

James Earl Carter, The 39th President

By David W. Bulla

Mr. James Earl Carter, President-elect of the United States of America, is as all Presidents of this country, he is a man of timely ambition. Born October One, 1924, he attended Georgia Southwestern College and Georgia Institute of Technology before studying Physics at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, after which he spent seven years in the Navy up until 1953. Then he taught Physics and Math at Union College, Schenectady, New York, for members of the *Seawolf*, the second atomic powered submarine. Mr. Carter owns 91% of Carter Farms Inc. of Plains, a thriving peanut business. In 1962 and 1964 he won a seat in the state senate. Then in 1966 he ran unsuccessfully against Lester Maddox for the governorship of Georgia. But in 1970 he won because law forbade Maddox to seek another term, and Carter was able to win without getting Georgia's Black vote -- the vote of the same national minority that put him in the White House. In 1974 he was the national coordinator of the midterm campaigns for the Democratic National Committee. And shall be elected President on Jan. 6, 1977 in the House.

They say that Mr. Carter's personality trait is "active-positive", and I suspect one would find this among most politicians, for one must be an activist and think in terms of the populace in order to gather votes, which is the politician's main objective. I admit that sixty percent or so of you believe the country, the world, to be in substantial, "suitable" condition, but the rest know this to be quixotic. Mr. Carter has won the presidency of a restive nation or, rather a caustic country. I can unhappily report that Mr. Carter has no philosophy that has anything to do with extricating our nation from dying the attrition Sister England is succumbing to. He has no *au courant* personal philosophies other than what Daniel Patrick Moynihan calls "Nirvana Now --" I cannot imagine Jimmy Carter as Daniel Patrick's copula

to the gods. The President-elect is cautious, confident, and conservative; he has an intuitive certainty as to the direction of this country -- he is along the right course, approximately.

For most of his policies, he is a) aplomb, b) studying ardently, and c) expiating them to realistic, apolitical objectives, or that is what he says he is doing, but he is a politician and most assuredly will run in four years for re-election. He delves to reduce unemployment, and he will do to the best of his active abilities to cut taxes by rebation. He will also deal with crime and pollution -- it is not every four years you have a democrat in office to deal with basic problems.

In foreign affairs he promises to be circumspect, and his nominated secretary of state plans to be an experimentalist; he is going to sit much just to prove he is not Henry Kissinger or even like Hank -- and he sure is not much like him.

Carter is nationalistic, but not blind and chauvinistic. Concisely, he plans to let the military stay at attention and will make a rather usual Chief, don't thump until you have been thumped.

His most prudent ambition is the desire to abate the size of the Federal Government. That is something will have to do to keep from going to statist, as Great Britain has, for her eventual dilapidation is around the corner. Mr. Carter decries that democracy is achieved through the vote, not the spoils.

We are all a little uncertain of the qualifications of the man to be our President, yet we remember Lincoln who had very little, if any, vouchers -- what if old Abe had been defeated in that war, he would of been remembered as this country's worst instead of best President. The question of the next four years is have politicians looked at themselves and said, "If we're this bad, how is the *de facto* country?" If Mr. Carter can just supply a little pride for this nation -- well, it would be nice. We need men who look to Honor and Respect!



The CSA

By David Bulla

A Bicentennial Story of
Greensboro: The Last Days of the
Confederacy,
The Diary of Matthew Wesley
Cox, Sargent, Army, C.S.A.

Sunday, April 9, 1865. General Lee has had the most unpleasant experience to have to surrender to the Yankees at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia. We have been beaten, but the boys gave their darn best and are still awaiting orders from Gen. Johnston. President Davis should arrive in town tomorrow, but I am skeptical as to that. Weather is clear and very spring-like. Our position is the Railroad tracks on Asheboro Street in near the middle of the town of Greensboro, North Carolina. The subordinates are calm but melancholy.

Monday, April 10, 1865. I was right, President Davis does come, but former prisoners of war are piling in gross amounts. They are the most disgraceful bunch of heathens a Southern Gentleman could ever see. The weather is good. Clear and warm. Position the same as yesterday, though I did visit J.M. Morehead and his house, Blandwood, which is a conventional mansion.

Tuesday, April 11, 1865. This town is restive. The streets are not trampled by the incoming troops and prisoners. Our boys are destitute but are hanging in there. They say Davis will come tomorrow for sure. Weather: Rain and colder. To be clear tomorrow. Position will be in tents near Railroad tracks, indefinitely. The aroma of beans and pork is scented throughout the camp. We sleep easier now.

Wednesday April 12, 1865. The Cabinet arrives at about 10:00 a.m. The President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis appears, later. They are offered the Morehead home but decline. They go to a greasy old Railroad car and set up shop. They meet for a few hours. Nothing is known by the rankers. We wait. It is sunny today.

Thursday, April 13, 1865. We get up and go to the Presbyterian Church. They seem to care little for us, but they allow us to worship our God. It is a sunny spring day. Jefferson, Trenholm, Breckenridge, Benjamin and Davis are at it early. Davis still wants to fight despite the Appomattox surrender. He designs to the majority who want to send Johnston to Sherman with their terms of armistice. Beauegard and Johnston meet with the President and his Cabinet in the old boxcar. Johnston is to meet Sherman on the 17th. Night comes and the men settle down after a day of nothing. They still have faith in the Lord and the South.

Saturday, April 15, 1865. The President of the United States from which we seceded is dead.

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Between The Lines

David W. Bulla

ADAMS, An American Dynasty. By Francis Russel. American Heritage. \$15.00. 374 pages.

The Adams Family, "Four Generations of Greatness", says Jack Shephard, are a people so close to America that one is inundated by their accomplishments which are enmeshed with our history, e.g., John Adams, second President, was the man most responsible for the recognition of the United States by European Countries; John Quincy Adams, sixth President, was the man behind what we call the "Monroe Doctrine"; Charles Francis Adams, who ran for President several times, though he did not openly seek his nomination ever or did he campaign, was the main who pressed the English at a critical point in our Civil War, i.e. he kept the Laird rams from being shipped to the Confederate States, which would have meant open recognition of those states by Great Britain, then perhaps war; Henry Adams, scholar, wrote and promulgated a cognizance of the new factors that determined man's destiny; or Brooks Adams' latent endeavor and workings in Teddy Roosevelt's Square Deal. Francis Russell, New England Historian, has canvassed the picture of a family who were at most agnostics, but who were resolved to substantiate the Great Experiment through personal dedication and perseverance.

In the limited space I have, I shall try to exhibit the eminence of this family which has been so explicitly embellished in Russell's book. The yarns, the diaries, the lives, the histories, the portraits, the ideals, all in 374 pages of continuous human history.

John Adams, 1735-1926, son of proud Deacon John Adams, began his life in agrarian Braintree; he believed his destiny rest in agriculture, and he would always desire his farm life in later years. A buoyant young man who abhorred school, he enjoyed both books and girls. His puritan destiny though turned him from levity, but he would marry Abigail Smith, his dearest friend, a person who was a century and one-half ahead of herself, for she was a liberator of the weaker sex.

Two events shaped Adams' life. He pursued the courts of Europe for American recognition, His life in Europe would provide an excellent education for his son John Quincy, 1767-1848, that would propel that young man to ascendancy, also. His greatest diplomatic triumph came when he met with George III in 1784. After the introduction the King said, "I will be very frank with you. I was last to consent to the Separation; but the Separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." After this meeting, he and the King were very good friends. And Adams most implicit goal in life was to provide his children with education. "I must study Politicks and War, that my sons may have liberty to study Mathematicks and Philosophy. My sons ought to study Mathematics and Philosophy, Geography, natural History and naval Architecture, navigation, Commerce and Agriculture. in order to give their children a right

to study Painting, Poetry, Musick, Architecture, Statuary, Tapestry, and Porcelain."

His worst and best friend was Thomas Jefferson. They would live together, sign the Declaration together, and die together 50 years to the day after the signing, together. His son would always think that day some symbol of divine Providence.

The son of John Adams would turn out to equal his father in his exploits. He was a man of principle. He, like all Adamses, except Charles Francis Jr., he would fight his wars with orations and diplomacy. His education was his early life in Europe, and the college years at Harvard would be a condescension. Overseer at Harvard, Congressman, secretary to Francis Dana at age fourteen in Russia, an American who saw Mapoleon in his last triumphant days before Waterloo, a man who was so against slavery that he gave Congress a petition for the dissolution of the Union, sixth President of the United States, and a stoic who believed honor was the result of duty. He said his country's will was his life's task. Adams, an insomniac, would spend his nights reading, preparing, never to make a mistake, always looking for the right word, the right datum.

John Quincy's personal greatest achievement was the Treaty of Trent, the fulfillment of his manifest destiny, and the composition of the Monroe Doctrine. But he was a skeptical; he said, "I disbelieve its (the Union's) duration for twenty years; and doubt its continuance for five."

Adams was posed to the last; he told his friend Henry Clay: "This is the end of earth, but I am composed." January 21, 1848, and the grand, old, and "eloquent" man, died.

The next generations of Adamses would be traversed by Charles Francis Adams, 1807-1886, and his son Henry Adams, 1838-1918.

As his father, Charles Francis was bilingual; his first language was French. His greatest ambition was to be a man of letters, but after Harvard it was Daniel Webster's office and law. After some dormant years, but for an attempt at the Vice Presidency, William Seward cajoled Lincoln into appointing Charles Francis as Minister to England. He accepted the plenipotentiary. With his son Henry, he went to Great Britain, where he acclimated to that country, Adams' eight years were very profitable and he made friends with his counterpart, Lord John Russell.

Now Henry Adams was something of a prodigy. He was educated in Europe as his grandfather and father. His life was tumultuous, but he always envisioned the quintessential philosophy, but he would not find it, and he determined that life and the United States' course was perpetual nothingness. Among his best books are *The Education of Henry Adams*, *Mont-Saint-Michael and Chartes*, and *Esther*.

Today the Adamses still persist, and they are still among the affluent -- Overseer of Harvard, poet, president of Massachusetts Historic Society, sociologist, and Raytheon board chairman. These are positions the Adamses hold.

My Favorite Time Of Year

By Cindy Caveness

Christmas, my favorite time of year.

The crowded malls bring little if any cheer!

Walking down the sidewalk you hear the children say,

"Mommy why are there so many Santas out today?"

"Oh they're Santa's helpers," is the quick reply.

The mother starts yelling,

"If you don't be nice, Santa want bring you those little white mice!

Ah, the picture with Santa, Boy oh boy,

but to the crying child it isn't much joy!

Slobbering all over a lumpy ol' man,

who's been sitting three hours on his can!

Like I said, Christmas my favorite time of year

full of religion and tons of good cheer!