

# MOORE GENERAL CONDITIONING SERVICEMEN FOR CIVILIAN LIFE

With the dogs of war once more on leash and with less demand that servicemen be in more than perfect physical condition, a factor which could determine life or death for them, Moore General Hospital's Reconditioning Service is now slanting its work towards fitting patients here for a return to civilian life, physically and mentally.

The new slant is not something entirely new for Moore general," says Major Earl W. Rothermel, Chief of the Reconditioning Service. "Since V-E Day we have anticipated that reconditioning patients would sooner or later be on a somewhat different status from the point of view of preparing them for the future, in direction from Washington we are now placing more stress in athletics and recreation, on hobbies, vocation and avocations; on appreciation of the arts and crafts.

We continue to comply with existing regulation, on conditioning exercises including calisthenics, but the stress is more now on competitive sports in which we desire to instill in the patients a desire to participate rather than to make him feel that he must do so.

We are, on authorization from competent authority, going more lightly in the stress of physical conditioning with a return to military duty in mind because civilian demands less physically able men. When we were preparing all of them for a return of combat, we had to remember constantly that it was our responsibility to make them as physically fit as possible because in more than one instance physical fitness has spelled the difference between life and death for a man."

Major Rothermel revealed that a new building has just been opened for education reconditioning. In this building conditions are offered daily designed to fit the soldier for a metamorphosis from soldier to civilian. Herein are offered regular classes in typing, in basic studies in mathematics, English, writing, and spelling. A new course in public speaking is in the offing, and soldiers who in civilian life might be interested in the jobs as projectionists in motion picture theaters are given instruction on the 16 millimeter movie projection machine.

Those who have a bent for photography are being given instructions in photography classes, while those who may turn to dramatics take work in the soldier show workshop in which they not only run through plays and skits but also design and construct stage sets.

Others are learning the radio game including repair. "We are bending every effort to improve the knowledge of both patient and duty personnel in the arts and crafts," Major Rothermel emphasizes. "We are also giving them an insight into vocations and avocations."

As an example we have a weekly panel discussion group for which we bring into the hospital masters of the various trades and professions to participate and to tell the patients the advantages of following them. This we call "Three Hundred Vocations and Avocations."

To answer the longings of inner man, we have even just recently established a piano practice room in which there is a piano on which to practice for those who so desire. There is also in this room a phonograph for which we have hundreds of the recordings of the great music of the world for the edification of patients and duty personnel who want to listen to the compositions of the world's great music masters.

For the physical and mental improvement, the hospital has just received several crates of games originally consigned for

overseas shipment. A new bowling alley will be opened this week and the new gymnasium with all types of equipment is already in use. Golf memberships have been donated to the hospital and purchased through the Central Post Fund for those patients who desire to participate in this sport; softball inter-unit leagues were formed during the past few months; a crack baseball club was fostered. For those interested in fishing, expert fishermen from the staff of Reconditioning were assigned to teach the tricks of this sport.

Yes, V-J Day changed many things, besides some phases of rationing, and Moore General Reconditioning is doing every thing humanly possible to ready every man it processes for the return to multi and its accompanying battle with civilian problems.

## Sgt. Robinson Trains Canadian Soldiers

Sgt. James R. Robinson of U. S. Army is now in Panola training the men there in the use of American weapons. Sgt. Robinson was overseas for thirty-six months and a volunteer who has seen a number of foreign ports, such as Trinidad, Port of Spain, British West Indies, and Panama. He was transferred from Camp Shilo Manitoba, to Long Branch, Ontario. He was also at Ft. Benning, Ga., and expects to be discharged in the near future. His wife, Mrs. Lena Robinson of Helena, Montana, is staying at the present time with Mrs. Swain Gill of Grovemont.

## PROMINENT CITIZEN OF NORTH FORK DIES

Mrs. Lena E. Walker, 53, died Thursday morning at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. A. Walker in the North Fork Section, near here.

No time has been set for the funeral services, but they will be held at the Mountain View Baptist Church in North Fork with the Rev. Eugene Byrd officiating. Burial will be in the church cemetery. Pallbearers, will be Jim McAfee, Claud McAfee, T. B. Morris, Thomas Morris, Thad Burnett and Carl Patton.

In addition to the mother, she is survived by one son, Julius E. Walker of Black Mountain; four brothers of Asheville, J. L. Walker of Glengary, W. Va., D. E. Walker of Front Royal, Va., and J. O. Walker of Black Mountain.

Harrison Funeral directors, of Black Mountain, are in charge of arrangements.

## Gas Rationing End Brings Map Lack

Fort Worth, Texas—The end of gasoline rationing has brought on another shortage.

Two big travel agencies here reported today they were completely out of road maps, with no prospects of a new supply soon.

## 'Bug-House' -- Chemist Labels DDT Formula

Chester, Pa. — Walter Steuber, twenty-nine-year-old chemist who cracked the formula for DDT, took one look at the correct name—dichloro diphenol trichloroethane—and promptly labeled his product "bug house."

The kerosene lamp that smoked so much it was bad business to leave cigarettes on the table?

Chestnuts that filled the woods? Maybe they left us because we were always roasting them.

## What I Saw Today

By HARLEY LESLIE BARRITT

Having climbed steadily for an hour or more I reach my objective tired and breathless. Sinking down upon the lush grass that carpets this vantage point, a panorama of beauty comes into view. One feels that the reward has been well worth the effort. There is a feeling of quietude and peace permeating the cathedral like setting and of being very close to heaven. The day is bright and with autumn sunshine, spreading a golden haze over the surrounding terrain. High in the heavens great masses of billowy clouds float by on a background of azure blue, casting their shadows over the valley far below. An eagle climbs on silent pinions in graceful circles becoming a mere speck against the cool September sky, and is finally lost to view. Higher up a waterfall spills over and cascading down, becoming a silvery mist in its breathless plunge to the rocks below. There is the spray smell of autumn in the fresh clean air. The grasses rustle and bow as if nodding to the passing breeze. The trees on the wooded slopes have started to don their festival robes and here and there splashes of scarlet and yellow burn mid burn mid forest green.

Far across the valley a meadow cool and green from autumn showers, invites the weary traveler to stop and rest upon its verdant breast. Just beyond, a field of corn, now shocked and standing sentinel like in long formations, like infantrymen guarding the valley from hunger and from want.

An orchard clings precariously to a southern slope, its trees hang loaded with fruit of brightest red. A brook emerges from a wooded glen, gurgling and singing, it rolls merrily to the sea. A quail whistles from atop the orchard fence.

Cululus clouds have been forming into thunderheads far to the south. The wind has died down to a sudden calm. The air is electrified with suspense. Nature has been alerted with the first low distant rumble of thunder, presaging the coming storm. A grey squirrel barks and is still. A lone stop and rest upon its verdant calmer weather. The very trees bow their heads and seem to cling more tightly to the rocky earth. The storm comes nearer, and long fingers of lightning stab thru the darkened sky. The wind murmuring and swiftly gaining force has reached galelike intensity. Angry clouds swirl and seethe and loosen sheets of rain over the valley. The trees are tossed and swayed in unrythmic violent dance. Great jagged streaks of lightning now burn almost to earth, while peal after peal of thunder rends the air. Mists rise from the valley below and clouds hang low over the mountain tops. The wind abates and the rain lessens.

Perhaps the storm will go as quickly as it came with almost no warning as mountain storms are wont to do. Yes, even now, the clouds are breaking away and while still raining the sun breaks through the mist.

The mists clear away and the storm passes on, the thunder reverberating thru the mountains, finally dies away in the distance. Purple shadows steal across the sky, and the heavens are fired with red and burnished gold, as the sun drops low behind the hills. A wisp of smoke spirals lazily from a farm house chimney nestled among the hills far below. A cow bell tinkles musically somewhere in the distance. I hear the milk maid's call as she waits by the gate till the cows come home.

Twilight, the enchanted hour of the day, when life, of sunlit hours seek rest and sweet repose and nocturnal things bestir themselves, their music filling the night with ecstasy. As the moon, a great yellow disc, rises majestically above the distant peaks I hasten down past house and barn. Friendly lights twinkle thru the night. The cows have bedded down for the night and chew contentedly. A rooster crows sleepily to the departing day, a dog barks, a door slams, and an owl glides by on silent wings silhouetted against the moon.

These things I saw and heard today.

Membership in the National Congress of Parents and Teachers has increased more than 400,000 in the last twelve months, Mrs. William A. Hastings, National president, has reported.

Exactly 3,487,138 men and women now hold the organization's cards — a total which is greater by 432,188 than the figure at this time last year. In the past two years, the Congress membership has grown by almost 875,000.

The Congress has members in every one of the 48 states, in the District of Columbia, and in the Territory of Hawaii—from which Mrs. Hastings has just returned after making an official visit to that branch of the organization.

"Along with our gain in membership," Mrs. Hastings said, "has gone a comparable gain in every field of parent-teacher accomplishment. America's teachers — men and women alike — have fearlessly faced the challenge of the times.

"Our continued growth means that we have an increased responsibility to use our strength and competence wisely. And this responsibility belongs to every man and woman in every P. T. A. in America, from the smallest, most isolated rural unit to the largest urban association.

"As a vast army of men and women fighting for the welfare of the children of the world, we must be prepared to deploy our forces wherever they are most needed."

Membership in North Carolina is 112,255. Mrs. E. N. Howell, Swannanoa, is state president.

## Bible in The School

By MRS. E. L. DUPUY, SR.

It will be of interest to the readers of our town paper to know that the teaching of the Bible in the school is going forward this year, as during the past seven years.

This work is directed by a committee made up of members from all the churches in Black Mountain, Montreat and Ridgecrest. Miss Susan Carrell is beginning her fourth year. She is well qualified to teach our children this wonderful book, having been a missionary to Japan for more than twenty years, and has proven her ability during the past three years with us.

Many parents have said to members of the committee, "Just suppose we could have been taught the Bible in school." Yes, suppose we had all been taught first things first.

The funds to carry on this work are voluntary gifts from churches and individuals who desire to share in this great work.

Gifts may be left with Mr. R. G. Summey or given to your local church treasurer.

Let us all have a share in this important work for the young people of our community.

## Well Known Local Woman Dies

Mrs. C. E. Campfield, age 78, of Grovemont passed away at the home of her daughter at 4:40 a. m., September 17th. Mrs. Campfield was well known in her neighborhood and her passing away will be mourned by many friends and neighbors. Mrs. Campfield is survived by her only daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Allen, Grovemont; three step-sons, Chas. E. Campfield, Clyde Campfield, Jerry Campfield; two step-daughters, Mrs. Oris Floyd, Mrs. Homer Marcum; three sisters, Mrs. Lena Carter, Mrs. Vic Clayton, and Mrs. Jim Mace and several grandchildren and step-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the Pisgah Forest Baptist Church and burial took place at Davidson River cemetery. An attempt to get in touch with Franklin Campfield of U. S. Navy was to no avail as he was stationed in Florida in the storm area. The body remained at the Harrison Funeral Home until services were held.

Girls "pig-tails"? No matter how unpopular a girl was, she always had a couple of bows.

## Here Are Your RATIONS

Important Dates and Events  
on the Ration Calendar

### MEATS AND FATS: Red Stamps . . .

V2, W2, X2, Y2, Z2—now valid—expire Sept. 30.  
A1, B1, C1, D1, E1—now valid—expire October 31.  
F1, G1, H1, J1, K1—now valid—expire November 30.  
L1, M1, N1, P1, Q1—valid Sept. 1—expire Dec. 31.

Sugar Stamp No. 38 valid through December 31 for five pounds.

SHOES — Airplane stamps No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Book Three continue valid indefinitely.

USED FATS: Two red points given for one pound of waste fat at your grocer or meat dealer.



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