

Editorial

# Democracy Is Alive And Well In Madison County

Two hundred and eight years after our revolutionary forefathers declared these United States an independent nation, the ideal of democracy they espoused is alive and well. We need look no further than our county court house for proof that the ideals the founding fathers fought for are still thriving.

This past Monday night, more than 100 Laurel residents expressed their displeasure in being split from voters in other sections of their community. Earlier, the county commissioners voted to create a new election precinct by splitting the Laurel township into two parts.

Apparently, many of the voters of the precinct were not notified of the commissioners' plans. The commissioners themselves waited until their June 4 meeting was about to close before passing the measure.

When the Laurel voters found out their precinct had been subdivided, they wasted no time in registering their displeasure. Petitions, signed by some 530 residents, were presented to the commissioners Monday night.

Faced with such organized opposition to their plan, the commissioners have called for another public hearing to further discuss the division. We are certain that the Madison County Court House will be packed to the rafters next Monday when a decision on the division is expected.

It may well be, as the commission chairman suggests, that many voters in Laurel would like to see the precinct split. If they are serious about it, we would suggest they attend the meeting and make their opinion heard.

If, however, the voters seeking to return Laurel precinct to its original form should again prove to be in the majority, we believe that the commissioners have no alternative but to bow to the will of the people and restore the precinct to its former dimensions.

The Laurel residents who attended Monday's meeting are to be congratulated. In petitioning their elected officials for redress of a legitimate grievance, they have demonstrated that the ideal of democracy our forefathers planned is still a part of the American political system.

# Heard And Seen

By POP STORY

## THANKS TO ALL OF YOU

The past week has partially been spent reflecting upon my experiences in Memorial Mission Hospital during and following surgery on June 19 to eliminate blockage of two arteries in the left side of my neck.

Fortunately, the operation was successful and I am slowly but surely recovering at home under the watchful care of my wife. I have nicknamed her 'Warden Bill' because she sees to it that I obey my doctor's orders.

As I've previously stated, it is difficult to write a 'Heard and Seen' column while I'm on a restricted schedule dictated by my doctors. I hope I will soon be able to get out and hear and see more of what's going on.

Before closing the chapter on my hospitalization, I again wish to thank all those who have been so helpful and encouraging.

I also wish to thank all the nurses at Memorial Mission for their splendid services, especially Brenda Hyatt of Asheville, who volunteered to stay with me in the recovery room past her regular hours of duty. Thanks, Brenda.

More than 50 'get-well' cards from individuals, plus cards and flowers from several organizations including the Marshall Lions Club, the ladies of the Oak Hill Baptist Church, the Marshall Book Club, the Sunday School class of the Marshall First Baptist Church and the Madison County Department of Social Services were greatly appreciated.

Thanks again to all of you.

## OUTSTANDING RECORD

Kelly Davis of Marshall was recognized during Sunday's worship services at the First Baptist Church of Marshall for his outstanding record of perfect attendance at Sunday School for 35 years. The record means that Kelly has not missed a single Sunday for 1,820 consecutive weeks.

This certainly proves his faithfulness and his blessing of good health. Congratulations, Kelly.



# Living And Growing

By CARL MUMPOWER, M.S.W. The Asheville Counseling Center

"This Is Your Life" Ever catch yourself remarking about how you can't wait until this thing is over or that time has come? Or how about waiting anxiously for Fridays and dreading Mondays? Do you spend your now time worrying or wondering about tomorrow time? Odds are you do at least a little bit of this kind of living, and in doing so, lose out on a great deal of the real meat of your life.

things of our life, because we realize that they are going to be followed by not so pleasant things. We worry so much about what's coming or not coming, that we sometimes live in dread and emptiness today. Heck, folks, this is your life. It's like your only life. It's sad to think about how much of it we waste. Your work for example makes up approximately a third of your day. Who the devil wants to waste one third of your day being frustrated and resentful because you have to work? The answer is that many of us look at our work this way. We spend more energy fighting work than in doing work, and in the process lose out on a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. Working feeds not only financially, but emotionally as well.

We lose those potentially good feelings, however, if we, like man, gripe, complain, and resist the reality of work. Those who make work their friend, tend to find some of that pleasure. Think of all the things in your life that you dread. Likely those things make up a major portion of your day. You, like many of us, are spending a lot of your precious time moaning and groaning, in place of accepting things as they are, dealing with that we can change, and relaxing with the process. How often, for example, have you found yourself madly rushing in your car to get to somewhere only to have to wait. A truly full life is one where goals are sought, but also one where the process of reaching those goals is enjoyed. Always living in anticipation of hap-

piness, escape, or freedom is a hollow and empty illusion that robs us of precious time. Soak it up. There's beauty and specialness all around you. Those of you with a military history could probably testify as to how the little things, like one of mom's meals or a chance to pet the dog, can have real significance. So much of what you and I resist, ignore, or take for granted has special potential. Like anything with potential, it requires recognition, energy, and openness to be effectively tapped. Hey you, open up those eyeballs. This is your life, all of the good and bad and big and small. Don't live it in brief chunks. Every single minute, regardless of the circumstances, has a gift for you. Open your hands and eyes and receive it...



# Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN

The time has now arrived for something to occur that has never happened before. For that reason, I feel duty bound to warn you.

An American citizen will be tried in a court of law by twelve of his peers on two counts of murder. The defendant will be found guilty on both counts. So far, this is not unheard of; but the penalty will be new.

On one count, Hizzoner will sentence the poor soul to death by lethal injection; on the other count, to life in prison. Hizzoner will also decree that the two sentences must be served consecutively—in that order!

Please don't smile. The people who are responsible for justice in our society are right now doing things just as devoid of intelligence.

How about the judge who recently sentenced a man to "life in prison plus twenty years"?

Another judge sentenced the criminal to two life sentences—"both sentences to run concurrently."

Recently in a pre-trial hearing in Utah—where the defendant does not have to appear—a defense lawyer, on behalf of his client, pleaded "extremely not guilty." Whatever that means! I always thought that the accused either did it or did not do it. I never have figured out how one can go to the extreme in not doing something.

Is it little wonder that a lawyer who is that confused can confuse an intelligent witness?

The district attorney cross-examines a witness; his defense attorney objects. Hizzoner sustains the objection. Then the district attorney says, "Your Honor, I'm simply trying to determine if in fact he was at the scene of the crime on the day of the crime."

Look at those words "in fact." If the accused were there, he was either there "in fact" or "out of fact." Nobody can be anywhere "out of fact"; therefore, the term "in fact" is always

redundant. It serves no purpose, and it has no meaning—ever.

Lawyers, on and off the bench, are not the only people whose behavior is difficult for me to understand.

Having believed as long as I have that we live in a civilized society, and the American culture is rapidly advancing, I am shocked by the sign, "Shoes and Shirt Required." I never blame the owner of the restaurant who has to post the sign on his door.

I worry about those people who are as intelligent as you and I, and some of them are well "educated", who have not learned any sense of the appropriate. I'm talking about those thoughtless, inconsiderate people who respect neither themselves nor others enough to dress appropriately when they go out to eat.

If the lawyer makes no sense by what he says and the judge is ridiculous in what he does, well, move over, Justice Department; here you have some company.

On the other hand, I may be a victim of my upbringing. I was taught that straightforward speech is a virtue and that actions should be based on reason and logic.

I was also taught to respect other people whether or not I respect myself, and that the best way to respect others is to respect myself first. I still believe that.

In our home where food was never extravagant and sometimes was not plentiful, the table was as sacred as an altar. The food on that table not only sustained our bodies, but represented a good God's blessings to us. By consuming that food, we admitted our dependence on Him and accepted our individual roles in a fellowship of sharing.

Did I say "victim of my upbringing"? I meant to say "beneficiary."

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# Steve Ferguson

I guess you've heard the news by now. It's not a pretty thing to talk or write about, it may even sicken some weak stomachs or cause even the strongest man to bang his head and whimper. It's a dirty job, but someone's got to say it. Captain Kangaroo is leaving television. Now there's a man who didn't lie, cheat, steal or take drugs. He was clean, he was tough, he was the captain. He wasn't like all those other kiddie shows who made kids think life is all merriment in garbage cans and snarl-neck over-sized birds. Yes, the captain was a good man who prepared us

youngsters for life in the real world. I remember the time he had a mock nuclear attack on his show, running around frantically and telling viewers to kiss Mommy goodbye and hide all the important papers. Meanwhile, Mr. Green Jeans pretended he was thrown up against the barn door by a superhot nuclear wind. They were such kidders. While other children's shows were showing kids playing in daisy fields and riding ponies, the captain was teaching us how to seriously hurt any attacker. One of his most remembered shows will be the one titled "101 ways to fight and kill an opponent." Then there was the one on firearms. Mr. Moose proudly displayed his newly-bought .357 Magnum, which he bought after seeing a "Dirty Harry" movie. Then the cast got together and had a shooting match, the captain winning, of course. That was the great thing about the man. He was practical, teaching us what we needed to know to get through life, not through art class. Sometimes the captain would take the camera on trips with him. It would be just like you were in the driver's seat beside him, riding along with him in his Forester 944. He showed which brand of flashlight was most effective in detecting police radar, how to do doughnuts on pavement,

and how to play chicken and win. I bet the captain will go down in history as the master of defensive driving. I'll miss the old guy, and I bet you will too. As a final tribute to his last season, here's my tribute to him, and it is sung the same way as his program's music. Good morning captain, yes you got me out of bed, I think you've been drinking, you nose is really red, Good morning captain, your smile is always bright, You got paid yesterday morning, You must've played poker last night, Hey, good morning, I learned how to hot wire cars from you, Good morning captain, good morning. Playboy's in the mailbox, I guess that really makes the day for you. The captain was one tough dude.

# Budget

Continued From Page 1

Register of Deeds office collected \$3,071.50 and the Clerk of Superior Court collected \$4,145. The county building inspector collected \$1,527 during June. Collection figures from the county Emergency Medical Service were unavailable. The county commissioners are scheduled to meet next Monday night at 7:30 p.m. to hear public comment on the division of the Laurel township.

