

Commentary

THE NEWS RECORD

Editorial

Marshall Adopts Sensible Budget

Marshall aldermen are to be commended for approving a budget that will continue to provide basic services while holding down taxes. The budget they approved last week may allow the town government to continue to operate without plunging the town into bankruptcy.

When the 1984-85 budget was approved, this newspaper scoffed at the financial plan, calling it a joke that wasn't funny. The plan did in fact become a joke, requiring a slew of budget amendments to bring it back to reality.

This year, the aldermen and mayor adopted a budget for the upcoming year using the past year's figures as a guide. Needed cuts in the town's recreation and street repair budgets will allow for increases needed for repairs, maintenance and the town's police force.

While the plan they approved last week appeared to be a sensible plan for Marshall, the budget's real test will come in the months ahead.

If the budget is to work and Marshall avoid bankruptcy, Marshall officials will have to remain faithful to the plan. Budget-busting requests for town funds will have to be refused.

With the fate of federal revenue sharing still very much in doubt, Marshall must operate on a bare bones budget that leaves no room for expensive excursions, police uniforms, fireworks or Christmas pageants. To do otherwise will invite certain financial disaster.

Heard And Seen



ANNUAL RODEO HERE JULY 3 AND 4

The annual Rodeo, sponsored by the Marshall Volunteer Fire Department, will be held on the Island here on Wednesday, July 3 and Thursday, July 4 beginning at 7 p.m., each night. The annual event is one of the most popular attractions during the year and hundreds of spectators are again expected to attend.

The following events are scheduled: Calf Roping, Saddle Bronc Riding, Barrel Racing and Bull Riding in addition to a display of fireworks. The events are sanctioned by NRA.

BANANA PUDDING

After finishing my lunch Sunday, I asked "Bill" if we had any dessert and she explained that she had planned to fix some banana pudding and had purchased all the ingredients. However, when she started to fix the pudding, she had forgotten to get any bananas. Hence, we had no pudding nor dessert. We both had a big laugh and soon forgot about the whole thing. She promised to get some bananas and fix some pudding soon.

WE GOT BEAT ON SATURDAY

The four Stokes brothers, Len, Ralph, Edward and Jim, of the Boone area, came down to Beech Glen last Saturday and defeated our team of Judson Edwards, Bill Clouse, Carroll Radford, Cecil Creasman, and your truly in an all-day match in the Greater Ivy Community Building. Despite the loss, we had a wonderful time playing the expert players, who have been friends for many years. I hope we can do better when go to Boone for the next match.

EVERETT'S LATEST LAUGHER

A man recently went into a veterinary's office and asked that his dog's tail be removed. The veterinary surgeon said, "It is true that that is an operation we sometimes perform but it is most unusual on a dog with a beautiful bushy tail like yours. Why do you want it removed?" The customer replied, "Well, the truth is that my mother-in-law is coming to stay and I don't want her to get even the smallest sign of welcome."

No Easy Answers

Shiite Moslem hijackers hold some 40 Americans hostage to their demands in Beirut after killing a U.S. Navy diver. The hostages are now beginning their second week of captivity.

The day before the hijacking which has commanded world headlines, another group of Shiite skyjackers commandeered a Boeing 707 and destroyed it on the runway of the airport in Beirut.

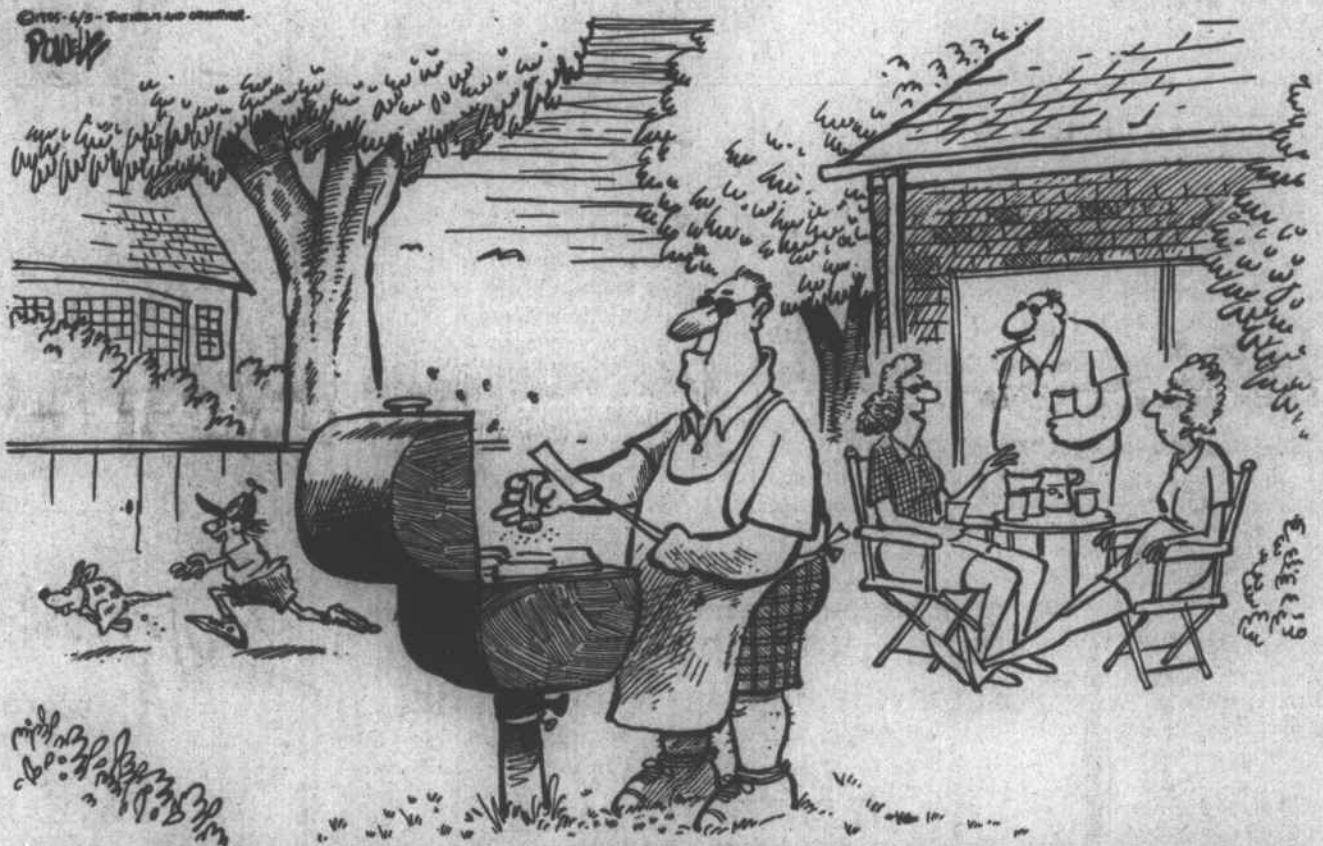
Bombings at airports in Frankfurt and Tokyo in recent weeks have claimed five lives, including two small children.

On Sunday, an Air India jet with 329 aboard disappeared in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Ireland. There were no survivors. Officials fear a bomb planted on the jetliner exploded.

Terrorist attacks across our troubled globe have taken the lives of more than 400 innocent people in the past month as the world's leaders posturize and wring their hands in search of a solution to the problem.

For the time being, the safe release of the Beirut hostages must be America's first concern. When they are safely returned to the homes, President Reagan and other world leaders must agree on an approach to the spread of terrorism.

Increasing airport security is a necessary first step, but it will fall far short if it is the only step the U.S. and her allies take. If the spread of terrorist activities isn't halted in short order, it is only a matter of time before madman armed with nuclear hardware hold entire nations captive.



"HARRY WAS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE TAX REVOLUTION UNTIL HE REALIZED HE GETS A CERTAIN SATISFACTION FERRETING LOOPHOLES OUT OF THE OLD SYSTEM."

Reward Offered

A News Record newsrack was stolen from in front of Hensley's Gulf Station sometime Thursday night. Thieves left the newspaper behind and departed with the rack, presumably to remove the coins in the rack's tube.

Money in the tube was removed on Wednesday afternoon. The thieves take couldn't have been more than \$9-5, according to News Record editor Bob Koenig. The missing rack, however, will cost The News Record about \$100 to replace.

The News Record is offering a \$50 reward for the return of the stolen rack and an additional \$50 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thieves. Anyone with information regarding the theft should call 649-2741.

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Know Comment

BY JOSEPH GODWIN



Late this afternoon, My Girl and I, sitting with a few others on the quiet sun deck behind the little motel on the beach, noted several things I want to tell you about.

Several porpoises were playing near the surf. Although they may have been about the serious business of feeding, they seemed to us to be playing—just turning slow-motion cartwheels in the ocean, revealing their fins with each turn.

A half-dozen pelicans glided at very low altitude—maybe two feet—above the surface of the calm ocean. Only occasionally would they flap their graceful wings to gain altitude from which they would dive into the water from an unsuspecting fish. I'm still trying to figure out how one keeps from breaking his back when he dives like that!

We saw several people walking the beach—children, young people, adults, and even a few couples—because—having just been warned periodically of the direction of the

breaking surf.

Two young men were sharpening their skills at surfing with uneven progress. They did not always dismount their boards at the time nor in the manner of their choosing!

And, as always, several fishermen—in whose breast the spirit of hope blooms eternally—were tending their lines on the nearby pier which had been built for the purpose of fishing.

That which held my attention, however, was altogether different from any of these. It was Bob Murphy and his three-year-old son, Tim, and their sand castles. Bob knows a tremendous amount about building castles—and seeing them crumble before his eyes.

Patently and carefully he used his shovel to measure off a sand castle near the surf, but before he was ready to leave it as finished, a large wave came and washed it away. He moved immediately, but patiently, further from the water

and renewed the whole constructive process.

Three-year-old Tim watched his father's every move with obvious care and excitement. First, the outline was marked in the sand; then the moat about a foot wide and equal in depth. Then came the castle itself with the towers at the corners.

At this point in the construction, a huge wave came and leveled the sand castle into the sand of which it was a part. No bother at all for Bob—no frustration, no exasperation—only patience and a new beginning.

Still farther from the water, Bob began another castle while Tom dogged his every step, watched his every move, and tried to imitate his every action.

After a while, a magnificent sand castle was complete. The great moat was all there, and the towers, castle front, and ornate details, three teen towers, ranged the ornate castle, each having been made by an optu-

ed plastic bucket of wet sand—and each tower dutifully stood in place.

Eventually, just before nightfall, Bob and his small son gathered their equipment and slowly left the beach. And the ocean had not destroyed the sand castle!

But it will; and when it does sweep his castle away, it will not bother Bob at all.

Bob knows very painfully what it is like to build castles and have them destroyed. He learned the hardest possible way what it is like to have the castle of his dreams crumble before his eyes.

That happened eighteen months ago when his only child was only eighteen months old. That was when Bob's thirty-one-year-old wife, Jean, unexpectedly died.

Oh, no. It does not bother Bob Murphy when a sand castle is washed away. He has learned patience and courage from a crash of an altogether higher order.