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Editor's Note: While Winchell is on vacation, Jack Lait is acting as guest columnist.

Recriminations, Reflections—

Ruthless, rapacious James Caesar Petrillo seems hell-bent to wreck the nightclubs of New York, which cannot meet his latest demands and live. . . Petrillo hasn't been getting his name in the papers lately, and has apparently decided to see to that. . . I have long observed this egomaniac. . . His union, though in the AFL, is autonomous and he is its absolute duce. . . He defies economic laws as he defies the nation's laws, which he now is doing flagrantly and blatantly — and he loves it; he loves that sensation of dictatorial arrogance: "Hah—I'm bigger than all America. Nothing can touch Petrillo. The world can't live without music—and I own the music. I have millions of dollars and don't account to anybody. My voiceless fiddlers and drummers and horn-blowers worship me. Congress passes a special law just against me—and that law I break. . . So this is a republic. . . No king. . . What a laugh!"

Meyer Davis, the society maestro, wires me a lengthy defense of James Caesar Petrillo, who, he says, "has absolutely no jurisdiction over proposed raises in N. Y. nightclubs." He adds, "There is too much hooey about Petrillo, just because he is colorful." If that's what's the matter with Petrillo, I'm color-blind. I'm also dumb. But I retain my sense of smell!

The dynamic six-footer, Walter E. Smith, is in town again, third time in two weeks he's flown hither. . . "I got a nap in the plane," he tells me. "I hadn't been to bed for four days and nights." . . . Smith, whose hair is pretty white, is only 60. But he does more things than anyone I've ever known. . . Within the year he has bought and converted a Hollywood cafe into Tom Breneman's, run the morning breakfast broadcast there into a national sensation, had it filmed for a feature; promoted rodeos, signed Gene Autrey for five years and will publish his biography; bought a hotel and cabanas in Palm Springs; tied up "Pappy" Boyington for his book and picture rights, and has a \$150,000 Warner offer on the latter; organized a company to publish a magazine devoted to western movies; incorporated a company to produce Nils T. Grandlund's picture, "Rhythm Ranch"; bought Chestertown, favorite in the Hambletonian, for \$40,000, highest price ever paid for a trotter, to add to his large stable; founded the association which converted Santa Anita to trotting; conducts the largest enterprise in the West making aluminum furniture and luggage. . . And nobody can play harder than he—or work half as hard.

Durocher, says Lew Parker, acts as though he were fighting Joe Louis, not St. Louis!

Lt. Col. Gregory (Pappy) Boyington's book is finished and in the hands of the busy Walter E. Smith, who seems to have about eight hands. Not only will Smith publish, but he'll do the movie himself, as an independent, perhaps as a roadshow entry. Admiral Nimitz has offered Smith any fleet facilities required for the screen adaptation. The title, first time announced anywhere, is "Where Are We Now?"

Even Stalin's spies don't know — Margaret Truman's calls from Missouri to Washington are person-to-person — and the person is Marvin Coles, counsel for the merchant marine!

Gwendolyn Stone is a beautiful and talented dancer. . . She has appeared in several west coast revue creations and in films, including "Night and Day." . . No one seeing her would imagine that she is a deaf mute and has been since childhood. . . She picks up rhythms with her feet, via vibrations. . . She takes direction and cues by un-failing lip-reading.

Santa Fe Skyway is carrying specialized cargoes, including perishables. . . No schedules will be made. . . Flying personnel will be mostly veterans, 11 of whom have signed on. . . One plane has refrigeration equipment, which weighs only 1 per cent of the gross tonnage and can register 120 degrees below zero.

Marie Windsor, Utah beauty, who took over Broadway via stage and radio, is an outstander in Hollywood. . . Ben Bogea and Casey Robinson, who bought Hemingway's "Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber" for peanuts (\$85,000 worth) are aiming at an Oscar. . . Pat O'Brien is trying to interest movie money in a screen biography of his pal, Mayor Bill O'Dwyer, Pat to play him. . . (With Abbott and Costello playing the role of two other guys named LaGuardia?)

Mrs. Browne's Visit In Black Mountain

Next time I go into Black Mountain please remind me to find out what the names of the streets are. The first time I went into Black Mountain from Montreat I had to ask where the Depot was when I had gotten as far as the traffic light. It certainly goes to show that I was quite awed with the place. Almost anyone with a little thought could have told that it would be down in the valley where the railroad would obviously run. When I reached the Station I naturally went around to the platform and took a look at the mountains. The view up and down the railway cut is not easily matched. Buster, our young four-year-old thinks it is vastly improved on the occasions when a train comes steaming from Asheville, huge locomotive looming up along the singing tracks, and the fierce noise of engine and wheels making the heart race.

The Depot itself has its own charm. Of course it wouldn't be a real railway station without the fine layer of coal dust that leaves smudges on elbows and hands and somehow finds its way even to faces. One Sunday morning we rushed to the station to see some visitors off. The train was an hour late. We sat on two benches facing each other and talked pleasantly much as if we were in our own parlor. The children played about the platform and drank water from the fountain at one end of the Station. The baby slept sweetly in his buggy just outside the door. The quiet summer sunshine and the little breezes spilled in the open doorways and windows. It would be hard to find a more peaceful spot.

And yet the busy office just beyond the ticket windows handles a lot of business especially during the summer months. Folks come in from all over the South, from the North and West and from all over the world! One can hear requests for reservations to almost any point on the continent at the office in Black Mountain.

And now please come out on the platform again with me. I'd like to look once more at the view.

One of the prime requisites for traveling is a passport. But to acquire a passport one has to turn collector. My first step was to write around the country for the children's birth certificates. Buster and Margie were born in East Liverpool, Ohio. Paul was born in Berkeley, California. I wrote my requests to the City Halls of these two towns. The response from East Liverpool came from the Bureau of Vital Statistics and Paul's birth certificate was sent me from Berkeley's Department of Public Health.

While my correspondence with these bureaus and departments was in progress, I approached Gragg's Studio in Black Mountain on the subject of a passport picture. A passport picture has to have certain dimensions to fit into the allotted space in the little passport book. And it must be on light-weight paper to take an official stamp. It usually looks some what garish because it is not touched up.

Mr. Gragg was about to fly out the door, camera under his arm, to Montreat or Ridgecrest to take the picture of a conference group. But we prevailed upon him to line us up and shoot. After that we waited on him from time to time for our prints. But such a summer. Mr. Gragg could have been usefully split in three or four. Finally the day came when we triumphantly collected our prints. Very good too.

My collection was now complete. I had a letter in duplicate from the Mission Board asking that I be granted a passport, a birth certificate for each of us, some fancy looking photostatic copies of our family record filed in Washington which my sister had lent me for the occasion, and my Father (a person who had known me for more than a year) to identify me. With a bulging Manila envelope we boarded a bus for Asheville. From the Court House where we applied for information, we were sent to the Post Office. There we found the Clerk of the Federal Court. Alas, all my collector's fervor was not sufficient. I was asked, "Do you have your husband's birth certificate? And where is your certificate of marriage?"

However, the State Department is now satisfied and has granted us a passport. With it we travel

(Continued on page seven)

Presbyterian Expansion Program

More Applications Than School Can Accommodate, According To Dr. Henry Wade DuBose

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept.—The General Assembly's Training School for Lay Workers of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., located in Richmond, Va., is facing the most congested year in its history, with more applications for registration than the school can accommodate, according to Dr. Henry Wade DuBose, president of the school.

The General Assembly, at its meeting last May, in recognizing the growing demand for trained workers and the unique service of the Training School in meeting this demand, said, "The Training School is full to capacity and is not able to supply the number of trained young women needed. The school should look forward to a careful but steady enlargement of its program. This will necessitate an additional building or buildings to complete the original plan of the campus and provision for enlarging the teaching force."

For its support, Dr. DuBose said, "The Training School depends primarily upon the benevolent offerings of the churches, Woman's Auxiliaries and individuals have helped with voluntary contributions and much needed scholarships."

Among the needs of the school, according to Dr. DuBose, "are an adequate administration building and other facilities to enlarge the capacity of the school to meet the Church's need for trained workers and to this end a building and improvement fund has been started."

The demand for graduates of the school far exceeds the number available, Dr. DuBose asserted, and he showed records to indicate the large fields of usefulness open to the graduates in local churches, home and foreign mission work and in Bible teaching. One hundred thirty-four students enrolled in the two summer sessions this year. Regular enrollment for winter terms last year increased from sixty-eight to one hundred eighteen. The school officials are appealing to the church to meet this call for expansion.

Improved Uniform International LESSON SUNDAY SCHOOL

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for September 15

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JESUS AND COVETOUSNESS

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:17; Proverbs 11:23, 24; Luke 12:13-21. MEMORY LECTURE—He that trusteth in his riches shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.—Proverbs 11:28.

The Ten Commandments, the study of which we conclude today (the remaining lessons of the quarter deal with other laws), have been revealed to us as being characterized by their brevity, their comprehensive touch with all of life, and fidelity to the right. But they are also unique and different from all other laws in that they reach into the inner recesses of a man's heart, a realm where only God can judge and act.

This last commandment (against covetousness) emphasizes that point, for it does not expressly require or forbid any act, but deals with the motive of man's action. Man can judge another man's acts, but he cannot judge his motives, desires or thoughts. God must do that.

But man can, by the grace of God, control his motives; and hence we have this commandment and its interpretation.

I. Covetousness — What It Is (Exod. 20:17).

To covet does not mean just to desire, but to have an unrestrained desire for that which we ought not to have or which by right belongs to another.

It shows itself in our day in a more general way — an inordinate desire for possessions in general. There too man loses himself. It may be a surprise to many to learn that coveting, or desiring what belongs to another, is a sin. It has become one of the "respectable sins" accepted in the best circles and practiced by many church people.

As a matter of fact, this sin underlies all the other sins against which the commandments speak. He who has a love for money and an evil desire to have his neighbor's possessions will hate, lie, steal, cheat, kill. In fact, as Dr. G. Campbell Morgan says, "The whole realm of human interrelations is disorganized and broken up by the dishonoring of the tenth commandment."

II. Covetousness — What It Does (Prov. 11:23, 24; Luke 12:13-21).

1. It Makes a Man Stingy (Prov. 11:23, 24). The righteous man seeks that which is good and he knows nothing of the close-fisted stinginess which withholds from God and man. Sometimes to economize is to lose, and to be liberal is to gain—especially in the things of God. God gives liberally (James 1:5), and the man who knows God scatters not only his money, but his riches of mind and service for God's glory.

In sad contrast is the man who keeps his possessions for himself and reaps only the barrenness of soul and leanness of life.

2. It Makes a Man Envious (Luke 12:13-15). Noting the ability of Jesus in dealing with others, this man thought to divert the Lord from his real ministry to the souls of men to the settling of social problems—all because he was greedy.

Some church leaders think that is our business now — to preach and promote a social gospel. They had better reread verse 14.

3. It Makes a Man Selfish (Luke 12:16, 17). The one who was known to his friends as the "rich man" (v. 16) was known to God as a "fool" (v. 20), because having more than he could use he hoarded it for himself. One wonders what he had to say for himself when that very night he was called into the presence of God to give an account of his stewardship (v. 20). If you are similarly situated and have the same attitude, what will you say in that day?

4. It Makes a Man Proud (Luke 12:18). All around him were the hungry. He needed no barns, for there were the empty hands of the needy; but money had made him hard and proud. He would build bigger barns, perhaps the biggest in that community. People would marvel at his prosperity and he would live long to enjoy it.

But it did not work out that way, for, alas, it is true of covetousness that—

5. It Makes a Man Foolish (Luke 12:19-21). The man who reckons without God is sure to come to grief. Leaving him out of one's thinking and planning invites disaster.

God called, and he who had thought to go on for years in selfish pleasure, found that he must go and leave it all. Worse yet, he had to face the judgment of God upon his eternal soul.

Do not fail to note that there is a way to lay up treasures in heaven — by a "close walk with Christ, coming to appreciate and cultivate the joys of the spirit," and so using one's possessions that they count for the glory of God. Even gold can be so invested for God as to send it on to eternity. What an opportunity!

DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . that there has been a 22,000,000 volt electron beam developed at the University of Illinois? It is the most powerful free beam ever produced. It is expected to aid in the treatment of deep-seated cancer, the study of the interior of the atom, the behavior of electrons and create artificially radio active substances. The principle will be used to develop a 400 million volt betatron. . . that fluorescent lighting is now a 100,000,000 dollar industry? . . . that there is an X-ray device that can identify fake coins and diamonds? . . . That there is: a combina-

tion incandescent and fluorescent lamp that doubles the illumination of any other type lamp. . . a device that can count 100,000th of a second . . . that an electronic device has been developed, sensitive to the point of recording the weight of a speck of dust. . . that lighting travels at the speed of 200,000,000 miles per hour? . . . that germicidal lamps have cut poultry deaths as much as 68 per cent? . . . that San Francisco's telephone book has 257 Wrong numbers—wonder how you get hold of anybody in Chinatown? From Sylvania News

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