

December 7, 1990

Mr. Brian Lamb,

C Span, Suite 650
400 N. Capitol Street N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20001

Dear Mr. Lamb,

I thought you might be interested in published remarks as enclosed from the hinterland of N.C.

I thank you for your exceptional work on C Span, and of course for all the opportunities C Span has given people everywhere. News reporting in the past has almost been an insult to the intelligence.

The question of what the people know or are able to understand has been grossly understated. The work I do in my columns appeals to the best and I am always pleased with the response.

In watching the Senate Ethics Committee with its disproportionate two senators from North Carolina, I wondered at the calm of Senator Helms who turned the recent election in his own favor by reviving White against Black and offering nothing that he planned to do differently to help our people and his state. Presumably he is on the committee because Senator Cranston's group sent funds to his adversary, the honorable former mayor of Charlotte, a black man, who offered a very good and necessary program in education, health care and economic reforms, issues against which Senator Helms has consistently voted.

Because of C Span, I believe the American people are developing a return to good old American backbone and the ability to discern which of our leaders are worried only about their jobs and not what is important to the American Way of Life, and the business of living life the way it was intended that we should live it here in America.

Much has been said about how to return to a better appreciation of basic values. I've attempted it in a small way and I am writing to let you know what C Span motivates.

Sincerely,

Willard, N.C.

28478

FEB 18 ANS'D

- Family and Friends -



JACKSON-TYNDALL ENGAGEMENT--Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tyndall of Kinston announce the engagement of their daughter, Jean Suzann, to Wayne Russell Jackson, son of Carrie Jackson Speight also of Kinston and the late Walter R. Jackson. Mr. Jackson is a teacher, assistant football coach and head track coach at Wallace-Rose Hill High School. A March 9, 1991 wedding is planned at Queen Street United Methodist Church, Kinston.



"LEAVIN' CHEYENNE" starring Tyler Zimba, left, and Phil Loch is one of two plays that will be shown November 28-December 2 and December 5-8 in the Studio Theatre at Thalian Hall Center for the Performing Arts. It is an insightful comedy contrasting the tired old trailhand cook with the new, eager, young cowboy who believes there is honor in the Great American Desert. Performances are at 8:00 p.m. and tickets are \$5. See story.

Beginning November 28

Opera House Theatre Presents Plays

Opera House Theatre Company presents two one-act plays, "Leavin' Cheyenne" by Percy Granger and "Rattlesnake In A Cooler" by Frank South on November 28-December 2, December 5-8 in the Studio Theatre at Thalian Hall Center for the Performing Arts.

"Leavin' Cheyenne" starring Phil Loch and Tyler Zimba and directed by D. Anthony Pender is an insightful comedy contrasting the tired old trailhand cook with the new, eager, young cowboy who believes there is honor in the Great American Desert.

"Rattlesnake In A Cooler" starring

Joe Maggard and directed by Lou Criscuolo is a one-man tour-de-force, as a modern-day doctor-turned cowboy reflects on the adventures that led to his presence in a Western jail.

Both plays have a country-western flavor and both deal with cowboys-past and present.

Performances are at 8:00 p.m. and tickets are \$5.00. For ticket reservations and information, call 763-3398, 343-3664, and 1-800-523-2820.

These plays contain strong language and are not recommended for children.

Time for Holiday Fun

Duplin 4-H to Sponsor

Holiday Craft Workshop

Duplin County 4-H is sponsoring a Holiday Craft Workshop for youth ages 9 and older. This event is open to all Duplin County youth. This is a chance to learn creative crafts while making gifts and Christmas decorations.

This special event is planned for Thursday, December 6, 6-9 p.m., at the Agricultural Building in Kenansville.

Registration is on a first-come

Duplin Has Two NCSU Scholars

North Carolina State University has announced the names of new participants in the 1990-91 University Scholars Program, which provides special educational experiences for academically talented students. Duplin's participants include Rachella D. Dobson, daughter of James and Helen Dobson, Route 2, Rose Hill; and Scholar Shana R. Hutchins, daughter of Buford and Shirley

first-served basis. Limited space is available. Those wishing to participate are encouraged to sign up early.

Four crafts will be taught. Each participant will complete all four crafts. They are:

Woodworking -- Participants will learn the principles of woodworking while completing a wooden knife holder.

Christmas Tree Ornaments -- Four Victorian ornaments will be crafted by each participant.

Fresh Greenery Wreaths -- A natural holiday wreath will be constructed using a reusable wire wreath form.

Holiday Napkin Rings -- Each participant will fashion four fabric poinsettia napkin rings.

Cost of materials for this workshop is \$8.00. This includes supplies to make all four crafts and a hot dog supper.

To register, contact Jo Ann Williams or Ed Emory at the Agricultural Extension Office in Kenansville at 296-2143 or 1-800-755-4567.

A Customized One-Seater

This is Gail's husband speaking. I don't get to do that much...outloud, or in print. But you need to know about her car. From the outside it doesn't really look its thirteen years, but inside is another story entirely.

My peanuts had been harvested, and it was raining enough I couldn't pick the soybeans, so my brother and me decided we'd change the oil and work on our wives' cars down in our farm shop. He happened to mention, "The inside of my car is in a mess." "You don't know nothing," I responded, "look here." We stood shoulder to shoulder in pure bewilderment. He raised his eyebrows so high his farm cap moved to one side. "How in tarnation that woman gets so much junk in here is beyond my comprehension," I said, shaking my head. The front seat was littered in newspapers, half-finished journals, ink pens, binoculars, two chung-a-lug bottles, and old shoe, three dozen wildlife magazines, a chunk from a deer-lick salt block, one full tissue box, one empty tissue box, chicken bones, squashed dixie cups, toilet paper, and a dried-up orange. I think, "Here's your hand-held chain saw file you've been looking for," my brother said. "What's she doing with that?" "Fixes something under the hood's all I know," I answered.

The floor of the passenger side was occupied by a box full of copy machine toner and typewriter ribbons. "Open the doors," I said to my brother, "and plug in the air hose. It's the only way." And so, in the same manner we blow six inches of caked dust off our combines before cleanup time, we proceeded on her car. The INSIDE of her car. The back seat held books, rocks, canning jars, rocks, baskets, rocks, the match to the old shoe in the front seat, rocks, a hundred-dollar silk blouse, rocks, a sweater, rocks, an empty cigar box, rocks, a jar of pickles, rocks, dried-up chicken bones, rocks, and rocks.

"What's this big limb doing back here?" my brother questioned hesitantly. "That's her 'poke' stick," I responded, staring him dead straight in the



by: Gail L. Roberson

someplace," I responded. Eventually we did find it, but not before moving two quilts and an old army blanket, rocks, folded lawn chairs, rocks, a walking stick, rocks, empty bottles, rocks, two fifty-pound bags of rabbit food and a pail full of loose corn, rocks, a machete, rocks, yard stick and rope, rocks, a plastic tarp, rocks, a broken flower pot and a dried-up cemetery wreath, rocks, boots, rocks. And rocks.

We were dumbstruck with awe. Nobody could possibly get this much in a farm truck, much less in one car trunk. Yet she could actually close the lid on it. Neither me nor my brother could lift the big rock in the corner, nor have any earthly idea how she got it in there, or what it's for.

After a while we had the spare tire in place except for one thing. "Where's the wing nut that goes on this bolt to hold it secure?" I wondered outloud. "Fall on your knees in prayer, brother," he said in a quiet whisper. Another intense search began. Eventually we found it, secured the tire in place and slammed the lid. No two prouder men lived at that historical moment. A six-passenger car, personally customized to a one-seater, was now back in full operation. I puffed out my chest with great pride and hurried home to lunch.

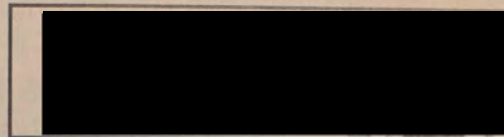
"That's her 'poke' stick," I responded, staring him dead straight in the

It's Time to Hit the Dust Trail...(Across the Sands)

He was addressing the American Society of Newspaper Editors, a generation ago, and Saddam Hussein wasn't on his mind. (And, he wasn't thinking about a game called CHESS.) But Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the speaker I'm quoting, was moaning and wringing his hands about Our People, and their loss of ideals (like Truth and Self-Discipline) and the easy way it is to get ourselves "bull-dozed and bedazzled by self-appointed medicine men."

"In this hour of misbehavior, self-indulgence and self-doubt," he continued, "let there be a fresh breeze of new pride, new idealism, new integrity."

He was talking about a problem that has besieged mankind far back into history. Don't ask me to research this, but I have always heard that "Alexander the Great" gave us the game of chess, because at age 30, he was wailing that there were no more worlds to conquer. He was one man who undeniably had it ALL, from Persia to Asia Minor and points between. He feared for the future of his son, and for his education. So he ordered wise men into his court (probably from India) to think up a game that would teach his son how to solve problems, pursue truth, maintain pride and keep the world in control. By the year 1345 (which was more than a thousand years later) people all over Europe were playing chess, and now this amazing game which even gives you a little semi-intellectual prestige just to admit that you play it, has spread across the world. National and international championships are still being played. The game should have been



teaching us all these years that POWER is something elusive that certain people can die for (if they can just figure out a way to get it.) But you can be stopped in that quest, too, if the ability to think yourself out of a difficulty (whether you caused it or not), can be acquired by straight thinking, hard work, integrity and a lot of applied effort. An exercise like that can't be started too early, especially since thinking is easy to shy away from.

Right now, as a nation, and as a member of the United Nations, we are undergoing some unprecedented thinking pushed on us by drawing "a line in the sand." When we turn on the TV, we hear about our hostages serving as "pawns." We see people being tortured, and dignitaries of dozens of countries hopping around the world, moved and being moved from one place to another. We listen to counselors, bishops, priests, newsmen and talk hosts. We've even got a very powerful Queen. If you have ever played chess, it's easy to vision Saddam Hussein on one of his beautiful Arabian horses - a Knight, flashing his sword! And of course here comes Knight George Bush brandishing his weapon and jumping right at him (with the Bishop alongside, giving cautious advice.

What is this game of chess that enters into our vocabularies, behavior and ideals, to influence each and every nation on the globe?

It's that game you were going to learn to play some time. When better than now? (Good idea for a Christmas gift and don't forget the military. They still love it.) There is always a chess set to be found somewhere and we're all in the game ourselves. You can be a King or a pawn. There are no innocent bystanders in chess (or in life, really.) When you let imagination take over, you don't even need real chessmen. Remember that scene in "Our Man from Havana" where Ernie Kovacs lines up miniature liquor bottles on a checkerboard? (I forget whether he drank up if he won or if he lost.) But the imagery showed the real understanding for chess as a picture of life.

You need 8 pawns, two bishops, two knights, two rooks and a King and a Queen, to move on a checkerboard. The object is to protect your king and get your opponent's king "check-mated." You can use bottles like Ernie did, or shells with lines drawn in the sand, or hand carved jade, alabaster, bakelite, pewter, silver and gold, or whittled wood. (A new set for Christmas and home

shown in the gift shops is made of crystal and satin glass.) You can get pocket-sized editions in a leatherette case. The object of the game is to win and to make the correct moves with a minimum loss of combatants.

The pawns are lined up first, of course. The little guy is allowed the first move, and this is the only time he is allowed to move ahead two squares.

Immediately behind the pawns is the line of royalty, with special powers to move, in various and ef-

fective ways, which can devastate the opponent or even themselves! (Dozens of books have been written on the subject.) It was certainly fascinating of the inventors to allow "castle-ing." It's a move you can take once during a game (when spaces are open) to move your King two spaces horizontally and bring the appropriate rook to the first square the king has passed over. It's a protective move, a little like deploying the forces to Saudi Arabia and then sending a contingent to the

Kuwaiti border. The player making the move better know what's what because this is a move that could work against you as some Congressmen are crying about. The king sits on his throne and, except for castle-ing, can move only one square at a time. The Queen, however, can run up or down, sideways and diagonally across the board. This makes her the most important threat to any kingdom. She can be "everywhere at once." The knights are powerful, courageous and disciplined. They go in an L-shaped pattern of three squares, two and one, hopping right over the opposition. Bishops keep to a diagonal run, stately and reserved. They can wreak a lot of havoc if they don't get themselves killed off first.

When computers were first introduced, everybody thought they would conquer in chess, and to some extent they can-but the serious player who digs in and works on and on, is still smarter. If you've ever thought that chess must be completely beyond you judging by the news you hear about the game, just lay out a board, and start your preschooler, and learn along with him! You'll be in for a real surprise! It's a game you can't cheat in, and you never lose, because you come out of it every time learning something new about yourself!

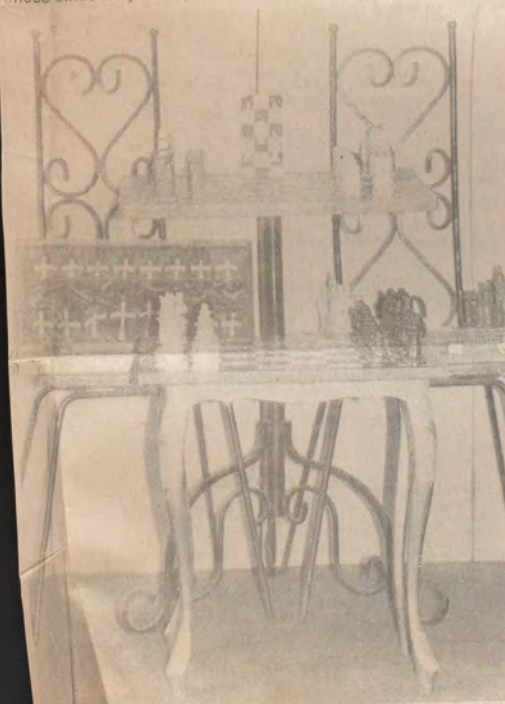
And, out there on the Desert Sands, the Rooks are in place, of course - the fortifications, solid and formidable, to the Saudis' liking. I am sure. Movable, too - they can go up, down or sideways. They always meet the need.

With the world trying to figure out what the next move will be and where Congress fits into it, we can all best believe one thing - there'll be a bush in the middle, with a quail hovering - and the Call of the Wild resounding - "Allah! SADDAMIT!"



NEVER TOO YOUNG -

When visiting en route to California, enjoy a game of chess using the hand-carved jade set in the collection of Duke [redacted]. They are seated at the Art Deco period chess table. Chairs are of wrought iron. The girls, 8 and 11, have been playing chess since they were pre-schoolers.



A VARIETY OF CHESS SETS is proudly displayed in the House of [redacted] collection. These sets are designed in jade, alabaster, [redacted] carved wood, and silver and gold.

Roger! This Is Friendship 7; My Status Is Excellent

It's kind of funny (when you bring yourself to think about it) that we live these days in a time when our whole existence depends on Science and Technology, and yet hardly any of us knows anything about science or technology.

Some of you kids weren't born, of course, when the first man walked on the moon. If you came from a fairly strict religious background, your teachers were trying to tell you that man would never get into Outer Space, must less the moon! I've seen textbooks of that time where the kids were told by the teacher to scratch out in their books any mention of the possibility of space travel! I knew one of those teachers myself, and so I could understand when rumors tried to argue that it was all a myth, and nobody got up there at all. Finally, however, they and the whole world had to admit it, and then something else strange began to happen. The scientists themselves were turning around! Some of them even went back to church. I guess when you get up into space, and then look down on this old Earth and realize that nobody else is out there, it sinks in that we, "the smart ones," don't know it all -- and that something knows more than we do, and has all the power! It grips you! It ticks into the way you think and when you get the facts in, you get a no-holds-barred position where new ideas and established faith and wisdom are looked over with unexpected and new appreciation.

Suddenly you know that the job is not just to train more scientists, but also to increase public understanding of what's really going on, and take some personal responsibility. Our tax dollars now are paying for a thousand year leap

ahead into modern times for hundreds of thousands of folks on the other side of the world. Many people we know, and many that we'll never know are laying down their lives for us and freedom, not just oil regardless of the way it looks. The world is never going to be the same, no matter what happens to Saddam Hussein. His calendar begins in 622 A.D. with a central belief of Islam -- our soldiers witness the praying -- "There is no god but Allah, and Muhammed is his Prophet." Saddam's talk to us on TV tries to make it all a holy war accenting the precepts of Islam -- generosity, fairness and a skewed respect for mankind that sends a martyr for the state direct to Heaven. Their people buy it because Muhammed taught that holy war is for the purification of the faith, and they are in a permanent struggle for the triumph of their Allah in the context of a general duty as a Muslim. The word means "he who submits." Oddly enough they believe in a heaven and hell, judgment day, general resurrection, guardian angels, and the eternal life of the soul. There are no strangers in their heaven -- almost every family has met great losses, and so they are ready to go any time. The doctrine of Rule by Divine Right shields all the injustices and protects the fervent bully. This makes Saddam a maddening opponent. Nobody knows what he can do, or

will do, only that he cannot be allowed to do it. And over all is the sad fact that there is no peace, only terror, in the mideast.

The whole situation is as "far out" as space itself and it's been that way for a long time. Our people have been blessed with a very reliable secret weapon -- all kinds of ideas, and the freedom to express them. We grew up on Buck Roger's Rocket Car, the Rocket Back Pack, the movies and their War of the Worlds, and we lived to see the Rocket Pack become a reality. The concept of jet propulsion appeared to us in a toy car which sold for the preposterous price of \$25 in those days, and you can see it in my display. Our people have been permitted to think. It's going to be contagious. I have press releases picturing "Tri Pod Teepee" Moon suits and tools, issued long before the flight to the Moon!

If you go to the Air and Space Exhibit at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., you will see a bronze plaque like the one I have pictured here, commemorating my Great-Uncle Pat's first solo flight, in a plane he built himself "of silk and glue." The date, November 5, 1910, qualifies him as an "Early Bird of America." Uncle Pat knew he was one of the first, as he put it, "to open the door." He wouldn't be surprised at today's build-up in Arabia, or the U.S. Air Force and its radar-evading reconnaissance planes now projected



FIRST MOON SUIT "Tri Pod Teepee" and Moon Tools press releases, 1960 -- Col. John H. Glenn, Jr.'s commemorating pin, pendant, and Friendship 7 replica "Cookie Jar" issued for the First Manned Orbital Space Flight. "Around the World in 89 Minutes -- Feb. 20, 1962." Early Bird of America bronze plaque, Buck Rogers Rocket Car, and related toys, "First Man on Moon" stamped envelopes, and space literature from [redacted] collection. (Staff photo by [redacted])

toward flying five times the speed of sound. He wasn't surprised to see John Glenn climb into space with that "Friendship 7." I remember Uncle Pat had a real laugh when he saw the "Friendship 7" cookie jar I acquired. As shown in my display, it is a glossy-black ceramic replica of the space ship with "Friendship 7" hand-painted on the side. It was issued in a limited listed number for a special Washington, D.C. dinner celebrating John Glenn's historic adventure. The flight wasn't anything like a cookie, or "a piece of cake." Glenn had his moments! On the second orbit, it is recorded that Control radioed -- "Understand you like the old attitude." Glenn answered, "Negative, I like the forward-facing attitude much better..." Control, interrupting, asked -- "But how is your status?" And after a few more checks, Glenn

announced -- "This is Friendship 7. My status is excellent!" (Maybe that's how come he went into politics -- just my personal comment.)

This first Manned Orbital Space Flight on February 20, 1962 is statistically recorded in a book, also in this display, issued by the Manned Spacecraft Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). The book shows diagrams of the positions Glenn had to take and maintain in that "control position" while it with the snapshot I have of Uncle Pat's

first plane he was developing out in the west after the noble experiences of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk. I understand that Uncle Pat sold one of his inventions to the Curtiss Wright Company. He built a propeller that would not freeze up and break off in higher altitudes. He knew all along we were headed UP! He earned the Silver Flying Medal I have on display and Gold Wings handed down (unfortunately for me) to his wife's family. However, the Motts of Rhode Island were solid people, too -- and, as I recall, young Stuart Mott "always set the ladies' chairs" (at age 10).Oh well....

We have seen for ourselves in just the past ten years how fast everything is going. What is new this morning is already old by tonight! While we're helping the old age move into the new age, we are flying past our most fantastic dreams of what may be. In the midst of it, the kids of America are getting F's in science and math. There are those who look at what the kids are expected to learn and almost back off from it. So what? I know WHAT, believe it or not. We have to take more interest in what the kids are learning, how we are motivating them by our actions in the community, and who is teaching them! Maybe we've got to remember that "figures don't lie", as the old folks used to say, "but a lot of liars handle figures." Kids grow when you open their minds, and no other way. Mistakes are too expensive in this world that we live in, where all of us, including our politicians which we put into office must be held accountable. We are going to have to take a longer term responsibility across the generations to avoid the easy appeals from mom's apple pie, to the flag and start looking at what we, the people, can do if we put our minds to it. There will be a shortage of a million scientists by the year 2010, and we can't leave it to somebody else to think through the new problems on the horizon -- from the supercomputer, fusion, high resolution TV, to super conductivity, food additives, cures for "incurable" diseases, and going to Mars! Our status is excellent! We live in a free country, but only because "We, the People" are still FREE! How long can we expect to hold onto our freedom if we don't make ourselves understand the underlying issues that decide our national policy? "ROGER! How is your status? Do you read me loud and clear?"

- Family, Friends and Neighbors -



WISEMAN-GAZALEH ENGAGEMENT—Mr. and Mrs. Zaki N. Gazaleh of Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. Donald G. Wiseman of Fuquay Varina and Washington, DC, announce the engagement of their children, Patricia Dawn (Patsy) Gazaleh and Dennis Howard Wiseman, both of Raleigh. The wedding, planned for Saturday, January 26, will be held at Wells Chapel Baptist Church, Rt. 1, Wallace.



MARSHBURN-TAYLOR ENGAGEMENT—Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ray Taylor of Pink Hill are pleased to announce the engagement and plans for the forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Donna Gwynn, to Samuel Alexander Marshburn, III. Sammy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alexander Marshburn, II, of Wallace. The ceremony will take place on February 17 at 3:00 p.m. at Wallace First Baptist Church, Wallace.



TO BE MARRIED--Mr. and Mrs. Alton R. Carney of Wallace and Wilma P. Miles of Louisburg are pleased to announce the wedding plans of their children, Renee Leverett of Wallace and Russell Miles, Jr. of Louisburg. The couple will speak their vows on December 8 in Community Christian Church, Greenville.



JUSTIN BLANCHARD was three years old on November 6. He is the son of Charles and Sherrie Blanchard, formerly of Wilmington now of O'Fallon, Ill., and the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Blanchard and Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Peeler, all of Wilmington. Justin is the great-grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Futrell of Rose Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Elasco Blanchard of Warsaw. He has a great-great-grandmother in Ill. and also a great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Usher of Rose Hill.

Keep Your Heart in Mind During the Hectic Holidays

The traditions of the holidays go far beyond the religious aspects for most Americans. And many of those traditions - parties, all-day shopping trips, extra work breaks to enjoy holiday treats - offer temptations to give up healthful habits.

But the holidays don't have to be the exception to your healthful lifestyle. The American Heart Association, North Carolina Affiliate urges you to keep your heart in mind through the hectic holiday season.

Both healthful eating and exercising are often forgotten at this time of the year, but there are plenty of things that you can do to avoid the temptation to eat foods high in cholesterol, fat, sodium and calories and to skip exercising.

At work, keep a small supply of fresh fruit or chewing gum in your desk. When the party leftovers become tempting, satisfy your appetite with a fresh apple or a piece of gum.

If your office has a holiday lun-

If you do bring a dessert, try fresh fruit. If you use canned fruit, you can reduce calories by selecting fruit packed in its own juice.

At parties, consider fresh vegetables dipped in low-fat yogurt, fruit, and low-fat cheeses as appetizers and snacks. If you find yourself trapped at the food table, opt for raw vegetables and fruits instead of baked goods and highly salted nuts and chips. If the temptation to nibble is too great, try getting involved in a stimulating conversation and as far away from the food as possible.

If you drink alcohol, do so in moderation. Drinking water with a twist of lime or lemon or diet sodas can help curb your appetite without adding pounds and also give you

something to do with your hands instead of picking up food.

For exercise, shopping can actually be an advantage. Between purchases, try "mall walking" for exercise. Many malls already have organized walking programs. Find out how many "laps" equal one mile and set goals for yourself. And, of course, take the stairs rather than the escalator and elevator when possible.

Don't forget about your healthful diet when you are shopping. If you eat lunch or dinner while you are out, avoid the temptations of high-fat entrees and desserts. Opt for light choices, such as salads or baked potatoes without heavy toppings and dressings.

Maintaining a healthful diet and exercise program is important year-round. And your willpower will help you enjoy a healthful holiday season. For more information on diet and exercise, contact your nearest American Heart Association.

Myth: If You Have Mental Illness, You Are Crazy All the Time

MYTH: If you have mental illness, you are crazy all the time.

When people think of mental illness, they conjure the images of a person tortured by the demons only he sees or the voices no one else hears. Or they think of a benign, foolish person who, like Jimmy Stewart's character in "Harvey," talks to nonexistent friends.

This, of course, is the version of nihilism that most of us have

Lets Talk About Mental Illness

Hallucinations-which are sensory perceptions of things that don't exist- or delusions-which are thoughts and beliefs that cannot possibly be true-are symptoms of untreated mental illnesses such as

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