

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

June 13, 1951

Garnet Greenwood  
P. W. Club  
Black Mountain, N. C.

I want to thank you and all members of the Black Mountain B&PW Club for such a fine done at the convention. I was proud of you folks, you sure do the thing up right and so of the visiting club members you folks were "right on ball."

I want to express from the bottom of my heart my deepest appreciation for all your club did make the convention a success. With all best wishes to your for the coming year in every you undertake, I am

Sincerely,  
Ruth Bishop,  
Past Chairman of Convention, Asheville, N. C.

June 16, 1951

Gordon H. Greenwood

Black Mountain NEWS  
Black Mountain, N. C.

Mr. Greenwood:  
Apparently, lots of people read ads in the Black Mountain NEWS. My mattress was sold Friday morning after the which advertised it for sale, about a half dozen people later. Don't run the ad

Yours sincerely,  
Myrtle L. Johnston

## WEDDING

From Page 1, this Section  
sive, just as well dressed women are, but what man has his feet on the earth and want to marry one? But so with Craggy, she has a mine charm that one loves to with every day, year after. You see these other moun- are duly impressed and file picture in your memory, but Craggy you have to go back in and again.  
After breakfast we broke camp started down the Pinnacle. Bruner was the self-elected odian of the bride and groom's ding clothes. Owing to a lack dressing rooms, Minnie went in- ne thicket to dress and I went other (my daughter, Daphene, Nell McAfee was Minnie's ing maids). Imagine a dress- room decorated in the sheer ness of purple blossoms. I e a tweed coat, and striped nel trousers. Minnie was sed in a navy blue creation mported organdy. This affair to be formal to a certain mt, but the form sometimes ame grotesque. When we came our dressing chambers Roy amazed at the transforma- . One of the party offered erk the top out of a laurel a for Minnie a corsage, but nie was afraid of the rangers. figured it was better to do out a corsage than to spend e honeymoon in the clink.  
The guests that were coming up Sunday was arriving in clusters he late Joe Morris, who was best man had come, but he John Witherspoon had to ry our beloved Granny Wicker from the parking ground on ack saddle" (Granny was past ty years of age), Thad Burn- Jr., who was going to play the ding march had got there with cornet. Well, everyone got to appointed places, like actors well rehearsed play, tourists e dropping in by the dozens. en everything was in readiness, happened to remember that we no one to escort Minnie to imaginary altar. We looked and for a relative, and there e Ralph Burnett. Ralph had ased for a camping trip and for a bride's escort—he had a red-checked shirt, corduroy ng pants, and high-topped ts, this might have been in- ruous with the rest of us, o was spruced in the best we ld afford, but we was not look- for congruity—we was having e Ralph rose to the occasion a true hillbillie, and marched the carpet of mountain grass e-for-get-me-nots without bat- an eyelid. Thad Jr., who was eted behind a laurel bush,

sent out the lovely notes of the wedding march out over the Bull's Head on jeweled wings, and with each golden note Thad Jr. shed a big drop of cold sweat, for he was scared but game. Four little girls followed the bride to the altar, my daughter, Roxana, my nieces, Mabel Patton and Alice Burnett, and the late Carolyn McAfee. These little girls were not ring bearers, or train bearers, or even gun bearers, they were simply going to see the job well done.

It is ridiculous how much time we spend preparing for a thing or an occasion, and then it is over in a few minutes. The Rev. Mr. Miller gave us a ceremony of simple beauty in perfect keeping with the loveliness surrounding us. At the close I took the ring from its plush-lined box and put it on Minnie's finger, and little Alice Burnett began to jump up and down and squeal, "Give'er the box, Uncle, Give'er the box."

We turned from the "altar" to face a battery of cameras, and well wishers. I could not begin to name all the guests, besides the ones already named, nearly all the young people of North Fork and a number from East Marion were there, and the Wickers and Kinards, and many others, but I would like to pay special homage to at least five that have gone to their reward; Rome Garland who furnished one of the trucks, and was helpful in many ways, Granny Wicker, that perfect lady who didn't let a paltry ninety years hinder her from coming to our wedding and wish us happiness, Scott Morris who always believed in service—he would do the mule

work around camp and fetch and carry, he was killed in Germany still doing service so that the rest of us might enjoy freedom as I have been writing about, Joe Morris, who also died in the service of our country, he was my best man, and always an inspiration to me, in fact, it was our mutual love of writing that caused me to take this up as a hobby, and then Carolyn McAfee, beautiful daughter of Claude and Nell McAfee, who was so sweet and did so much to brighten my life when I was going through the travail of being a grass widower.

The ceremony over we started down the mountain toward the parking ground, and was accosted every little bit by tourists wishing us happiness. One lady who said she knew our cousin, Mrs. Della Hurst, and said she was an interior decorator by profession, wanted to do our house for us, we talked nice to her, but joked later about needing untanned deer skins for drapes, and tough bull hides for rugs in our mountain shanty.

At the parking ground three of my sisters, Mrs. Blane Morris, Mrs. Carl Patton, and Mrs. Thad Burnett, set a delicious picnic lunch for us, which was the climax of a hysterical and historical wedding.

We didn't have a wedding trip—people of our age and knowledge can think of a better way to spend a honeymoon than by taking a tiring trip, and after this camping trip we was pretty well tuckered out anyway. We had our trips later, of course, of which we will tell you if the Black Mountain

News holds out, also the serenade which followed in a few weeks. As for now I will stop—this being anniversary week, and see if the honeymoon is over.

## MONTREAT

Sunday was the last eleven o'clock service for the Montreat church in Gaither Chapel until the first Sunday in September. The Rev. John R. Williams, pastor, preached from the 6th chapter of John, using for his theme "the alternative of decision—if not Christ then what?" Miss Hyo Suk Lee of Korea sang "O Rest In The Lord" with Mrs. Crosby Adams at the piano.

Miss Hyo Chai Lee and Miss Hyo Suk Lee, daughters of the Rev. Yak Sin Lee, Presbyterian minister of Chainhae, South Korea, are spending the summer in Montreat.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 4 P. M. in the Sun Parlor of the Inn will continue through the month of June.

The Women of the Church met Tuesday, June 19, at 4 p. m. in the parlors of the Collegiate Home on Assembly drive. Mrs. W. J. Gammon, president, presided at the business session. Mrs. O. V. Armstrong, recently returned missionary from China and Miss Iona Smith, missionary on furlough from Mexico, were the speakers. After the meeting a social hour was enjoyed. A gift shower for Mrs. Harry Punt, missionary to Africa, who expects to leave for that country in the early fall, was given. Also a shower for the

## FALL MERCHANDISE

Mrs. William Holcombe spent Wednesday in Charlotte attending the merchandising mart and buying new fall merchandise.

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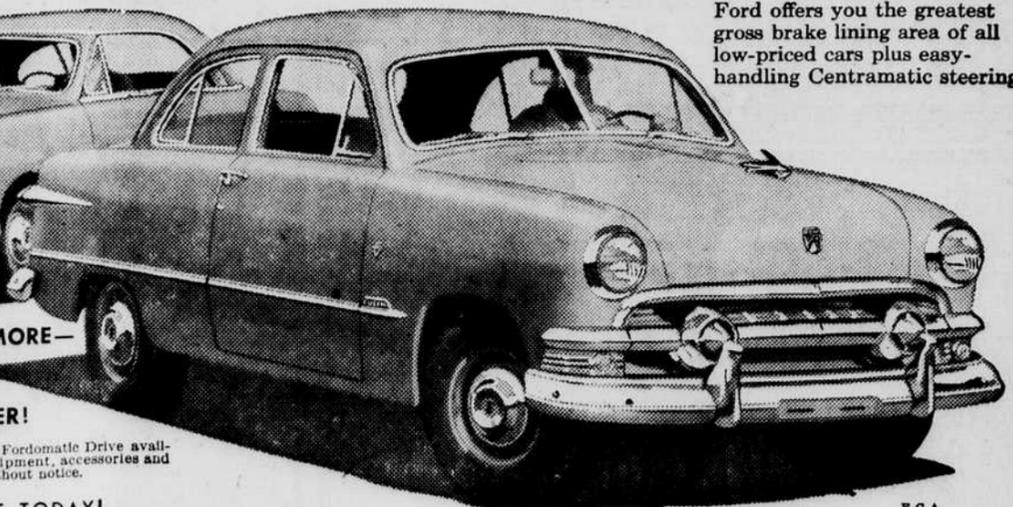
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