

Editorial

Congratulations, Lions!

Although a pair of late season losses have cost the Mars Hill Lions a shot at the NAA District 26 playoffs, head coach Bob Ronai's squad is to be congratulated for their fine season.

The Lions have been the biggest surprise of the season in local play, compiling a record of 18-10. The surprising young team also set a new school record earlier this year by running off 11 straight victories.

Regarded as a .500 ball club at the beginning of the season by most observers, the Lions overcame a slow start to threaten for the district championship.

The good news from Chambers Gym threatens to continue next year. This year's edition of the Lion varsity will return next year, except for senior captain Steve Dooley.

Although Dooley will be difficult to replace, Ronai's bench appears full of talented players ready to step in.

This was the season Mars Hill made national sports headlines because of a battle with arch-rival UNC-Asheville. The Lions overcame that contest and avenged the loss at Justice Gym in fine style on their home court. The peaceful contest between the rivals should ensure a rematch next season.

It's been a good year for the Lions' head coach, too. In the past, Ronai has displayed a temper that had officials often blowing technical fouls against the Lions. The Lion coach is still animated on the sidelines, but he's learned to take bad calls in stride.

It's been a very good year for the suprising Lions. We can hardly wait until next fall.



WELCOME TO YET ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC DEBATE, OR BETTER KNOWN AS TV BLOOPERS, PRACTICAL JOKES AND LIFE'S MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.

Letters To The Editor

To the editor:

The recent establishment of a new department "for women" in State Government shows clearly that Mr. Hunt will stop at nothing to promote his Senatorial dream at taxpayer's expense. We have had a freeze on teacher pay and state worker's pay, but we have not had a freeze on more state funds being used to promote the present Senatorial campaign of Mr. Hunt.

When I announced for the U. S. Senate last September, I

stated I would focus on three main issues:

1. Controlling a run-a-way defense budget.
2. Working to reduce deficit spending by not engaging in customary back-scratching in Washington.
3. Promising to get this nation to re-commit ourselves to the unfinished agenda toward making life better for black Americans.

What is going on in North Carolina State Government in regard to our black employees?

A recent report from the North Carolina Human Relation Council confirmed this. There has been a decline of minorities in administration category, and a leveling off in the professional category. This decline has taken place even though 220 personnel changes were made at these levels during 1982. The Human Relations Council noted; however, a rise in the employment of women in all categories. What this means in State Government and most other public and private

employment is opportunities for women, more often than non-white women - are being made at the expense of previous gains made by black employees.

I am not against opportunities for women. I support ERA. And other efforts to benefit all women; however, I do not feel opportunities for women must be made at the expense of meager gains made by blacks in recent years.

Harrill Jones

Dear Editor:

A special thanks to Philco Hardware from the officers and men of the Mars Hill Fire Department for their \$500 donation and the prime rib

dinner served at the Deacon's Bench Restaurant.

We certainly appreciate your support. Gordon Randolph, chief.

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The News Record welcomes letters from our readers.

In order to be considered for publication, letters must be signed and include the writer's address and telephone number for verification. Addresses and telephone numbers will not be published.

We also ask that letters be limited to less than 1,000 words. Letters containing libelous material and unadvised letters will not be considered for publication. The News Record will not publish third-party letters and reserves the right to edit all letters to the editor.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



CONGRATULATIONS, "GREENY"

I was pleased to learn that Greenwood "Greeny" Edney, a teacher at T.C. Roberson High School in Asheville, was honored as the 1984 Outstanding American History Teacher at the recent American History Month awards luncheon held by the Ruth Davidson chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Asheville. He is the son of Mrs. Palms Edney of Asheville and the late Calvin R. Edney, formerly of Marshall.

I've known Greeny and his brother, Calvin, Jr., all their lives and often refer to them as the champions of "Name The Tune" contests which were so popular around here years ago.

Congratulations, Greeny, on your latest honor and achievement.

OUR GETAWAY POTATO PATCH

By Janie Franklin

Very soon, farm families will begin thinking about planting. Already, many have received the early Spring Catalogues with all the beautiful vegetables and flowers that tempt our senses and leave us deciding we must plant a few new varieties as well as the usual favorite dependable ones we use.

As the warm days approach, we tend to get a fever for working outside in the yard and garden. Driving along and gazing over the farmland, many people are trimming, burning brush, sewing tobacco beds, raking and plowing up the soils and welcoming the return of spring. I, too, get the spirit of gardening much sooner than the soil or temperature permits.

May I share just a little of last year's experience with what I call our getaway potato patch?

Our getaway spot is located in the Spillcorn area near the Appalachian Trail on the North Carolina-Tennessee border. We choose to grow our potatoes on the spot so we can bask in the unharmed environment three or four times each growing season.

From the youngest daughter to the oldest son, plus a sister and brother-in-law, we made our way up the mountain. The tractor was in the trailer being pulled by a four-wheel truck along with a plow, disc, hoes, seed potatoes and fertilizer. We also prepared a picnic lunch which we enjoyed while we rested and enjoyed the beautiful scenery.

We worked until nightfall and had a wonderful time. Finally, after a few more trips to the spot, it was October and time to gather the harvest. We were thrilled at the results.

Maybe you need such a spot. Find yours. Perhaps its not far from your own back door.

FUTURE CHOIR DIRECTOR

For the past several weeks, I have been fascinated by watching Kristin Ward, the 3x-year old daughter of Frank and Cecilia Ward and the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde M. Roberts, "assisting" Debbie Worley, the choir director at the First Baptist Church during the congregational singing at the morning worship services. While Debbie is leading the choir and congregation, little Kristen, sitting in the rear of the sanctuary with her grandparents, mimics every move Debbie makes. It's amazing how Kristen does this so perfectly. If she continues, there's no doubt that she'll make a fine choir director someday.



Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN

Although the sense of sound provides us with some of life's greatest pleasures, it is a mixed blessing. Sounds bring pain and sorrow as well as joy.

While thinking on this subject recently, I recalled several sounds that brought no pleasure at all.

The sound of water spewing from a burst pipe always indicates trouble - inconvenience, discomfort and expense.

We shudder as we hear one person lie to another when we know he or she is lying. While the truth in some cases hurts, a lie is bound to hurt. Nothing is more certain to impair human relationships than lying.

It does me no good at all to hear people profane the name of God, who gives them the breath with which they do it.

While it was my experience on many occasions to hear a dive bomber in action, I never learned to like the sound it made. Sending its blood-chilling, increasingly high-pitched whine down the spine, it dives toward its target, leaving in all who hear it a haunting memory.

A mortar shell whistling overhead is another sound no one ever forgets. Often it is already too late when one learns whether it will stop here or travel on another hundred yards.

The recurring echo of these two sounds 40 years ago remains alive, deeply buried in thousands of personalities. Except that this is a world of hatred and hostility, one could hope that no creature on earth would ever hear them again.

It is painful to hear the cry of a sick, hungry or tired child, or one being unjustly punished or mistreated. He never demanded admission into this great big, fast, furious and frightening world. At least, he should not have to cope with an imposed disadvantage before he is able to try coping as a peer.

I am pained deeply by the sound of the wheezing asthma patient struggling for life-giving air when air is so plentiful and free.

One abhors the crackling

sound of a fire destroying a home while its erstwhile inhabitants wring their hands in helplessness as their possessions, one by one, go up in smoke. How can I ever forget!

Sometimes in moments of solemn silence, the only sound one can hear is the shuffling of twelve feet with a casket bound for the cemetery. I do not like that sound, nor can I escape the pain of what I hear when another human being weeps inconsolably because of the death of a loved one.

As painful as all these sounds are, they have a rival in the form of laughter.

After a hard day of work in downtown Fort Worth, I boarded the 9:20 bus and headed home. Three blocks later, a young woman, anywhere from 20 to 35 years old boarded the bus. One could not tell just how old she was because she was extremely dirty, thoroughly disheveled, very drunk, and about seven months pregnant.

It seems that few people paid any attention to her for about five miles. Then, at an

intersection where there were small shops, already closed, on each of the four corners, this young woman stumbled off the bus.

By now, most of the passengers were watching her. Stumbling onto the curb, she almost fell, then recovered her balance before going down.

Then it happened - that sound too sad to remember but too disturbing to forget.

As the bus pulled away from the intersection, and while the young woman staggered away into the darkness, the passengers sent up a simultaneous roar of laughter.

We have been told that it is better to laugh than to cry, and sometimes we do one to avoid the other. However, what I saw disappear into the darkness on that Fort Worth street was no laughing matter.

It was sad to hear the God-given expression of joy and happiness exercised in insensitivity and shame. I have never again heard laughter sound so strange, nor so painful.

peeps. They help, but they can only temporarily shut out the realities of life.

Next comes the working stage. This stage can last one day or a lifetime. Having realized that good marriages are built and not magically created, we begin to invest energy into communication, love and intimacy. Those of us who do will generally find that their marriages move toward steady improvement. Problems will come, but they will go, too. If a couple is mutually committed to addressing their problems and not ignoring them, they can overcome them.

All of the big and little problems of life that existed before marriage come back in one way or another. We find that love, closeness and marriage are not the answers we thought they were. Once again, we begin to invest energy into communication, love and intimacy. Those of us who do will generally find that their marriages move toward steady improvement. Problems will come, but they will go, too. If a couple is mutually committed to addressing their problems and not ignoring them, they can overcome them.

One of the reasons that many marriages fail is the fact that the couple who marry do not deeply invest their energy into communication, love and intimacy. Those of us who do will generally find that their marriages move toward steady improvement. Problems will come, but they will go, too. If a couple is mutually committed to addressing their problems and not ignoring them, they can overcome them.

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