

PUBLIC RECORD

OBITUARIES

Jack Pittman

Jack Pittman, 84, of 921 Posey Farm Road, Raeford, died Thursday May 22, 2003 in Autumn Care of Raeford.

Mr. Pittman was born in Hoke County to the late Milton and Beulah Cheek Pittman. He retired from Burlington Industries and worked for the City of Raeford.

Mr. Pittman served in the U.S. Army during World War II in England where he met and married Mrs. Pittman.

He was a member of Philippi Presbyterian Church.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p.m. Saturday, May 24 in Philippi Presbyterian Church held by the Reverends Benny Pearce and Herman Autry. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Survivors include his wife, Elsie K. Pittman of Raeford; three sons, Melton Pittman of Holden Beach, Barry Pittman and Roy Pittman, both of Raeford; one daughter, Susan P. Baker of Raeford; one brother, Charlie Smith of Raeford; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Memorial may be made to Carolina Hospice and Palliative, 336 S. Main St., Raeford.

Crumpler funeral Home and Cremation Services Inc. of Raeford served the family.

Orean M. Smith

Orean Mishoe Smith, 82, of 1206 N. Fulton Street, Raeford, died Friday, May 23, 2003 in Autumn Care of Raeford.

Graveside services were conducted at 3 p.m. Sunday, May 25 in Raeford Cemetery.

Survivors include two sons, Lonnie Smith Jr. of Raeford, and William David Smith of Fayetteville; two daughters, Anita Gibson of Raeford and Bessie Young of Ruther Glen, Virginia; one sister, Sadie Stanley of Jacksonville, Florida; 11 grandchildren; 25 great-grandchildren; and two great-great-grandchildren.

Crumpler Funeral Home and Cremation Services, Inc. served the family.

Lizzie Bell Locklear

Lizzie Bell Clark Locklear, 74, of 787 Morgan J. Road, Shannon died Sunday, May 25, 2003 in Duke University Hospital.

Funeral services will be conducted at 4 p.m. Thursday, May 29 in Zion Hill Baptist Church in Rennett held by the Reverends Henry Locklear, Anthony Oxendine and Milton Hall. Burial will be in the church cemetery.

Survivors include her husband, Quessie Locklear of Shannon; seven sons, Hurland Clark of St. Pauls, Eddie J. Locklear and Gene Locklear, both of Shannon, Crawford Locklear of Pembroke, Larry Locklear of Rowland, Jimmy Earl Locklear of Smithfield and Jackie Dean Locklear of Godwin; nine daughters, Sylvia

Cummings and Evelyn Clark Hicks, both of St. Pauls, Sheila Hales of Autryville, Joyce Locklear, Carolyn Brewer and Goldie Chavis, all of Shannon, Marnice Swop of Lumber Bridge, Mary Ann Haywood of Lumberton and Sarah Locklear of Pembroke; four sisters, Mittie Jones of Shannon, Mary Jane Cummings of Lumber Bridge, Leacy Jackson and Ivina Donahue, both of Hope Mills; 72 grandchildren; and 64 great-grandchildren.

Crumpler Funeral Home and Cremation Services Inc. of Red Springs served the family.

Vernon Dial

Vernon Dial, 59, of 590 Murph McLaughlin Road, Red Springs, died Sunday, May 25, 2003 in his home.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p.m. Thursday, May 29 in Rock Assembly of God in Red Springs held by the Reverends Wallace Locklear and Gene T. Chavis. Burial was in Hoke County Holiness Church Cemetery in Red Springs.

Survivors include his wife, Mary O. Dial of Red Springs; three sons, Timmy Oxendine of Maxton, Vernon C. Dial of Lumber Bridge and Jeff Dial of Red Springs; three brothers, Dornon Dial of Rowland, James H. Dial and Roger Dial, both of Red Springs; five sisters, Elizabeth (Tony) Locklear, Louise Pate, Evion Cartwright and Betty Locklear, all of Red Springs and Ruth Locklear of Maxton; and 12 grandchildren.

Crumpler Funeral Home and Cremation Services Inc. of Red Springs served the family.

Leroy McLaughlin

Leroy McLaughlin, 52, of 928 McPhaul Road, died Friday, May 23, 2003.

The funeral will be conducted at 1 p.m. Thursday in Shady Grove Missionary Baptist Church by Dr. J.W. Gorham.

Burial will be in the church cemetery.

Mr. McLaughlin is survived by his mother, Mabel McLaughlin of Raeford; a brother, Thomas McLaughlin Jr. of Raeford, and seven sisters, Lucille Handon, Edna McLaughlin, Mattie Jones, Linda Armstrong and Jacquelyn Armstrong, all of Raeford; Joann Posey of Adel, Georgia, and Maeola McLaughlin of Wilmington, Delaware.

A viewing will be held today at 4-8 p.m. at Doby Funeral Home.

Bobby N. Murphy

Bobby M. Murphy, 57, 5719 Baker Ten Mile Road, Lumberton, died Monday, May 26, 2003 at the V.A. Medical Center in Fayetteville.

Funeral Arrangements are incomplete.

The family will receive friends and family at 5719 Baker Ten Mile Road in Lumberton.

Raeford, HSO officers charge seven men here

Hoke County Sheriff's Office and Raeford Police officers have arrested seven men on drug charges in joint operations.

Charged are:

• Paul "Poppa" Jones, 28, Spring Pine Lane, Shannon; one count of possession of cocaine. Officers say he was observed leaving a crack house and smoking crack.

• William Kelley Strickland, 22, Gillis Road, Laurel Hill; one count each of possession of marijuana, possession of a firearm by a felon and carrying a concealed weapon. Officers say he was apprehended after a vehicle stop and a search found a

stolen firearm and marijuana.

• Traymond Shaw, 28, Doc Brown Road; one count possession of cocaine. Officers say the Highway Patrol found cocaine and turned it over to Hoke officials.

• William Stanley McGougan, 31, Payton Place, Lumber Bridge; one count each of possession with intent to sell and distribute crack cocaine, sell and delivery of crack cocaine and resist and delay an of-

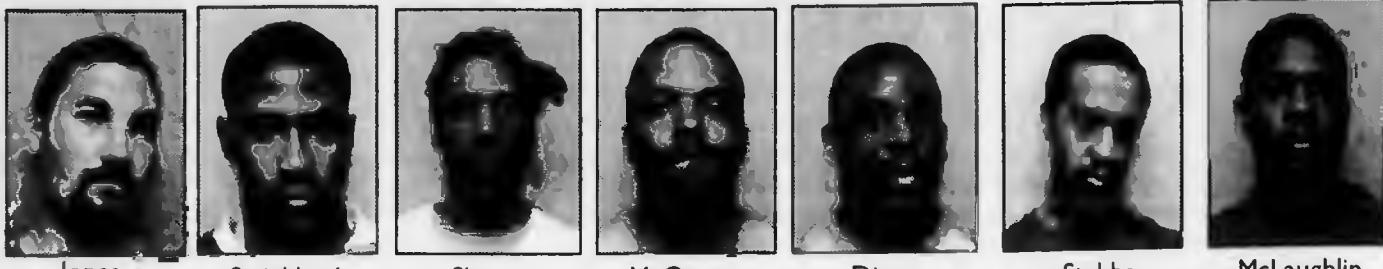
ficer. Officers said he sold crack cocaine to undercover officers.

• Todd Jeffery Dixon, 33, Payton Place Road, Lumber Bridge; one count each possession with intent to sell and distribute crack cocaine, sell and delivery of crack cocaine and resist and delay an officer. Officers said he sold crack cocaine to undercover officers.

• Marvin Conwell Stubbs, 24, McEachern Farm Road; one count possession of crack cocaine and posses-

sion of marijuana. Officers said crack cocaine and marijuana were found in his socks when Probation and Parole and asked for assistance.

• Corey Thomas McLaughlin, 27, Alex Baker Road; one count of possession with intent to sell and distribute marijuana. Officers said he approached undercover officers with four bags of marijuana in the front of his pants.



Jones Strickland Shaw McGougan Dixon Stubbs McLaughlin

DCC Wanted



Geraldine L. Whiting

Geraldine Latisha Whiting is wanted by the Hoke County Division of Community Correction. She was convicted of driving while license revoked and with having an expired registration tag on her car.

Whiting, a 31-year-old black female, is 5'7" tall and weighs approximately 170 pounds.

Whiting last resided at 236 Turnpike Road, Raeford.

If you have any information on Whiting's whereabouts, contact CPPO Isaacs at (910) 875-5081.

Other stuff (Continued from page 1A)

so dependent on its survival?

Hoke is indeed growing and mostly because of Fort Bragg, but residential growth is not an economic benefit until it generates retail sales. In fact, it's a drain until it does.

The Fayetteville Observer is so high up on its horse because Cumberland County (and the newspaper itself) do benefit economically, and unless Hoke shuts up, they may suffer too.

Of the three counties most affected by these proposed land use restrictions, only Hoke isn't getting, but needs the economic benefit of Fort Bragg. To put things in perspective, Hoke's retail sales in March were \$8.9 million. Moore County's were \$71.6 million. Cumberland's were \$244.4 million.

Next year, school officials are going to have to implant microchips in the foreheads of seniors and install retina scanners to make sure only those authorized get in to Hoke High's graduation. It's a sad day when parents can't get in to see their children graduate because tickets have been faked. But everyone needs to remember it's the miscreants who counterfeited the tickets who are to blame. Each year, school folks have to read off an ever-longer list of irritating, disrespectful and even illegal behavior they'd appreciate not witnessing at graduation.

My son attended a graduation in Columbia, S.C. over the weekend, and said several parents - when their Johnny's crossed the stage - whipped out aerosol-air horns.

So I can see it next year: "We'd like to welcome everyone to the commencement exercises for the Class of 2004. We ask you to hold your applause, name-calling and heckling until after all the seniors' names have been read; please don't blow your air horns directly in your neighbor's ears; and turn off your cell phones or at least keep your phone conversations to a maximum of three minutes..."

I hadn't heard the name Jerry Thompson in years, but Henry Hostetler mentioned him in an email last week. Henry and I grew

up together and graduated in the same class (sans air horns). Mr. Thompson was our English teacher our junior year, and was, shall we say, unconventional. For example he ordered us to purchase a grapefruit, name it, carry it everywhere we went for a week, establish a relationship with it and write about the relationship. I don't remember much about that week, but I seem to recall writing about the juice spilled when the grapefruit died in an accident. And consider his approach to distributing graded tests: he stood before the class and said in his high voice, "Class, remember the test you took back in September? Well, I found them in the living room. Most of you failed and it's going on your grade for this semester," and then he'd toss the whole stack of papers in the air. We'd scramble like kids after candy from a piñata, trying to make sure no one else saw our bad grades.

He was one of those teachers who genuinely cared about his students, but that didn't mean the relationship was always smooth. I remember a story from a field trip to the Raleigh museums. Be back by such and such a time, he had said as the students departed the bus at the first stop, "and not a second later!" That, of course, was a waste of breath.

When several students showed up late - way late - he was furious, and ordered the driver to skip the other museums and head to Raeford. On the way home in complete silence, they stopped for fuel, but somehow, as Mr. Thompson - who was fuming (ha! Pun intended) finished pumping, the little regulator thing failed to work and it pumped gas all over him. He was so mad as he got back on the bus the students were scared. Except one, who after a minute or two of silence, said, "Anybody got a match?"

I was listening to a well-pierced eighth-grade girl tell her friends of her plans to tattoo on her backside, the name of her boyfriend. They hesitated, looked at each other, and one of them said, "Don't you think it's likely you might not have the same boyfriend the rest of your life?"

Another, still thinking it through, said, "People don't even have the same husbands all their life."

As I sat there I thought about an article I read by Grettir Asmundarson, the operator of the internet radio station Radio Free Tiny Pineapple. Before he pulled the plug on the station, I liked his musical taste so much, I began reading his web log - comments about any old thing - and got hooked on his writing as well.

So I wrote him and asked permission to reprint an occasional musing from www.tinypineapple.com:

When Life Gives You Lemons...

"...ask for a Diet Coke to put them in. That way, at least you'll have a decent beverage for your descent into Hell."

— Grettir Asmundarson

The last three-and-a-half years have honestly been the worst years of my

semi-long and rather pathetic life. I guess the disintegration of a marriage has a way of doing that to you, and the disintegration of mine has been like watching a three-and-a-half-year-long train wreck happening in slow motion. You know what's going to happen in the end, you can see it happening right in front of you, but no matter how much you don't want it to happen or how hard you try to keep it from happening, it's going to happen anyway. And now comes the really unpleasant part. It's time to notify the next-of-kin.

Within the next week or so, I'll have the opportunity to sit down with my two little girls and explain to them that their mother and I are getting divorced. The thought of it makes me want to gouge out my eyes with a melon baller, but instead I will sit there with a straight face and say all of the reassuring things that books about divorce tell you to say to your kids so they won't notice that what you're really doing is ripping the rug right out from under their little feet.

We'll explain it to them in such a way that no one is to blame and everybody wins. "This is best thing in the world! Your Mom and Dad get to pursue their lives as fully self-actualized human beings and you kids will have two bedrooms to decorate. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Then we'll have the legal niceties. Since we are fairly rational, intelligent human beings, there will be blessed few points of legal contention, but that doesn't necessarily make it any easier. For instance, I will get to sit in a mediator's office and make contingency plans about how we will divide time with the girls if one of us moves out of state.

That means I get to negotiate for the privilege of not having my daughters in my life for six months out of the year. But, which six months of the year do I not want to tuck them in? Which six months of the year do I not want to order pizza and pop microwave popcorn with them and watch "Swiss Family Robinson" for the thirtieth time? And which six months of the year will I not get to intervene in an argument between the two of them and say, "You girls are going to be sisters for the rest of your lives. You need to learn to work these things out. What? Why did your Mom and I get divorced? Oh, we had irreconcilable differences."

But it's not all bad, right? I'm learning important life lessons, right? Well, I'll tell you the important life lessons I've learned:

* Even though there have been times when things have been so bad that I honestly didn't think my heart could bear it one second longer, it did bear it one second longer...and then another...and then a minute...and then an hour...and then a year...and the pain was still there...and my heart was still beating...and I don't know whether to be grateful for or appalled by the fact that, no matter how bad it gets, you get by.

* I will never, in this lifetime, be able to comprehend the complexities of the human heart. ❖

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