

# CHATHAM County Line

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## ELECTION 2018

# Where's Walker?

## Congressional Candidates Answer—and Don't Answer—Immigration Question

by Nora Haenn

For months, I planned an article comparing the immigration stances of US Congressional Representative Mark Walker and his challenger Ryan Watts. Walker and Watts are running in the 6th District which includes Chatham County. In all honesty, the column I intended would probably have been entirely predictable. But then something interesting happened.

First, the predictable part. On immigration, Republican Walker and Democrat Watts have signed on to their party positions.

This summer, Walker co-sponsored the "Secure America's Future Act." The act failed to pass, but it remains the Republican platform. The act would have eliminated the

50,000 legal permanent residencies (or green cards) awarded annually via lottery, authorized expansion of the existing border wall, and allowed the Justice Department to withhold funds from communities deemed "sanctuary cities." For DACA recipients, the Act would have provided a renewable, three-year status but not green cards. In order to secure legal permanent residency, DACA recipients would have to follow existing channels which the act would have narrowed by reducing the overall number of green cards issued each year by 25 percent.

Democrat Watts seeks to "protect DACA and its recipients...Here in District 6, over



Mark Walker



Ryan Watts

2,200 have DACA and they collectively contribute over \$98 million annually in economic benefit." Watts also wants to provide "a more direct path citizenship for immigrants who work, pay taxes, and go to school. In many

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# Hurricanes Grow Ever More Worrisome

by Joe Jacob

Feeling lucky? I sure am. Watching the projected path of Hurricane Florence as it came across the Atlantic Ocean reminded me of former hurricanes in my life; ones that really scared me. The first one was Hurricane Camille with 220 mph winds that hit the Gulf Coast while I was in basic training in the army and far away from its landfall. My parents, sister and her family were not so lucky in terms of damage from that hurricane, but they survived the storm healthy and happy and were able to put their lives back together fairly quickly. There were other hurricanes hitting the Gulf Coast in my younger years. None of them as destructive as Camille, but memorable none the less. It is kind of hard to erase the memory of tying coffins to trees that popped up in the lowlands of Louisiana while I was on active duty with the National Guard. Following that storm, I felt lucky again, but I have never been able to erase those coffin images.

**Mother Nature is telling us to wake up from our sleep and take notice, but I do not see that we are.**

After moving to North Carolina in 1982, I thought I had seen the end of hurricanes when I moved to Chatham County and rather far away from the coast. One year, my sweetie and I had spent the summer in Alaska living off the grid and without running water. When we arrived at the Anchorage Airport to fly back to North Carolina, I picked up a newspaper and saw the projected track of Hurricane Fran. With my Hurricane Camille inland experience, I told my sweetie we had nothing to worry about. I thought that by the time Fran hit Chatham County, it would have lost most of its punch. Fran was expected to begin affecting our area that night when we arrived back home. My sweetie went into the bathroom and took a very long bath. After all, we had been without running water and electricity for three months. A long bath was a luxury we had been looking forward to for a long time. When it came time for my shower, I turned on the bathroom light, the power went off and stayed off for two weeks. Since we cook with propane and had been camping for three months, we had plenty of camping supplies and basically just camped in the house. I suppose the only real difference I noticed was that our bed was a whole lot more comfortable than our sleeping bags. Since I was in between professions at the time and did not have many scheduled commitments, we really didn't feel too inconvenienced by Fran, except for the fact that I did not exactly smell like a rose. We were safe and happy, and the only real damage was the experiment we were growing in the refrigerator that had

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PHOTO BY LESLEY LANDIS

# The Monument, Part 1: *The Project*

by Will Sexton

**Editor's Note:** Confederate monuments are much in the news. This is the story of the Confederate monument in Pittsboro, in three parts.

The rain that drenched Chatham County on the afternoon of August 22, 1907 must have made for anxious times in the London house. The next day would mark the unveiling of the Confederate Monument that stood now covered in white

cloth, in front of the county courthouse in Pittsboro a block-and-a-half away. Henry A. London wrote in that day's *Chatham Record* that the "largest crowd ever assembled in Chatham was here at the veterans' reunion in August, 1888 ... [and i]f tomorrow (Friday) is a good day almost as large a crowd will be here..." Visitors had already begun arriving in the town, and no doubt many called at the Londons' to pay respects. Talk probably

edged into nervous concerns for the next day's weather.

Yet it almost surely mixed with congratulations and gratitude for the Londons as prime movers of the monument project. For years London, a Confederate veteran and editor of the weekly *Record*, had used the pages of his newspaper to advocate for

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