

Editorial

The Lady From Queens Is No Archie Bunker

Political campaigns are probably the largest single source of misinformation and it seems that the 1984 campaign will be no exception.

No sooner had Walter Mondale announced his choice of Rep. Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate than the media sought to categorize her. As with many such characterizations, the public is misinformed when told that Ferraro represents a district of Archie Bunkers. Such characterizations are the result of uninformed and sometimes lazy reporters looking to find a quick handle on a candidate.

It is true that Ferraro represents a district in Queens, the fabled home of Mr. Bunker. It is also true that Queens has its share of fumbling bigots such as Bunker, but so does Madison County, Boston and Peoria. Ferraro represents racists and bigots as do all the members of the U.S. Congress.

Ms. Ferraro's district is also composed of blacks, Koreans, Indians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, Columbians, Vietnamese, Cubans, Italians, Irish, Germans, Poles and many other

cultures too numerous to mention. That she can continue to be re-elected from a district with such a diverse makeup is a credit to her political ability.

The polyglot of cultures was in part the basis for the emergence of Archie Bunker-types in Queens. As New Yorkers have long realized from earlier waves of immigrants, it takes time for diverse cultures to be assimilated into American society. Followers of "All In The Family" will recall that even Archie Bunker learned to accept the differences of his neighbors in time.

Ms. Ferraro's home in the fashionable Forest Hill section of Queens is far removed from the row houses that line the streets of her district. Liberal and predominantly Jewish Forest Hills, former home of the U.S. Open tennis tournament is hardly representative of the rest of the district.

To localize the analogy, to equate Forest Hills with Queens would be to equate Biltmore Forest with Asheville. They're both in the same place, but they're light years apart, too.

Mayor Responds To Editorial



Marshall Mayor Betty Wild responded to critical editorial in last week's News Record by posting sign in the window of her Main Street

pool hall. Wild's one-word response was printed below copy of the offending editorial.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



SUDDEN PROMINENCE

It's amazing how within one week some people can become nationally known for various reasons, some admirable, some spectacular and some disgraceful.

Perhaps the most publicized news during the past week was the nomination of Geraldine Ferraro as the Democratic vice presidential candidate. This is an historic event as she is the first woman to be selected by a major party, as a candidate for the second highest honor in our nation.

The most horrifying news story of the past week was the mass murder of 22 people at a McDonald's restaurant in San Ysidro, Calif. Huberty was killed by a police marksman. This has been termed as the most brutal and heinous crimes in our nation's history.

The most sensational story during the past week involved Miss America, 1984, Vanessa Williams, who has been asked by pageant officials to resign her title because she posed two years ago for nude photographs prior to the pageant. Miss Williams, the first black woman to wear the crown, would be the first of the 57 pageant winners to step down.

These three front page stories all occurred within the past week. That's what I call sudden prominence.

THE ELECTRIFIER

"The Electrifier," published monthly by the French Broad Electric Membership Corporation, is always interesting and informative.

Especially interesting is the July issue which features the continuing progress being made on the construction of the Capitola Project in Marshall. The pictures and information were splendid.

"A TOUR OF EUROPE" ENJOYED

Once a year, members of the Marshall Book Club, their spouses and guests enjoy a picnic on the lawn of Leonard and Lib Baker near Walnut. In addition to the meal and fellowship, the featured highlight of the occasion is Bob Terrell, author of more than a dozen books, a humorist, veteran traveler and a popular newspaper columnist.

Bob has hosted many tours to various places around the world, including nine tours of the Holy Land and has traveled extensively with Billy Graham.

This year, Bob was accompanied by his wife, Vivian, and their two sons, Zeke and Jake. Vivian assisted Bob in showing interesting slides of their recent tour of several European countries. By-the-way, Bob is also an expert photographer.

Bob, who has been "the program" for the picnic for the past several years, always amazes me with his expert memory of places he has been and people he has met.

Incidentally, there was 100% attendance of book club members present at the gathering on July 16.

Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN



Since I have what amounts to a phobia about being late, people who are late with no apparent emotional response intrigue me.

I doubt that I have been late more than a half-dozen times in the last fifty years, and my total tardiness probably would not exceed one hour. (True, I have forgotten some appointments; but those I have remembered, I have met on time.)

The people who are usually on time and try to be punctual all the time don't bother me at all when they come puffing into the room with their tongues lolling. That can happen to the best of people, and it frequently does. This column is not written about them.

About a year ago, My Girl and I invited two supposedly mature adults for dinner. They and we agreed on five o'clock, and they said, "We'll be there no later than five." Very well.

Since My Girl is a superb cook, an efficient planner, and a gracious hostess, the food was prepared and the beautiful table was set at ten

minutes until five. At that time, she put the homemade yeast rolls into the oven in order for them to be ready at exactly 5:05.

Five o'clock came and went. No guests. Five-thirty. No guests, no telephone call. At six o'clock, the guests called to say they were on their way but would be "a few minutes" late. At six-thirty, they arrived, in no hurry, having had no trouble, and demonstrating no spirit of apology.

All that excellent food was getting cold; my stomach was getting hungrier, and my fuse was getting short.

Such tardiness when a nice lady invites one to a meal constitutes the purest form of rudeness—unless, of course, there are impediments which the hostess would readily understand.

Then there is the student who regularly comes late to class. You can spot him or her before the first week of school is ended. The teacher has checked the roll and is four minutes (exactly!) into his or her subject matter. It happens! Murgatroid comes slinking into the classroom

like a ruptured duck!

It is hard to teach that student that to cure his unacceptable behavior all he has to do is leave wherever he was just five minutes earlier and travel finally, at the same speed to class. Students hold no monopoly on being late.

The choir has just given the call to worship; remorse, she admitted that the congregation has stood she had been fifteen minutes and sung the doxology; the late, and she promised, "Just paster opens his mouth to say, to make up for it, I'll leave 'Let us pray' and here he comes--walking along as though he is trying to find his way out of the shower stall or trying to push somebody over so that he can have the end of the pew. When that commotion subsides, now the pastor can say, "Let us pray."

Have you ever served on a standing committee with Mr. Snerdmore? Exactly nineteen minutes after the meeting is opened, here he comes. I cannot analyze his expression. He may look tired, bored, or blank, but never interested and never apologetic.

He has to be caught up on what has transpired, and then he has nothing of earth-shaking or soul-searching con-

sequence to contribute to the business at hand.

At least, we can appreciate the secretary who was fifteen minutes late every day until, finally, the boss had enough of that and clouded up and hailed her.

She was so contrite that she apologized sincerely. To show her deep remorse, she admitted that she had been fifteen minutes late, and she promised, "Just make up for it, I'll leave work fifteen minutes early!"

I was reminded of all of this tardiness when My Girl read to me from the paper: "The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mrytle Kinney and the late John M. Kinney."

That points up a great injustice and my Number One Pel 'Peeve—calling people "late" just because they died early.

That is the chief reason I hate to pass on. I can just see it now (after all these years of being on time!): Somebody will say, "Here, read this; it's a column written by the late Joseph Godwin." Whee!!

Living And Growing

By CARL MUMPOWER

There's little that's easy about life. Too often it seems that the harder you try, the more you come out on the down side. It's tough, and sometimes it seems almost impossible to win at the game of living. You know. It's about the game of winning and coming out on top. You've got to have a workable strategy. If you're winning, you're having fun. If you're losing, you're out of control. Winning is important, but it's not the only thing that matters. There are some other criteria. Integrity is a key factor. It's not just about the win, but about the way you win. It's about the character you have when you win. It's about the value you place on the win. People with

limited integrity don't win in a real sense. A willingness to share your success is also important. That doesn't mean that everyone will appreciate you for it, but you will be more likely to come out on top if you give something to this crazy world of ours. Selfish takers lose their perspective and thus inhibit their ability to win. Belief in self is a necessity in a winner. No matter what you do, there will be some who fight you. If you don't stick by you, faithfully and intiretely, not blindly, then it's going to be hard to withstand the negative pressure you receive. Caring about and appreciating yourself make you an immediate winner. Finally, a winner generally is someone willing to crash

beyond themselves toward greater challenge. You can't always play it safe and win. There is no chance of success without a willingness to take a chance on failure. We live in a world of mediocrity. Too many of us are either to frightened to try, or too selfish to pay the price of success. Many of us also have a misguided sense of what winning really is. It's not the cars, money, houses, power, or the like that constitute winning. It's our own knowledge that we have given life our best shot, challenged our abilities, played the game with integrity, and come out on top for our efforts. Winning is not the be all and end all of life. It is, however, infinitely better than losing by default...

