

**BLACK MOUNTAIN NEWS**  
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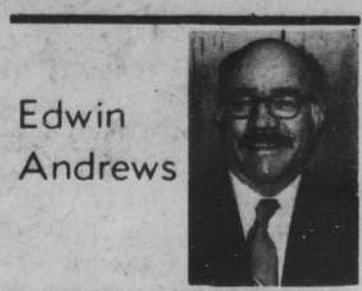
Apropos

# The morning routine

by Edwin R. Andrews  
 "This is a real foolish thing to do," I said to myself, "to stand out here like this." There was no answer, no argument in response to the harsh self-accusation. But I stayed. In a way I wanted to leave, and once I even turned part way to go. Man, that wind was cold! But the force of habit brought me back.

Again the inner voice spoke, "And what will they think, coming up the hill and seeing you here like this? They'll think you're crazy, that's what! They'll fall over laughing at you."

I stood my ground. In fact, the suggestion of ridicule strengthened my resolve to keep my day's schedule, no matter what. Besides, the prospect of someone having room to fall over in a Honda CVCC, from laughter or anything else, sort of amused me.



Edwin Andrews

I smiled in the darkness and found my teeth hurting from the cold wind. I revoked the smile and scanned the road again. When on earth was the guy coming?  
 All of this had begun earlier, much earlier. Eons ago, it seemed. Shaena, our German shepherd, had awakened me about an hour before normal getting-up time. Her whine in my ear betokened inner emergencies, an urgent summons to the out-of-doors. I responded reluctantly, without charity. But I knew better

than to be unresponsive. I just wondered why I was suddenly so popular.

Stumbling through the dark cold house, I opened the front door, remarking to Shaena's unhearing ears, "Now you know that others here have enough intelligence to do this for you." I stood around waiting for Shaena to return, wondering if she would find the neighborhood dogs and decide to stay awhile. Finally, though, there came the expected whine at the door, and the prodigal re-entered.

Duty done, I faced the first decision of the day. Should I go back to bed, there to lie pop-eyed, waiting for the alarm to go off? Or should I just start the day's routine? I opted for the latter, wrapped my red plaid bathrobe about me in a more permanent, business-like way, and started the water for coffee.

Armed with a cup of coffee, I went down to the basement to renew the fire in our wood stove. It's my custom, you see, to make a cup of coffee, put out the ashes from the stove, get the newspaper on my way back in, and sip my coffee and read the morning news while the fire in the stove gets well started and begins to warm up the house. It's a good custom: privacy and quiet, the informal dress of bathrobe and bedroom shoes, all of that. If anybody else in the family were interested, we could divide the paper and call it a tradition. As it stands, it's just one of Ed's--well, you know, habits.

Anyway, all went well until I checked the little box by the drive. It was empty! No newspaper! At first I thought the "City Citizen's" new computers had gone haywire; this is what we oldtimers are

all expecting to happen, anyway. Then I realized that the situation was much more easily explained than that. Our paper just hadn't been delivered yet. I was up earlier than usual and our newspaper deliverer--probably not having a dog in the household--was running on his regular schedule.

Now what to do? My coffee was hot, the ashes emptied, the fire in the stove getting started--and no paper to read. My low-brow, non-poetic commonsense told me to go on in and go about my business, and let the paper come in good time.

"But it won't be all that long," I argued. "Maybe he'll come early this morning." I didn't really plan to wait absolutely until the paper came; I was just going to wait a little while, and then, if it didn't come....

Finally, I knew the guy was coming--I saw lights coming around the curve. They crept across the valley below, stopping faithfully at each delivery point. The lights came slowly back to the main road, and turned UP THE HILL TOWARD MY BOX!! I retreated as they came, hiding my flapping bathrobe and bare head and naked legs in the shadows. There came the tiny, welcome sound of the paper slipping into the box, and the Honda CVCC lights moved on.

Now the day could begin. My coffee was lukewarm, the fire was well along and I had the sniffles, but my schedule was intact.

I sat down, content, to sip my coffee and read the paper.

## Polish rebellion

by John Sledge

The thoughts and prayers of America reach across the miles to Poland and to the struggle there by independent Polish farmers to gain recognition.

Truly independent trade unions of any kind constitute a direct attack on communist "theology"--where party officials see no inconsistency in the "party of the workers" denying a voice to working people. Rather, the party itself is claimed as the only authentic voice of the working class.

Unlike Russia, only little of Polish agriculture is collectivized. Most of the acreage remains in private hands as the result of the farmers' fierce resistance to communist takeover.

Even though these farms are small and inefficient by American standards, requiring the work of about 35 percent of the Polish population compared to about three percent here, there has been better food and fewer food shortages in Poland than is true in most communist countries.

The issue now is the Polish farmers' right to speak for themselves through organizations which they create, finance and control--a right that is taken for granted in this country.

There, of course, personal rights run counter to the communist credo of the state speaking--and thinking--for all.

Chief among the dangers faced by Poland's brave farmers is the very real probability that they will gain their "union" only to find that it speaks for them with the government's voice.



A tulip poplar has "flowers" even in February.

### Living and Growing

## The givers and the takers

by Carl Mumpower, M.S.W. Asheville Counseling Center  
 Life is much like a pot of soup. Some of us put stuff into the pot. Most of us seem more intent on taking stuff out. I'm talking about givers and takers. Wonder where you stand?

Takers are easy to spot. They approach life with the attitude that it owes them vs. they owe it. Such words as selfish, greedy, demanding and thoughtless come to mind a bit too frequently in relation to takers. Takers typically do only what has to be done to get by. Their relationships with other people are usually based on having their needs met instead of helping others meet theirs.

It's the takers who find it easier to throw trash out their windows, hedge on their income taxes and abuse others. Takers are generally adept at putting other people down and focusing on the negatives in life. Takers, very simply, are much better at being a destructive as compared to constructive force in this world.

Givers on the other hand are more of a rarity and harder to spot. They take the attitude that life is a blessing and not a curse, that you get out what

you put in, although not always as quickly or in the way we might like.

Givers are considerate of others as well as themselves. They get off on figuring new and better ways to contribute to the world around them. Givers aren't quick to write off the "reap what you sow" theory we're always hearing. Instead, they pay attention to the lack of meaning, purpose and substance in the lives of the takers around them, and learn from their mistakes.

Givers are more inclined to excel, as they think less of external rewards for what they do and concentrate on their own internal rewards. I won't try to support it with hard evidence, but I'd bet that givers are healthier than takers. Happy people are usually healthier people, and givers find it easier to be happy.

Many of us work from the position that we've only got so much of ourselves to go around, so the more we can conserve, the better off we are. Try playing pro football that way! We fail to recognize that the more we give and produce, the more able we are to give and produce. Giving of its own accord, feeds us and strengthens us in a way that

taking can never do. It's almost like a mathematical equation. Put in one part, and you'll get back a part and a half--only, however, when the giving is done freely without a price tag attached.

Most of you who read this probably won't make any significant changes in your lifestyle. Something else will come along to distract you, or you'll stick by the old way just because it's familiar. If you

consider your life at all important, however, you may want to reconsider. Just like your body begins dying when it's not fed, so, too, does your heart and mind when they don't get the nourishment they

need. Giving of yourself is quite simply the only way we can consistently and effectively do that. Are you hungry?

### Reflections

## The wilds of February

by Gretchen Corbett  
 The wilds of February. Deep in the evergreen forests the untamed creatures become fugitives and roam beyond their usual hang-outs. The partridge comes to the fruit trees for nips at tender shoots; the aggravating crow makes it to the corncrib and ash-heap; the suspicious rabbit hops from garden to lawn; the sparrow sneaks to steal from the banyard fowl; the pine grosbeak flying in from the north shaves maples of their virgin buds; Mister Old Fox prowls on the premises at night; and the squirrel finds all those acorns that the old oak tree dropped.

The secrets of February. Earth with its still gloom, silence and whispers of pas-

sages of wind and lazy air. Underneath the cold, brown leafed sod lies spring's beauties to be resurrected at the time of birthing. Secrets soon to be blades of grass, sprays, spires of tender stalks, mesh of twigs, dressed with radiance.

The beauties of February. Countless intricate snowflakes to touch the cheeks, to be trampled upon, to be caught in profusion like a helpless child, and to gaze upon from inside. The suffering Biblical Job was questioned by his Maker as to earth's winter beauty: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of

heaven, who hath gendereth it?" The Psalmist made the declaration, "He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?"

The warmth and love of February. How relaxing the long February nights which attend a fireside, a warm hearth rug, hot chocolate, blinds drawn, while the fierce wind and the rain rage outside!

The warmth and love of children's laughter bouncing off the four walls of the home. The most delightful sounds on earth! Will man have lost something if he has never heard them? A necessary ingredient of life! "A merry

heart doeth good like a medicine."

When God created the earth thousands of years ago was it in His plan to provide plenty of atmosphere of love for mankind to breathe freely in order to become conqueror of himself and of others? Does it not lie at the foundation of human existence? Or is it a mere illusion? Or a mere impulse? Or a mere sickness or mere weakness? Or even a mere accident?

"Dear God of man and creation, help us to brave the wilds of February and at the same time anticipate the revelations of its secrets come spring, absorb all its beauties, and bask in the sunshine of Divine and human love."

### Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech

## Kraut-making simplified

by Rogers Whitener

A recent article on the Boone Kraut Factory (North State Canning Company) brought a number of inquiries about old-time kraut-making.

While I would suggest that interested individuals consult a cookbook or canning book with a bit of age on it in order to get best results, a few simple steps will usually provide a very edible product.

Number one, as I recall my mother's preparations many years ago, is to start with the right kind of cabbage. Enkhauser headed her list, with Flat Dutch running a close second, both being large-headed cabbage noted for tenderness and mildness.

Step two requires the peeling off of outside leaves, removing cores and quartering the heads. The quarters are then either chopped or shredded, depending on the inclination of the krautmaker.

Next the cabbage is packed tightly within a couple of inches of the top of a stone crock. If you are a guesser instead of a weigher, layer in a couple of teaspoons of salt per pound of cabbage, remembering that you may be working with 10 to 15-pound heads.

When the crock is full, you may want to place a few grape or cherry leaves on top to insure crispness; then cover with a clean cloth and a plate. These should be pressed down with additional weights--my mother favored smooth white stones from the creek. The

weights are necessary, of course, to force the brine up through the cabbage until it wets the cloth cover.

After fermentation starts, weights, plate and cloth must be removed every day or so to remove accumulated scum. Failure to do this may cause rotting of the top layer of cabbage. It should also be stressed that the fermented juice must cover the top layer; otherwise the kraut will have a yellow tinge rather than the crisp white appearance desired.

When fermentation has stopped, the crock of sauerkraut should be moved to a cool spot. As an extra precaution to prevent spoiling, some krautmakes pour melted paraffin over the top of the crock. Others transfer the kraut to jars and place these in hot water for 20 to 30 minutes before storing. Traditionally,

however, most krautmakes depend on the brine itself to insure adequate preservation.

In my ignorance I have often wondered why the cabbage stalks were not included in the kraut-making operation. There was no chance of their being added, of course, when I was a youngster. When Kraut was in the making every kid in the neighborhood fought for the cores as if they were stick candy.

If they proved so delectable raw, why not equally tasty pickled?

I have an idea that such a product may be a specialty item on the market somewhere today.

Does anyone know? Readers are invited to send folk materials to "Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech," Box 376, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28608.

## This is the law

Sponsored by The Lawyers of North Carolina

## Child support

Sponsored by The Lawyers of North Carolina

Both the mother and father are required to contribute to the support of their children.

This obligation exists even if the parents are not married. It continues after divorce and exists even when a parent has no visitation rights or custody of the children.

In determining the amount of support which a parent must provide, a court will take into account the income and earning capacity of both parents

and the needs of the child.

The procedure for obtaining child support involves a civil suit very similar to the suit of custody.

There is also a criminal offense. Also, failure to obey a court order for support may be contempt of court for which a person may be jailed.

The public libraries of North Carolina have free pamphlets on Child Custody, Visitation Rights and Support, written and provided by The Lawyers of North Carolina.

Written and illustrated by A. Wayne Wilhelm

The Utopian dream of the races living in harmony has not become a reality. To avoid continuing deterioration we must change our thinking. A few years ago much was made of tolerance, one man for another. Since when did the most magnificent creation of Almighty God seek to be tolerated? Anyone with a sense of personal dignity rejects that idea as an insult.

Tolerance was followed by the asinine "co-existence" pitch. There is no more magic inherent in existing together than in being tolerated. "Brotherhood" then emerged as a cure for our spiritual ailment, but having a faulty diagnosis it, too, failed.

It is real LOVE that is lacking. We must first understand the purpose and source of that kind of love, namely God's love through Christ. Christ's love for all mankind, expressed by His death on the cross, is the unifying factor that can bring peace among men. The ground is level at the foot of the cross, and all men who stand penitently beneath it are equally acceptable to God and His heirs. In His sight they are equal.

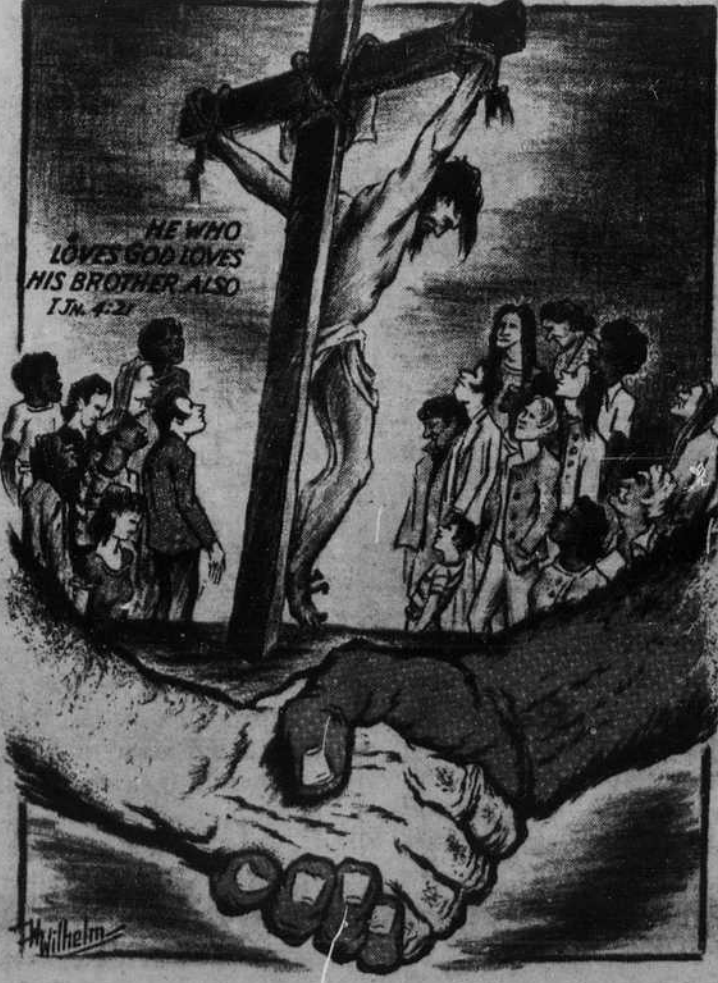
Beneath the cross, God's children are to love one another as brothers and sisters united through their spiritual Father, united in Christian love. "Whoever shall do the will of my Father...is my

brother and sister." (Mk. 3:35). God's equalizing provision, salvation through Christ for men of every race, is the basis that brings peace between them.

If lasting peace between the races is to become a reality,

the carnal sins of hate and prejudice must be given up. The divine plan for real love between men will prevail when those who love God follow His word, "He who loves God loves his brother also." (1 Jn. 4:21).

### CHRISTIANITY THE UNIFYING FACTOR



HE WHO LOVES GOD LOVES HIS BROTHER ALSO 1 Jn. 4:21



## The Circuit Rider

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims.

Robert E. Harris

## Last Chance!

We've cleaned out our picture file from 1978-1980 at the Black Mountain News. The photos will be discarded on Feb. 23. Anyone wanting any of the photos may have them, free of charge, by coming to the News.