

BLACK  
**Mountain News**  
Dedicated to the growing Swannanoa Valley

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Cynthia Reimer, Editor  
Trina O'Donnell, Advertising Coordinator  
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Dennis Harris, Mechanical Supervisor  
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## It's here -- the Sourwood Festival

Plans for the Fourth Annual Sourwood Festival were begun last September, nearly a year ago.

Now that the big weekend has finally arrived, we welcome our out-of-town guests and hope they will enjoy the festival events.

So many people have put so much time and energy into plans for making this the finest Sourwood Festival ever that it is impossible to begin naming names.

Community committee chairmen, clubs, and organizations, the Black Mountain Chamber of Commerce, the merchants who back the festival, police and fire departments all deserve thanks for their long hours of work. So do those who have practiced dallying for the slow poke race, those who have done their best to uglify Rover and Bruno for the ugly dog contest and those who have christened homemade boats that just might stay afloat in the Lake Tomahawk race.

The best way to enjoy the festival is to jump right in and participate, and Festival Chairman Andy Andrews assures everyone that it's not too late to enter any event until it is under way.

## Auto inspection is farce

One of the biggest farces ever perpetrated upon the citizens of North Carolina is the so-called automobile inspectors program.

About a dozen or more years ago, the legislators in their wisdom figured that having the state supervise an auto inspections program would cut into the rising number of traffic accidents.

A howl went up when the news got out. Drivers remembered the long lines that formed back in the late '40s, when the state ran inspection stations at key points. When you took your car then, you usually took your lunch.

Today, you don't have to take your lunch. You don't have to wait. All you have to do is drive into an official, state-approved service station, tell the operator that you want your vehicle inspected, and then stand back.

Sometimes in less than one minute, the job is completed. Four dollars, please.

The horn is blown. The lights are checked. The brakes are touched to see if the stoplights are in order. The directional signals are tried, the windshield wiper checked-the tires, the rear view mirror.

Some inspectors actually look at the exhaust system, but not many. They are supposed to check the high and low beams of lights, but not many do. They are supposed to check the emergency brake, but not many do.

At the bottom of the check slip that is presented to the motorist is a red-lettered line that reads: Your safety is on the line.

It might well be on the line, but the inspection that you pay \$4 for won't make much difference, one way or the other.

If somebody in Raleigh really wants to do the taxpayer a favor, it would be a good move to sponsor a bill to get rid of the state auto inspection program.

Gastonia Gazette

## 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.

## Living and Growing

# Vacations

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

My skin is sunburnt, my back is hurting, my pockets are empty, and my eyes are bloodshot. My practice has gone all to the devil, my house has been robbed and my friends have forgotten who I am. My credit cards are all overdrawn, my car is a thousand miles older and my refrigerator is full of moldy food. Yes, you guessed it: I've been on a vacation.

Vacations are wonderful things. First you've got to figure out what the devil you're going to do, how you're going to do it, and how you're going to get there to do it. That



typically takes no more than 30 to 40 hours of planning and consultation. Once that's all done you get to go out and walk miles and miles shopping for a new vacation wardrobe. When else do you get a chance to indulge your secret desires to buy and wear a Mickey Mouse t-shirt or a purple polkadot hat with bright

orange trim? Then you've got to take care of the family dog, the newspaper man and your parakeets. Where are your friends when you and Bimbo really need them?

If you make it through all of the above, you're usually so exhausted you can't wait to get away. At the proper time, you jump into your car, plane or whatever and fight your way to that perfect vacation paradise you've been looking forward to make. We kids would carefully punch a hole in the top of the biscuit, run a finger around to dislodge the insides, and fill it with made-on-the-place sorghum molasses. Of course, the first bite meant that we had molasses all over our face, hands, clothes and the table. But with all the good food we ate on those visits to the old home place, the one I remember most kindly is drippy sorghum biscuits.

Strangely enough, another remembered food is mayonnaise. On the counter of our

to your destination before your vacation is over. Then the real "fun" begins. If, like me, you went to the beach, you probably figured that tennis court tan you had was a good base for staying out on the beach for a long time. If so, you, like me, spent the first few days of your vacation crying in agony over the first-degree burns you got from too much sun.

After spending a fourth of your vacation budget of Solarcaine, you probably recovered enough to go out and eat at that favorite spot. Turns out that you and everyone else on the East Coast likes that same spot, so you wait in line for two hours, stare at your menu for

another hour, and eat cold hushpuppies for still another while you wait to eat "fresh" frozen seafood that was probably trucked through your home town on its way to the beach.

Most vacationers have a tendency to spend so much time having "fun" that they don't have any time to rest. There's nothing more refreshing than getting four hours of sleep a night while you're living off potato chips, hot dogs and watermelon. Talk about healthy living—if most of us lived our daily lives like our vacations, we'd be dead by the time we were 30.

All good things have to come to an end, and so it is

with vacation. But just think of all the wonderful memories you'll have to hold dear. The insect bites, peeling shoulders, headaches, visits to bankruptcy court, and the like will one day blur into Polaroid pictures of the good times you had. That's assuring you make it back to work in time to recover before you vacation has taken you too far down hill. Let's hope that doesn't happen, because it's going to take you at least a year to get ready for all the fun you'll have on next year's "vacation".

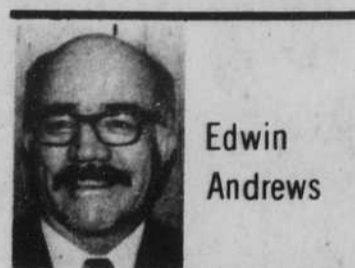
## Apropos

# Peanut butter, etc.

by Edwin R. Andrews

Lunch today included a peanut butter sandwich, a childhood favorite of mine. In times past, peanut butter meant economy as well as good eating but with prices moving like they do today, this formerly humble food has begun to move into the gourmet class. We may eventually come to re-name it and call it Carter caviar.

However that may be, Sarita had thoughtfully included with the sandwich the additions necessary to make it an absolutely deluxe, first class culinary occasion. She had put a dab of orange marmalade on the peanut butter—just enough to highlight the taste, but not enough to mask it. And she'd



included a banana and a ration of raisins. If you've never tried this recipe, you are at least to some degree deprived, and should strive to rectify the situation.

As I carefully blended these ingredients in order to best please my taste buds—and also to prevent having peanut butter sticking to the roof of my mouth—I reminisced about

some other boyhood experiences with food. There is no way, for instance, for me to remember my cousins in Chatham County without thinking of the big, big biscuits my aunt used to make. We kids would carefully punch a hole in the top of the biscuit, run a finger around to dislodge the insides, and fill it with made-on-the-place sorghum molasses. Of course, the first bite meant that we had molasses all over our face, hands, clothes and the table. But with all the good food we ate on those visits to the old home place, the one I remember most kindly is drippy sorghum biscuits.

Strangely enough, another remembered food is mayonnaise. On the counter of our

kitchen, there sits today the earthenware mixing bowl in which Mother used to make mayonnaise. There weren't many luxuries on our menu in those Depression days; in fact, the homemade mayonnaise may not have been really justified. But ever so often Mother would gather the bowl, the egg beater and the necessary ingredients, and would hum and sing as she made a batch of mayonnaise. Whatever pleasure she had in making it could not have equalled my pleasure in "licking the bowl" by running my finger around it to be sure that not one smallest bit of mayonnaise was lost.

Another favorite food in mine is apple cider; this is

remarkable, considering the circumstances of my introduction to it. This time the locale was Mother's old homeplace in Bowman, Georgia. The cousins involved lived just a cotton patch away from Pa Webb's house. It was in the middle of a hot summer afternoon that we tired of trying to dam the creek with sand, and decided to make some apple cider for ourselves. We went out back to the apple trees and found some apples on the ground. Then we invaded my aunt's kitchen and used her galvanized meat grinder to grind up the apples. With a little bit of straining, we had some fairly clear apple juice. We passed the cup from one to another, sharing like good

boys, little knowing what happened when the acid of the apples acted on the metal meat grinder.

Oh, we were genuinely sick kids! We were wretched! There were tears from us and questions and shouts of dismay from our mothers. And then we were wretched some more.

All of these are forbidden foods, I know. They fatten, they dam up the blood vessels, all of that. Somehow, though, I survived them and remember them well. In fact, any peanut butter lover is a friend of mine. And if you prefer creamy to crunchy, all the better!

## Folk-ways and folk-speech

# Superstition abounds

by Rogers Whitener

The mountains are filled this summer with budding thespians, breaking into the world of theater through summer stock, outdoor drama, nightclub acts and various other entertainment venues.

In addition to their venture into a world of make-believe, they are also entering a world of superstition.

They find themselves, for instance, bidding each other "break a leg" before a performance, in the belief that wishing ill luck will bring good luck.

Other superstitions appear long before performance time, even during early rehearsals.

Some actors, for example, believe that studying lines just

before going to bed will cement them in the memory so that they will be easily recalled at the next rehearsal.

Others believe that no lines from another play—especially Shakespearean lines—should be quoted during rehearsal or else the play in rehearsal will turn out to be a flop.

Directors often refuse to have the closing line of the play delivered in rehearsal for fear of bad luck. The line is either omitted until the first actual performance or the director may call an end to the official rehearsal and then call for the line.

Some directors forego a dress rehearsal the night before a play's opening in the belief that it will bring misfor-

tune. A related superstition is that a good final dress rehearsal means a poor opening performance.

Most directors and producers are superstitious about playing a show on Monday night. Thus most theaters are dark on this night, a tradition that is said to have begun through a pet superstition of Shubert, the Broadway producer.

Many directors and cast members are superstitious about the posting or reading of good luck telegrams sent to a company before its opening.

These should never be publicly read or displayed until after the opening night performance lest they have the same ill

effect as a spoken "good luck."

A good luck ritual often observed just prior to curtain time is a good luck boot to the seat of the person first going on stage, an action perhaps borrowed by athletic coaches in their custom of slapping their players' seats as they go into action.

Another widely-held superstition is that actors should never enter the theatre through the front door. Instead, they should always use the stage door.

Many actresses are superstitious about costume colors. Some will refuse to wear green on opening night while others will have no part of a yellow costume. Still others will push

aside a costume that has been pinned rather than sewn.

Old clothes associated with a past show are held to be lucky. They need not necessarily be worn during the new play but should be close at hand—an old pair of shoes worn during a successful performance, old underwear, a favorite hat, a worn and seedy coat.

Some actors refuse to remove certain rings or other pieces of personal jewelry since this could mean bad luck. A wedding ring in particular is often taped rather than removed.

Many other stage taboos exist: no whistling in a dressing room prior to a performance and no make-up prepar-

ation in a dressing room with a broken mirror.

As for stage properties, fresh flowers should never be used on stage. Lilies, fresh or artificial, should never appear, and peacock feathers should never be brought into the theatre, let alone on stage.

Veteran actors—for good reason—try to avoid acting with children or animals, and they attempt to avoid invalid roles for fear that the simulated condition may carry into reality.

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

## The church's foundation

Written and illustrated  
by A. Wayne Wilhelm

The doctrine of the gospel is built on a solid foundation. That foundation is Christ.

When Peter acknowledged Christ as the Son of the living God, Christ answered, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Ma. 16:18).

There has been conflicting thought about the phrase, "this rock." Christ declared that Peter's statement regarding His deity was not only true, but, in fact, was revelation to him from God. Christ further asserted that this rock, this divine revelation, would be the basis for the Church which He, Christ, would establish and sustain. The explanation proclaimed by the Roman church is that Christ called Peter the rock upon which the Church would be built. Protestantism does not concur with this interpretation, believing that such was not the intention of Christ.

Actually, the Church refers to all believers, those who through faith accept Christ as Savior, regardless of the time or place in which their lives on earth occur. Since this is the case, they may be known to one another, or they may be

strangers. Nevertheless, there is a strong bond of unity between them because they are joined together by their relationship to Christ. Christ is the head and believers are the body of the Church.

A common concept of church is that of a building, frequently with a towering steeple pointing upward toward heaven. Since this image is the common concept of church, such a building is shown in the illustration. However, it is only used here symbolically. A building is only associated with Christianity as a meeting place, and believers may meet together at any place and any time. A building lacks significance since, in itself, it lacks a living Spirit. We experience Church when Spirit-filled believers assemble to worship and praise God the Father and God the Son. It may take place in a great cathedral, a humble church, a storefront or borrowed meeting hall. It may also be found when a few meet in a home—or an individual worships in private, knowing that he is just one of the many loyal followers of the Lord. It does not depend on the place, but on the presence of God's Holy Spirit. Christ said, "...true worshippers shall worship the Father



in spirit and in truth" (Jn. 4:23).

We must keep before us the meaning that was unmistakably in the mind of Christ when He spoke of His Church. As members of His body, our

strength comes from dependence upon Him. Satan will never prevail against God's plan and promise for His Church, for the Almighty's infinite power is arraigned against him.

## Letters to the editor

To the editor:

As the appointed liaison to the Public Safety Departments of our town, my hat is off to our Fire and Police Departments for their fine performance during the emergency at Ridgecrest last Saturday night.

I have been very disappointed at the lack of attention the area news media has shown to Black Mountain's Public Safety officials the past few days and wish to call the public's attention to a few facts via the Black Mountain News.

Having access to a scanner and being able to hear first hand our personnel carry out their responsibilities, was both revealing and rewarding to me.

I would like to personally commend Fire Chief Bartlett and the members of his department and Rescue Squad, also Police Officers Kerlee, Sorrells and Wilson, our radio dispatchers and all auxiliary personnel.

As the intensity and severity of the situation developed I was most impressed with the professionalism shown by Officer Sorrells as he directed much of the vehicular traffic, leading other law enforcement agencies to the critical areas, thus saving much precious time, while intermittently he was calling back to his base in town to see that auxiliary personnel kept the town cover-

ed and protected.

I was equally impressed with the efficiency of Fire Chief Bartlett and his handling of all communications and the operations of his entire department and Rescue Squad. This certainly shows good leadership qualities and shows his willingness to serve long, overtime hours.

Thank you, Public Safety personnel, one and all!

Ruth Brandon,  
Councilwoman

To the editor:

When a rumor is passed on to me about a person I never repeat it. It may not be true. The rumor presently circulating however is of great interest to those of us who already have been hard hit by Ingle's move out of town. Has he or has he not a lease on the property that he vacated so that no other food market can open up there? If true, you could not print our estimation of the man. A whole town must be on its knees to the power of one person, one group just as it happened recently in an entirely different matter.

Mildred Pearl Ferris,  
Black Mountain

"I was obliged to be industrious. Whoever is equally industrious will succeed...equally well."  
Johann Sebastian Bach