

# BLACK MOUNTAIN NEWS

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Co-Owners

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## HE SPOKE THE TRUTH

If the fountain of youth had been discovered in the center of town, it couldn't have caused much more excitement than did the article "A New York's Impression of Black Mountain" which appeared in the News last week.

At first a few people bought an extra copy of the paper. Then as the word spread, the demand increased until the 2000 copies of the News were snapped up by a public hungry for "news from home." Monday and Tuesday, even after the drug stores had long since sold out, the phone was still ringing and Lib Dinwiddie was kept busy telling people that all the papers were gone. For this reason we are republishing the letter this week on page 4.

We hope that you get your copy before the supply is exhausted.

Just what did Mrs. Eleanor Brown, who lives at 5 Hopping Avenue, Long Island, New York, say that caused so much excitement and so much interest? There is neither space nor reason to repeat her review all she said. But most important—she found that Black Mountain had something that the visitors liked—not only liked, but made them want to return again and again. She pointed out that we were a friendly people. Most of us have known that it is good to have an outsider say so. She was thrilled by the assemblies, by the beauty of the place, and by the views which we have the year around but take all too little time to really enjoy. She found that we were proud and independent, a characteristic of all mountaineers dating back to the year 1.

Yes, most of us liked what she found and what she said. But that she did is no surprise to those of us who were born and reared in the mountains. Those who have come looking for friendship and friends have never been disappointed.

So, when a stranger comes, looks us over, and as the intelligence to interpret what she sees, that's news. It couldn't have been a better story if the man had bitten the dog right out in front of the main street traffic light at high noon on any given day.

The News suggests that the mayor and town council advance Mrs. Brown to the post of honorary colonel, extend to her the keys to the city, and pass a resolution that no Yankee is to be shot within the town's limits for 24 hours. Can any one think of a greater tribute?

## DEN WALKER SAYS . . .

From Page 1, This Sec.  
I saw children playing, drunken men fighting, young lovers courting and newly-converted Christians shouting. It has heard the sssip of generations, it has seen poverty, and sleek prosperity. I have known this tree close 50 years; I know that there is a red, flint rock sealed in the fork; I am going to try to relate a few of the things that I have seen around it.  
The first school that I ever went to was only a few paces from this old tree. This was a rather-beaten building and had strong proof on its roof that one could better do everything that one could on the right time of the moon. When they were covering it they ran out of shingles, and before they could go to the woods and get more the moon had changed, and Uncle Joe Cordell said that the ones already laid would lay flat, and the ones rived on the new moon would curl up. Sure enough, you could tell to the curve where the moon had changed. The seats must have been 10 feet long and handmade. There was a sloping board secured to the top of the seat in front of you that served as a desk. This had a slat nailed along the bottom so your books, etc., would

not scoot off. There was a heavy apron on the front of the seat so that there would be no peeping under. There was a stage across the front of the building a foot or more high. The teacher sat and worked on this elevated place so she could see anything that went on in the room. It is just as well that the teachers wore long, flowing skirts and dresses in those days, or we might have unconsciously absorbed an extra course in anatomy. The black board ran around the back of the stage, and I have spent many a pleasant afternoon drawing on this board. There was a desk on the stage that was too high for any practical purpose, but the teacher would put us behind it for punishment. One day she put a boy in there and he reached up on it and got a handful of feathery milkweed seed, and sent them fogging out over the room. He got a good going-over with a stout switch.

It was at this school that I had my first experience with Minnie. My sisters tried to keep me looking neat according to the standards of that day, and I usually wore stiffly starched percale blouses. One day as I sat daydreaming, Minnie, who sat directly behind me, gathered up the loose cloth in my blouse and pinned

## Luckadoo Reunion Held At Swannanoa Sunday

The annual Luckadoo reunion was held Sunday, Aug. 26, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McCraw of Swannanoa. Mrs. McCraw is the former Miss Rebecca Luckadoo of Cliffside, N. C.

Approximately 85 people attended. The Rev. and Mrs. Charles Smith and family were guests at the event. The Rev. Mr. Smith is pastor of the Swannanoa Missionary Baptist church.

## GUESTS OF GUESSES

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Guess and Mary Lucille have had as guests this week, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Darnel and son, Randy, of Macon, Ga., and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dalcom and daughter, Helen, of Newport Richey, Fla.

## WITH THE SICK

Peggy Williams has been confined to her home with the mumps for the past week.

It tigh with a safety pin. In a little while I bent forward to write on my desk and ripped the blouse from collar to tail, I turned around and shook my fist at Minnie, and told her I was a good mind to knock the stuffing out of her. She said why did I lay everything on her, and I said, "Because you are the only one on that seat mean enough to do a trick like that." Well, she is still playing tricks on me.

One day a young fellow from the headwaters of the creek came to school for the first time. We older boys gathered around him to give him the "onceover." He resented such inspection and started sidling off. We followed and he got faster. We got faster and he started running. We ran him to the creek and treed him in the water. He looked like a deer that was trapped, and had no way out. We grabbed him and led him back to the schoolhouse, and the teacher was about to skin us alive.

We got up the most splendid children's day programs, singing, flag drills, and recitations. Sometimes the older pupils would get up a play. On Friday afternoons the teacher would read to us, or we would play the phonograph that had been given to the school by Mrs. Connelly, and had a horn that looked like an overgrown morning glory.

In those days the facts of life were not told to young folks until they were old enough to marry. We picked up this information any way we could. My chum and I were very apt at this picking up. My father generally kept a number of teamsters at our home, and we got a lot of data from them, which we augmented by detective work around the grown-ups. We checked all this by hours of reading in such volumes as The Home Medical Adviser which was on nearly all family bookshelves. It seemed to us that it was just too much for the younger boys to have to work and delve as we had done, so we organized a very popular class in this field of learning. Everything went well until one of our students who knew the teacher very well squealed on us. Now this fellow did not mean to be a "rat," he just thought it would be all right for one part of the faculty to know what the rest were doing. Well, she played him along until she had enough evidence to convict, and probably gained a little knowledge herself, then she made a report to the school committee. There were two men on this august board. One was the local blacksmith, and the finest artisan I have ever known. The other was a scholar, magistrate, Bible teacher, song leader, and general reformer. Both wore mustaches, but this last gentleman's mustache was a sure barometer of his inward emotions. The morning they came to the school the said mustache was trembling and jerking like the quills on an enraged porcupine, we knew that we was sunk. The boys were all summoned into the schoolhouse. This had been a segregated class and the girls were not implicated. We was given a lecture that was enough to curl our hair, perhaps that is the reason mine still stands up, the kinks never did come out of it. Some of the lumberman's children took a flying leap out the rear windows, and was not seen in public for months. The reform school was the mildest thing that could be seen in our dark and dreary future. We suffered through it, a whipping would have been preferable, and so ended a blooming class in sexology.

I could go on and on about the happenings under and around the Old Hickory Tree, but I will leave them where they should be—locked in the memory of those who knew and loved it.

## Final Softball Games Of Season Will Be Monday

Final softball games of the year will be played under the lights here Monday evening. Under direction of Manager Pete Poate the community all-stars will meet Coach Drowsy Hardin's Beacon nine in a twin bill. Starting time for the first game will be 7:30.

During the regular season Grove Stone had the best record. In the playoffs Clearwater beat Grove Stone and then walloped Youth Center who had won over Ridgecrest by forfeit. Ridgecrest Staff then beat Grove Stone for third place.

In the girls' division the Presbyterians had the best season's record and also won the playoff by downing Friendship church.

The batting averages for the year will be published in the News next week.

## BLACK MOUNTAIN SCHOOL

From Page 1, This Sec.  
served but a full schedule will begin Wednesday.

An important change will be in effect at the grammar school. Because of a lack of space, all fifth grade pupils will go to Ridgecrest where classes will be held in four rooms of the library annex. The children will report to the elementary school building along with the other pupils and then be taken to Ridgecrest. No lunches will be served to this group but milk will be on sale daily. This arrangement makes it necessary to eliminate all special teachers except Miss Moles who will teach Bible. Miss Elizabeth Goforth will again serve as full time school nurse.

School officials have made it clear that to be eligible to enter school this year, a child must be six years old on or before Oct. 1, 1951. Those entering school should bring a birth certificate.

Elementary school teachers: first grade, Miss Bonnie Shuford, Mrs. J. G. Northcott, Mrs. Dempsey Whitaker, Mrs. Margaret Mallonee; second grade, Mrs. Margaret King, Miss Lucille Fair, Mrs. Evelyn Mann, Mrs. W. W. White; third grade, Mrs. HESSIE Bennett, Mrs. William Hickey, Miss Joy Edwards, Mrs. E. E. White; fourth grade, Miss Evelyn Cauble, Mrs. Roberta Hudgins, Miss Flora Rymer; fifth grade, Mrs. Nell Stewart, Mrs. Verda Woolard, Mrs. Elizabeth Stubbs, Mrs. Mary Sue Sorrell; sixth grade, Miss Pauline Tipton, Miss Lena Allen, Mrs. John J. O'Connor, Mrs. Katherine Smith; seventh grade, Miss Lou Lindsey, Mrs. Billie Burgess, Mrs. Eunice Beddingfield, Mrs. Margaret Binford.

N. C. Shuford, district principal, is still one teacher short at the high school. The faculty: Eugene Byrd, history; Mrs. A. M. McCoy, Math.; Tom Nesbitt, science; Mrs. Allen Perley, 111, English; Mrs. Mary Woody, commercial subjects; Mrs. Headlee, English, replacing Mrs. Trueblood; Mrs. Rebecca Saunders, Latin and English, replacing Mrs. W. H. McMurray; G. C. Carson, agriculture; Miss Mavis Allman, home economics, replacing Mrs. Mary Walker; R. W. Seawright, science and math; Ralph Humphries, coach and physical education; eighth grade, Miss Ruth Gilbert, Mrs. Ruth Cunningham, and J. C. McCormick replacing Mrs. Harry Carland.

## VISITING PARENTS

M. Sgt. and Mrs. W. D. Jenkins and children, Larry and Linda, of Randolph air force base, San Antonio, Texas, arrived Aug. 18 for a visit with Sgt. Jenkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Jenkins. Over the week end they visited the Smoky mountains and other places of interest. They left Sunday, Aug. 26 for Arlington Va., to visit with Mrs. Jenkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Rice, and other relatives. While there Sgt. Jenkins will visit his sisters Mrs. R. A. Kleifoth and Mrs. Charles F. Blanks of Alexandria. Sgt. Jenkins will be stationed at Topeka, Kan., after Sept. 4.

## RETURNS TO WASHINGTON

Miss Ruth Dougherty returned to Washington, D. C., last Friday after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dougherty. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dougherty, also of Washington, are here visiting this week.

## DISCHARGED

Bill Fortune returned home last Saturday after receiving his discharge from the navy in San Diego, Calif. Bill spent eight months on the Korean coast while overseas.

## Independents To Play Unbeaten Burnsville

Parnell Carpenter and his Black Mountain Independents will travel to Burnsville Saturday, Sept. 8, to meet the Burnsville baseball nine which has not tasted defeat all season long.

Looking for some stiff competition, the Burnsville nine challenged Black Mountain. The offer was accepted. A large crowd is expected to follow the team.

## WCS MEETS TUESDAY

The WCS of the Methodist church will meet Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 7:30 o'clock. Chaplain James E. Rogers of Moore VA hospital will be guest speaker.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to all our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and for the beautiful flowers extended at the death of our father.

The Family of the Rev. H. T. Plemmons.

## Notice of Sale of Real Estate

At 12:00 Noon, Monday, September 3, 1951, I will sell at public auction for cash pursuant to the laws of the State of North Carolina and the Town of Black Mountain all lands and tenements owned by the said town whose owners are delinquent in the payment of taxes due by each delinquent owner for the year 1950. The list of lands to be advertised and sale to be added as required by law.

- OWNER AND LAND**
- Anderson, Mrs. Sarah Louise, Lot 103
  - Atkins, D. S., Lots 85, 83, 84, 94, 95,
  - Atkins, Ross, Lot 94
  - Begley, Marcus F. & Ruby, Lot 136
  - Betts, C. S., Lots 13, 12, 12 1/2
  - Betts, Mary Elizabeth, Lot 377
  - Blades, Emma D. est., Lots 132, 133, 139, 140
  - Burgess, Frank, Lots 10, 11, 12
  - Burnette, Mrs. W. H. est., Lots 182,
  - Byrd, C. E., Lot 2
  - Carter, O. F., Lots 16, 142
  - Clark, Winfred L. et al, Lot 86
  - Clevenger, C. W., Lots 29, 31, 33, 35, 105, 106, 109
  - Cook, A. T., Lots 363, 364, 365, 366
  - Cordell, Edward W., Lot 119
  - Lots 96, 98
  - Craig, E. H., Lots 49A, 116
  - Creasman, W. H., Lot 145
  - Davis, H. M., est., Lots 194, 195
  - Dotson, Jason M., Lots 343, 344, 345
  - Dougherty, Mrs. Janet M., Lots 228,
  - Duckworth, James H., Lot 93
  - Dula, Mrs. Cora, Lots 87, 88C
  - Eckles, R. S., Lots 11, 11 1/2, 524
  - Lots 105, 107, 108
  - Lots 165, 157, 165, 166,
  - Fortune, C. M., Lots 97, 102
  - Gragg, W. B., Lots 167, 180, 181
  - Greene, Guy & Nell, Lot 131
  - Gresham, W. B., Lots 145, 146, 147, 143, 144
  - Griffith, J. N. & Minnie, Lot 138
  - Hensley, M. M., Lots 347, 348
  - Higginbotham, F. P., Lot 427
  - Hipp, Elizabeth, Lot 150
  - Holman, Lillie M., Lot 255 1/4
  - Hawerton, C. C. est., Lot 102
  - Hudgins, Bertha L. & O. E., Lots 1
  - Hudson, Wm. F. & Kate, Lots 421,
  - Hummer, Nora & Bill, Lots 24, 25
  - Kerlee, H. A., Lot 3
  - Melton, David Calvin, Lot 47
  - Melton, D. M., Lots 41, 43, 45
  - Meyer, J. A. est., Lot 155
  - Morgan, Woodrow W., Lot 8
  - Morris, Blanche, Lot 349
  - Morris, Emory H., Lot 114
  - Nanney, Mrs. Johnnie Clark, Lot 44
  - Parkinson, Edward L., Lot 269 1/2
  - Parsons, E. C. & Roberta, Lots 419,
  - Perley, Mrs. Martha T., Lots 212,
  - Redfern, R., Lots 322, 323
  - Russell, J. W., Lot 109
  - Russell, Edwin D., Lot 41
  - Simmons, Abraham L., Lot 374
  - Smith, W. C., Lot 119
  - Stepp, Finley E. & Myrtle, Lot 148
  - Stepp, G. V., Lot 60
  - Stepp, Garland V., Lot 146A
  - Stepp, G. V. & Alemlia, Lots 187, 188, 198, 150
  - Lots 119, 120, 121
  - Stepp, G. V., 2.5 Acres
  - Stepp, G. W. est., Lots 105, 106
  - Stevens, I. N., Lots 35, 45, 45 1/2
  - Summey, Rev. Mack, Lot 121
  - Taylor, Y. A., Lots 44 1/2, 44, 34, 34 1/2
  - Tommyhawk Realty Co., Lots 325,
  - Viverette, R. R. & Minnie, Lot 27
  - Lots 100, 90, 91
  - Watkins, J. Clyde, Lots 154, 155
  - Wilson, Fred & Olive, Lots 22, 23,
  - Wilson, Mrs. Olive B., Lot 24