

Commentary

THE NEWS RECORD

Editorial

A Time For Unity

Election Day is behind us and the people have spoken. The people, by an overwhelming margin, have endorsed the policies of Ronald Reagan and rejected the course proposed by Walter Mondale.

In North Carolina, voters rejected two-term governor Jim Hunt in favor of his opponent, two-term Sen. Jesse Helms. Tar Heel voters also called for a change in state government by electing Jim Martin as only the second Republican governor in this century.

The voters have also chosen to return Bill Hendon to Congress for a second term.

We must leave it to historians to decide if the voters decided rightly yesterday. What is of the utmost importance today is to unite behind the leaders we have chosen.

North Carolinians have just emerged from one of the most bitter election struggles in our history. Now is the time for all Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike, to stand together.

America faces many challenges in the years ahead. We must keep the peace, reduce the federal debt, feed our hungry and many of the world's starving people and educate our children. The bitterness of our internal political conflicts must now take a back seat to the task before us.

Marshall's Good Move

It isn't often that the officials of one of our Madison County towns pass an ordinance that will benefit residents of the other towns, but that's what happened Monday night in Marshall.

The Marshall aldermen, at the request of the town's accountants, changed the meeting date for town meetings from the first to the second Monday of each month. We wholeheartedly approve of their decision.

With three town governments convening on the same night at the same time each month, it was impossible for us to provide coverage of all the meetings. This change will enable us to report on meetings in Mars Hill and Hot Springs as well as in our county seat.

Now, if we can get one of the other towns to move their meeting date, we'll be able to better cover all our bases.

Letters To The Editor

Operation Child Find A Success

Dear Editor: Madison County's Operation Child Find has begun. The Halloween Party sponsored by the Downtown Merchants Association was a big success.

We fingerprinted 237 children and exceeded our goal for the day's program. We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all who made this event possible.

Thanks to you, Mr. Koenig, for your informative articles on the program and the day's events; to radio station WWNC for supplying printed materials; to the Merchants' Association for all the fun and refreshments provided to the children who trick or treated on Main Street; to Dean Shields and WMMH for providing costume contest prizes.

We must also recognize the dedication of Sheriff E.Y. Ponder's deputies, Frank Ogle and Clayton Grindstaff and Marshall's police officers, Joe Griffee and Larry Davis for making the fingerprinting possible.

Thank also go to Louise Davis and Ed Fender, Debbie Williams and the other Dept. of Social Services personnel

for entertaining the children and to the Marshall Brownie and Girl Scout troops for serving refreshments and helping clean hands. Also to the Lions Club and the Madison Central Optimists Club for their financial assistance and to Betty and Gene Wild and Marion Wallin and Brenda Parker for contributing their time.

We must also acknowledge the contributions of the Mars Hill Girl Scouts and Alpha Phi Omega fraternity for their program in Mars Hill. On Oct. 27 at the Fall Festival, 152 children were fingerprinted. On Oct. 13 at Baptist Youth Day, another 69 kids were printed for identification.

Thanks also go to Robert Edwards and the Madison County Board of Education for their support of the program.

The next fingerprinting session will be held on Nov. 10 from 10 a.m. until noon in front of the Marshall Town Hall. Interested parents can call 649-3221 for more information.

Sincerely,
M.E. Loomis
Operation Child Find

Reader Enjoys Heard And Seen

Dear Editor, I was born in Madison County, but have lived away from my native home for some 30 years. But I keep up with the news thanks to a nice friend who subscribed to your paper for me as a birthday gift this past summer.

It has been a joy to me to read the good news and the events from back home. I think Pop Story's column is

great, as is 'Know Comment' by Joseph Godwin.

Pop Story has mentioned Dr. Grover Angel in his column many times. Could you tell me if this Mr. Angel was once the principal at Hot Springs School? He and his wife were loved so much while in Hot Springs. I have often thought about them.

A student from Hot Springs.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



PLANS FOR PAGEANT PROGRESS

After an absence of seven years, plans are going forward to resume the Marshall Christmas Pageant this December. The pageant is being sponsored by the Marshall Merchants' Association in cooperation with various churches in the county.

Some of the more active members who are spearheading the revival of the pageant announced this week that one rehearsal has been held and other rehearsals are planned in the coming weeks.

Most of the cast has been selected, along with a narrator. A large spotlight is expected to be purchased soon and donations are being accepted to help fund the project.

Edwin Fender, who is leading the campaign to revive the pageant, told me that several committees have been named to help move the project along.

More definite plans will be announced as progress continues.

FRIENDS AT WESTERN STEER

It's not unusual to see friends from Marshall enjoying a meal at the Western Steer in North Asheville. However, it was unusual on Tuesday night of last week to see several friends who happened to be eating there at the same time, including

Jean Blankenship and her daughter, Sherry Lynn; Gwendolyn Plemmons and her daughter, Gina; Lib Roberts and daughter, Billie Lynn and Harry and Gail Silver. It was sort of like "Marshall Night" at the restaurant.

EVERETTE'S LATEST RIB-TICKLER

The fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining room to take his order.

The salesman said, "Nice day, isn't it?," to which she replied, "Yes, it is."

"...and so was yesterday. My name is Ellie and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes. No, I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here and my wages are satisfactory, thank you.

"I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there was, I wouldn't go with you. I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl and my brother is the cook in this hotel and he was a college football player and weighs 300 pounds. Last week, he pretty nearly ruined a \$25-a-week traveling salesman who tried to make a date with me."

"Now, what will you have? The roast beef, roast pork, Irish Stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

-Submitted by Everette Barnett.

Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN



Having often heard the term "my most unforgettable experience," I decided recently to try to understand what makes such an experience unforgettable. Through analysis of a page of personal experience, I came up with at least a partial explanation.

Mrs. Howington, my secretary, usually announced the arrival of each of my appointments. "Mr. Godwin," she would say quietly, standing just inside the door to my private office. "this is Mr. Kermit Jones. He has an appointment with you at this time."

Usually, I would respond, "Thank you! Please sit down, Mr. Jones. I'm glad to see you."

That is the way it usually happened back in the 1950's—but not always....

One afternoon about two-thirty in early September, I was sitting at my desk with the blinds drawn behind me to keep out the hot late summer sun. The door to my office was opened, but Mrs. Howington did not present anyone. Someone entered very quietly, not seeming, at first, to pay me any attention. He really behaved as if I did not exist.

My visitor looked to be about four

feet and seven inches tall in stout, rugged build, but not at all obese. He was well-tanned, with beads of perspiration on his face and a little trace of dirt beads under his chin on his neck.

He wore a faded green shirt with short sleeves and a pair of well-worn blue jeans that were still not nearly worn out. His left hip pocket, torn near the bottom, revealed the staff of a sling shot the pouch of which was visible at the top of the pocket. His sneakers, showing many miles of fun and frolic, looked as though they needed a good retreading and some more time in the washing machine.

Although I had stopped my work and had sized him up carefully, the visitor still gave no evidence of recognizing my presence.

On the north wall of the large office from one end to the other, there were book shelves higher than he could reach; and the visitor seemed to be totally engaged by the books.

There he stood, about three feet from the book shelves with his feet well apart as he slightly shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

During all of this time, his eyes earnestly but leisurely scanned the books, first on one shelf and then on the other.

He still did not seem to be aware of my presence at the desk, nor had I spoken to interrupt his concentration. This situation continued for at least ten minutes, during which time nobody else came into the office.

While I regarded him closely—almost too intently to breathe—he turned slowly to his left and face me squarely, saying as his eyes met mine for the first time, "Hi, Daddy. You got anything in here to read?"

I was the college counselor and I taught psychology and religion. Because of that, my shelves were not filled with material an eleven-year-old boy usually selects.

"Son, you might find something over there that you like," I replied. "Take your time and see. If you find a book you think you want to read, take it along—and bring it back when you have finished with it."

Moving along the shelves slowly

from one end to the other, he examined the books carefully, taking several more minutes. With his left hand, he

took down a thick book, saying, "I believe I'll take this one."

Saying nothing else nor delaying any longer, he left the office without looking back, closing the door behind him as quietly as he had entered twenty minutes earlier.

Finally, I could breathe normally again—insofar as the fatherly pride within my breast would let me.

That thick black book Joe had selected was THE HUMAN MIND, by Karl Menninger, and I wondered what any eleven-year-old boy would do with it. About a week later he returned the book and his personal, informal evaluation of it: "Daddy, that is a pretty good book!"

This experience contained three gripping elements; the unusual circumstance, the deep emotional feelings, and a gnawing question... I wonder what he got out of that book. Unforgettable!

Have Youth Forgotten Viet Nam?

Dear Editor, We are very fortunate in this country. We can speak our minds. We can select a career, and if we discover we are unhappy with our selection, we can change our minds and start over. We can practise our religious beliefs freely without fear. We can go to sleep at night knowing that we will wake up in the morning....

No, my friends, this is not the case. We can no longer sleep and be guaranteed of rising the next morning. The threat of nuclear war has done away with this guarantee.

In a recent survey of Madison High School students, I was appalled at the attitude reflected by the percentages on the following question:

"Would you favor a continued build-up of our nuclear strength as the best means to keep the peace?"

Out of 721 children (and I stress children), 57 percent said Yes.

What does this say about the youth at Madison H.S.? Could it be they have forgotten Viet Nam? Do history books not cover World War II? Could it be that they are uninformed about the destruction that would occur in the event of a nuclear war? Haven't they read anything about nuclear blasts and the resulting nuclear winter?

Let me first point out that many were not old enough to serve an opinion during the Viet Nam War. The

majority of them were not even born.

Secondly, it is hard to imagine the total destruction of everything around you when you're 18 years old. Thirdly, they have been exposed to a seemingly harmless and charismatic president for four years. They have seen John Wayne ride into the nation's capital and restore order with his six-gun. Maybe they aren't aware that the guns are a lot bigger than in the wild West.

My feeling is how can anyone who has read, seen on TV, or heard of the horror, the death, the widespread destruction and absolute nightmare of nuclear war go to the polls and pull the lever to re-elect Ronald Reagan. Am I overreacting? Am I wanting my country to 'lay down its arms' and be at the mercy of another world power? No, I don't think it's as simple as that.

I personally do not want to be at the mercy of a president that listens to doomsday evangelists like Jerry Falwell, either. One president is being told daily by Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, Oral Roberts and others that he has been chosen by God to lead the forces of good against the forces of evil. Based on comments concerning the Soviet Union, I am assuming the evil has been identified.

I have a question for all you mothers. Can you look at your child and say with an honest heart that that

because it's the great Final Battle spoken of in the Bible? Can you rejoice in the knowledge that your child is going to be exposed to horrors beyond our most horrible nightmares? During a nuclear attack, can you hold your child in your arms and dry its tears, calm its fears and convince him that it's OK because this is the great Final Battle?

I am a Christian. I believe in a loving, kind and just God. I cannot accept the doomsday idea. This is why I feel so helpless when I hear people say, "The Bible is being fulfilled, total destruction is coming, there's nothing we can do about it."

Let's explain it to our young boys as we dress them up and march them off to die. Let's explain to our little children so they won't be too scared when it happens. I'm told that this is what Jewish mothers did in Europe during World War II as they were being marched to the gas chambers. Let's tell all the young people how it's OK because it's just the Bible being fulfilled.

Let's hold our little babies tight and hope if there is a nuclear war that maybe they'll be lucky. Maybe they won't have to suffer long. Maybe they'll be one of the few to die.

Let's re-elect Ronald Wilson Reagan, and if we're going to build

let's carry it a step further. Let's count the letters in Reagan's first, middle and last name. That's 666. Where have I seen that before?

Sheila A. Barnhill

Grapevine Needs

New Bridges

Dear Mr. Koenig,

We have a situation on Grapevine Road that is a shame and a disgrace to Madison County. All you have to do is drive up Grapevine Road and really look at the bridges.

More than likely, you will have to wait your turn to cross some of them. They are either having to be repaired or taken apart to allow mobile homes to cross over them. These bridges should be straightened and widened, whether the adjoining landowners agree or not. The needs of the people should come first.

One of these bridges has been the scene of many accidents and is currently being repaired.

There are also two bridges on East Fork Rd. that are very hazardous and so narrow that one vehicle can hardly get across, let alone handle the heavy traffic.

Times are changing and it behooves us to be ready to turn to appropriate money for glasses for the officials who are in charge of our roads and bridges.

Dorothy King

The News Record

Serving The People Of Madison County Since 1901

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Published Weekly by The Mountain Publishing Co., Inc. USPS 268-440, Second Class Postage Paid at Marshall, N.C. 28753. Subscription Rates in Madison and Surrounding Counties - 1 Year \$6.00 - Outside Madison and Surrounding Counties - 1 Year \$6.00, N.C. Residents add 4-1/2% Sales Tax.

Postmaster: Send address changes to The News Record, P.O. Box 399, Marshall, N.C. 28753.

MEMBERSHIP RATES: SINGLE \$4.00 PER ANNUM