

Considering Consistency

Who knows what evil lurks behind the creaking door? The Shadow, maybe, but certainly not Malcolm Forbes. He should have stood on his motorcycle last week.

A Forbes letter plugging circulation for his magazine of the same name reached its highly-placed targets the Monday after the Monday Wall Street's bell plunged down the 500-point pit into utter inner darkness. To demonstrate the value of his business-oriented magazine to CEOs of the business world, Forbes said he wanted to share with "Dear Executive" some of Forbes experts' "latest" thinking on what's ahead for American business.

"Specifically," the publisher wrote, "I will describe three forecasts we believe are certain to come to pass in the not-too-distant future. These forecasts may seem terribly obvious. No matter. If you heed them—and their implications—I believe you will be in position to reap enormous rewards."

First and foremost of his forecasts: "Dow Jones at 3,000."

This forecast is hours in advance of the Monday night meeting of the Mooreville Board of Education: the local school board will say, again, thanks, but no thanks.

It will if it shows any consistency at all, and it has been unwavering in its position to date. The local board has made one thing perfectly clear: it is not interested one iota in talking about, theorizing, considering, discussing or doing anything whatsoever that could in any way be construed as furthering consolidating the local school system with anything, anywhere, any time. Expand the local system by absorbing some of the county system? Sure, we'd be delighted to extend the

America's Downtowns Are Looking Up

From The Virginian Pilot, Norfolk
A national economic down-turn could slow the trend, but urban specialists report that the fortunes of downtowns across America have been improving. Hand-wringing over downtowns seems to be less and less appropriate.

Declining downtowns had been the norm, at least since World War II, as more and more Americans holding well-paying jobs scurried to the suburbs, abandoning more and more blocks in central cities to the working and non-working poor of all ages. Customers increasingly shunned downtown retailers for the bright new department stores and shops in suburban shopping centers. Downtowns became shabby.

Maybe this deterioration was accelerated by urban renewal bulldozers and wrecking balls called in to save downtowns by demolishing the empty warehouses, slum housing and small businesses still standing. But the experts and vicel leaders thought in the 1950s and 1960s that slum clearance was essential to aging cities' reconstruction. Only in the latter decade did some experts question the arguments for slum clearance.

Now—looking at the revival of some downtowns that escaped urban renewal—it is also easy to think that revivals would have oc-

Our Antiquated School Schedule

From The News and Observer, Raleigh
The prospect might sting students who start planning their summer vacations at fall's first ring of a school bell. But the Los Angeles school board follows a practical, as well as educational, path in voting to institute a year-round school term. School officials in the Triangle would do well to examine that trail once it is blazed.

With 25 percent of its students already attending school throughout the year, the Los Angeles board has forged ahead despite objections from parents and students who prefer the status quo. The benefits should be enormous: flexible schedules and vacations that will relieve crowding, maximum use of facilities, improved education by keeping young brains in gear rather than letting them idle for months. And in the Los Angeles system, students will get the same amount of time off, though it will be spread over 12 months.

Resistance to the change often is based on the poorest excuse of all: That the school calendar is rooted in concrete simply because it's always been the way it is. And additional pressure comes from students who want to earn money over the summer, parents who worry that family vacations would be disrupted, and industries geared to vacation and recreation.

But the school schedule—from Los Angeles to Wake County—is antiquated. It

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Something on your mind?



Letters to the editor welcomed.
From anyone.

From Where I Sit

By Johnny Morrow

We're all living on borrowed time. What we choose to do with that time is what we choose to do with the time we accomplish in life. And, let's face it, life holds no guarantees. There are no promises made to us when we enter this world, and none of us will get out of it alive. I sometimes believe that we are placed here for a brief time only to experience the various stages of grief. This is preparatory to what lies beyond, a mandatory stopover, a mere step in the divine scheme of things.

When a child dies, we grieve for what might have been. We rally in our sorrow, yet suffer alone, privately, for only an individual can rationalize to himself such a tremendous loss. Each of us must wrestle our anger, face our contempt and extinguish our rage. Life, as we understand it, is not fair. But neither is death. Yet, both are inevitable consequences in our endeavor to perpetuate our species. This is what distinguishes us from all the other animals. We have a soul, and it determines our behavior—spiritual and emotional.

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letting Jean read the first chapter. On the whole, she liked it. But she found the car of the main character's best friend a bit complex for some age. It is around this vehicle, I told her, that the impetus for the story is directed, an ultimate goal. I haven't changed her mind, nor had she mine, so we just don't debate the issue anymore. Guess she gives some people a chapter and they become a critic. If I had wanted rejection, I could have turned to a professional.

And speaking of professional rejection, I haven't heard from my agent with regard to my autobiography in months. The last word was that the manuscript is at a publishing company, awaiting its fate. I've been tempted to phone some people, but Jean said that I have too much on my mind right now to get all upset with my agent and/or the company. Besides, no news, in this game, is sometimes good news. I hate to play hurry-up-and-wait with a project that is so dear to my heart for so many reasons. Still, I've done all I can until I receive further instructions from the literary powers that be.

My nights are used for reading—magazines, newspapers, periodicals, etc. Since plastic surgery, I have only been allowed to spend eight hours a day sitting. I get up for five and a half hours, lie down for two, then get back up for two and a half more. Consider the time required to eat, grab an occasional shave and take care of various other necessities, and you get an idea of just how hectic my schedule really is. I sleep on my stomach to relieve pressure. The majority of the rest of my time is filled with planning for tomorrow. It ain't great, but it works for me, so I can't complain.

Any detailed method, formulated beforehand, for doing something stresses strict adherence to a routine. I would rather meet with someone at midnight than at noon. I always go to sleep after 4 a.m., and seldom get up before 1 p.m. If my schedule is disrupted for one day, it takes me two days to get caught up. Consequently, my time is carefully and stringently budgeted. There are days, frequently several in a row, when I only see family members in passing. They, too, are busy, working much harder and longer than I would like. Such are the spoils of the poultry business.

If there is one area in which I indulge myself, it would have to be automobile racing. I keep up with the Winston Cup circuit. And when a race is scheduled to be telecast on Sunday, I work especially hard during the week to set aside some time for viewing. You can imagine how I felt when the Oct. 4 Holly Farms 400 was scrambled. The speedway there is a policy between the speedway owners and cable TV to blackout the viewing audience within a certain distance of the track. This prohibition televising so that attendance will not be reduced.

However, pay TV is just what the term suggests. If I buy it, I want to see it. I think I got ripped off—I feel like I paid for my ticket, then got locked out of the speedway. Besides, the Morrow home is more than 50 miles from North Wilkesboro. Oh, well, you win some and you lose some. I would complain to Lakeside Cable—and did during the race—but it would be to no avail. The decent thing to do is inform the viewers of the blackout before race day.

Finally, in perspective, we have to be true to ourselves. Isn't that what matters most of all? How I perceive death, or deal with life, may be contrary to your viewpoint. But who is to say whom is right? We could both be wrong. Death can be tragic or merciful, depending on its victim and the ones he leaves behind. Life can be wonderful and meaningless, depending on what is made of it. Hopefully, a reward is waiting for us all in the Great Beyond. While here, why not make the best of things? Remember, we're all living on borrowed time.

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OUR COMMUNITY IN OTHER YEARS

1951
36 YEARS AGO

Holmes Poston, wounded Navy veteran and former Mooreville policeman, won an easy victory in the 3-cornered race for commissioner in ward one at the Democratic primary contest here last Saturday. Poston collected 116 votes, Morrison Nantz 59, and M.V. (Cocky Sides) 45 votes.

The total votes of 220 was light for that ward, around 285 or 300 being the normal vote in a city-wide contest. Because there was no contest in the other wards, little interest had been aroused in the one ward fight.

The new Mayor and town commissioners will take office on June 1, 1951. The official set-up will be as follows:

Fred Morrow, Mayor; Robert Little and Holmes Poston, commissioners from ward one; Charlie Gunter and Clayton Davidson commissioners from ward two; Robert Holshouser and Philip Mack commissioners from ward three.

The school trustees will be the same as during the last term: J.M. Morrow, Dr. C.L. Blittinger, Hugh Lyerly, Nat Archer, and Robert Baker Jr.

Barger Construction Company has been awarded the contract to erect a modern, fireproof building on N. Main St. for the Mooreville Federal Savings and Loan Association. John Alford, secretary-treasurer of the association, announced that the structure, located next door to the Duke Power Co., would have 1600 sq. ft. of floor space, being 21 ft. wide and 80 ft. long. The building of brick construction will have a front of mo-sio stone, and a concrete roof. It will be 1-story and will be completely air-conditioned.

Schedule for occupancy in 4 months, the building will house the savings and loan firm, now located on N. Broad St.

Clyde Stuts, 27-year-old employee of the town, was buried alive last Thursday morning—yet he escaped injury except for a sprained ankle.

Working with a street maintenance crew, the young man was trapped by a cave-in on E. Catawba Ave. about 10 o'clock in the morning, and thus had the "most horrible experience of my life."

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Jefferson Davis Still Stirs Mixed Emotions

This material was written by Dr. Larry McGhee, vice president for development and professor of religion at Wofford College. It was provided free to newspapers by the Spartanburg, S.C. School.

Jefferson Davis has always been a paradox in southern memories. Affection for Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson has been high universal since the War ended 122 years ago, but feelings towards Davis have been mixed.

He was the subject of great controversies throughout the War. Every promotion he made in the corps of officers and every appointment he made to his cabinet had instant critics. Every battle lost and every inch of ground surrendered, every missed meal or unplaced platoon, were blamed on him. Congressmen railed against him, sought his impeachment or removal; editors flayed him with slights of words; governors withdrew their state's troops from him.

Yet, few men received the homage, praise, and parades of reverence Davis did when the War ended. Two things turned the tide of southern public favor towards him. One was that he lived on for a quarter-century after the War, the most visible and vocal of all the southern leaders, many of whom had died in the War itself or soon thereafter. His frequent speeches, tours, and writings were single-mindedly devoted to justifications of the past. His wife, living until 1906, was just as visible and outspoken.

But the second, and primary, reason for Davis's about-face in the eyes of his fellow southerners was his imprisonment. Almost alone he bore the brunt of punishment from the victors, and his two years in Fort Monroe changed his image to martyr.

Merely being in prison for two years was enough in itself to loosen the strings of forgiveness and sympathy in southern hearts. But emotions were rubbed raw by the details of Davis's dismal dungeon life, and with southern Democrats (who could then still vote) to elect a Democratic Congress in 1866 and re-elect Andrew Johnson in 1868. Halpine, an Irish immigrant, was best known as the creator of essays about the foibles of the fictional Miles O'Reilly.

In the library of Tulane University in New Orleans, Jefferson Davis received a copy of the book a month after it was published in 1866, and he made careful marginal notes throughout, on 182 passages. In general, his experiences were not quite as painful as often thought.

Thanks to the careful research of Prof. Edward K. Robert, historians and southerners (often one and the same) now have available Davis's own notes, plus Eckert's new construction of what really happened in Fort Monroe. "Fiction Distinguishes Fact," The Frison Lee, Annotated by Jefferson Davis" (Mercer University Press, 1987).

The great irony is that a book intended to help Andrew Johnson would be helping Jefferson Davis far more.

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cerning His Health and Habits, together with Many Conversations on Topics of Great Public Interest." (Naturally, it was better known by the first 5 words.)

Davis was very familiar with this book and never publicly repudiated it. For decades, therefore, the impression has been left and a myth promoted that the book is a factual and accurate account of Davis's prison days. Prominent historians have quoted it and footnoted from it for years.

As it turns out, some 10 years ago since Congress restored Davis's citizenship, the Craven book comes close to being a fraud.

Apparently the book was not even written by Craven, though he never

claimed it was, but by Charles G. Halpine, editor of a political newspaper, the "New York Citizen." Halpine was a northern Democrat who felt the book would create public revulsion, North and South, over Davis's treatment at the hands of Radical Republicans. Old-line Democrats in the North would team up with southern Democrats (who could then still vote) to elect a Democratic Congress in 1866 and re-elect Andrew Johnson in 1868. Halpine, an Irish immigrant, was best known as the creator of essays about the foibles of the fictional Miles O'Reilly.

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It is only natural to look on the negative side of death. We suddenly feel each of us must learn to cope with a personal basis. Some can't, some can't. Without trying to sound philosophical, I feel compelled to say that death comes easily for its victims. Their families and loved ones are deserving of our sympathy. Who can justify the death of a baby? Why must a breadwinner be taken from his family? What happens when we outline our usefulness? What right do I have to ask these questions?

Death is an escape. We should dwell on life. And life is nothing but increments of time. This being the case, as I see it, time wasted is time lost, never to be regained. We had better make the most of it, for it is too soon gone. As the fellow explained in the wife after reading his newspaper in the john, he killed to birds with one stone. I'll attempt to do the same—conquer two objectives, that is—in this space today. I'll leave you with a thought or two to contemplate, and provide a short update on the happenings in my life.

I have been writing seven days a week for seven months now. On the average, I spend three days on "From Where I Sit." The other four are dedicated to my book, which is well into the fourth chapter. I began with a basic outline, an idea, but allowed for lots of flexibility in the characters. I figure that, above all things, they must be believable. The original plot has also undergone a few changes. That's what is so great about a fiction. The biggest problem so far has been finding enough space around me to strategically place my notes.

Perhaps my biggest mistake to date was communicating with your government representatives.

Let's face it, life holds no guarantees. There are no promises made to us when we enter this world, and none of us will get out of it alive.