

Editorial Comment

God Bless America, 1970

(Editor's Note: Leonard W. Lloyd, a Robbinsville attorney and a Marine veteran of World War II, wrote the following editorial which we feel probably coincides with the thoughts of millions of other Americans as the Memorial Day weekend approaches.)

They say this old America is sick and weak. They say that our land must be changed to fit the new thinking. They say it is necessary to burn and destroy the old in order to bring about the new. They tell us the Old Flag of these United States means nothing to the new breed trying to take over our land. They hate the brave men who wear the uniforms of the military services.

They hide behind the rights set forth in the U.S. Constitution and yet, they cry out against this country and its way of life. They fill our universities and colleges to avoid the draft and then march in mobs of cowards against our American system of law and order. They talk about peace in the world while they charter a route of violence throughout their homeland. They elect senators and congressmen who have no faith in America and want to surrender to her enemies. They say it is okay for the young folks to hit the drugs and smoke pot or join the hippie clan, it's a new day for them, everyone is to do his "thing" no matter about morals. Anything goes in the new "order". They say it is okay to destroy the old American system no matter what the cost may be to this free land. It is a sad day to find the country in such a condition on this Memorial Day, 1970. What a gift of honor these destroy-America people have to offer the great men who have given their lives in defense of their country! What a shame it is that such people as these "peace-at-any-price" groups are protected by the freedoms purchased at such a high price by real Americans. What should draft-dodging college students be permitted to burn and destroy the college itself and champion causes which would create only violence?

Do the young rebels stop to think of the cost of freedom, or have they been taught at home or in the schools that the real American values consist off of in this most wonderful land on earth? Men have had to go to war and die to keep our land free from the chains of

suppression.

Peace is not obtained by a marching mob at Harvard, Yale, Penn State or Chapel Hill. It comes from the blood, sweat and guts of brave American men on the field of battle. History proves that we have men who were not afraid of the enemy or to die in the cause of freedom. War-tested men know the real value of peace and they also know the ever-present dangers we face in trying to preserve our American way of life. Veterans of the present war in Vietnam and the past wars know that the real danger to our American system is the weakness we see each day within our country.

It's time the real Americans stood up and put a stop to these mobs of left-wing radicals. It's time for the good Americans to raise their voices about the weak-kneed politicians in Washington and the college round-heads. It's time to put men with American guts in the political field and in charge of our colleges. It's time to require our entire public school system to teach the old-fashioned American values to children of all ages. It's time to get these soft-headed liberal judges out of our court system. It's time to get the mob-marching preachers off the streets and back into the church-house. It's time we returned to the old American code of morals in this country. It's time we supported the law-enforcement men in their efforts to maintain law and order, and let them use whatever force that maybe necessary under the circumstances.

No, on this Memorial Day, 1970, all is not well with America but we believe our brave men of the past and present wars did not die in vain and with the help of the God-fearing people we have in this free land, the forces of destruction and evil we now face can be defeated.

If the dead which we honor on this Memorial Day are to sleep in eternal peace, we the living must fight to save the great values for which they died - "God Bless America."

'Get Tough'

Those of us who have been campaigning for safety, for years welcome the announcement by a key legal group that it is launching a "get tough" program to help curb traffic deaths caused by motorists who drink and drive.

The 24,000-member American Trial Lawyers Association headquartered at Cambridge, Mass., has just put itself "four square" behind efforts to rule the drunk driver off the road. A four-point program set forth by the Trial Bar Association calls for these "minimum first steps":

Removing the drunk and drinking driver from traffic.
Nationally uniform minimum standards for auto licensing.
Stronger provisions for revoking the licenses of chronic bad drivers.

Legislation making mandatory the

reasonable use of available automotive safety devices.

"Better regulation of the driver can no longer be delayed," says the American Trial Lawyers Association "Trial" publication, "The carnage on our highways can be stopped, but we must be willing to pay the price of inconvenience to ourselves."

The same general thoughts have been emphasized repeatedly and consistently year after year by this newspaper and others from coast to coast in crusading against drunk driving.

We are happy to welcome the ATLA into the "club", but can't help wondering why it took this legal leadership group so long to realize the seriousness of this problem. Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger

A New Dirty Word

Solid particles of air pollution - dust, ash, soot, etc. - are usually measured in micrograms per cubic meter.

William A. Gordon, a spectro-chemist at NASA's Lewis Research Center in Cleveland, thinks the term is too cumbersome, if not too scientifically neutral. He proposes a new unit - the "filth."

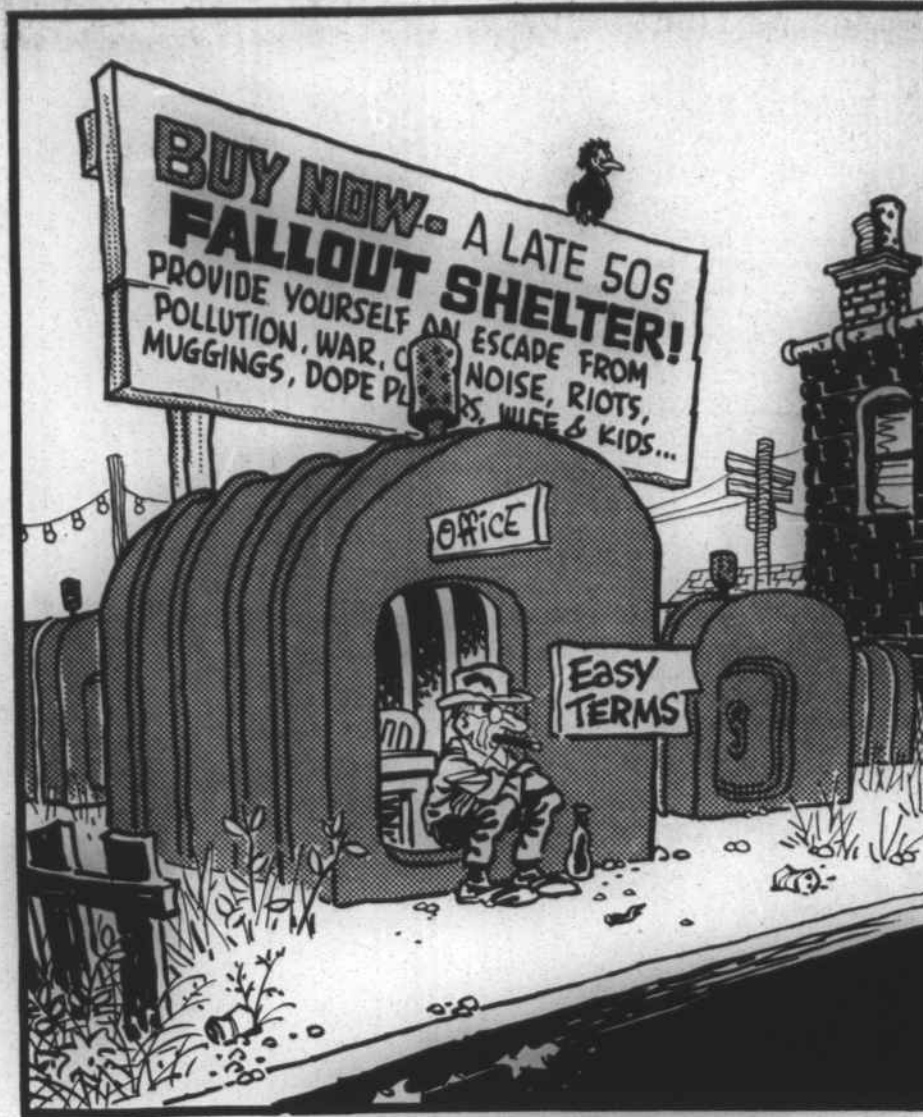
Instead of saying, for example, that the air over a given city recorded 150 micrograms of dust on a given day, we could say it measured

150 filth.

Micrograms don't mean much to most people. Filth do. - Savannah (Ga.) Evening Press

Grabbing Without Gabbing
Impersonal vending machines, in which prices are often raised a whopping 50 per cent in la de da fashion, are among the biggest culprits in the inflationary spiral.

They don't have to hear the groans or look their customers in the eye. - Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer



CLIFF BLUE ... People & Issues



SECOND PRIMARY ... For many years the Second Primary in North Carolina has been, by law, four weeks after the first primary.

We think this too long a time in these modern days of travel and communications. In some states, we understand, it is only two weeks from the first primary and it seems to us that two weeks would be a great improvement here in North Carolina.

SOCIAL SECURITY ... Last week the U.S. House of Representatives approved a liberalized society bill which will be greatly appreciated by millions of our senior citizens. The House bill carries in it a revolutionary plan to automatically fatten benefit checks, and hike taxes when the cost of living goes up. It is a good bill and the only draw-back is that it reaches deeper and deeper into the taxpayers pocket to pay the bill. Social Security is one of the great social reforms of the century. It has helped millions of senior citizens live in decency and respect who otherwise might have been assigned to a dim corner in a chilly home without a welcome mat. But, we must be careful and move with open eyes lest we put on the straw which will be too much for the camel to bear.

INFLATION ... We are in a period of great inflation. Interest rates are the highest in 100 years. We are in the midst of the worst housing crisis since World War II. Housing starts dropped 42% in 1969. Half of the American families are priced out of the housing market. With prevailing interest rates a \$20,000 home on a 30-year mortgage means the buyer pays \$35,000 in interest payments alone for a total cost of \$55,000. This \$35,000 in interest goes not to the builder, nor to the worker but to the lending institutions. Federally-financed mortgage interest rates are up 26% since January 1, 1969. Last week the Labor Department reported that the cost of living rose at the rate of 6 per cent annually in April 1970.

A White House spokesman When selecting a dog to join the family the demand for a male puppy is great. The suggestion that the male of the species is desirable because there is no responsibility for the regulating of puppies bears some foundation. But it should be known that while a male is desirable a female is almost more so.

The homing instinct is strong in a female, at the proper time is spayed, a desirable condition is created, for not only does she form a protective custody for children, due to her mother instinct but she will stay put to keep the home-fires burning when a male is out galavanting around. The sweet disposition of a female does much to tip the scales in her favor.

The Cherokee-Clay Humane Society, Inc. meets every third Tuesday evening of the month at the Power Board Building in Murphy. The next meeting will be June 16 at 8 o'clock. Take note of the new time. Won't you please join us?
Margaret Schroeder

INSURANCE RATES ... Attorney General Robert Morgan has come out in favor of a system which would see competition controlling auto insurance rates rather than the current insurance rating system now in effect in North Carolina. Morgan's suggestion certainly holds possibilities but as long as insurance is mandatory, there would of necessity have to be some ceiling for the assigned risk people. However, we hope that careful consideration will be given to the suggestion.

Campground Listing Free
A new publication listing public and private campgrounds in North Carolina has been prepared by the state Travel and Promotion Division. The brochure describes camping facilities on such public lands as the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the Cape Hatteras National Seashore, along the Blue Ridge Parkway and in National and State Parks. Also included is a directory of private campgrounds across the state and a summary of regulations applying to trailers and mobile homes. The brochure is available free on request from the Travel and Promotion Division, P.O. Box 27687, Raleigh, North Carolina 27611.

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
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The homing instinct is strong in a female, at the proper time is spayed, a desirable condition is created, for not only does she form a protective custody for children, due to her mother instinct but she will stay put to keep the home-fires burning when a male is out galavanting around. The sweet disposition of a female does much to tip the scales in her favor.

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The wife had our fourth baby last week, leaving me home to be mother and father to the rest of the crew, and also housekeeper, cook, washerwoman, diaper-changer and general all-around maid.

And I found out a housewife does hard work (well, maybe not as hard as some claim they do - but hard) and you won't miss her till she's gone, and then it's too late. The daily grind started with breakfast.

Now at our house, the lord and master (that's yours truly) is usually the last to rise in the mornings, letting the wife and kids stir themselves and get breakfast started. My usual morning duties consist of shaving and dressing myself and announcing whether I want my eggs fried or scrambled and whether I'll be drinking milk or coffee.

Not so with the wife gone. It's get up with the first riser and shuffle toward the kitchen. I kept telling myself I'd found a better way to cook scrambled eggs, that they tasted better that way and partially-raw is probably the way they're done in fancy New York gourmet restaurants. But I couldn't quite bring it off. The kids cared little for the runny eggs and preferred to eat corn flakes. The four-year-old girl and the boy, two-almost-three, were fairly clean eaters but the baby girl, aged 16 months, is another matter. Her corn flakes ended up plastered to the bare legs and she had to be bathed every meal, stoutly maintaining her right to feed herself.

The lunches I cooked were not much better. "You're not supposed to eat baloney that's burned like that," the oldest said sharply. "Just hush and eat it," I ordered, in a witty and original answer. "It's good for you."

And it was at lunchtime that I blew my cool, as the saying goes. The little one was mad and crying, she was hungry and I didn't have it ready to eat and she wanted to drink my lemonade instead of her milk and one thing led to another until I picked her up out of the high chair and swatted her about three times on her diaper-padded bottom. It didn't hurt her physically but it did hurt her feelings and she apparently put some sort of toddler hex on me. She stopped her angry cries and I turned away and immediately picked up the glass casserole cover, which had just come from a 400-degree oven. And I did it the hard way, bare-handed. It doesn't take me long to look at a casserole lid and I put it down pronto, the small blisters already rising on my fingers. The baby

girl gave me a small smile of revenge and we continued with the happy meal.

The most amazing thing about the whole experience was the opportunity to know one's children better and to see, again and again, the way logic works in a child's mind. Even at a tender age, the same process is used as in an adult and the struggle, as in the adult mind, is to distinguish between what is real, what is as it seems to be, and what is an illusion. The little one tried to grasp the sodd, stream of water filling the tub for her bath, as you might hold a broomstick, only to find it made of water. And given a plastic cup to play with in the tub, she tried to drink the bathwater and could not understand why that was not permitted - after all, doesn't one drink water from a cup in the kitchen? If so, why not in the tub?

The other two were also quite capable of logical thinking. "You don't eat enough," I told the boy one night. "You don't eat as much as a little bird." "Birds have wings - birds fly," he reasoned solemnly. "I not have wings - I not a bird."

Passing the airport at Andrews in the car, he and his older sister looked in vain for the "big airplane," the DC-6 which had made a forced landing there some time back. Having storybooks which feature mama ducks and mama chickens with their smaller offspring, they looked at the parked light planes and concluded that the larger plane had been the "mama airplane." They were satisfied to be told that the mama airplane had flown off to Florida (perhaps to hatch out a flock of smaller craft).

It was on a trip to Andrews Sunday morning to visit Mama through her hospital room window that the older girl added two-and-two logically and, through no fault of her own, came up with five. We were somewhere on the road about Tomotla when a familiar Cadillac showed up in the rear-view mirror.

"Look at that car behind us, Daddy," she said. It was the old bull of the woods himself and I explained that I knew the man and that his name is West. She spoke no more of him but it had all instantly registered in her four-year-old mind - the fact that I knew him and Mama probably did too and, especially, State Senator Herman West's headgear a light-colored Western-style hat.

Later, at the hospital in an earnest effort to make polite conversation she piped up with "Mama, do you know Cowboy West?"

The leaky pipe dream.

There's nothing like being awakened from a good night's sleep by the dripping and clanging of plumbing which has just about had it. Of course, if you never washed a load of clothes, or took a shower, or washed dishes, or bathed the dog, you probably wouldn't ever have trouble with the plumbing.

Perhaps the time has come to quit patching up your house with tape and start all over again with a loan from First Union National. And pleasant dreams.

First Union National



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JACK OWENS - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Wally Avett Managing Editor
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Jimmy Simonds Production Manager
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Mary Jones Circulation
Ruth Anderson Composer
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Hattie Palmer Society Editor

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