

### Vote for PROGRESS



"If elected to Congress I expect to appoint one secretary who will stay in the District all the time for the benefit of the G. I.'s and other war veterans and their dependents. This secretary will be available for the benefit of the veterans and their dependents as a contact man who will be familiar with the laws of Veterans and the rights and benefits to which they are entitled."

### Monroe M. Redden

Democratic Candidate For CONGRESS

PRIMARY ELECTION MAY 25, 1946

### BASKETBALL BELLS

By E. BYRD

#### PART II

(Bill Burns has come to Glendale hoping to win success as coach of the girl's basketball team. He finds that he has stepped into a "hornet's nest," and that Teresa Marlowe is captain of the team and one of the chief hornets. As the story opens today, Bill has a visitor.)

As the young coach enters the room, a tall man arose from his chair and came forward with an outstretched hand.

"Coach Burns?" he queried, "I'm R. L. Marlowe, a member of the local school board and Teresa's father. I want to welcome you to Glendale, and I have come to pledge my co-operation to you in any way that I can be of assistance."

"Yes," I'm Bill Burns, and I am happy to see you and hear your worthy resolves."

The two men stood looking at each other, sizing one another up, and what they saw was good. R. L. Marlowe was a tall, hearty looking individual but there was something that bespoke sadness in his demeanour. He was well dressed in a gray business suit and made a prepossessing figure as he stood perfectly at ease in the tiny sitting room.

"Won't you have a seat, Mr. Marlowe?" Bill courteously inquired.

"Thank you, I rather wanted to have a little chat with you. I think there are some things about this local situation that you, in all fairness, ought to know. Our little town is divided into two political factions. They fight over everything from the post office appointments to the members of the faculty. Jim Smith is the leader of one faction, and I happen to be the leader of the other. Right now, for the first time, my faction is top-dog. Smith is trying in every way to discredit me and my group, hoping to return to power. Smith's son, Randy, was coach of our team last year and his miserable failure helped to discredit the Smith cause. You might say, how did that affect politics? Wait until we have had our first game, this town is basketball crazy. When we win, everybody is happy, but if we lose there is all kind of changes made. I heard of your remarkable record, and I am the man who is responsible for your being here. If you don't succeed, I'll be blamed. Son, there is a lot depends on you. More than I can tell you now."

"Mr. Marlowe, I appreciate your confidence and I will do everything in my power to justify it. By the way, your daughter is a nice shot."

"Yes, but she is not a good player, and if you are much of a coach you will realize it. Teresa is a 'glory hog,' and while she gets her points, she is a liability to the team. The individual must completely subordinate himself to the good of the team before he or she is truly a great player. I used to play a little football at the University about twenty years ago, and I know you have to have teamwork if you have a good team. Randy Smith last year got Teresa believing that scoring of points was the most important thing at all, and I am afraid that she will never get over it. Teresa isn't like my other children. Her mother died when she was small; she has always had a rather peculiar streak. Anything you can do to help my daughter will meet my approval. I've about given up."

Bill Burns gazed with new respect at the big man standing before him. Not many parents would admit their children in error.

Marlowe . . . University . . . football . . . "Say, you aren't 'Bull' Marlowe, the only All-American our University ever turned out . . . ?"

"Well, I did have some good blockers that made me look good," said the big man deprecatingly.

Legends of days gone by flashed through Bill Burns' mind as he stared at R. L. Marlowe. Wherever barbershop quarterback gathered his feats were still discussed. Marlowe, who could throw fifty yard passes, kick sixty yards on a fly, run like an antelope on the ends, and yet hit a line like a ten ton tank, a tremendous athlete, who still put the team first.

"Another thing," said Marlowe, "Randy Smith is back in town and he is making some pretty nasty remarks about what he intends to do to you if you should cross him

in any way."

"Why, what have I done to him?"

"Nothing, except take his job, I warn you he is a dangerous and unscrupulous fellow that will stop at nothing if once aroused. He and Teresa were a little sweet on each other, and I think that accounts for Teresa's dislike of you. In her twisted way of thinking you took Randy's place away from him, therefore she hates you. Oh! if my daughter could have liked anybody except Jim Smith's dissipated son."

With these remarks, Marlowe arose and prepared to leave.

"Good-bye coach."

"Good-bye, sir. Come again."

As the door closed behind Marlowe, Bill gave a deep sigh. The situation was becoming more and more involved. At least, he felt that he had a good friend in Marlowe. On the other hand, he has an avowed enemy in Randy Smith, without having, as yet, met him face to face. This job was going to be no cinch.

The next day was Saturday, and Bill Burns started early that morning on a walk across the countryside. The country appealed to him, and after a sleepless night, he felt like starting a private "back to nature" movement of his own.

Hearing the sound of bat meeting ball and the excited voices of youngsters, Bill vaulted a low fence and from a little hillock surveyed with amused interest, the scene before him. A group of assorted boys and girls, all sizes, ages, and descriptions were engaging in a hectic game of softball. The only common characteristics were the poor apparel and the deep interest of all the players. The situation was tense. A boy was at the bat, a big clumsy, powerful chap, players were on the first and second. From the cries of the onlookers, Bill gathered that there were no outs. The pitcher swung forward, delivered the pitch, a fast, straight, underhand ball. The big boy at the plate swung, there was the sharp sound of bat meeting ball. Then a sigh involuntarily escaped Bill's lips. A tall girl, playing third had risen high into the air with the crack of the bat, snared the ball in one hand tossed the ball to second to double the runner who had run off the base; the second basemen had relayed the ball to first before the runner there could return, and a neat triple play had retired the side. It was a beautiful play, but the thing that had impressed Bill the most was the way in which the tall third basemen had left the ground to go after the hard hit ball. He casually made his way into the little group of players now preparing for their turn at bat.

"That was a beautiful catch," he remarked to the girl.

"Thank you, Mr. Burns," was the quiet reply.

"Say, how did you know who I was?"

"Everybody in high school knows the new coach. I am Rosa Jordan, and I am new this year too. Pa moved in from the mountain, so I could go to high school. He said that he never had no schoolin' and he wanted me to have some."

"How do you like it here?"

"It's all right, but folks ain't much friendly. Maybe it's because we are pore folks, but Pa says it ain't no disgrace to be pore as long as ye are honest."

Bill noticed that though the girl used little countryfied expressions and though her clothes were not in the latest style that she was of a clean appearance. She was quite tall, and walked with a graceful stride that she might have acquired in her mountain home. In fact, the young coach noticed she was quite pretty in an unsophisticated sort of way.

"That was good jumping, you just did. Where did you learn to jump like that?"

"I used to jump the fences when I went to fetch the cows, and then I always liked to jump and run and play ball anyhow."

"Why don't you come out for basketball? We need some height on the team."

"I don't know the first thing about it. I would make a fool out of myself."

"I'll tell you what. Come to the gym Monday afternoon when you finish your classes, and I'll start you learning how the game is played. You'll need some shorts and gym shoes. I'll depend on your being there."

"If Pa didn't care, I'll be right there."

Coach Burns bade the little group goodbye, and turned his footsteps homeward. He walked along with his head lowered, thinking of some way to strengthen what he feared might be a weak team. Say, if this girl could be taught to play, she was natural. Just then he collided with someone suddenly and almost sat down on the sidewalk.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" demanded a surly looking fellow rising from the walk where the force of the collision had landed him.

"I'm awfully sorry, fellow," said Coach Burns in a mild voice. His mild tone seemed to enrage the other more. Clenching his fists, an ugly gleam in his eyes he stepped forward.

"You can't bump Randy Smith and get by with it."

(In next week's installment, Coach Burns engages in fist-cuffs, introduces a new system and a practice game is played.)

### Moore General Softball League to Open Season

#### First Weeks Schedule:

Monday, April 29—Diamond No. 1, Morgan Bros. vs. Post Engineers. Diamond No. 2, Nurses vs. Swannanoa.

Tuesday, April 30—Diamond No. 1, Ground Forces vs. Black Mtn. Diamond No. 2, Civilian vs. WAC's.

Thursday, May 2—Diamond No. 1, Swannanoa vs. Duty Officers. Diamond No. 2, Morgan vs. Black Mountain.

Friday, May 3—Diamond No. 1, Post Engineers vs. Duty Officers. Diamond No. 2, Ground Forces vs. Swannanoa.

#### Rules and By-Laws of Moore General Softball League.

1. All games will start at 6:00 p.m. Forfeiture time 15 minutes.

2. There will be a split season in both men's and women's leagues. The first half will end on 21 June 1946.

3. All postponed games will be played within one week of postponement, weather permitting, at the discretion of both managers and with the approval of the Post Athletic Officer.

4. There will be an umpire assigned to each game and his decision will be final, except on interpretation of rules.

5. All protests must be filed with the umpire at the time the play takes place. Protested games that are upheld will be played off from the inning that the protest took place.

6. The managers of all teams will comprise the executive board of the league with the league president. Any manager may call a meeting by contacting the league president, and he will contact the other league managers.

7. 1946 Official Softball Rules will govern the league.

8. Complete player lists must be submitted to the league president by . . . . ., 1946.

9. Trophies will be awarded to the winners and runner ups of each league for each half of the season.

### Ex GI's Perform Well On Opening Day

First of all we would probably like to think of the fellows who played for Moore General last year and have now returned to the majors.

Spud Chandler of the New York Yankees turned in a five hit shut-out victory over the Athletics.

Ray Mueller got two hits out of four times at bat.

Ron Northey got one hit out of five times at bat, but it was a homer.

Other standout players who exchanged Uncle Sam's uniform for baseball uniforms and their opening day activities.

Ted Williams 430 foot homer longest hit in Washington park in 15 years.

Johnny Pesky one hit in four times up. Good fielding.

Bobby Doerr two out of five. Bob Feller won three hit 1-0 shutout. Struck out 10.

Hank Greenberg won opener with homerun. Joe DiMaggio . . . hit long home run. Bill Dickey . . . hit two for four. Jimmy Brown . . . one for four. Terry Moore . . . one for four. Stan Musial . . . one for four. Enos "Country" Slaughter . . . two for five.

All in all the returned veterans showed that they intended to take up where they left off when they left the national pastime.

### NORTH FORK SPECIAL

Dear Editor:

We have a case on North Fork that calls our minds back to the old Indian days when they sold land by arrow throws instead of poles or chains and they specify so many arrow throws to a blackberry patch in hoot owl hollow, and Sheriff Brown has a plot of land that corners at a rock in an old railroad bed where its built of nothing but rock and the same thing happened in his case that did with the Indians it got a lap in his track. But there is quite a difference in laps in hand now and in the day of the Indians. They just say well the lap belongs to us both and we both use it but its different in Mr. Brown's case and Mr. Melton, one raises cattle while the other raises wheat. So they can't very well put the two together.

So it's a case with them. I always looked at a civil suit as I do at a baseball game or a horse race, not at who wins but at the effort that both sides puts in it to win, and I think we got a grand show in this case. Because the money and the compressibility is behind the suit.

Signed OLD MACK.

A pair of bluejays has been known to rout a cat by a series of attacks in which hone bird noisily attracts its attention while the other dives in silently to deliver a sharp peck.

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