

BLACK MOUNTAIN NEWS

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JUNE MORNING ATOP OLD CRAGGY

Oden Walker Describes His Wedding Above The Clouds

By Oden Walker

MISS MINNIE BURNETTE AND MR. ODEN WALKER REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THEIR WEDDING ON SUNDAY, JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH, NINETEEN FIFTY-ONE AT CRAGGY GARDENS, ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.

gentle readers, as you will note above invitation was sent out several years ago, but I am going to take you to this affair through the medium of a written account. Just a word of explanation—although Minnie and I had to school together and been childhood sweethearts, we had broken apart, each married someone else, and wrecked our respectabilities of matrimony on the rugged reefs of divorce, we decided to mend the broken pieces and return our instrument of love, and see if we couldn't live together for the rest of our lives—the results have been flying.

Minnie had one daughter, and I worked at East Marion. We had two daughters and worked for Edward Dupuy Jr. in his cabshop at that time. A large number of our friends, and relatives in Black Mountain short-

ly after lunch on Saturday, for we were going up and camp the night before the wedding. Claude McAfee took one truck load, and my nephew the late Scott Morris took another. These were loaded mostly with young people, but we took the Rev. Chester Miller along with us, for we figured a preacher in the truck was worth two at home, and then Mr. Miller was a seasoned bear hunter anyway, and enjoyed camping. Of course Claude and Nell McAfee, Ed Lytle, Ralph and Mae Burnett, and Phil and Sadie Morris were along, and they certainly weren't spring chickens. The trip up was fairly uneventful, we sang a great deal and enjoyed the passing scenery. We had to go around by Dillingham then, for the Parkway was only under construction.

We had to leave the trucks at the parking ground in the Ivy Gap and walk across the Pinnacle to the camp rock we were going to camp. Scott, Ralph, Ed, Mr. Miller and others began fixing up camp. Phil caught some "mountain dew" in the nearby rhododendron bushes (to which he made frequent visits), I took a number of the other boys and went far down the mountain to get wood for the night. While I was gone some tourists heard at the parking ground that there was going to be a wedding, and thinking to pull a fast one came over to the camp, and one of the men said he was a photographer from one of the bigger New York newspap-

ers, and wanted a picture of the bride and groom. Minnie, always the game sport, said she was the bride, and knowing that I was getting wood she looked around for a reasonable facsimile of the groom, and her eyes focused on Phil warping around in the last stages of inebriation, so she caught him by the arm and posed for the picture; she in slacks and blouse, and Phil with one eye cocked toward Big Ivy and the other toward Bee Tree.

Meanwhile, I was down in the beech woods petitioning the young men to carry the heaviest pieces of wood, for, as I told them, I was going to embark on the rigors of a honeymoon the next day, which had caused the demise of many a middle-aged man. But the boys had no mercy, I had to come with my part.

We were expecting Minnie's daughter, Pauline, to come with another large crowd from East Marion, but the sun was sinking into what appeared to be a bed of molten steel in the west, and the chill evening breeze was frisking up the mountain. So Claude McAfee said he would cook our last supper of single blessedness, and with the help of several of the ladies, assumed the duties of chief cook and pot-whopper. After the evening meal, and camp had been policed, we prevailed upon the Rev. Mr. Miller to preach a sermon. We sang The Old Rugged Cross and Higher Ground a capella, and the Rev. Chester climbed upon a flat rock, and delivered, what was to us, the best sermon of his life. It was indeed inspiring to hear this great man of God tell of the ways and means to a full and fruitful life up there on Craggy in the gathering gloom, where it seemed that you could reach out and pluck the brilliant stars from the liquid blue sky.

We began to look around for places to sleep—the camp rock would not accommodate near all the bunch, so a lot of the boys went out into the rhododendron thickets to make beds. Howard Willet, who was a very "dauncy" little boy at that time, came to Minnie and me, with his teeth chattering like a xylophonist playing the Twelfth Street Rag, and told us that the older boys had swiped his blanket. We went out and found them secreted in the bushes, we rescued Howard's blanket, and possibly saved him from freezing.

It was about nine o'clock at night by this time, but we were still expecting the folks from Marion. We were soon rewarded, for we heard them coming up the mountain (part of them was on motorcycles) they had never been to Craggy before, so Minnie and I tore off down the rugged side of the Pinnacle to guide them to the camp. Minnie sprained her ankle a little bit, but other than that, we made the trip in the dark all right. Coming up one of their motors got hot, they stopped at a mountain stream, but the only thing that they had to fill it with was Roy Bruner's hat, and Roy had cut ventilating holes in it, so it was just a question of speed for Roy to get the radiator filled. We had to fix supper for this new crowd, and by this time Phil was yelling for pickle juice—the camp became chaos for a while, but things soon began to get quiet—Morpheus was beckoning. The night run soft fingers of fog carressingly over the bristled and shaggy top of the Pinnacle, and pulled a downy coverlet of mist around the Dome, and tucked it snugly — We slept, but not for long—Roy Bruner, always the life of the party, came charging from under the camp rock retching and vomiting. When asked what the matter was he said that he had dreamed that he was sick. Well, it was a very realistic dream.

There is a fairyland beauty about Craggy Gardens when the purple rhododendron is in bloom that is almost unbelievable, but these beautiful grounds were planted by a Gardener that really knew what He was doing. Man just goes in and messes things up. We got to have our wedding before the rapine of shovel and bulldozer bit into perfection. My friend, Mrs. James Kinard, likens the mountains to regal ladies, that is, Mt. Mitchell, Grandfather, and all our great peaks, they are im-

Mrs. Joyner Hostess At Circle Meeting

At the June Circle meeting of the Women of Friendship church at the residence of Mrs. Ladd Joyner, Miss Emily Dick, who conducts a Bible school in Norfolk, Va., gave a most interesting and inspiring talk after the regular Bible study.

The circle was entertained by Mrs. Ladd Joyner and Mrs. Attie Joyner.

RETURN HOME

Miss Bett Bright and Miss Mary Parker of Atlanta spent the week end here with Miss Bright's sister and family, Mrs. Charles McDougle. Mrs. John L. Bright returned home with them after a visit here with the McDougles.

HERE FOR SUMMER

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brooker of West Palm Beach, Fla., have arrived to spend the summer at their home on Laurel Circle.

STOPPED HERE

Mrs. A. J. Hickland and sons, Jim and Mike, of Coral Gables, Fla., stopped en route to Ohio Monday to visit Mrs. Hickland's sister, Mrs. William Ellington. The Hicklands will return in several weeks for a longer visit in Black Mountain.

CATAWBA FACULTY MEMBER

Miss Marion Dixon, a member of the faculty at Catawba college, Salisbury, is visiting Miss Emma Reid Southworth and Miss Myrtle L. Johnston. The three women were formerly faculty members at Russell Sage college, Troy, N. Y.

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July divides North Carolina into two groups—

those who like the mountains

and those who prefer the seashore—but right square in the middle of the state in Burlington July 19-21 the Jaycees hold their "Miss North Carolina" Beauty Contest. So July is the month when we move about, take trips and enjoy our state. And just to prove that it's not all play and no work, the Southern Furniture Market in High Point plays host to more than 5000 visiting buyers intent on business, July 9-21. In the same month you can go to the Craftsman's Fair of Southern Highlands in Asheville, July 10-12.

And almost everywhere you can also enjoy a cool, temperate glass of beer—sold under our State ABC system of legal control that is working so well.



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