

Editorial

Faircloth Commercial Gives Voters The Silent Treatment

No one has ever suggested that a political candidate could present his or her platform in a 30-second television commercial. Most of the televised pitches to which audiences are subjected are little more than polished attempts to get the candidate's name across to the voting public.

Democratic gubernatorial candidate Lauch Faircloth, however, has taken the short spot a step further with his latest commercial. In a spot that has been making the rounds for the past week, Faircloth is shown shaking hands with factory workers, smiling a lot and slapping a bumper sticker on the rear of a tractor trailer, all to the tune of a strumming guitar.

Not a word is spoken until the final moments of the commercial, when an announcer proclaims, "Lauch Faircloth for Governor. Success for North Carolina."

Mr. Faircloth undoubtedly spent a lot of money to put his spot on the air. He's free to put across any sort of message he wishes in his attempt to win the Democratic nomination. It

seems to us, however, that these silent spots won't do much to win the many Tar Heel voters who want to know a candidate's position on the issues before giving him their vote. Shaking hands and smiling are talents every successful politician must master. A candidate for governor had better have more going for him than the ability to glad hand with the voters.

If the silent spots should work for Faircloth, look for some of the other potential nominees to begin broadcasting "Where do you stand, Lauch?" spots in the near future.

On the other hand, should the spots prove successful, Tar Heel television viewers will be able to watch their favorite programs without being bombarded with political pitches in which candidates promise the moon and stars in 30-seconds.

If the use of music should prove capable of swaying voters, we can expect the political campaign to produce televised videos in which candidates strut their stuff to the sounds of rock and roll. Ronald Reagan can be glad Michael Jackson's too young to run for president.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



I MISS SEEING LEWIS THOMAS

I still miss seeing and speaking to Lewis Thomas, of Marshall, who died January 10. Nearly every day we would speak as we passed on the sidewalk. We were also members of the Whithurst Sunday School class at the First Baptist Church here. It doesn't seem the same without Lewis. I miss him.

CLAUDE DAVIS IS VALUABLE

There are several men in Marshall who are always interested in the youth softball teams, but no greater friend does the Marshall Trojans team have than Claude Davis. He is dedicated to the youth and deposit his physical handicap, is always active in promoting projects to benefit the softball program. Claude is an asset to Marshall and this community.

In last week's column, a line was left out during makeup. The technique referred to without reference had to do with the use of sealants to prevent tooth decay in hard to reach areas. For more information on the technique, consult your dentist or call Dr. John Betz-Ellis of the Hot Springs Dental Clinic.

HARD TO IMAGINE

It's hard to imagine that some 270 persons camped out in front of the Asheville Civic Center Friday night to buy tickets for the March 30 concert by the country rock group, Alabama. Two Candler teenagers were the first fans in line as early as Wednesday awaiting the start of the ticket sale at the box office Saturday. The campers, mostly teenage girls, kept dry by setting up their lawn chairs under an overhang. To pass the time, they played cards, talked and listened to tapes. That's what I call "Alabama crazy".

CONGRATULATIONS, "TIM"

Timothy Lankford Storey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lankford M. Storey of Botany Drive in Asheville, has been awarded a full-tuition Grayson Scholarship to attend Mars Hill College this fall. Storey is a senior at Reynolds High School.

Tim is the son of my nephew, "Skip" and his wife, Janice, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ramsey of Marshall.

Tim was also the offensive center of the great Reynolds Rockets football team this past season. I wonder if he'll be a "walk-on" for the Mars Hill Lions next season?



Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN

Memory is one of man's greatest assets. It is also one of his most able servants. The sad part is that this servant is totally unreliable.

Memory means different things to different people and does all sorts of things for a variety of people.

Whatever else it may be, memory is life's rear-view mirror. For some, it is a source of great personal pride because they can remember so well. "It was 40 years ago," we hear one say, "but I remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday."

We may have to question that. Memory may be a source of dynamic encouragement. We recall difficult times and how we lived through them; we recall experiences of near despair and how some supportive friend stood by our side. These memories give us courage and hope.

Memory may be a catalyst for deep depression, especially among old people. Some recall opportunities they met in a brighter, younger day, opportunities they permitted to pass unclaimed. Remember-

ing makes them remorseful and sad.

Memories may also serve to frighten them with knowledge that their time is rapidly running out, that life has been so long and seemed so short behind but little of it remains ahead. It can be agonizingly depressing.

Whatever the content of memory may be, memory itself is altogether unreliable. Because of this, countless misconceptions plague us; and we live with them every day, treating them as if they were reality.

Consider the matter of remembering distance.

I was 14 years old before I traveled outside Dale County, Alabama, where I was born. At that age, I rode a Model T Ford which had been made into a pickup from Ozark, Alabama, to Marianna, Florida, in Jackson County. Because the radiator leaked and we had to rewater it at least two dozen times, it took all day to make the trip.

"I remember as well as if it were yesterday" what a very long trip that was — such a

great distance! My memory is so "clear" that it now seems incredible that Ozark and Marianna were only about 65 miles apart.

What I remember is my perception and that faulty perception was based on my not having traveled before. All anyone can ever remember is his perception, and that perception is very often wrong.

In my counseling, I have faced many people whose attitude toward their parents is not only negative but also hostile.

Early on, no doubt, the child remembered wanting something his parents denied him. ("They don't like me.") Maybe he was spanked for something he only partially understood. ("They hate me.") Possibly an older or younger child was given something that was withheld from him for reasons the parents clearly understood at the time. ("They are not fair.")

It really does not require too much of this breakdown in communication to constitute an unhappy childhood. The

child never fully understood the true feelings and attitude and purpose of the parents. Therefore, these misconceptions and deep feelings of rejection and resentment were woven into the personality — and there is a generation gap.

Several years ago, some other family members and I were discussing our childhood in the presence of our mother. I was then telling how my mother used to "wear me out" when I was growing up.

My memory was "so keen" that I even recalled the reason we never had any more peaches than we did: "Mother wore out the peach trees on me."

Mother remembered the circumstances of my upbringing differently and reported on it pointedly: "I didn't do any such thing!"

Memory can produce either joy or sorrow; either of these may come as the result of misconceptions. What it should produce is a spirit of humility. Then we could at least, in our certitude, allow for the possibility of our being mistaken.

Living And Growing



By CARL MUMPOWER, MSW
The Asheville Counseling Center

Friday was a rough day. For starters, I had a teenage patient tell me about how his father in earlier years had taken enjoyment from telling him he was no good. Before his death, the father had convinced the boy that he was right.

Next came the mother who thought discipline was something unique to the Marines. She let her three children run the home with the idea of allowing them to develop their own identity. Doing such with young children is a guarantee of disaster, and her situation is no exception. True, her kids are developing a sense of individuality. Unfortunately, it's based on resistance, immaturity, selfishness, and insecurity, and it's likely to remain so throughout their lifetimes.

Finally, on my way home that evening, I passed no less than three groups of young adolescents roaming the streets. With adolescents, there's a choice only between constructive or destructive involvements. There is no in-between. One can pretty well speculate as to which direction a bunch of unsupervised teenagers prowling at midnight is going to take. In this case, the parents either don't care, or they don't know what the heck they're doing.

Being a parent isn't a temporary or part-time position. You're either in it, or you're not. If you're not, then you're going to avoid issues, pursue impulsive directions, and inconsistently address the needs of your children. If you're committed to doing it right,

you're going to make mistakes, but the theme will be more toward success than failure.

Don't be deceived. Mature and secure kids don't come from chaotic homes. By the same token, you don't often see a disruptive, insecure, and confused young person coming from a wonderful home environment. We all make mistakes as a parent, that's part of the game. But consistent mistakes, with an unwillingness to seek solutions or consider change, that's a whole other ball game. I'll tip my hat anytime to a parent that tries hard, makes mistakes, and grows on.

No one has all the answers to being the ideal parent. The people who write the books and the professionals who

teach the skills can't even seem to come to the same consensus. We do know, however, that love, concern, and consistent effort can make up for a lot of mistakes in our approaches to parenting. Like any sport, good technique is only part of the game. Energy, enthusiasm, and serious commitment are equally important.

Please don't delude yourself into believing that you can be a part-time parent. There's no such thing. If you can't or won't take the effort to treat that responsibility seriously, then pass the job on to someone else. After all, parenting is only five percent a matter of genetics and blood. The other ninety-five percent is made up of love, effort, and commitment.

Letters To The Editor

Readers Say Give Wild A Chance

Dear Editor:
As a rule I have found your reporting to be informative, and I would not miss an issue of the paper. However, I disagree with your attack against the town officials in regards to the open meetings law, and feel you could put your time and talent to better use.

These people are working for free. Three of them have businesses to run and the other has been knocking himself out at his own expense to overcome the many problems we have with our water system. Every day they are faced with the unexpected,

and must get together as best they can. Although I have been unsettled and unconvinced about the drastic change in our leadership, the fact remains they are the only leadership we have. I care about Marshall, and I'm keeping my eye on them. But, as a taxpayer, I

want my monies worth. So, I hope they continue to get together wherever, however, and whenever they can as often as they can, meeting notice or no meeting notice.
Sincerely,
Richard Kingston

Dear Editor:
Since "the old Jamaican saying" followed your letter o protest to Mrs. Wild, there no doubt in any reader's mind as to why it was put in that spot. I feel like an apology is the only way to correct it.
Other cities have speed limits, why not Marshall? As for running the red light, he

certainly would have gotten a ticket in Asheville. When I got a ticket, the policeman told me if the light had been green and turned yellow while I was under it, I should keep going, but since it was yellow and turned red, I'd had it - and I got it, \$15 worth.

As a rule, people don't like changes so they immediate

fight against them or complain. How do you know if something will work until you try it? I have seen very little change in Marshall in the past 50 years, so it's time new blood and new ideas moved in. John Dodson is to be commended for taking an interest in Marshall. I'd like to see more young people get involved,

because Marshall could be a beautiful town. If the people will work with Mrs. Wild, I believe a big improvement will be made.

Yours truly,
Margaret Morrow
Asheville N.C.

Dear Bob:
I especially enjoyed your handling and editorial in our February 8th edition of Marshall's mayor and town government as regards the Open Meetings Law.
I would like to believe they are acting out of ignorance since many of these changes you cited they have made in town government appear to have been for the better.
However, keep their feet to the fire. Keep up the good work.
Sincerely,
Mike O'Neal
Columbus

Thanks, Mars Hill VFD

Dear Sir:
We wish to express sincere gratitude and appreciation to the Mars Hill Fire Department for their quick response and professional services rendered during the February

6th fire at our home on Smith Creek Road. Truly the Mars Hill Fire Department is an asset of immeasurable value to the citizens of this community.
Harvey and Florie Rude
Mars Hill

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