-white Mulatta.

We will die Cherokee Indians. Remember the people that said we shall over come. They did, and so shall we.

The Cherokee of Hoke County Tribe  
Rev. Edgar Bryant, Chief  
Rev. D.W. Maynor,  
Tribal Attorney

## Hanukkah article filled with mistakes

Dear Editor:  
I would like the readers of *The News-Journal* to know that there were several inaccuracies in the article titled "Hanukkah Is 'Festival of Lights'."

Hanukkah is **not** and should not be compared to the Christian Christmas. It is a celebration of a specific victory observed on the 25th day of Kislev (the 3rd month in the Jewish calendar) which may occur as early as Thanksgiving weekend. This article was published in *The News-Journal* on December 22, three weeks after the first day of Hanukkah this year.

Hanukkah is one of the least religious of the Jewish holidays, and Christmas is one of the most revered of Christian holidays.

The lighting of the Hanukkah lights and the prayers are not reminders of the holiday but rather are part of the ancient tradition observed by the Jewish people.

The exchanging of gifts and singing of songs are not the equivalent of the Christmas traditions.

Present exchanging and the sending of cards is a modern addition to the holiday. As part of the ancient festivities which are continued today, children are given Hanukkah Gelt (money) and play with Draidles (tops).

I felt that the accompanying picture was in very poor taste. The group of men resembled a conviv-

ing band. A picture of a Hanukkah Menorah would have been more appropriate.

Pauline Zobel McNeill  
Raleigh

## Re-thinking deficit can wait 'til tomorrow

Dear editor:  
According to an article I read last night, Washington not only doesn't know how to reduce the deficit, it doesn't even know how much it is.

The announced figure is about \$200 billion, but, financial experts say, when you add in the hidden items that are called un-budgeted, the figure comes to over \$400 billion.

The Republicans blame the deficit on the Democrats on Monday and Tuesday and the Democrats blame it on the Republicans on Wednesday and Thursday, and they're both right as there seems to be enough blame to go around with enough left over for a third party if there was one to fill out the rest of the week.

In denouncing government spending so long as it doesn't cut off any funds going to his state, a

(Continued on page 3)

## Communism isn't answer to our farming

By John Sledge  
N.C. Farm Bureau Federation

There are many indictments we could bring against Communism. Its suppression of freedoms would be a long list in itself. It is possible in the world, however, to find leaders who would argue that too much freedom is bad.

In that respect, they might be tempted to embrace Communism.

But hardly anyone would find anything to like about the Communist system as it applies to food and agriculture.

As University of Chicago Pro-

fessor D. Gale Johnson pointed out at the USDA Outlook Conference, the Soviet Union has enormous agricultural resources, yet its agricultural exports are miniscule.

On the other hand, the Soviet Union despite all its land and resources is far and away the world's largest net importer of agricultural products. Johnson predicts that through the '80's the Soviet Union will continue to import 25 to 40 million tons of grain annually, and that projection assumes that grain production for

the rest of the decade will be higher than recent years.

In the Soviet Union, 34% of total consumer spending goes for food.

In the United States, we spend 13% of our income on food consumed at home.

In Russia, Poland and other communist countries, food imports are high, food hoarding is prevalent and food prices have to be heavily subsidized by the government.

Agriculture just can't be productive under that kind of system.

# New Year's Eve may solve broken pipe worries

By Warren Johnston  
About December 29, when Christmas seems 12 months away, the time has come to begin making plans for New Year's Eve.

In case a calendar is not available, there are signals that go up in a community which will clearly mark the coming of the Eve.

One of the first noticeable signs that plans should be made, will be the titter which sort of spontaneously erupts in the local coffee spots, as some of the regulars begin to recall last year's parties.

There will be sort of a knowing smile among all who attended, which by the morning of December 30 will break uproariously into one of those "you wouldn't believe what Charlie did last year" stories.

By mid-afternoon, everyone in town knows about Charlie. They know the secret that his close friends, who attended the affair, had been so discreet about for almost a year.

Just when poor old Charlie thought the whole thing had blown over, or that the other party goers were so wiped out that they didn't remember, the entire ugly truth gets belched up for the world to see.

Charlie had reproached himself almost daily for several months following the party. He had attempted to find some sort of logic for his behavior, but there was none.

He had no idea why he felt compelled to do the hula in his underwear. It just sort of happened.

It is not exactly clear why Charlie decided to put a lampshade on his head, either.

## The Puppy Papers

"Go ahead Charlie. It's tradition," someone had said. So he had donned the lampshade with a sense of fulfilling some sort of New Year's Eve historical imperative. However, the morning after, there were still some unanswered questions and he knew "in his heart" that sooner or later they would talk.

During the New Year's bowls of football, blackeyed peas and Bloody Marys, there were a few hints rolling around on loose tongues. Nothing was really said, but the innuendoes were piercing. "That was a great party, and you should have seen Charlie," a few loose tongues had said, during the Sugar Bowl halftime activities.

Now, a year later, each gory bump and grind was being laid open for the town to see.

I was just about to make something out of this story and to redeem Charlie's good name, when it came time for the Christmas break.

Charlie could wait. My wife suggested that we drain the pipes before we left town for the weekend.

"Naah," I said. "It's not going to get that cold." Fortunately, my wife does not always follow my advice. We drained the pipes.

I suggested that perhaps the toilets should be drained and have antifreeze in them.

"Naah," my wife said. "They'll be all right." On Monday when we returned, the cat, who did not make the trip and who had been ice skating in the toilet all weekend, greeted us with the news.

"The toilets cracked," the cat said, noting that he did not appreciate being left to fend for himself in sub 10 degree weather.

Thanks to an overworked local plumber, and my wife's hair dryer, it was no time before we had about 70% of the house's plumbing facilities back in working order.

As we warmed our hands around a roaring fire and toasted ourselves for a "job well done," the rain from broken upstairs pipes began falling through our bedroom light fixture.

The depth of the depression one feels when seeing water pouring onto a clean warm bed on a cold December night is difficult to describe.

It's tough to realize that the last stronghold of nighttime warmth has become a soggy mass of wool and linen.

"It could have been worse," my wife said, as we consoled each other around the fire.

"We could have been in the bed."

The thought was comforting. After awhile, it no longer mattered if the bed was wet and if our new \$100 toilet was out of action.

"What are we going to do?" my wife asked, after about an hour of consoling.

"We could make our plans for New Year's Eve," I said, eyeing a nearby lampshade.

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