

Guest Editorial

Unborn Child

By MIKE O'NEAL

Thermal Belt News Journal
Columbus

It's been called the "dreaded complication" — the times when babies survive abortions.

What happens to them?

Take a case in point that occurred in Omaha, Nebraska in September, 1979. A mother lying in a hospital bed at the University of Nebraska Medical Center screamed in the middle of a quiet night, bring two obstetrics nurses running into the room. The mother had been injected 30 hours earlier with a salt solution which normally kills the fetus and causes the patient to deliver a mass of lifeless tissue.

However, in this case, like hundreds and possibly thousands of others every year, there was a "complication" — life.

When the nurses turned on the lights in the room they found under the covers not a stillborn fetus but instead a live 2½ pound baby boy, crying and moving its arms and legs there on the board.

The squirming infant was gathered in loose bed-covers by a nurse, dashed down the corridor and taken not to an intensive care nursery but instead deposited in the stainless steel drainboard by a sink in a large closet where bedpans are emptied and dirty linen stored.

The head nurse phoned the patient's physician who told the staff to leave the baby where it was, "just to watch it for a few minutes, that it would probably die in a few minutes."

The incident was not alone:

— In February, 1975 in Boston, Dr. Kenneth Edelin was convicted of manslaughter, neglecting to give care to a 24 week old infant after a 1973 abortion. Witnesses said Edelin held the infant down, constricting the flow of oxygen through the umbilical cord and smothering it. He was the first and only American doctor ever convicted on charges of failing to care for an infant born during an abortion. However, the Massachusetts Supreme Court overturned the conviction on the grounds the jury had been given improper instructions.

— In July, 1979 in Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles an apparently stillborn infant was delivered after a 23 week problem pregnancy was terminated. Half an hour later the baby made gasping attempts to breathe, but no efforts were made to resuscitate it because of its size (18 ounces) and the wishes of the parents.

The baby was taken to a small utility room that was used, among other things, as an infant morgue. Told of the continued gasping of the baby, the doctor instructed the nurse to "leave the baby there — it will die." Twelve hours later a nurse returned to work and found the infant still alive, still gasping in the closet. The doctor then agreed to have the baby boy transferred to an intensive care unit where he died four days later.

— A baby girl in Florida, rescued by nurses who found her lying in a bedpan, is five years old now and doing well.

This latest and most shocking chapter in the lifetaking saga of this country's hundreds of thousands of abortions annually was brought to life this week by the Knight-Ridder newspapers. A common thread in their story was the callous disregard for obvious signs

of life demonstrated by medical doctors throughout the country who perform abortions. The incidents have come to light, not through doctors but nurses and other hospital support personnel who have been shocked at what plainly must be called the murder of unwanted infants in the name of abortion.

In numerous hospitals across the country nurses have silently rebelled against such practices, and now many major hospitals refuse to perform abortions after the 20th week — and even then the infant is over five months old.

The sanctity of life indeed appears to be slipping in our country when medical personnel, sworn to save lives, can take a live baby and leave it to die in a dark broom closet and justify it somehow because nobody wanted the baby in the first place. It makes abortion what it really is in an overwhelming majority of cases — simply a means of birth control.

And the only person who must pay for the mistake is — not the mother or the father but the unborn child.

While still an undergraduate student at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, I attended a Seals and Crofts concert held at nearby Duke University. It was the early 1970's and the duo was at the top of the rock music charts. They interrupted their concert to reveal their newest album, which they stated in advance they were sure would be a commercial flop because of the unpopularity of the subject they wanted to confront their fans with.

The album was entitled "Unborn Child," and the rock duo paid to produce the disc themselves. The title song is a touching appeal to mothers everywhere to consider before hand their actions if contemplating an abortion. Many rock stations refused to play the song, and yet its only seemingly offensive nature was an appeal for life.

*Oh, little baby, you'll never cry, nor will you hear a sweet lullaby.
Oh, unborn child, if you only knew, just what your mamma is plannin' to do.*

You're still a-clingin' to the tree of life, but soon you'll be cut off before you get ripe.

Oh, unborn child, beginning to grow, inside your mamma, but you'll never know.

Oh, tiny bud that grows in the womb, only to be crushed before you can bloom.

Momma, stop! Turn around, go back, think it over.

Stop! Turn around, go back, think it over. Stop! Turn around, go back, think it over.

Oh, no, mamma, just let it be, you'll never regret it, just wait and see.

Think of all the great ones who gave everything that we might have life here, so please bear the pain.

The battle against abortion is far from over. But the battle to end the use of abortion as a means of birth control and the slaughter of hundreds of unborn and live born children every year must be won. The termination of the life of one human being can only be justified when it brings with certainty the death of its creator — the mother, or in such inhuman cases as rape or incest.

Were that the situation in most or all abortions, the outrage would no doubt be muted.

But who will ever know how many Albert Einsteins, Michelangelos, Thomas Edisons, Abraham Lincolns or George Washingtons the world will never know because one more unborn child was murdered.

Heard and Seen

By POP STORY

Arriving on Main Street here Saturday afternoon after the Christmas parade had begun, I parked my car at the lower end of Main Street where I watched the parade as it "turned around" and started back up the street. I wasn't alone by any means as all parking areas were occupied by onlookers. John Corbett, Walter Harrell and I patiently and coolly stood on the street as the parade slowly returned from the upper end of the street. Also arriving too late to join the parade, Clyde Roberts and his beautiful horse joined the crowd.

The parade was impressive and certainly was responsible for a large crowd being in town on a clear but chilly afternoon. The Merchants Association is to be commended for sponsoring the event. The lead car bore Sheriff Ponder and the town officials and the last unit in the parade was one of the four fire trucks bearing Santa Claus.

The Madison Seminary float was real nice and the Madison High Marching Band looked sharp. Various "queens" and organizations participated and everyone seemed to enjoy the parade. Congratulations to Clifton Cook, deputy and jailer, for

going a good job in "directing traffic" at the lower end of the street, and to all those who helped make the parade a success.

It doesn't seem possible that it has been 40 years since Pearl Harbor. But it's true that Monday of this week marked the 40th anniversary of the attack which occurred on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941. I shall never forget that Sunday when President Franklin D. Roosevelt announced to the nation that Japanese planes had attacked and destroyed Pearl Harbor. "Bill" and I were then living in Roanoke Rapids, N.C., where I was employed at the Roanoke Rapids Herald Printing and Publishing Company. How time does fly!

With the installation of the Christmas decorations on Main Street, we get the feeling that Christmas spirit is increasing as shoppers are beginning to look for presents and gifts. Several of the local businessmen state that business is "picking up" and for the next two weeks is expected to increase. Before going elsewhere to look for gifts, why not look first with your local merchants?



Living and Growing

Be A Friend To Yourself

By CARL MUMPOWER, M.S.W.

Asheville Counseling Center

Most everyone's heard that we all need friends. But have you ever done much thinking about what kind of friends we might need? When I speak of friends in this context, I'm really talking about sources of support. Things that lend us a helping hand as we live our lives and cope with the ins and outs that go with that endeavor. This list of potential friends is long.



Carl Mumpower

Memories can be a good friend. Being able to look back over your life and mentally recall some of the special things that have occurred, the unusual opportunities that you've experienced, and the fonder times can have a steady effect. Regardless of how tough today is, some of the good leftover tastes of

yesterday can help you keep your head above water.

Memories, most especially the good ones, can be a good friend. And one more thing about your memory friends, they're dependable in that they're one of the few things in

life that no one can ever take away from you.

Love can also be a good friend. Not so much the kind you receive, but the kind you give. It seems that when we give love, freely, without expectation of a return, that we get back even more than we put in. This friend is special, in that when we are at our lowest and loneliest, we can call on this fellow to pull us out. Like a good pair of shoes, the more we use this friend, the better we feel. There's no bank in town that can compete with the return that our friend love can give us, when we give him.

Goals are another buddy many of us could use. Without goals, and the focus and direction they provide, it's pretty difficult to get on top of life. Casting our fate to the winds may make nice words for a song, but for most of us it's a

guarantee of winding up somewhere we don't want to be doing something we don't want to do. When we embrace this friend, we up our chances of living a meaningful life filled with purpose and accomplishment. This friend opens our eyes and gives us the courage of conviction. Anything that can do that is indeed a special friend.

When talking about potential friends, we certainly wouldn't want to leave people off our list. Good people, meaning ones that make an effort to be honest with you, supportive of you, and in tune with you, can make the best of friends. Unfortunately, it's often difficult to tell a true person type friend. As a rule, true people friends are those who exult in your growth and accomplishment rather than be threatened by it. They'll care enough to tell you what you need to hear vs. what you want to hear. They'll also be available to you in the inconvenient as well as convenient times.

Then, finally, we come to the most important friend of all, ourselves. Without this friend, all of the others are robbed of their ability to help as they may. Without this friend, life loses its luster and meaning. Without this friend, we can never truly find our potential for happiness and fulfillment.

Of all the friendships one must have, a friendship with oneself is the most important, and unfortunately most often neglected. For those who choose to be their own best friend, and love on their own terms, while living a life of quality and depth, the potential for a good life is unlimited.

The People Ask

Letters To The Editor

A Unique Christmas Gift

Editor:

With the dazzle of Christmas shopping, it is easy to forget the reason that we celebrate this one day more joyfully than all others.

In remembering that it is Christ's birthday, we might also ask ourselves what gifts He would choose for people in His community. Even more appropriately, what gifts might He ask us to give?

Surely His first response would be to give to those in need, for this is how He lived His life. Those of us who feel called by this tradition have a way of doing that right here in our county.

The People Ask is a weekly feature of The News Record. The public is invited to submit questions on any local subject. The News Record will endeavor to provide answers. Persons may submit their questions by calling 649-2741 or by mailing them to The People Ask, The News Record, P.O. Box 369, Marshall, N.C. 28753.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Neighbors In Need, a volunteer group dedicated to the purpose of helping those in need, is offering small greeting cards with the following message: "As a Christmas gift, a donation has been made in your name to Neighbors In Need." An explanation of the purpose of the group will also be enclosed.

What a lovely way to give a gift, and at the same time assist our friends and neighbors. Please keep this in mind as you write your Christmas shopping list.

Jerry Plemmons
Marshall, N.C.

Youth Appreciation Week

Editor:

The Optimist Sponsored Youth Appreciation Day was such a success last year that the Club is planning to sponsor this event again this year. The week's activities will be scheduled in a similar manner as last year.

The students will assume their new jobs on Dec. 8 in each of the county as well as local governmental offices; such as post master, mayor,

sheriff, commissioner, etc. This will give these young people an inside look at the responsibilities and duties of the leaders of this county.

The Optimist Club would appreciate your cooperation in helping make this year's program as successful as last.

Tom G. Wallis, president
Madison Optimist Club



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G. NICHOLAS HANCOCK, Editor

JEAN BLANKENSHIP, Office Mgr. JULIA WILLIAMS, Advertising Manager

JAMES I. STORY, Columnist

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