

BLACK MOUNTAIN NEWS

Dedicated to the growing Swannanoa Valley

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Letters to the editor

To the editor:
There was a letter in the Asheville Citizen the other day from a fellow complaining about hot dogs (10 dogs, eight buns per package, etc.). This and another casualty with a hamburger prompted me to write this letter.

What is a hamburger anyway? To me it's a little meal on a bun and I love them, if they're made right. It's so simple, yet so very hard to find a really good one in the Swannanoa-Black Mountain area, and I've tried them all.

First I'll tell you some of the things I've found, or not found, between the buns. Too much mayonnaise, so that it squirts out and drips. Green hard tomatoes and tomato slices stacked up on one side of the bun. Meat too rare. Cold and soggy. Lack of onion after asking for it.

The latest "creation" was purchased Friday, 17th, with half a small onion in one chunk on one side of the bun! Onion lover that I am, I can't eat half an onion in one bite! At home I removed it, chopped it, un-stacked the tomatoes, generally over hauled it and what could have been a good burger was now cold.

There's really no big mystery about making a good hamburger. It just takes a little care, as if you planned on eating it yourself!

Then why is it so hard to find one made right? Too busy? When I bought the "hunk of onion" last Friday it was 4:30 p.m. and only three cars in the lot. Not busy? Just didn't care. Untrained help? Then train them, before you let them mess up my hamburger!

It should be served with pride, with the main objective being pleasing the customer (a quaint, old-fashioned idea)—not how fast you can get rid of him! Your reward will come with repeat business. You say you have enough business now? That's because a lot of people must, or want to eat out, and will buy almost anything! For now. But when one of the really big, really good and constant franchises opens here, watch out! I know wherefore I speak!

Mary Sancrant
Swannanoa

To the editor:
There have been complaints from citizens before about the city to have traffic lights installed at the intersection of Sutton Ave. and Broad St. I am making a complaint also.

Clara L. Crawford
Black Mountain

This situation is up to the mayor, Mayor Sobol, and the city manager of Black Mountain. If the State is in any way responsible, then the mayor and city manager should contact the DOT in Raleigh. This should be done as soon as possible before someone is badly hurt or killed.


If something isn't done soon, I shall get a petition signed.

C.W. "Bill" Wilson
Black Mountain

Editor's note: At the July Town Council meeting, Mayor Sobol read a letter from the Department of Transportation stating that no traffic lights should be installed until any dangerous accident patterns are detected.

The Circuit Rider

Nothing sinful in life is beyond God's power to change.



Robert E. Harris

Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech

Good luck charms 'in'

by Rogers Whitener
Expect a rash of good luck charms on the market in the very near future.

And all because of President Reagan. The President, according to a recent report in the Washington Post, has been carrying a small gold horseshoe charm in his left pocket for the last several years and is said to have believed it brought him luck in escaping with his life in the assassination attempt several months ago.

The President's metal charm has several things going for it as a good luck piece.

First of all, as a gift (from

Florida GOP Chairman Henry Saylor) it embodies a significance not found in a charm purchased or otherwise acquired—though finding such a good luck token is also considered throughout recorded history as a lucky metal. Coins, nuggets, bracelets and various other kinds of gold pieces or ornaments have supposedly fended off bad luck and prevented illness in those who have carried or worn such precious items.

Third, the horseshoe imprinted on President Reagan's gold coin offers the ultimate assurance of good luck.

Probably the most widely

recognized harbinger of good fortune, its shape is purported to symbolize both the heavens and the roof top of a house, thus representing man's spiritual and secular life.

It is said that the horseshoe was created in the sacred fire, and miraculously (to primitive man, at least) could be nailed to a horse's hooves without causing pain.

Having served this useful purpose, the horseshoe was believed to retain its magic even though badly worn. Thus, the next natural step was to nail it over the door of a home or other building in need of protection, to the mast of a

ship, to the dashboard of a buggy, always with the prongs upward so that the good luck would not leak out.

Even the nails which held the horseshoe to the horse's hoof were considered lucky pieces. Numbering seven (itself a lucky number), they often were fashioned into finger rings or made into pendants to be worn around the neck.

Sometimes they were given an additional artistic touch by placing them on the rail in front of an approaching train. One nail placed across another, for instance, helped form a cross when the steel wheels had finished their work; thus

adding to the potential for luck.

Mountain folk, of course, chose their good luck pieces from a number of other sources, primarily from the animal and plant worlds.

Small bones from the backbone of a black cat, a piece of head bone from a pig, the tip of bull's horn, a fragment of antler from a buck, the inevitable rabbit's foot—all offered promise of good fortune and-or protection from disease.

So did such items as a grain of red corn carried in the pocket, a heart-shaped leaf or four-leaf clover pressed into a shoe, a bachelor button pinned

to the lining of a coat.

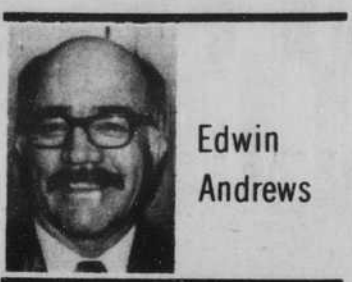
Most popular overall was—and is—the buckeye. With its association with the eye, the buckeye has always been accorded magical powers, not only to bring good fortune but to ward off or cure numerous physical ailments, including backache, rheumatism and arthritis.

It may never rank with Mr. Reagan's golden horseshoe charm, but it is the mountaineer's make-do answer until he can afford to invest in gold.

Apropos

Alone

by Edwin R. Andrews
The young soldier was peeling potatoes out behind the messhall when my jeep stopped in the battery area. Since he was the first person I saw, I decided to begin my visits of the day with him. I walked up the hill, found an apple crate, and sat down to make his acquaintance.



Edwin Andrews

"And when do you rotate back to the States?" This was the "number one" conversation starter in Korea, particularly on a first meeting. I sat back to watch his face light up,

to all handgun owners who need it and want it but the town budget, so I am informed, does not have the money to offer such a course free to the public.

For me this course was invaluable. I have owned a pistol for 25 years and I learned just how much I had not known!

I hope that in the near future there will be a self-defense course that will include physical self-defense such as karate, judo or Kung Fu, especially for women. No one could believe more firmly in spiritual protection than I, and I thank God everyday for it, but I also believe in learning to develop all of our intelligent use of our capabilities. In all of my lifetime, and I am a grand-mother, I have not lived in an age of such widespread violence. It is a fact we have to face and no one knows it better than our police officers.

At this point I want to also commend Police Detective Dolan of our Black Mountain Police Dept. He just happened to be on hand at a time when I needed counsel about a recent problem. He gave me good practical advice about home security.

When I saw my scoring record at the last session I was as proud as a school child with a good report card, which gave me new respect for and confidence in my ability, but it proved also what a good teacher I had in Officer Jerry Kerlee.

And I do want to mention that these two officers are doing this on their own time.

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to hear excited descriptions of Brooklyn or Texas—and learned again the basic lesson: don't ever predict how the American soldier will react.

"Don't know," he replied

gruffly. "Makes no difference anyhow." His paring knife continued its humble work, now digging viciously into the eyes of the potatoes.

I had no answer, but my face asked the obvious question. After an uncomfortable silence, he answered it.

"You see that ruck down there—that mad rush?" I followed his gesture to the orderly room, and saw the beginnings of one of the Army's most cherished formations: mail call.

"I never go," he said flatly.

"There's no reason to go; letters never come for me. Nobody to write them. And why hurry back to the States? There's no place to go."

Nobody...no place.... Could it be, I wondered, that when this man heard "Be it ever so humble..." he had nothing to bring before his mind but a folding cot in "B" Battery, 8th Field Artillery, 25th Infantry Division? Were there no pictures in his wallet, no keepsakes in his footlocker? I had heard of the homeless, the

completely alone in this life, but to meet and talk to one....

I can only hope I contributed something worthwhile that day, but frankly, I doubt it. I was much too busy recognizing for the first time how much difference there is between being lonely and being alone.

For a long time after that visit, as I read the letters from home telling me to get plenty of sleep and keep my feet dry, recalling to me the house in El Paso with the old Chevrolet in

the yard, I often see again a lone figure: a soldier with a country to defend and no hearthside to call his own.

Hard as it is to see sometimes, loneliness has its points.

Living and Growing

Love instead of anger

by Carl Mumpower, M.S.W., Asheville Counseling Center

I had seen the couple sitting before me many times. Their complaints about one another were similar to those of others who are having marital problems. Both claimed that the other was unloving, inconsistent, manipulative and uncooperative. Both used the other as justification for their own poor behavior. Each indicated that if the other changed that he or she would quit arguing, attacking and hurting his or her spouse. When the word responsibility came up, each pointed the finger away from himself.



Carl Mumpower

This couple probably won't make it. That's okay, if a broken marriage is what they want. The problem is that they are going to pay a price once it is all over. You see, both of these people are filled with anger toward one another. The basis of their interest in ending the marriage is mutual

resentment and hostility. In each case, neither spouse is in a position to point a finger at the other. Neither is presently giving the marriage his best shot. Both are guilty of crimes against one another. Although their chosen crimes may be a bit different in character, they are no different in damaging effect. That anger and resentment will eventually have harmful consequences for each spouse.

I'm not sure why, but most of us seem to believe that separation, divorce, hatred, anger and resentment have to go hand in hand. The foundation of that assumption is if

you can still love or like your spouse, then why would you want to leave him? It sounds reasonable, but I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. You can love a person at one level, but at another have little respect or appreciation for his ways. You may care greatly for that person, but feel uncomfortable with the way he is choosing to live his life. From your end you may invest a great deal into the marriage, while your spouse chooses to invest little. Under such circumstances, it can become hostile to continue staying in a relationship and thus tolerating mediocrity and stagna-

tion. That is definitely not a loving thing to do.

Much of the trauma that is associated with divorce and separation is centered not so much on the loss of a loved one, but the anger and vindictiveness that couples so often build into their separation. It's that anger that feeds the hurt, anxiety and conflict that scars parents and children involved in a broken home.

What I'm saying is that it's not necessary to hate someone to separate yourself from him or her. Sometimes we see hate and anger as an effective way to distract us from hurt and loneliness. It does so on a

short term basis, but charges us a lot on a long-term basis. In fact, anger in many ways is a greater bond than love and over time serves to keep us tied in with the person we resent rather than help us separate ourselves from them. It acts much like glue.

So, if separation is your direction, give some serious thought to how you plan to go about it. I'd suggest that you take a position of love instead of anger. The first one frees you while the second ties you up. Love them first, then leave.

Overcoming the barrier

Written and illustrated by A. Wayne Wilhelm

The cross of Christ opens the way to God for men of every color, nation and tongue. Without His sacrificial death there is no freedom from sin and no way back to the Father, for sin is the roadblock that closes off the route to God.

No man is sinless. He may be a good man and he may perform many meritorious works, but God sees his sin and condemns him for it. The penalty is everlasting separation from God. However, Christ, the sinless Son of God, took the sins of all mankind upon Himself and died on the cross in their place. Now, regardless of past sins, anyone who is truly repentant and accepts Christ as his Savior is freed from the guilt of sin. God, who before would have been his Judge, now mercifully accepts the death of the Savior as payment in full for him. Because of the cross of Christ, he can communicate with God.

God, Himself, wants to establish this reconciliation with men and He has a plan to bring it about. His Holy Spirit begins the process by planting the fact of Christ's victory over death in the heart of an unbelieving man. Knowing this as a fact is not enough. Each man must realize and acknowledge that he is a sinner, unworthy and unable to come to God through any merit of his own. When he is humble, the Holy Spirit will continue to nourish the seed He planted until the repentant sinner realizes that his only hope of redemption from the curse of sin lies in the cross.

Those who have been saved by the power of the cross are Christian brothers and sisters who are basically unified

worldwide. That company of brotherly love is black, brown, red, yellow and white. There are no racial or national barriers, and a sense of oneness in the Holy Spirit prevails as all understand the heaven-inspired Word of God and try to live by it. The Crucified One unequivocally accepts them all as equal before Him. As believers, they know Him as their Savior and Master, and present themselves as His love slaves.

We are told in Romans 6 that we choose our own master to whom our lives become enslaved. We can choose to be

enticed by the thrill of sin, enjoy the temporal satisfaction that it gives, be a slave to selfish desires—and be lost. Or, we can accept salvation, become love slaves to Christ, and live holy lives enjoying God's blessing.

Men everywhere are seeking freedom. Jesus made a statement that is still pertinent for 20th century men: "You are truly my disciples if you live as I tell you to. And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free" (John 8:31, 32 LIV. BIB.). By choosing Christ as Master we can be free indeed.

ROADBLOCK TO FREEDOM



YOUR SINS HAVE SEPARATED BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR GOD. Isa. 59:2

Reflections

Influence of ideas

by Gretchen Corbett

It was one of those days at the end of summer when the flowers were losing their luster like one's hopes, the leaves tumbling as one's years, the clouds taking flight like illusions, the light shrinking like the mind, the sun growing cooler like affections, and the streams becoming chilly like lives.

The bedridden professor, robbed in a soft embroidered dressing gown of a rich purple tint, was propped up with pillows. He looked intently beyond the window at a far-stretching scene of woods and cornfields, which glowed in the light of a brilliant sunset.

His noble forehead and thin face lit up with cheerfulness as the constant lady visitor entered the room. He waved his hand toward the window as he pointed out the gorgeous vista beyond, while in the other hand he held an open Bible, which he was always studying.

"What are you reading now?" she asked as she seated herself by his bedside.

"Hebrews!" he answered, "Still Hebrews, The Royal Book, I called it." Then, placing his finger on certain passages, he commented on them.

"I made some allusions to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on this history of the Creation, its grandeur, and then their treatment of the earliest chapters of the Book of Genesis."

The professor seemed greatly distressed, his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he made a statement that generations upon generations after him did not hear: "I was a young man with unformed ideas. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; and to my astonishment the ideas



Gretchen Corbett

took like wildfire. People made a religion of them."

Then he paused, looking at the Bible which he was holding tenderly all the time, and suddenly said, "I have a summer house in the garden which holds about 30 people. Tomorrow afternoon I should like the servants of the place and a few of the neighbors to gather there and I want the Holy Writ read and then I want some of the old hymns sung."

At the sunset of life the very soul of tragedy was exposed! Charles Darwin, the enthusiast for the Bible, speaking with brilliant enthusiasm about the "grandeur" of its contents, was reminded of the

evolutionary movement in theology which linked with skeptical criticism, and how much damage had been done and now he was deploring it all and declaring: "I was a young man with unformed ideas!"

Oh, the impact of ideas! Some go roaring throughout the universe louder than a missile. They can be more powerful for good or evil than armies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and author, said of the influences of ideas: "Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprung up. That which was a weed in one becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfolds as a morning glory in the other."

Better to examine ideas than latch them on too quickly.

Express yourself!

... in a Letter to the Editor

State your opinion, sign it and bring

or mail it to the News

before 5 p.m. Monday.

Deadlines for Valley Happenings, weddings, letters to the editor, club news and special events is 5 p.m. Monday. We welcome your news items. Please type or print clearly, double-spaced. Letters to the editor must be signed. Controversial letters

must be signed in person before the editor.

The editor reserves the right to determine what will be published.

The deadline for classified and display advertising is noon on Tuesday.