

Viewpoints

DeVane's fox bill scatters lawmakers

After three sessions in the state House, Rep. Danny DeVane has finally succeeded in evoking a nervous titter from members of both sides of the Legislature with a bill he introduced last Thursday.

DeVane had House members ducking under desks and Senators running for cover, not because of his stand on child day care regulations, the Martin budget or a statewide lottery, but because he was trying to gain support for a bill to allow fox hunting in Hoke County.

From the reaction the Hoke County Democrat received, one might have thought he was seeking a ban on motherhood.

The bill, which received the endorsement of the Hoke County Commission and was supported by a petition signed by more than 400 local hunters, farmers and citizens, is designed to curb the overpopulation of fox by establishing a 60-day season.

According to the proposed bill, a gun and bow season would be set in Hoke County from December 1 to January 1 and trapping would be allowed from January 2-31. A limit of 30 would be allowed per season. Trappers would be required to use small traps and check them daily.

Because of a current hunting ban, fox are destroying quail, rabbits and poultry in Hoke County and being a general nuisance, supporters of the bill say.

With the strong support riding with the fox bill, it is difficult to imagine why DeVane's fellow solons are treating him like he had been sprayed by a skunk and had refused to bathe.

In truth, many lawmakers see the fox bill as having repercussions beyond the Hoke County boundaries and view its endorsement as political suicide.

The bill offends the elite, but powerful group, who ride to the cry of the hounds and follow the huntsman's horn.

DeVane chose to ignore the red-coated lobby and to work for the passage of a bill his constituents need.

We support DeVane's efforts, and urge the passage of the bill. However, we recognize the author of the legislation might have found attacking motherhood an easier task.

Depot work for many but done by handful

Hoke County has a long history of allowing a handful of residents to carry the burden for the rest of the population.

However, the many who sit back, rich and poor, are eager to reap the benefits of the labors of the caring few.

The depot restoration is an example of a project being carried by a few. If the fund raising thus far is an indication, many, who will benefit the most, are sitting back waiting for more jobs, higher retail sales, additional services and a better quality of life, which could be sparked by an active economic development office housed in the old railroad station.

An improved depot will also serve as a cornerstone for the downtown revitalization effort and as a showplace for this community's economic development hopes.

The plans, not only include offices for the Raeford-Hoke Chamber of Commerce and the new economic developer, but they also include a community conference room-gallery, which can be used for public gatherings and to exhibit the works of local craftsmen.

As the home of this county's economic push, the depot should also stimulate new activity in the downtown area and pump fresh blood into the carcass of a once vibrant commercial district.

The Chamber of Commerce is a long way from reaching their goal of turning a shell of a building into a center for economic vitality. Only about \$6,000 of the \$30,000 needed has been raised.

There are many names missing from the list. Others, who have contributed, can do much more than token gifts given only to get the "solicitors off their backs."

Those who have an economic stake in this community need to alter history by putting the depot fund over the top.

Those who can not afford to contribute financially can give their time to make the project a true community effort.

Good things are happening in Hoke County, and they will happen faster if more residents pitch in and help.

Mrs. Florrie Cameron was leader in county

The leadership and spirit of Mrs. Florrie Cameron, who died Sunday at 92, will be missed in Hoke County.

Mrs. Cameron was instrumental in getting Grade "A" cafeterias started in all of the county's schools, and it was largely through her efforts that the Hoke County Health and Social Services departments were formed.

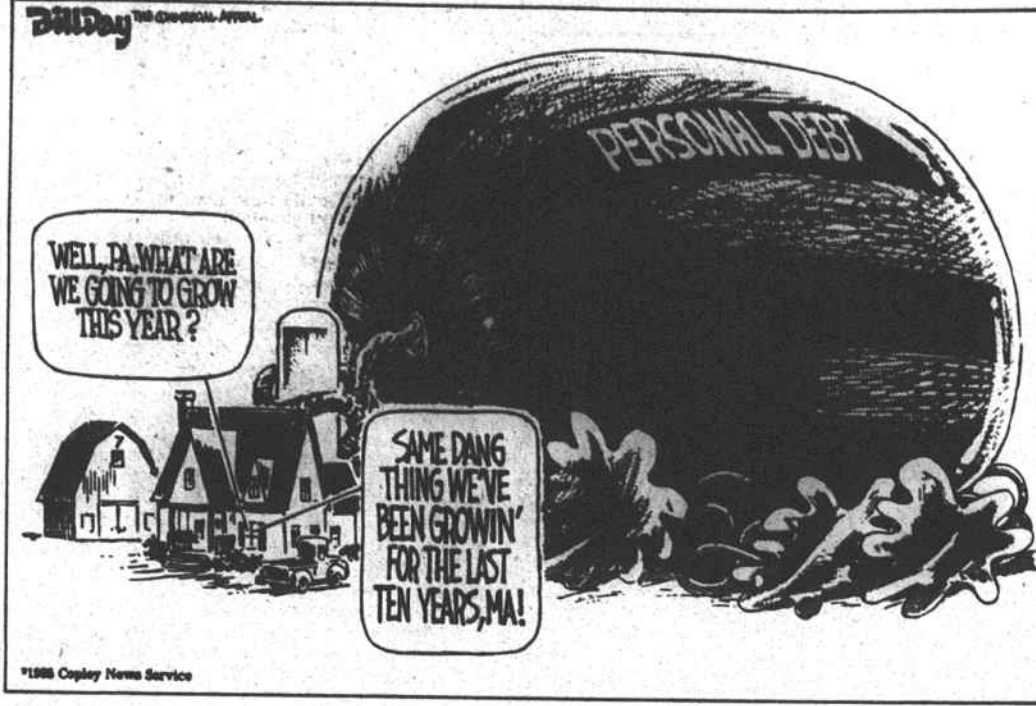
During the 1920's and 1930's she worked tirelessly to help hundreds of poverty-stricken Hoke Countians fight back from the ravages of a failed economy. She set up soup kitchens in the schools, and travelled throughout the county helping rural families can the produce of their gardens for storage.

Mrs. Cameron prompted local doctors and others brought from outside to treat the poor in the clinics she helped establish during the 1930's.

She was one of the key figures in the fund raising effort needed to re-build the First United Methodist Church of Raeford after it burned in the 1950's.

Mrs. Florrie Cameron was a leader and doer in Hoke County. Although she was not active in recent years, the fruits of her deeds still flourish and as a result, this community is a better place to live.

Now that she is gone, it is hoped that others might pick up the standard she carried for so long and try to recapture the spirit she spread throughout Hoke County.



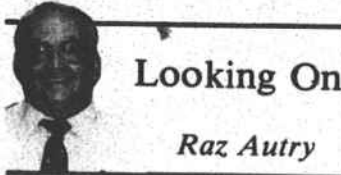
Old remedy recalls headache

Not being a drinking man has caused me to miss some great parties. I am thankful to those who didn't invite me. An obnoxious drunk is the toughest of folks to deal with. Most of them show up at parties.

My first fling with the potent brew came about because a 19-year-old marine felt he was a man. Arriving in San Francisco after a fling in the Pacific with a stop over at Iwo Jima and Okinawa, the temptation to be like my fellow Marines over took my better judgement. I decided I needed to learn to drink the strong stuff. The hot beer served in the Pacific wasn't anything to write home about.

The younger folks hollering about the prospects of raising the drinking age from 19 to 21 would be shocked to know 40 years ago 21 was considered adulthood. It was practically impossible for servicemen to get a drink in a bar years ago. Their cry was, if I am old enough to fight I should be old enough to buy a drink. No one paid any attention. For those under age, taxi drivers were the source for obtaining illegal booze. A friend and I went this route. We paid \$11 for a fifth of Southern Comfort which happened to be 100 proof. Two days later with very little recollection of what was said and done, and a headache which would have caused an aspirin to rebel, convinced me my drinking days would be short lived.

Several years after my bout with alcohol I tried a small amount of it in a homemade cough syrup. Mama Toumaras insisted this was the sure fire cure for any cough. I really don't remember the results of the remedy. It didn't make enough impression on me to award



Looking On

Raz Autry

it a permanent place in my medicine chest.

A few days ago I had reason to recall Mama Toumaras formula. After trying every cough medicine made with very little results, I got desperate and decided to make a batch of her sure cure cough medicine. I knew I must either beg or buy the main ingredient for mama's cough syrup because liquor is not on Ireni's shopping list. None of my friends would admit they drink.

The K&W Restaurant is located in Bordeaux shopping area along with an ABC Store. Since we had already decided to have dinner at the K&W, I could visit the store later. Going into an ABC Store was a strange experience for me. The only other time I can remember going in one was to get some empty boxes. Ireni had said earlier what are you going to tell folks when they see you going into a liquor store.

I said, "I am going to tell them you drove me to drink."

Only one other customer besides the clerk was in the store. I stated my business and explained I wasn't a drinking man so I didn't know what type of liquor I needed.

The customer said, "I can help you out. What you need is Triple A. It goes down smooth."

I always thought Triple A was a credit rating. He continued to press his case. Smiling, he said:

"You get the Triple A, take one drink and give the rest to me."

Thanking him for his help I purchased the Triple A, still not knowing what I had. Paying \$3.86 for a bottle of misery is not my idea of having fun.

Using mama's formula with the Triple A as the main ingredient, I made a batch of cough syrup. Sipping it I could understand why it would cure a cough. Anything which tastes that bad would scare any disease out of your body.

If an individual sips long enough, he couldn't care less whether he coughs or not.

The headache I had the next morning convinced me to try the approved remedies or move to the equator where colds and coughs are not known.

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Letters To The Editor

Thanks offered

To the Editor:
God's word to all says, with all thy getting get understanding.

We need someone to help us understand this need.

We hope everyone knows the two great commandments of the law, or someone help them to know. St. Matthew 22:37, 39.

We know from experience it is good for us to love our neighbor as (equal) thyself, but when or if neighbors run out of natural force (strength) or time, what action do we take?

We hope our father which art in heaven will bless all the businessmen and women of the City of Raeford with wisdom, knowledge, and understanding how God gives his people the power to get wealth, and they are mighty blessed to send service to our door for the necessary things of life when the churches run out of strength and time also.

Thanksgiving always for the blessing of publishing all we need to know to sustain the good way of life, and more abundantly. We may be too busy to hear it all through radio or TV.

After all, it is a joy to rest quiet, and read about the activity of blessed people.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Elma P. Williams

In-county telephone poses local problems

To the Editor:
All this time and all this flap about direct calling to Cumberland County and not one word about residents being able to call within Hoke County!

Folks at Antioch and Ashley Heights cannot call, toll free, their own tax-paid emergency services, county officials, or the high school. Try calling your sheriff or rescue squad.

I can't even call half my neighbors, those I can see.

As to business, since I have direct dialing, toll free, with another county, guess where I'm inclined to do my shopping?

At least I won't be charged for some to call Fayetteville or be bothered by those telephone solicitors there.

Who knows, there just might be life outside the county seat!
Charles C. Ansley

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor are encouraged and welcomed. Writers should keep letters as short as possible. Names, addresses and telephone numbers should be included and all letters must be signed. Names will be printed, however, other information will be kept confidential. We reserve the right to edit letters for good taste and brevity. Letters should be received by *The News-Journal* by noon on the Monday of the publication week.

Tie wearing is hard to swallow

I was sitting around the other day impatiently waiting for spring to arrive in Hoke County, when my wife suggested that I get out of the house.

"Why don't you have lunch with the Governor," she said, noting that spring was bound to arrive in a week or two and there was no since getting my stomach achurn over it.

It so happened, that there was a small local delegation going up to Raleigh around lunch time the next day, so I asked to tag along.

"There's a big crowd eating with the Governor, but you'll have to wear a tie," they said.

Wearing ties is not how I like to while away my days. I had much rather sit through the Chinese Water Torture or watch a Tiny Tim movie.

"You'll have a good time. Besides, spring might be here when you return," my wife insisted when I told her of my reluctance to don a tie.

One of the first problems I have with ties is putting them on. They are hard to tie, and I learned in grammar school that one cannot let them just drape around the neck without a knot.

An untied tie will either be stolen by small children or will fall into the oatmeal, I told my wife when she suggested I skip the knot and put on a pair of sunglasses.

"Robert Redford does it," she said.

The knot for this Raleigh trip was particularly difficult. I knew the governor was Republican. The room would probably be filled with Republicans, all with conservative Windsor knots.

The Windsor takes skill. Something that slips past me when it comes to ties. I got up at 5 a.m. so I would be on time for the 10 a.m. departure to Raleigh.

I started tying a Windsor at 6 a.m.. My first effort was the size of a watermelon. The second looked like a B-52. I considered going into tie sculpture, but thought better of it when the next effort



Warren Johnston

The Puppy Papers

resembled a backlash in a fly reel. By 9 a.m. I was exhausted. I gave up the effort and resorted to the old standby slip knot.

"You no longer appear to be middle of the road. You look like a Democrat," my wife said, pointing out the neat overhand knot.

When I arrived at the office, everyone thought I was going to a funeral and expressed their sympathy.

"We've never seen you wear a tie before. You must have been very close to whoever died," they said, adding that they could tell from my knot that the deceased was a Democrat.

When we arrived in Raleigh, the room was filled with 10,000 Republicans, four Libertarians and what I believed were 300 Democrats.

The Republicans looked the same. They all had Windsors and wore "Old School Ties." The Libertarians had on string ties and ate the green peas with a knife.

The ersatz Democrats turned out to be waiters. I was the only one dining wearing a slip knot, so in order to avoid embarrassment, I picked up a tray.

Although I had to work for lunch, the trip was not a failure. Several of the guests complimented me on my promptness, and I got plenty of exercise.

After lunch, I removed the tie and everyone recognized me as being middle of the road.

On the trip home, I vowed not to leave Hoke County until spring arrived and it was too warm for a tie. However, to be safe I might wait until after the next election.