

Editorial

Sammy Lunsford Was Right

Sammy Lunsford had the right idea. When the Marshall Board of Aldermen voted to hire Herschel Cox as the town's new chief of police on July 5, Lunsford opposed the appointment and suggested that the town sit down and negotiate with former Marshall police officer Carlie Gunter. Lunsford suggested the job be offered to Gunter before the town hires a new chief and we agree with him.

Gunter, you will recall, has filed a \$350,000 lawsuit against the town and town officials in connection with his dismissal from the Marshall police force. The dismissal of the 18-year police veteran was the first act of Mayor Wild's administration.

The revelation that the new police chief was arrested on felony charges just two days prior to his appointment leaves the town officials who supported Cox's appointment with egg on their faces.

If Marshall town officials are embarrassed by the decision, they'll receive no sympathy from this quarter. Had they publicly announced their intention to hire a police chief, they may have attracted a more suitable candidate than Cox.

We would join Sammy Lunsford in encouraging the mayor to sit down with Gunter and discuss their differences. A settlement of the

dispute at this time could save Marshall a costly legal battle down the road. It might also help return order to Main Street after dark.

There are those who would oppose Gunter's return for various reasons. Any law officer that does his job properly will make enemies in the course of 18 years. While opposition to Gunter's reappointment may be strong, even his most vehement opponents must admit that Marshall did not have a problem with vandalism and break-ins when Carlie Gunter was on the job.

Not only was vandalism unknown, there were no high-speed or long distance chases, no policemen scuffling with town officials, no crowds of young people on Main Street after midnight and no public drinking in cars on Marshall streets.

While we would encourage Gunter's appointment, we don't look for it to happen any time in the near future.

In order to rehire Gunter, the mayor would have to admit that she had made a mistake. Throughout the first seven months of her administration— from special meetings which violated the Open Meetings Law to budget-busting expenditures to the latest debacle with the new police chief, the mayor has displayed an aversion to crow pie.



Steve Ferguson

Rise And Shine?

If I didn't have to get out of bed every morning, my days would get off to a much better start.

I usually don't stay asleep until the alarm radio goes off. It might be a sweet little birdie that wakes me up with an industrial strength CHIRP! CHIRP, DARNIT! CHIRP!

It might be kids who have discovered 101 ways to make their dog bark in pain.

It might be mom on an early-morning household dirt hunt, vacuuming filth wherever it hides.

No matter how I wake up in the morning, my first thought is: "Okay Steve, let's just kill whoever made that noise, then get back to bed." But my normal senses take over, and I realize that I would have to go to jail for murder, and who can get a good night's sleep in

there? I try the old pillow over the ears trick.

After laying there for five minutes, looking like Ricky Ricardo in an "I Love Lucy" rerun, I try turning on the radio to drown out the bothering noise. But they do weird things on early morning radio stations.

For instance, one station has a dating service in which callers give their personality traits and ask to be matched up with other people who have called in. One man described himself as a "big toe man," saying big toes on women turned him on. I'm supposed to be getting some sleep listening to a man who gets excited walking through the foot care section at the drug store.

After shutting off the snooze button for the 23rd time, trying every position possible to get comfortable and imagin-

ing every excuse possible to not get up, I finally realize: "Okay, Steve, you're going to have to get out of bed today. You can't avoid it."

So, after standing up, wiping the scum out of my eyes and finding my ugliest t-shirt and pants, I stumble into the bathroom. My hair looks like it has been stuck in a food processor all night. My lips are chapped from snoring and my mouth tastes like a wagon train ran through it (if you get my drift).

Me in the morning is not a pretty sight.

Then it's to the breakfast table, where I prepare myself a nourishing morning meal of milk, a multivitamin and Little Debbie's. But let's not get fat, I've got to work off those calories, right?

I got my exercise this morn-

ing by slumping in the chair and watching Richard Simmons bounce around.

"That's looks like it might be good for me" I thought. So I jogged from the easy chair to the bathroom. It was great, and I was so exhausted by the time I got there.

Then, after brushing the wagon train out of my mouth, shaving the razor stubble off of my face (I wouldn't really call it a beard), showering and putting my clothes on, I'm ready to meet the world. I am wide awake, totally mentally alert and prepared for the modern world and all its challenges.

As I leave the bathroom, I walk by the bedroom and see the soft bed that held me in its warm sheets of protection all night long.

Maybe just five more minutes.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



PART OF THE EARLY arrivals at the Department of Social Services Building here last Saturday morning are shown waiting to receive federal surplus cheese, butter and other commodities. The free distributions were held from 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Households eligible to participate were: Food Stamp Recipients certified for the month of July and Households whose gross monthly income is below the federal income level. More than 600 households participated at the event.



SMOOTH AT LAST, and yet unmarked, is the Walnut Creek Drive with its new asphalt surface. It is considered as one of Marshall's most needed improvements.

Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN



Please don't make your feet sore by jumping at conclusions when I tell you that I have a bulging wallet. There is no money at all in the wallet, and there most likely will be none at all anytime you see me. I simply do not carry money.

Nevertheless, I had to clean out my wallet today, and it seemed that you might like to know what a sometime-sane man carries in his pocket.

Since I am a registered pack rat, and use my wallet for storage, let's see what we can find...

On this little card is a quote by Viscount Stanley: "Nothing is so dangerous as efficiency headed in the wrong direction."

Here are the measurements of a cover for a 1960 American Standard water closet. If I don't find a cover somewhere, I'll have to make one. These things are hard to find.

This is the address of a man I last saw in 1944. Until recently, I had heard from him only once, in 1966. He relocated me, somehow, and called from Nashville week before last. Since that time, he has sent

me an LP album he recently produced.

This note is about Doug Duncan—the editor of a newspaper in the small town of Shelton, Nebraska. He said,

"You know you are in a small town when you don't have to signal when you start to turn—everybody knows where you are going anyway!"

On this pink slip, I find Lee Lehmann, who publishes The Quartzite Crystal in Quartzite, Ariz. He gathers the news, and sells advertisements, sets the type, runs the press, and delivers the

item from Knightdale, a small town just east of Raleigh.

What should we call that—a one-man operation, or freedom with the press?

This next card reminds me of that Rumpelstiltskin in German folklore was a dwarf who saved the life of a girl who had married a king, by spinning for her a fabulous amount of flax, demanding in return her first child. The dwarf releases her from her promise when she guesses his name.

I have here a notice from an insurance company suggesting that I check the

beneficiary on my policy and keep it up to date. Since I still have the same wife—and she is still very much up to date, I'll just put this remainder in File 13.

Look at this—a clipping from a Duke Power publication. It says that if my water heater is set on 150 degrees, and if one faucet drips one drop per second for a month, I will waste 192 gallons of water, use 48 kilowatt hours of electricity, and pay \$2.84 for heating the wasted drops.

I am puzzled by this news item from Knightdale, a small town just east of Raleigh:

"Jack Ass Road, once an embarrassment to many townfolks, has inspired a festival to honor the stubborn, homely creature. But there is one problem: lack of jackasses." So far, there is nothing puzzling about that.

What puzzles me is that since Raleigh is only ten miles away, they do not go over to the State Legislative Building and get all they need. There certainly are plenty of them over there!

Here is a recipe for old-fashioned ginger cake my

80-year-old Aunt Ruth gave me. She said that, so far as she can determine, it is the same recipe Grandma used to make gingerbread. (How well I remember that gingerbread!)

One and one-half teaspoon soda, one-half cup sugar, one cup sugar, cane syrup or sorghum molasses, four tablespoons of buttermilk, one-half cup shortening, one egg, ginger to taste, and one-fourth teaspoon salt. With hands, work in enough flour to make stiff dough.

Of course, Grandma never used these measures. She used a pinch, a little, just a dab, a tad, a smidgen, and a right smart.

With the exception of the recipe, most of this debris could be thrown away, and the world would be no worse for its loss. However, this last tiny strip of paper has something the whole world need. It simply says, "Matthew 7:12—In everything, do unto others what you would have them do to you, for this sums up the Law and the prophets."

I'll put that back into my wallet.

Living And Growing

By CARL MUMPOWER

They say that blood is thicker than water. The implication being that one's commitment to one's family is more powerful than most other influences. There's probably some truth to the saying, but should it necessarily be that way?

Fact is there's a lot of hostile stuff that goes on in this world in the name of family. Many be the mother who has lied, misled, or deceived in the name of protecting a lost son. The classic example occurs frequently in divorce situations. Almost always, the husband's family sides with him, while the wife's family sides with her. What might have been a good in-law relationship during marriage, too often becomes a hateful and empty war following separation. It's a sad predicament.

Folks, this family he thinking can be served up with a great deal of bitterness. How can any of us take the position that being a distant relative or neighbor? How can any of us support a family

member that is doing wrong that we wouldn't accept in a non-family member? Blood in no way releases us of our responsibility to stand by right and truth. To the contrary, we carry a greater responsibility to our family that makes right and truth doubly important. Blind eyes are not loving eyes. Sure, we should stick by our

families. But not to the exclusion of sound judgement and maturity. Let's face it, there are many ill-willed and destructive people in this world. Some of them are un-doubtably parts of our own families. We should care enough to try to help and support. Never, however, should we use "family" as a lame ex-

1969 Revisited: Let's Go Mets!

By ROBERT KOENIG

The calendar may say it's 1968, but the National League East standings say it's 1969 all over again. For perennial favorites the New York Mets and the Chicago Cubs, are still in the first place.

They are the top scorers in the National League. To date, the Mets lead the Cubs by 10 1/2 games.

Dwight Gooden, struck out the side during his performance in the All Star game. Gooden seems destined for Rookie of the Year honors.

Should Gooden faller in the second half, the award will likely go to teammate Ron Darling.

The lowly Chicago Cubs, who haven't won a World Series since Theodore Roosevelt was president, are still in contention at the season's midway point, carried on the strength of a pair of youngsters, Ryan Sandberg and Bob Derue.

The Cubs' traditional June slump failed to arrive this year, giving hope to their long-suffering fans.

to the June swoon, look for the Cubs to put an August Bust together and fade from sight. Met fans hope the Cubs can remain in contention long enough to hold the rest of the aging NL East teams at bay through September.

When the Mets managed to keep their heads above 500 in the early going, it appeared they were one player away from contention. With trades to obtain pitchers Bruce Berenyi and Willie Fernandez and the return of catcher John Stearns, the Mets may have helped themselves to half a pennant. Should the Mets arrive at the playoffs in October, don't look for any of the western division contenders to stop them. The Mets have

played the west like they owned them all year.

New York was a magical place back in 1969. The Amazing Mets took normally sophisticated New Yorkers by storm, creating a crazed metropolis of baseball fans devoted to the occupants of Shea Stadium. At the height of Met frenzy, a man shot his wife for turning the ball game off the family television set. A month after the World Series, New Yorkers re-elected John Lindsay mayor because he was a Met fan.

Fifteen years later, it won't be the same, but it's still bound to be a great show. I'm missing my World Series travel plans early this year.

