

Editorial

Involved Community Can Perform Miracles

Madison County became a better place to live last Friday.

With the dedication of the new medical facility of the Hot Springs Health Program in Hot Springs, medical care in our county took a great step forward. Hot Springs now has the most modern medical facility of its kind in Western North Carolina. We can be justifiably proud of the new building, the health program and the many people who have made them possible.

The new facility which opened Friday is the result of many years of hard work by the program's directors and supporters. Although the lion's share of funding for the project came from state and federal funding, it was the people of the Hot Springs area that made the project a reality that will benefit us all for many years to come. The new medical center could never have been built if the people of the Hot Springs area had not devoted their efforts and money to see the project through. The new center represents more than just a building for better health care, it is a symbol of community involvement, a concrete testament to what involved communities can accomplish.

The sort of positive community action that we need in Madison County was recognized in another sense Friday with the awarding of \$100,000 for the county's five volunteer fire

departments. Our volunteer firemen provide Madison County with invaluable protection that is too seldom recognized. The Marshall, Mars Hill and Hot Springs volunteers have long battled fires with equipment that is outdated and in need of replacement. The \$15,000 grants from the General Assembly each department will receive will help to replace some of this old equipment.

In the past year, the people of Laurel and Spring Creek have banded together to provide their communities with fire protection. Through the hard work of many involved people in these communities, the volunteer fire departments are slowly taking shape. The funds presented Friday were awarded in part as a result of their hard work.

No small debt of thanks is owed to Liston Ramsey, our county's capable representative in Raleigh. As Speaker of the North Carolina House, Ramsey has been instrumental in securing the funding which has made these improvements possible.

Mr. Ramsey has done a fine job for Madison County, there can be no doubt. But it should be remembered that all these fine projects, the new medical center and fire departments in Laurel and Spring Creek began, not in Raleigh, but in the communities of Madison County where people cared enough to become involved.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:
I am writing on behalf of my neighbor Pearl Price.

In early May of this year, Mrs. Price had a stroke and for a while she could not talk or feed herself, but due to excellent care and therapy, she can now talk, feed herself and read, and recognizes almost everyone.

Although confined to a wheelchair, she seems to be enjoying her stay at Brian Center of Asheville. She has made lots of friends there, but she keeps asking about people she knows from Madison County.

I would appreciate it a lot if your readers who feel they could find the time, could send Mrs. Price a card or letter. I'm sure it would please her very much. Mrs. Price's address is: Mrs. Pearl Price, Brian Center of Asheville, 67 Mountain Brook Road, Asheville, N.C. 28805.

Geneva Griffin
Marshall

Dear editor,

The story about concern for animals is very touching and I know how the little girl must have felt because we have hit and run drivers on Grapevine. In the past my son lost several dogs that way and it hurt very much. Just two weeks ago my grandson's little dog, a pure bred cocker spaniel, was hit and killed by a car almost in front of our house. Nobody stopped. I know in some cases it can't be helped but again most of them don't care. If that person reads this I want them to know a little four year old boy was hurt very much just because somebody didn't care.

Kathleen Coates
Grapevine Road

Dear Editor,

The story about Concern for Animals is very touching and I know how the little girl must have felt because we have a hit and run driver on Grape Vine. In the past my son lost several dogs that way and it hurt very much. Just two weeks ago my grandson's little dog, a pure bred Cocker Spaniel was hit and killed by a car almost in front of our house. Nobody stopped. I know in some cases it can't be helped but again most of them don't care. If that person reads this I want them to know a little four year old boy was hurt very much because somebody didn't care.

Kathleen Coates
Grape Vine Road

Dear Editor,

On July 21 my 2 1/2 year old daughter, Heather, got "too quiet for comfort" so my babysitter began looking for her. Kathy was joined in her search by two couples passing by on vacation and Larry Jones of Asheville. When I casually arrived home I was told my daughter had then been missing for an hour and so far the search was futile.

Recalling current news of lost children and feeling totally helpless we called Sheriff Ponder's office for help. Shortly after calling, a thorough search of the house found Heather sound asleep beneath some sleeping bags and camping gear left from our previous night's campout.

About this time the reactions from our call began to evolve. Within 15 minutes we had a search party of sixteen, including Sheriff Ponder and deputies, Bob Koenig, Larry Jones and ten people I don't even know. No one complained about being inconvenienced

on the hottest day of the year. They shared in our happing ending and went on their separate ways.

This was the first time we've called for help since we've lived here. We're overwhelmed that so many answered in such a short time.

Sometimes while driving to and from work in Asheville I've wondered if living in Madison County is worth it. It feels so good to know it is. Yes, I like calling Madison County home!

Thanks To All,
Sandy West
Rt. 5 Thomas Branch
Marshall, N.C. 28753

Dear Sir:

There is a disease which is presently gripping our nation. It has two names. One is "AIDS": Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. The other name is "FEAR". Not "Concern". Not "Caution", but unreasoned and unsubstantiated fear. All of us may be confronted with an unnecessary and unjustified level of fear if misunderstanding of AIDS is allowed to grow.

The facts are an antidote to fear. The fact is, for the overwhelming majority of Americans, there appears to be little or no risk of falling victim to this disease through normal, daily, social or casual contact. Apparently, only the most intimate contact can transmit AIDS.

During the past three years, approximately 1,800 cases have been reported in 35 states and the District of Columbia. Ninety-four percent of these cases have occurred in people to four groups: homosexual or bisexual males with multiple sex partners; intravenous drug abusers; recent entrants from Haiti; and persons with hemophilia.

There have been some occurrences in people who do not actually belong to one of the high risk groups. But many of these cases are women who are sexual partners of men with AIDS, or at high risk for AIDS. Others, tragically, have been babies born to these women, or to women who are abusers of intravenous drugs.

Primarily, the disease is spread almost entirely through sexual contact or through the sharing of needles by drug abusers. Presently there are 14 cases under investigation of contraction from blood or blood products. Data accumulated over the last three years indicate that out of the 12 million units transfused, the possible occurrence of AIDS in transfusion recipients is on the order of one case per million patients transfused.

There should be no cause for fear among the public that they may develop AIDS through casual contact with an AIDS patient, through blood transfusion, or through the giving of blood.

The American Red Cross is interested first and foremost in providing a safe blood supply to the American people. If AIDS is transmissible by blood, we will do everything we possibly can to make the blood supply for the country safe. The deadly risks we incur by ceasing to give blood are many times more serious than the normal risks involved in receiving blood. It is necessary for people in accidents or having surgery to use blood and blood products. Blood is and will continue to be a life-sustaining medicine. Your donation is needed.

Sincerely
Margaret Gormley
Deputy
Manager/Administrator
American Red Cross
Asheville

Letter Policy

The News Record welcomes letters to the editor for publication. Do you have a complaint, a question or suggestion? Share your thoughts with our readers in a letter to the editor.

The News Record attempts to publish all letters received. In order to qualify for publication, the letter must be signed and include the writer's address and a telephone number so that we can verify the identity of the writer.

We reserve the right to edit all letters in the interest of space. Any and all such revisions will be discussed with the letter writer prior to publication.

Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



CARNIVAL FEVER

Hundreds of people enjoyed the carnival which spent last week on the Island here. The event was sponsored by the Marshall Volunteer Firemen. Fortunately, the weather was ideal and afforded both young and old an opportunity to relax from the regular routine. One of the senior citizens stated that she went every night just to watch the activities and mingle with friends.

In addition to the various "skill" booths and several places to get food and drinks, there were numerous rides including several kiddie rides. Among the most popular attractions were the merry-go-round, ferris wheel, temptist, scrambler, chairplane, paratrooper, tilt, round-up, swinging gym, silver stream, the night creatures, and the radar gun which tested one's ability to throw baseballs.

Rob Amberg, local photographer, took many pictures of the action and commented that he liked watching the youngsters enjoy the rides, etc. Incidentally, Rob is an expert photographer.

Although tickets for rides were 75c, it was well worth the cost to watch the excitement on the children's faces.

The carnival left Marshall Saturday night and is now at Westgate in Asheville.

BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME

One of the most thrilling television programs seen in years was the 44th Baseball's Hall of Fame induction ceremony at Cooperstown, N.Y., Sunday afternoon. It was

especially interesting to me because I have been fortunate in seeing many of the past and present inductees play. The four inducted Sunday were George Kell, Walter Alston, Juan Marichal and Brooks Robinson.

Another most entertaining program was on Saturday afternoon, entitled "It's A Long Time Until October," featuring the Atlanta Braves during the 1982 season and the current league-leading Braves. Not only did the show include players and stats on the field but also gave the viewers an opportunity to see the Braves in their dressing-room, clubhouse and many of their outside activities. Being a Braves fan, I thoroughly enjoyed the program on ESPN.

ROLLINS VANDALISM

A few days ago I heard about the vandalism which occurred at Rollins recently when the neat sign at the entrance of the community was torn down and thrown away. The chains which held up the sign were missing and it was evident that some person or persons had deliberately done the damage. The citizens of Rollins take great pride on the appearance of their section and it is hoped that the guilty persons will be apprehended and severely punished.

ANOTHER READER OF H&S

I had the pleasure of meeting Roger Dale Fender of Route 2, Mars Hill, who, with my neighbor, John Messer, visited my home last Thursday night. His first remark after he was introduced was, "I read your column every week and enjoy it." Thanks, Roger.



Steve Ferguson

Making The Big Bucks

Have you ever thought about what you'd do if you had a lot of money?

I've always been anxious to know what life would be like if I had a million bucks. That's right, 1000G's, a million clams, a million buckaroones, one million greenbacks.

Even though I don't have my million yet, it's fun to think about.

With my million bills I could...

Buy Ronald Reagan a realistic looking toupee.

Get a shave.

Buy that pen and pencil set I've always wanted.

Pay my delinquent account to Columbia Records so they'll quit sending me nasty letters.

Go to McDonald's and order a Big Mac — all the way.

Quit buying Generic underwear.

Buy my very own Congressman.

Start buying "Premium" gas.

Get into the stock market and invest a few thousand in pork bellies.

Send Henry Kissinger enough money to go to school to learn how to move his lips when he talks.

Send Chef Tell to take Kissinger's place while he was in school — who would know the difference?

Hire Mickey Mouse to write these columns for me — who would know the difference?

Send myself to typing school.

Send Jerry Falwell a Coors T-shirt.

Demand that Hardees not make their chocolate shakes so thick that I suck my lips right into the straw.

Force Mr. Bill to reveal his true age.

Send Howard Cosell a copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Buy that fur sink I've always wanted.

Threaten to buy out TV 13 if they do another one of their special investigative reports on male menopause.

Buy Bob Becker some weather forecasting equipment, things I know he doesn't have, like a thermometer, a weather vane, a map.

Eat a pita.

Pay one-tenth of a USFL player's salary.

Buy that little disc back from Luke Spencer and give it to Robert Scorpio so the story would go on.

Hire somebody to invent a vaccine for athlete's foot.

Go in the bank without bowing my head in shame.

Get an operation for Michael Jackson so he can stop singing like he was still 12 years old.

Buy something at the meat counter besides cube steaks and bargain pork chops.

It wouldn't be bad to have that kind of cash, would it? Sure, money is the root of all evil, money isn't everything, a fool and his money are soon parted, but that's the negative side of it. Don't forget this:

Happiness can't buy money.

Living And Growing

By CARL MUMPOWER
M.S.W.
Asheville Counseling
Center

My friend's description was sad. He was sharing his recent high school reunion. It was a big one that he had looked forward to for some time. Fondly, prior to the gathering, he had recalled memories of his school days. Each memory increasing his enthusiasm for the coming event.

The special occasion arrived, and my friend and his wife somewhat eagerly joined in the festivities. Something, however, was wrong. Faces he had once seen as friends no longer responded. People paired and grouped in seem-

ingly impenetrable clusters. Why, Frank Football and Carrie Cheerleader were still, after all these years, the center of attention. On the stage sat the same golden children of yesterday, preparing to verbally reissue the wonderful days gone by. It was just like it had been when he was a student. With that dawning awareness, the hurt crept back to the surface.

You see, for my friend, high school had not been a wonderful and glorious time of life. He wasn't a football hero, class intellectual, man about town, or funny man. My friend, like most of us, was an everyday, somewhat insecure, searching, and slight-

ly confused teenager. Pimples, a deeply-seated fear of girls, and a keen desire to be accepted were the "fond" memories of his high school experience. The much-anticipated reunion had resurfaced the pain of yesterday, not the joy, because the joy was an all too small part of that time of his life.

Regardless of our efforts to eulogize those "happy days" gone by, it's sad to note that for many, our true picture of the past is a bit tarnished. It's unfortunate that those days when we are forming our identity and are most vulnerable, are also one of the times of life when we are exposed to a great deal of pain.

In my own experience, peer rejection, several inept teachers and a trip to Southeast Asia for Uncle Sam made my late adolescence a time for scars rather than trophies. It's curious how bungled dates, lost fist fights, classroom errors, and being picked last for softball can stay hurtfully buried for so long. Like a sad empty smile, the pain overshadows the pleasure.

It would be great if we could all have been successful and well rounded teenagers. Unfortunately, more than a few of us didn't come from successful and well-rounded homes. But still we hurt, and even though it's passed, much (Continued Page 4)



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