

Standard online reader survey



Q: Do you think we've made meaningful strides toward racial equality over the past 50 years?

YES or NO

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EDITORIAL

King's dream of equality has not yet come true

It's been 55 years since Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his famous "I Have a Dream" speech and it's been 50 years since his assassination on April 4, 1968.

Through his impassioned pleas, King hoped to inspire positive change in society and provide African-Americans with the same opportunities as whites. He saw a day where there would be level ground, where justice would be administered evenly, and where jobs would be awarded based on qualifications, not color.

It's sad to admit the sweeping change King envisioned has not materialized in the five decades since his death. There is still racism and prejudice.

This can show itself with blatant acts, such as the white supremacy rallies last year in Shelbyville and before that in Charlottesville, Va. Or it can be something less overt like quietly passing someone over for a promotion.

Sometimes discrimination can show itself loud and clear. African-Americans are more likely to receive jail time than whites for similar crimes and police shootings involving unarmed black men have been well-publicized in recent years.

The Associated Press referenced a Stanford

University study from 16 states to show black drivers are more likely to be stopped and arrested by police than white drivers.

Another study at Harvard University from federal data concluded that when black drivers are stopped by police, they are more likely to have a gun pointed at them than white drivers.

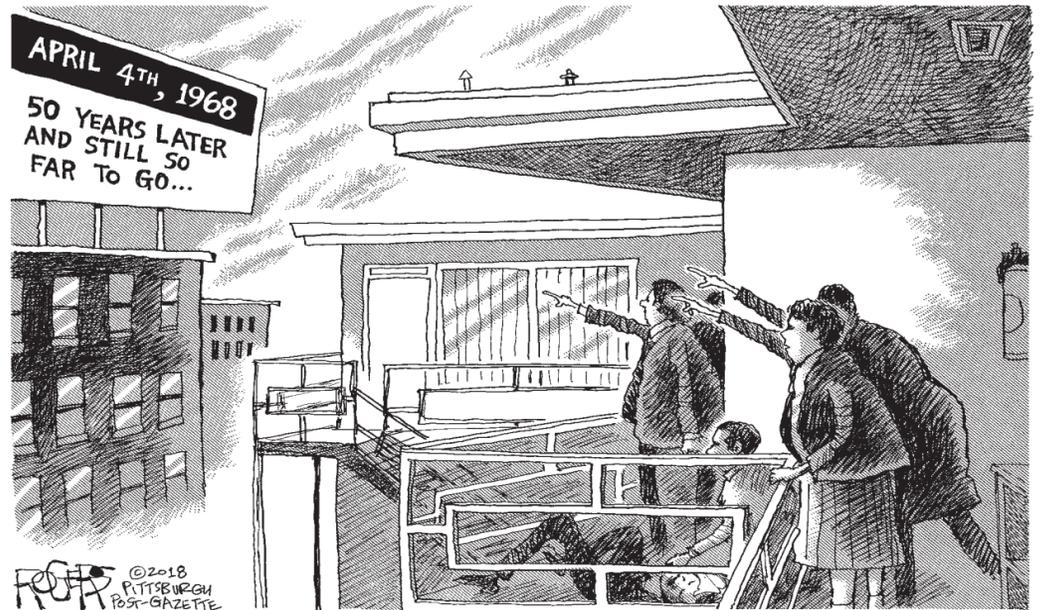
In a study of incarceration, the Bureau of Justice Statistics determined African-Americans were about five times more likely than whites to be behind bars at the time of King's death in the late 1960s.

That rate for black incarceration soared to about eight times the rate for whites by the late 1990s, although the Bureau of Justice Statistics says the gap has closed and is now just slightly higher than the rate in 1968.

It's sufficient to say Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream from the 1960s has yet to come true as we approach the final years of the 2010s.

It's vital to stress we can all make a difference. It starts with one person changing their mindset and perhaps passing that thinking along to someone else.

King's dream is still attainable. For millions of Americans of all racial backgrounds, it's their dream too.



Trump is playing 3-D chess

I can't wait to see Trump's next move in his game of "3-D chess!"

You see, it only looks like Trump is The Worst Negotiator God Ever Created. Instead of telling Democrats, "I won't even talk about DACA until we have the border wall," Trump has repeatedly given up the wall, aka The Central Promise of His Campaign, Without Which He Would Not Be in the White House.

He has now signed a spending bill that, if it actually did what it claims to do, prohibits him from building the wall, hiring any new ICE agents capable of making arrests, and building any new detention facilities for illegal aliens.

The strange thing is, as commander in chief, he doesn't need congressional authority to do any of these things. But he obviously doesn't know that.

Why? BECAUSE HE'S PLAYING 3-D CHESS!

Instead of making even a fake effort and forcing Democrats to get up off the couch to vote against the wall, Trump cleverly leapt to the front of the anti-Trump parade and pretended it was all his idea.

Trump's main response to a bill that actively prohibits him from keeping his central campaign promise was to denounce Congress for not sending him a bill legalizing "Dreamers." Which also breaks a campaign promise.

It's all part of the act, you fools! Trump is making the Democrats think that, even though they don't have the House, the Senate or the White House, he needs Chuck Schumer's permission before moving a muscle.

Carefully observe the master. He gives up everything, and -- in exchange -- gets NOTHING. See?

The easy thing to do would be to

say, There's no way any amnesty happens until the wall is complete. Anybody could do that. But we didn't elect just anybody.

We elected the guy whose name is on the cover of "The Art of the Deal." Sure, he didn't write it -- and probably didn't read it -- but Trump must have heard about some of the trite advice it contains. This shows what a master strategist Trump is.

The Republican Brain Trust sneered at Trump throughout the 2016 campaign, certain they were in no danger from this ridiculous creature. And he won.

You think Trump doesn't know exactly what he's doing? That's another new chapter for "The Art of the Deal"! Ignore People Whose Advice Has Been Good; Hire People Whose Advice Has Been Catastrophic.

Thanks to Trump's 3-D chess, he might well be in line for an endorsement not only from Boeing, but also from the powerhouse Bush family.

When a Republican House and Republican Senate deliver a spending bill to Trump that prevents him from putting so much as a rickety fence on more than 33 miles of the border, I think it's safe to say that not only do congressional Republicans not fear Trump, they're laughing at him.

I was there! At every single rally during the campaign, Trump would whip the crowd into a frenzy over the wall, deporting illegals and no more "stupid wars." I can't wait to see what comes next!

NOTE: If I am wrong and President Trump ever builds the wall, I will apologize profusely, return to calling him "the Emperor God" and throw a fabulous party at the grand opening of the completed wall.

LIVIN' LA VIDA LACY

LACY GARRISON



Holiday figures can be frightful

So I've noticed there are two holidays that seem to have obligatory photos for those with kids, Christmas and Easter. Mothers buy their children cute, festive outfits and have them photographed with Santa and the Easter Bunny. So I pose the simple question: Do your kids find these suits cute or creepy?

This month, I've had the opportunity to photograph several Easter egg hunts including Hopping into Health at the mall and the Kids of the Community Easter event. At both functions, I loved watching the kids' reactions, which varied from happy to horrified.

If I'm being honest, I find the yellow Easter Bunny costume pretty creepy, so I empathized with the screaming, red-faced toddlers. Maybe it's the blank, black eyes? However, if I need a good laugh, I know I can count on social media during this time.

My friends shared outtakes of their children during these holiday portrait sessions with hashtags like "easterfail" and "notafanofthebunny." Some photos I've seen showed sweet little faces with uninterested expressions as if they had better places to be and others captured major meltdowns.

I particularly enjoyed the multiple-sibling shot. The one with the older sisters smiling while the baby brother screamed in the bunny's arms. I can't help but wonder if the bunny phobia could depend on a particular costume or maybe it's the mannerisms of the person inside the suit that's offputting.

It's almost as if the kiddos can sense authenticity as they're placed onto the bunny's lap. If the suit passes their test, they smile. If not, they refuse to cooperate while meeting the poor imitation of their beloved Easter Bunny. Since Ross and I don't have children, we like to discuss whether we'll even tell our hypothetical kids about Santa or the Easter Bunny.

Our parent friends say "it's tradition" and "Santa and the Easter Bunny photos help make the holiday magical for them!" Meanwhile, I simply want to see how my future kids react. If they take after me, I will end up with priceless photos capturing their terror that will provide me with laughs for years!

Since I'm on the topic of suits, I'd like to get your feedback on the Mini Standard's mascot, Bonnie Bear. When I was in elementary school, I adored Bonnie. Grandma still has a newspaper clipping of me and my sister posed happily with her at Magness Library one summer.

I'd get super excited when she'd show up at my school and then run up and give her a high five. Yes, I was that kid. Can you believe that Bonnie Bear is over 25 years old? Since the '90s, Bonnie has been a part of the community. She still shows up at the Christmas parade, in the classrooms, and at numerous events.

Do your children still get excited over Bonnie Bear appearances? Would you like to see more of her? Let us know.

Standard reporter Lacy Garrison can be reached at 473-2191.



This incredibly old house

Every now and then, I'll see a story on one of the home-decorating channels about the 13th Lord Pushface, who lives in genteel poverty in Haughty House, a stately 300-room manor in Somethingorothershire.

He inherited the place from the 12th Lord Pushface, who lost all the family's cash playing craps in Las Vegas in 1973. Lord Willoughby Pushface keeps the place solvent by letting out rooms to tourists and by selling medieval furniture that's been stored in the attic since the place was last renovated back in 1649.

A tweedy old guy with a walrus mustache, Lord Pushface chuckles when he wonders aloud what his more cash-flush ancestors must think now that he has to mow his own 40-acre lawn. And Stevens, the butler, not only has to answer the door, but fix his own lunch, too.

There is no Upstairs-Downstairs anymore at Haughty House; it's more like Downstairs-Basement. The Persian carpets are patchy and threadbare, the gigantic wall-sized paintings in gilded frames are so covered in soot and dust that it is hard to tell if they are portraits of the 12 previous Ladies Pushface or paintings of the inside of a train tunnel.

To pay to have the leaking roof fixed, Lord Pushface even started letting tourists sleep in the old bedroom belonging to his grandfather, the late Lord Stuffy Pushface. The bed could fit Henry VIII and all his wives at once, with room to spare.

When I lived in a studio apartment,

I had no sympathy for the Lord Pushfaces of the world. They may not have had money, at least not anymore, but they did have 299 more rooms than I did.

Now that I live in a big, old, creaky house myself, I'm not so arrogant. I'm trying to think of ways to raise money so I can afford to get the roof patched. I'm not positive, but I suspect we are the only people in our town who have to give an alternate "rain date" when we invite people over for dinner.

Outside, the paint is peeling in places where it is sunny, and covered with mold in places it isn't. There are saplings growing in the gutters. I'm sure the neighborhood kids think the Munsters must live here.

The plaster is cracking in the living room, the dining room, the upstairs hall and the guest bedroom. The banister wiggles a loose tooth.

Everywhere I look, there is something that needs to be fixed, something that needs attention. The windows all need to be replaced, and the plumbing and the wiring both need to be brought up to code.

It's hard to imagine having to worry about 299 more rooms when the few we have are wearing us out. If we could afford a butler, he wouldn't be answering the door, he'd be patching the roof and cleaning out the gutters.

I'm thinking maybe we should rent the house out to English royalty. They might enjoy the coziness. Lord Pushface might be our first guest.

Contact Jim Mullen at mullen.jim@gmail.com.

VILLAGE IDIOT

JIM MULLEN



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Patricia Zechman, Publisher
James Clark, Editor

Phyllis Vanatta, Business Manager
Dale Stubbs, Circulation Director

Phone: 473-2191
105 College St., McMinnville, TN 37110
FAX: 473-6823
Email: standard@blomand.net
Website: www.southernstandard.com

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