

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Death Reward For Faithful

Dear Editor: Twice in recent months death has visited our family—once expected—once unexpected. This was not our first acquaintance with death nor our last. Each time we gather there is no premonition as to the next silver cord to be severed.

Mother's death was swift and sure. Quiet and unassuming, she left a void in the hearts of those dear to her that was never filled. Sweet memories of her linger and the flowers and shrubs she planted still are living memories.

Dad's illness and resultant invalidism was soon to follow. Perhaps God in His wisdom spared Mother this last cruel blow. She had always worried that Aden might be called first and she would be left. Her life was dedicated to her family. With her passing an essential link in the chain was broken. Never again would the chain be so strong.

Dad's invalidism spanned a decade. A decade that was filled with hopelessness for those around him as to his recovery, but lighted always by his ready wit and eternal optimism. Even now in memory I see the stooped, thinning shoulders, the limp, helpless arm, the worn old hat pulled low over the twinkling blue eyes as the right foot patted happily. Big, lovable Aden had been stricken, but there was no victory of despair. Never again was he to walk the trails he loved, watch the trees of his land bloom and bear, the rich earth fold softly around the plants he loved to grow, the grapes hanging lush and sweet. To him there was ever wonderment in the growth of nature—a little bit of God showing through. But his faith was not founded in these things alone. To him they were but some of the manifestations of God. He daily strengthened and encouraged those he was to leave behind. A strength and courage they have already been called upon to use and will need many more times in the future. Sorrow will come, and as man wills and fades away, one must lean on a more firm foundation, a Being more eternal than man. Dad's faith did not waver but rather grew. It was years of reading and meditation for him. There was little else he could do. His mind was clear and alert. He read and remembered. Many memories were from his youth; his boyhood on the farm; the poverty following the Civil War; the gradual come-back as the farm prospered and grew. Many evenings he entertained the assembled family with tales of his youth.

Dad passed along to his children his love of books and a thirst for knowledge. His well-worn Bible was his most treasured book. His teachings were wise and good. So strong were they that even now I pause in my daily tasks to wonder what he would think of decisions I have made. If I believe he would agree with me, I am convinced my decision is a good one. A visit to the "hill" was always relaxing, and renewed the feeling of many blessings, a shrinking of the size of one's problems. To him no problem was unsolvable, but a challenge to be met head-on. He had wonderful care from Georgia, Ernest, and Grace. His visits to Pearl's expanded the confines of his invalid's world. Dr. Miller was a trusted doctor. Dr. Miller had taken on a patient given up by others and had seen his life span another ten years. There were faithful friends and relatives, his pastor—Rev. Hunsbrett; his beloved Masons, for whom we will always have a soft spot in our hearts; the Richardsons always standing by; there was Measie and George and the beloved grandchildren who helped him remain always the spark of youth. How weighted and heavy must have been the hearts of those who saw his last hopeless battle against the dread killer. God spared him the prolonged suffering that many others so stricken have endured.

Long will Dad and Mother live in the memory of their children and their children's children. Ernest's passing left the family stunned. He went quietly about his daily tasks, always good and thoughtful, a devout man who lived his love of God and fellow-man. No doubts existed as to his

relationship with his Master. For the past ten years Dad and Ernest had been very close. Ernest always seemed to know what he wanted, could interpret his thickened speech, was at his beck and call. It seemed right that God called Dad before Ernest. I do not believe that Dad could have withstood the shock. Even his indomitable courage could not have faced that. Sudden death is always bewildering and especially in the young. It seems fitting that they should rest together in beautiful Memorial Park.

I do not question God's wisdom. If we believe the Bible, we must think of death as a reward of rest and eternal fellowship with the Father. How warmly Dad and Mother must have greeted the beloved Ernest. Those of us who are left behind have an even greater enticement for living closer to the Master, so that when our life draws to a close we may join again those who have preceded us. Truly they indeed walked with God.  
—Lockey Burgin Lawson.

## SHOPPER TELLS OF—

From Page 1  
can repair and redo old pieces, if that is on your Christmas list or that of your friends. And all this with a minimum of advertising on the part of the fine people who operate these businesses.

The only thing that I consistently have to have away-from-home help is books; I can miss a bookstore where I can browse and then select and carry away triumphantly good modern books that I have poked around among in our (local) library. Not necessarily expensive bindings, but something other than Who-don't-it. I should add that the goods available are standard, with the best trademarks. And I am not a professional shopper!  
—By Dr. E. H. Behre

## ROTARY MARKS—

(From Page 1)  
Distinguished guests invited included The Honorable Richard B. Stone, mayor of Black Mountain, and Mrs. Stone; Vann Hughes and Mrs. Hughes of Old Fort; Charles F. Hanson, Old Fort; Ralph Morris, Jr., Asheville; Woodrow Griffin, West Asheville; Charles Owen III, Beacon Manufacturing company, and Mrs. Owen; and Dale Vander Voort of Old Fort Finishing plant and Mrs. Vander Voort. Present officers of the Black Mountain-Swannanoa Rotary club included: Ross Taylor, president; Wilbur Ward, vice president; Frank Huggins, treasurer; and W. Clifford Field, secretary.

## LIONS TO MAKE—

(From Page 1)  
and some seven to dispose of in time for the final report today. Mr. Beddingfield said. The "fruit cakes going like hot cakes" headline in the News some time ago spurred on those who were slow to get started. As a result it is expected that the entire shipment of several hundred will have been sold by 6:30 today when the Lions assemble at the Monte Vista Program for the evening will be given by W. C. Rhodes and a group of students from Owen High school.

## TRY THE CLASSIFIEDS ! ! !

# WONDERFUL WORLD by WALDMAN



Through the ages, man's inventiveness developed "home-made" remedies—most were ineffective and highly odorous. Even today, African witch doctors practice primitive healing...use native roots and herbs for antiseptics.

Today, sunburn, windburn, insect bites and minor skin irritations may still cause serious complications. Now, thanks to modern science and research, SEA BREEZE, a pleasant-smelling antiseptic lotion, provides soothing and cooling relief for affected areas—without staining skin or clothing.

## Mountain Musings

by Gene Byrd

Better Days Coming  
Many years ago in a church conference that had been riddled with some dissension and marked by some doubts as to the future found relief when a tall, lean mountaineer arose and said, "Never fear, there's a better day coming, and it ain't far off."

That statement chronicled in church records of another day has often come to my mind. Sometimes when things looked bad, I, strangely enough, found comfort in this homespun philosophy. As we opened our basketball season last week, I found occasion to think of this remark. Our rebuilding boys team got off to an inauspicious start against the powerful Reynolds team. In fact, they didn't even score during the first quarter. When the game was over, their fine young coach commented somewhat sadly, "It looks like a long season."

Friday night against undefeated Valley Springs, the hearts of the Owen supporters were made happy by the hustling, dynamic type of ball our boys played. Although they couldn't hold the pace and lost, the improvement was encouraging. Our girls' team has shown flashes of greatness against two of the high-ranking teams in the county. We have a feeling they at last are beginning "the long way back" to the heights once occupied. I believe there's a "better day a-coming."

Please Don't Snow  
As I write this column gusty snow is swirling through the darkness of December night. No longer do I sing, "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow." I don't like to miss school; we'll have to make it up next spring. Then . . . there is another angle. Some time back, John Parris wrote in his column concerning the good mountain lady that always went out and waded in the first snow to give her immunity to bad colds for the remainder of the winter. Mrs. Deal, our jovial manager of

if he were blessed with more than feline knowledge. The other day, growing tired finally, Butchie scratched her and bared his teeth at her. Not understanding this was a natural reaction to too much handling, she sobbed, "How could you, Butchie, when I have fed and loved you for three years?"

Christmas Magic  
Christmas was in the air at our little church this morning. Names were exchanged, Lucille McElrath and Colleen Blankenship were bubbling over with plans for a Christmas program; a spirit of cheer was present. Somehow the church service proper seemed to have unusual inspiration. We were blessed and honored to have the Wilhelm family visit us. They are a lovely and spiritual family.

Goodbye, Old Fireplace  
One of the prize features of our living room is a glistening mica-rock fireplace. Over the years I have fought any attempts to seal this very impractical heat waster; I love a fire place. Many couples have come and stood before this fire place and taken their vows of matrimony. Last week I gave in; my two older youngsters needed more privacy from the rest of the family to study, and their bedrooms needed heat. I'm glad for their sake that oil heat is now flowing through the front of the house, but Nostalgia recalls castles in the embers, snow "tromping" nad all those yesterdays.

Let it rain; let it blow. Just don't snow.

## Look Who's Here

A daughter was born Nov. 30 in Memorial Mission hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Troy Ernest Lewis of Swannanoa, route 1.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. McNair of Soperton, Ga. announce the birth of a son, Dec. 4. Mrs. McNair is the former Miss Sue Reed of Black Mountain.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tony H. Harris, a son, Nov. 29, in Memorial Mission hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Rogers of Swannanoa are parents of a daughter born Dec. 4 in St. Joseph's hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Carlus G. Peele announce the birth of a daughter Dec. 3 in St. Joseph's hospital.

## Mrs. Tarbert's Sister Dies

Mrs. Autumn Fern Richey, sister of Mrs. Richard Tarbert, Sr., of Black Mountain, died Monday night, Dec. 7, in Miami, Fla., after a long illness.

Mrs. Richey spent the past 14 summers here at her home on Montreat road. Mr. and Mrs. Tarbert went to Miami and were en route home when Mrs. Richey died.

## C of C Luncheon Noon Tuesday

The Black Mountain Chamber of Commerce will hold its regular luncheon meeting at 12 o'clock Tuesday, December 15, at the Monte Vista hotel. There will be reports of the work done by the several committees during the year. William Hickey, president, will preside and appoint a committee to arrange for the election of officers at the January meeting.

## WM. C. RICHARDSON SENDS GREETINGS

The community will miss the Christmas Carol this year at Hilltop, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Howard Richardson. For years Mr. Richardson of Brooklyn, N. Y., has recited from memory the Dickens Christmas Carol to a most appreciative group. They had come to look forward to it as an annual event.

Mr. Richardson sends his best wishes to all of his friends with the hope that they will read the Christmas Carol this year in their own homes and with Tiny Tim say with him "GOD BLESS US EVERYONE."

## PINNER HONORED BY SOUTHERN BELL

R. A. Pinner district plant manager of Southern Bell has received a gold service pin with seven stars, each star denoting five years of service on his 35th anniversary with the telephone company.

Pinner started work with the company in Asheville in 1924 as a groundman, he was transferred to Charlotte in 1925 as a draftsman and while there he worked in the plant, accounting, and engineering departments.

## PARTY IS GIVEN AT JURWITZ HOME

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Jurwitz and Mrs. J. W. Berghold entertained with a lovely buffet supper at the Jurwitz home, North Fork.

Christmas music on the Hi-Fi and Carol singing led by Claude Betts with his guitar gave the party quite an air of festivity. The home was decorated with Christmas arrangements. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Fred Phillips, Miss Caroline Hall, Miss Ruby Hall, Miss Bernice Hall, Howard Hall, Mr. Betts, and the host and hostesses.

## The First Arab Car



The United Arab Republic has become the first Middle Eastern country to manufacture automobiles with the production of the "Ramses," the first Arab-made passenger car for popular use.

Designed by engineer Georges Hawi, the midsize automobile is constructed from parts obtained from British, German, and Italian firms. The Ramses is to be produced in three models: a four-seater, a three-seater, and a jeep-type model. The four-seater is priced to sell at about \$1,120, with budget terms of \$17.50 a month, making the Ramses the cheapest car in the Middle Eastern market. President Nasser bought the first Ramses and many UAR ministers are on the waiting list for one of the new cars when production gets underway on a large scale. The Ramses, one of the few cars with a motorcycle-type chain drive, will do between 50 and 70 miles an hour at top

# Black Mountain NEWS

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