

Two Strikes On Yogi

Hall of Fame catcher and modern philosopher Yogi Berra is credited with coining the phrase, "It's not over until it's over."

The phrase has great significance in this age of nuclear weaponry, but now Berra may find that, although it may not be over until it's over, sometimes things can be over almost before they've begun.

Berra is in the unenviable position of working for George Steinbrenner, the Yankee owner known for changing managers the way most men change their neckties. With the Yankees currently occupying the cellar of the American League, Yogi's tenure as the Bronx Bombers' skipper would seem to be in serious danger.

Further aggravating the situation is the surprising success of the Yanks' cross-town rivals, the usually lowly Mets. Steinbrenner is not known to enjoy taking a back seat to his National League counterparts from Queens.

It's not Berra's fault that the Yankee management let the best relief pitcher in baseball slip away and it wasn't Berra who traded away the Yankees' captain, Graig Nettles. Berra can't be blamed for the Detroit Tigers' early season hot streak, or the Mets' inexplicable rise to respectability, but that won't

matter when the axe falls.

There's no question that Berra will soon face unemployment. The only questions are when it will happen and who will be the next victim.

Baseball has a rule prohibiting owners from managing their own ballclubs. We'd like to see that rule overturned so owners like Steinbrenner and Atlanta's Ted Turner could pilot their own teams.

Perhaps a month in the dugout would cure these owners from meddling into the day-to-day affairs of managing a professional ballclub. Baseball fans could then look forward to the day when George Steinbrenner announced that he was firing himself.

Berra's job as the Yankee skipper must be considered a temporary position, even if he should succeed in turning the club's fortunes around. Berra, it should be recalled, has twice been fired from manager's jobs after leading his club to the pennant. Both times, he was fired when his club lost the World Series in seven games.

Mourn not for poor Yogi, however. He's probably the only member of the Yankee organization with more money than the boss.



Tom Shook Is Remembered

Dear Editor:

My daughter lost a friend Then one day, her friend got this week, one she had known sick and she watched as all her seven years of life. suffered many days of pain. When she was just a small but always he had a hug and tike, he would come to our much love for his girl. home, take her in his arms When she could not stand to along with the sipper cup, see him suffer anymore, she diapers and teddy bear, and came to me and said these off on an adventure they would precious words: "It hurts me go. Returning hours later, bad to see Papaw sick and in they would give out bellies-full pain. I wish he could go on to of fried chicken, Pepsi-Colas Heaven and be with Jesus and a heart full of love and where he'd never have to hurt sweet memories. again."

That's what Tom Shook did. He went on to be reunited with the Lord, and he suffers no more.

My daughter's sorrow is great and she misses her dear Papaw, but her love for him was even greater. She knows in her heart, one day she will be with him again. She cherishes the love and sweet memories that remain with her.

Tom Shook brought many smiles and hearty laughs to the people of Madison County, but through him, he brought life and we were blessed with two beautiful daughters, one that knew him well and one who knew him for only a short period of time, but loved him just the same. He will truly be missed.

For each person that brought food, sent flowers and for all the love and prayers, we wish to thank you from our hearts.

The family of Tom Shook.

History Day Helpers Receive Thanks

Dear Editor:

As parents and teachers of students in their competition. Space does not permit us to mention the names of all who have helped, but the student will never forget your kind patience and understanding. With the richness of our heritage and historical treasures in Madison County, we feel it is extremely important for our students to become aware and appreciative of these things. The National History Day contest is one way of accomplishing this. For those who may wonder about the value of such an extra-curricular ac-

tivity, they can rest assured that in the past three years, Madison County has been represented well by some outstanding young people in our nation's capital.

Don Banks and the parents and friends of History Day.

Therapists. Physical Therapists and aides have done so much for her. Today that little girl is in the fifth grade at Marshall and is doing extra good in her school work. She now can read, write and do math. It hasn't been too long ago when kids had problems in school were put in special education. They had to pick up trash but today with a principle like Mr. Haynie and teachers like Mrs. Kathryn Boone, Mrs. Hussain, Mrs. Samara, Mrs. Shiela West along with all the teachers and aides at Marshall Elementary School, children like her have a fighting chance. They have gone the extra mile for her.

A sincere "thank you," from the family of Suzanne Holder.

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Heard And Seen

By POP STORY



MAY DAY FESTIVAL SUCCESSFUL
 Saturday was a pretty day for the fourth annual May Day Festival at Madison High School. The day-long event began at 10 a.m. and concluded at 11 p.m. with a dance.

The festival is sponsored each year by the Madison County Association for Retarded Citizens.

A wide variety of activities entertained the crowds, including a tug-of-war contest, volleyball and a pizza-eating contest.

Association officials and members of the Marshall Lions Club called the event a success. The success of the program was helped by the cooperation of many merchants and individuals throughout the county

MRS. CHANDLER IS HONORED

Frances (Mrs. Moody) Chandler was honored on April 30 by the members of her Sunday School class at the First Baptist Church of Marshall.

The class escorted her to the worship service in the sanctuary and announced that the class name has been changed to the Frances Chandler Sunday School Class in recognition of her many years as a faithful teacher. She was also presented with a plaque and flowers.

The Sunday School class was known as the Business Women's Class when Mrs. Chandler first began teaching. It was later called the

Deborah Class. Mrs. Chandler now serves as the assistant teacher of the class.

Congratulations, Frances, on a well-deserved honor.

EVERETT'S LATEST RIB-TICKLER

Gribble and Sons, Wholesalers, sold a bill of goods to a J.B. West, a merchant at a tiny crossroads village in Missouri.

When the goods arrived at the village, Mr. West refused them. The wholesale company prepared to file suit for collection and wrote to the railroad agent in the village for information about the arrival of the merchandise.

They also wrote to the president of the local bank concerning the financial standing of Mr. West and to the village mayor, asking him to recommend a good lawyer to handle the case. They also wrote to Mr. West, threatening suit if he did not make payment at once.

Mr. West answered: "I have received your letter telling me I had better pay up. As I am also the agent at the Crossing railroad station, I have also received the letter you wrote to the agent. I am also the president and sole owner of the local bank and can assure you of my financial standing. As mayor of the town, I hesitate to refer you to a lawyer since I am the only member of the bar in this vicinity. If I were not also the pastor of the Methodist Church, I would tell you to go to hell."

Know Comment

By JOSEPH GODWIN



Since my son completed his four years at the university sixteen years ago, it is too late for what I am writing to apply to me.

Yet, I have just completed my fifty-fourth consecutive semester of college teaching, and this occasion brings to me sober reflection.

If my son were just now graduating from college, his mother and I would have invested a great sum — time, concern, prayers, money — in order for him to attain his degree. What would he have to show for it? These questions may be either difficult, embarrassing, or saddening.

If my son were in the Class of '84, let me tell you some of the things I would hope that he had learned somewhere along the way.

Since words are the most reliable and effective vehicles for expressing the greatest number of ideas, I would want him to be able to express himself readily in clean English. And I would want him to know enough mathematics to solve relatively complicated problems for himself without the use of a calculator.

He should be able to relate socially and intellectually to a member of the opposite sex, as a person, without regarding her as a sex object or a goal for sexual expression.

He should hold as sacred the boundary between mine and thine where property rights are concerned. Also, I would want him to have the deepest respect for all human beings — regardless of their relative social or economic standing in the community.

My new graduate should show deep appreciation for his parents, his teachers, and all others who have helped him make his education a reality. He should consider his graduation a commencement in the highest sense of the term; for, by now, he should have learned how to learn. He should now be teachable without being glib — yet confident without being cocky.

I would hope that he has developed an insatiable desire for knowledge and an incurable curiosity about contemporary happenings.

He should have a meaningful knowledge of geography and a practical knowledge of the geography of our country.

My son should have an appreciable knowledge of World History — especially the history of Western Civilization — and more particularly, the history of the United States. Without knowing whence we came, how can he possibly know where we are or where we are going?

This new college graduate should be aware of Man's various artistic and literary creations; and he should be able to verbalize this awareness concerning (at least) Western Man's greatest masterpieces.

He should have learned not to wear headgear inside — especially while eating his meals. Nor should he remain barefoot in the presence of ladies — except at the swimming pool or at the beach!

My educated son should know how to maintain personal cleanliness and how otherwise to care for his physical health. After all, he will have only one body; and it will serve him better, longer if he takes proper care of it.

Our graduate may frequently have the privilege of doing what is not right, but he will never have, the right to do what is wrong. Also, let him

remember that nothing can be economically right if it is morally wrong.

Oh yes. There is something else every graduating son or daughter should know: Nothing is free; with every privilege, there is a corresponding responsibility. Those who fail to recognize and honor this relationship have always been known as deadbeats. They still are!

Of course, I'm dreaming! At the risk of getting my nose scratched, or of facing the accusation of being a wicked bird who fouls his own nest, I must say that the most inflated money Americans spend is spent on "education." Here, except for wonderful isolated cases, we do not even come close to getting our money's worth!

On all governmental fronts, efforts are finally being exerted to make us more aware of the generally poor quality of work being done by American schools and colleges.

If our country is to survive, changes in our educational structure and curriculum must be made. Since our nation must survive, these changes will come!

Living And Growing

Dear Editor:

In this day and age there is so much to complain about but this is an entirely different situation. This is to express our sincere gratitude for the Madison County school system.

Twelve years ago a little girl was diagnosed as a mental retarded person. The doctor told us she would never walk or talk. The first five years of her life were very difficult for her. At the age of six she started kindergarden, she had severe speech and motor skills problems. The special education program of Marshall Elementary school has done so much for her that a simple "Thank you" doesn't seem enough. Teachers, Speech

Therapists, Physical Therapists and aides have done so much for her. Today that little girl is in the fifth grade at Marshall and is doing extra good in her school work. She now can read, write and do math. It hasn't been too long ago when kids had problems in school were put in special education. They had to pick up trash but today with a principle like Mr. Haynie and teachers like Mrs. Kathryn Boone, Mrs. Hussain, Mrs. Samara, Mrs. Shiela West along with all the teachers and aides at Marshall Elementary School, children like her have a fighting chance. They have gone the extra mile for her.

A sincere "thank you," from the family of Suzanne Holder.

It's unfortunate but true that we all need help sometimes. Life is too complicated for us to function without some outside supports. Tarzan may have lived an admirably independent lifestyle, but even he sometimes needed the help of a friendly monkey, elephant or grapevine. If Tarzan can't pull it off alone, how can we hope to do so?

Tarzan aside, it's a fact that we all need help. The important question is what kind of help we require. Essentially, there are two kinds of help. One, is help that we use to get by with. This sort is designed to assist us in maintaining our lives with little emphasis on personal responsibility.

There is a second form of help that has the word "growth" attached to it. This is assistance we receive in order

to get ahead in our lives. A parent's offer of financial help to newlyweds, a teacher's push to bring the best out in students or a missionary sharing his agriculture expertise are the kinds of help that is designed to bring the best out in us.

The first kind holds us back by encouraging us to passively survive life. The latter feeds us emotionally, pushes us toward our potential and

opens doors on an independent future.

When help comes your way, don't be afraid to embrace it. It's a necessity for a healthy life.

Take care, however, that it is of the sort that facilitates your personality, not robs it. What sometimes masquerades as help may be a hand that will gull you down.