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MARTIN'S MEDICINE

By MARTIN HARMON

Rev. Richard Plyler, the Patterson Grove Baptist church pastor, was telling Otis Falls and me about an experience he had some years ago while serving a church in the mountains of Western Virginia.

At his second Sunday morning service in spite of shining summer skies, Mr. Plyler's parishioner's cupboard was virtually bare including two in the choir loft and three in the pews — somewhat shy for a 225-member church.

"They don't like and have already decided to run me off," was Richard's first thought. Then with some temerity he inquired of the five, "Where is everybody?"

Well, it was annual snake-handling service for this cult, up the valley. Well, said Richard, he never seen a snake-handling rite. Should they go? The five loyalists were eminently pleased.

Richard guessed there were 10,000 people on the hills ringing the valley where this open air service was being held.

The rattlers were in a ring of sorts. Suddenly a woman began twisting, turning and moaning, jumped into the ring and grabbed one of the snakes. She twirled it about and let it writhe about her head and arms. Then a man followed, then another and another.

Alas for Number 4, it was four strikes and out. His rattler knifed him on the neck and he fell to the ground. In twenty minutes the hillsides were empty. The sect does not believe in medical faith, only in spiritual which dictates in the first place that if the snake handler is bitten, he will survive if he has sufficient faith. Number 4 didn't have it sufficient. He died four days later.

"Next year on the Sunday before the snake-handling rite, I suggested to my congregation that we hold our next Sunday morning service at our own home. They complied. It's the only snake-handling service I ever saw and I don't expect to see another," Richard concludes.

Troy Bennett arrived in mid-July for a fourth term as a missionary in Dacca, East Pakistan. He writes two months later that he and his family have not seen as much as they had feared and were mentally prepared.

Dacca, he says, is quite normal-day day. But the Bennett family does not go out at night. While there has been very little firing heard at night, it is still wise to stay inside. He writes, "What we have heard, I think, has been some senny reaching to a shadow and then the one a block away reaching. It is like neighborhood dogs barking."

The comparative peace of the cities and towns is another story outside, where the common villager is the subversive element and the militia and caught in the middle. The subversion for in stance, rob the villagers of food and shelter, then blow up a bridge and flee. The militia comes in and blames the villagers. House and crop-burning follows.

The civil war set back the progress of East Pakistan forty-two to twenty-five years, Troy thinks.

I much admire missionary families particularly our recent neighbors the Bennetts who were quite upset when it appeared the civil would prevent their return.

Congratulations to him on this honor.

Reluctant To Prosecute
If a police officer sees a crime and catches the guy (or doll), he makes arrest and signs the warrant.

It is, of course, the officer's duty. Civilians are often reluctant to prosecute particularly in thieveries. It is the bane of an officer's existence who quite properly asks, "How can we stop him from the next time?"

But the civilian has a quick answer. He may be summoned to court as leading witness, wait about awhile, then find the case continued. It may happen another time and another. Eventually, the result hardly seems worth it. And then the guy may appeal.

No Pattern
Most objective analysts ascribe no pattern to Tuesday's various election results, though partisans on both sides point with pride to particular victories. Republicans liked the mayoral results in Cleveland and Indianapolis, Democrats in Philadelphia. Democrats also chortle about the Kentucky governorship victory. Local issues and local personalities determine outcome of local contests.

Viewpoints of Other Editors

... TAIWAN IS OUT

Putting Taiwan out of the United Nations is quite another matter. It is bad because it is a precedent for expelling a country from what should be a gathering place for all nations. The UN should not be, indeed, is not a club of countries which particularly like one other.

The American delegation did its best to prevent the expulsion of Taiwan. It failed. It was bound to fail. There was never the slightest serious chance of keeping two Chinese delegations each claiming to represent the whole of mainland China in the UN at the same time. The Chinese themselves were clear about that. The seating of the Peking delegation was bound to mean withdrawal of the Taiwan delegation. Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung are in full agreement that there is and can be only one China. To both of them Taiwan is a province of China, not a separate and independent country.

So the American attempt to have two Chinas in the UN at the same time was bound to fail, as it did fail. The unfortunate thing was that the UN vote did include expulsion of Taiwan as well as admission of Peking, although technically the Taiwan delegation withdrew on its own initiative. The only "infamy" in the affair was the expulsion. That was unnecessary. It was a rubbing salt into an old wound. It was done to punish the United States for 22 years of a policy which is admitted in Washington to have been mistaken by the very act of abandoning it.

But this too was historically inevitable. In foreign affairs as in other aspects of human life the sins of the fathers are indeed visited upon their descendants. American hostility toward mainland China flowered in the Korean war. American arms splendidly repelled the original invasion of South Korea. But in the following moment of military pride and overconfidence a decision was made to attempt to conquer ("liberate") the word used at the time) North Korea. The Chinese warned that they would enter the war if the American Army marched north. The warning went unheeded. The march was attempted—and ended in military disaster. Out of that painfully experience came the long years of hostility toward China and of devotion to the idea that the exiles on Taiwan might some day become again the government of all of China from the imperial seat of Peking.

In the history of American foreign relations there is a completed chapter which began with the disastrous march to the Yalu and ends now with the change in Chinese representation at the UN. Until the march to the Yalu, Washington was the recognized defender of freedom in the world. It had loyal allies and the approval of the great majority of mankind. It was with that march, that attempt to go north, that tampering with the saus one which had emerged from the end of World War II, that the opinion of others began to falter. Allies began to falter. Friends fell away. They voted the United States in the UN. Some of Washington's best friends, Canada among them, were in effect voting their disapproval of that military phase in American history which began with the march to the Yalu and culminated in the Vietnam war. And now the price is paid. —The Christian Science Monitor.

LOOKING BACKWARD ON THE FARMS

The Nixon administration has sharply increased feed grain subsidies, but a number of lawmakers aren't satisfied. They still plan to press for a program already approved by the House Agriculture committee.

By a 21-to-10 vote, the committee decided to resurrect an old proposal for "strategic" reserve stocks of wheat and feed grains. The only strategy involved in the plan is purely political.

Under the proposal the Agriculture Department would buy up to 300 million bushels of wheat and 25 million tons of feed grains at above-market prices. It could dispose of any of this enormous stockpile only if market prices moved considerably above current levels.

This arrangement, of course, would be stacked on top of the existing price-support setup. Like the present program, too, it would channel benefits chiefly to the larger commercial farmers who could get along very well without government help.

The Nixon administration quite correctly thinks the reserve gimmick is a lousy idea, an invitation to the waste and scandal that has marked stock pile history in the past. House Democrats profess to be delighted by Republican opposition, claiming that they can use it to embarrass GOP candidates in the midwest next year.

Maybe there still are some votes that can be bought with this sort of government giveaway, but their number has been diminishing, and not only because of the decline in the number of farmers. Many farmers have begun to recognize that the best hope for their business

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MR. AGNEW'S GRECIAN TOUR

Was Vice President Spiro Agnew officially authorized to give assurances to the Army-backed Greek dictatorship that the Nixon administration would override any congressional ban on military aid to Greece? Or was he acting in the exuberance of the moment at finding himself feted as a favorite son returning to the land of his ancestors?

The Pentagon may have valid reasons for considering arms aid to Greece to be essential for NATO defenses in the eastern Mediterranean. If this is so, then President Nixon might be justified in overriding the amendment cutting off this aid, already voted by the House of Representatives and now before the Senate. The amendment does in fact allow the President to restore the aid if he deems it necessary for United States security interests.

But we would deplore it if Vice President Agnew had spoken out of turn. Before he arrived in Greece, we had strong doubts about the wisdom of his visit. The remarks attributed to him during his visit and particularly his praise of the achievements of the Papadopoulos dictatorship only tend to confirm our doubts. —The Christian Science Monitor.

OTHER EDITORIALS—OF KIDS, AND SNAILS

To the farmers of Florida it's no light matter, and we wish them well in the fight to rid themselves of the voracious giant African snails that since 1966 have been stripping farms and gardens, and causing heavy economic loss.

But this agricultural disaster has its all-too-human aspects, which somehow make it easier to understand while harder to correct. It seems that the big terrestrial mollusk, which can grow to eight inches in length and a pound in weight, was brought into the country in the pockets of an eight-year-old Miami boy, on his way back from a Hawaiian vacation.

The tale doesn't end there. It seems that state agricultural officials have been trying to gather the critters before they spread out of control. Currently a colony is propagating itself in the unincorporated area of Little River, north of Miami. But official snail-gatherers have come up against another form of animal life that is hampering the operation, its time in the form of Doberman pinschers and German shepherds, kept as watchdogs by their fearful owners because of racial tensions that have gripped the newly integrated area.

The ecological disorders of our day, it would seem, have their genesis very deep in the dimmer recesses of human inclination, habit, though and nought. Which leads us to muse that environmental imbalance, be it among humans of different color, or in the form of pests, dirty air, fouled water, or heaps of trash, cannot be met by just applying more technology. —The Christian Science Monitor.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Sir,
SUBJECT: When Evening Shadow's Fall I Remember.
A feeble old man was seen planting apple trees. "Why do you give yourself so much trouble?" he was asked. "You will probably not live until they are old enough to bear fruit." "The world will not be at an end — when I am gone," said the old man calmly, and went on with work.
Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and shaking hand
Blessed are they who know my ears today.
Must strain to catch the things they say.
Blessed are they who look a-

way.
When coffee spilled at table
Blessed are they with cheery smile
Who stop to chat for a little while.
Blessed are they who never say, "You've told that story twice today."
Blessed are they who make it known.
That I'm loved, respected and not alone.
—Ester Mary Walker
I have found the answer to it all.
Upon life's way so many debts are made; and are in need of time that all may be repaid.
Now life's slowing tempo leaves me free,
for giving back what others gave to me.
—Author unknown.
No ray of sunlight is ever lost, but the green which it awakes into existence needs time to sprout, and it is not always granted to the sower to see the harvest. Work that is worth anything is always done in faith.
—Albert Schweitzer
Age is opportunity, no less than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars visible by day.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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"TO BE YOUNG AGAIN"

Youth is not entirely a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. I promise to keep on living as though I expected to live forever.
No body grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your despair. In the central place of every heart there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer and courage, so long as you are young.
When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then and then only, are you grown old.
—Gen. Douglas MacArthur
No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.
—Henry Ward Beecher
Worry does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; it empties today of its strength.
—Corrie Ten Boom

AREA RUGS

Area rugs may be used to show off a beautiful floor or highlight a furniture grouping. If furniture is scarce, the area rug may help to eliminate a barren look, add extension house furnishings specialists, North Carolina State University.

RESPECTFULLY

Everette H. Pearson

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