

Letters

Depot praises two

To the editor: The summer season is slowly dwindling into fall and it has been a very busy time for most everyone. There are two people who seem to work most of the time and sometimes almost to the point of exhaustion but are never too busy to listen to the complaints and problems or the joyful happenings in other people's lives. They are committed to making a success of the project in which they are involved and anyone entering the doors of the Old Depot can see this has been done. The Old Depot serves many purposes if one stops to think

about it and it is through the aid of these two fine people a few extra dollars have been put in not one or two but many pockets which helps the economy of Black Mountain. The exhibitors of the Old Depot, wish to thank Edith Jackson and Lillian Reynolds for their interest in our handicrafts and their efforts in helping us become better arts and crafts persons. To these two we can only say, "a job well done" and next season will be even better. The Exhibitors of The Old Depot

Apropos

The Vietnam Memorial

by Edwin R. Andrews According to news magazine accounts, the planned memorial to Americans killed in Vietnam will be truly beautiful. It will consist of a two-acre plot on which two long, low walls of black granite will "grow" out of the ground, meeting finally in an open V. The names of the 57,692 dead will be engraved on the walls. Maya Ying Lin, the Yale undergraduate whose design is being used, explained that she didn't want to just "plop a memorial down." "It's a memorial that has to be experienced by walking through it," she said. "Part of the goal was to make it peaceful and contemplative,



Edwin Andrews

not terrifying or monumental." Lin has certainly achieved her goal, and I for one want to congratulate her. I hope, though, that one change will be made in the memorial. I'd like to see them leave off the names, maybe using stars to symbolize them, and add a line something like this: "To All Americans Who Gave Of Their

Lives During the Agony of Vietnam." My least reason for suggesting this is purely practical. In the First Air Cavalry Division Memorial Chapel, under construction when I left Vietnam, a similar list of the names of soldiers killed in action was already causing questions--questions about proper spelling of names, and the constant worry of incorrect inclusions or exclusions from the list. And that was just one Army unit. In the past month, I've seen two radically different totals--both in first-class periodicals--of the number of Vietnam dead. You see the problem. But my most important reason for making the suggestion

is not just "practical." I would like this "peaceful, contemplative spot" to be a memorial, not just to the dead, but to all those whose lives were hurt--sometimes completely shredded--during those years of anguish in Vietnam. Let me show you what I mean. A wife near Killeen, Texas, answered the chaplain's knock at the door. The instant she saw the chaplain's insignia, her hand flew to her throat and she spoke in greeting the tragic phrase, "Jim is dead." She was right, as were 57,691 other families. The memorial, I think, should remember those who waited and hoped in vain for their soldier. To say nothing of those who still live

in hope that their missing person will still miraculously return. There are others. One lieutenant I met in Letterman Army Hospital in California was a fine figure of a man--and completely helpless from the waist down. The helicopter he piloted had been shot down, and the impact of the crash decimated his spinal cord. Tom's partial death should be memorialized, I feel. There are other ways to be handicapped, though. In Fort Riley, Kansas, a distraught Army wife attempted to describe the routine in her home on many nights. In the stillness of the early morning hours, she related, her hus-

band's dreams would ripen into nightmares. Lying beside him, she would be awakened by his sleeping sounds and movements. Then she would prepare herself for the violence of her husband's reliving an ambush in Vietnam. Experiences like this can be multiplied by the hundreds and thousands. It is to memorialize all of these people that I suggest the change. Along with our honored dead, they served and lost, and they should be remembered.

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Folk-ways and folk-speech

A lousy situation

by Rogers Whitener James Larkin Pearson, the folk poet laureate who recently died in Wilkes County, had a wry sense of humor. Often it evidenced itself in the bits of doggerel he penned about the minor torments afflicting mankind through the unfortunate behavior of Adam and Eve. One such visitation, he once intimated poetically, was head and body lice, truly a devilish sort of punishment. In "Adam and Eve," from "My Fingers and My Toes," he has the two erstwhile Eden dwellers exchanging accusations over guilt while Adam busily scratches away. Once the cooties got on Adam, Though he didn't know he had 'em,

And he said to Eve, "O Madam, I'm a-feelin' mighty queer. There's somethin' in my dressin' That is terribly distress' And I'm openly confessin' That it's more than I can bear." Eve proceeds to accuse him of boozing (the lice have apparently not yet reached her person) and suggests that he get down to basics. Eve said, "Adam, go to strippin'; Peelyer shirt and shed yer hippin'" "if you hadn't eat the pippin," Said old Adam to his mate,

"We'd have had no nasty garments, Catchin' dirt an' breedin' varmants, An' nobody preachin' sarrmants All about our fallen state." Obviously Pearson had been there--had known both the anguish and delight of vigorous scratching along the trail of the head and body creatures. So had, of course, countless youngsters before him. From my own growing-up days, I can recall periodic head inspections by my mother, particularly when she caught me unduly scratching or when a note from my teacher indicated that lice were abroad in the school. Almost every household in

those years numbered fine-tooth combs as standard living room equipment, available for whoever had need--or whoever got caught. And though--as Pearson's lines suggest--dirty heads and filthy clothing were often the starting point for the cooties, they were well-traveled creatures, settling on both the washed and unwashed in their journeys. Nancy Taylor, a Valle Crucis resident, recalls her own consternation when as a child she came home from school one day and discovered that she was playing hostess to a small family of the parasites. "I had long, curly hair at the time," she said, "and apparently I had been sitting next to someone with head lice. Anyway, my mother soon had me

in front of the fireplace with a fine-tooth comb in her hand. "She spread a newspaper in front of me, bent my head over, and began to comb. Soon the lice began to fall on the paper and soon I began to yell in agony as the comb scraped my head and ploughed through my tangled hair." Later I had to wash my hair in strong soap, and I think my mother then boiled both the clothes that I was wearing as well as my bed linen." Lice, of course, are still with us. Only last year the University of Tulsa in Oklahoma had to close down temporarily because of a mass invasion by the creatures. School officials issued medicated shampoo and fumigated all campus buildings. Pharmacists say that from

time to time they still do a brisk business in special combs, ointments, and other medication recommended for lice eradication. "Our prescription will only go so far, though," said Boone pharmacist, Jim Furman. "If the carrier doesn't have his or her clothes--including bed clothes--fumigated, the lice will be right back and the itching will start again." Maybe Adam and Eve should have stuck to fig leaves after all. Readers are invited to send folk materials to: Rogers Whitener, Department of English, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28608.

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Living and growing

Band-aids

by Carl Mumpower, m.s.w. Asheville Counseling Center The other day my daughter and I made a trip to Charlotte during which she located a first aid kit that I had stored in the car. Inside the kit were all sorts of odds and ends, but true to ways of kids, it was the band-aid pack that really caught her attention. Before the end of the trip, she managed to wreck the pack of band-aids in her attempts to put one on an old mosquito bite and "make it better". It dawned on me later that my daughter was not much different from many of us who call ourselves adults. We're a symptom relief vs.



problem relief society. We care more about image than quality, feeling good than being good and looking effective over being effective. There are lots of examples of this theme, not the least of which is the over-the-counter drug business that's been going on since time began. Do you have any idea how much

those people make selling us stuff that take away symptoms, but rarely addresses the problem behind the symptoms? Aspirin, nasal sprays and cough syrups are a few examples of the goodies we spend a small fortune on each year. In using these medicines, we fail to recognize that in most cases when we feel discomfort or pain it's our body's way of telling us we're not treating it the way we should. So what's our response? Well, all too often we run out and try to mask the symptoms as quick as possible rather than take a good look at the way we are living and how it might be undoing our health

and well-being. I wonder if, over time, we pay a price for that temporary relief? Television is another commonly used band-aid. How many hours a day do you spend with your mind on hold while you poke your nose through the T.V. watching all of the intellectually stimulating programs that are offered? It's much like an elixir that numbs you to the point you feel no pain. Even the television producers themselves acknowledge that quality programs usually don't rate very well because they cause the audience to think--something that many of us are directly trying to avoid.

Shopping sprees, purchasing a fancy new car and getting drunk on a Friday night are other examples of frequently used symptom relievers. All of these and others can have the effect of temporarily making us feel better, but how about over the long haul? No, probably not. These, like most other distractions, get old and have to be replaced with new distractions that will, for a short time, make us feel better. True satisfaction, comfort and security in life comes not from pursuing temporary relief, but through a search for personal improvement, depth, quality and purpose. Tempor-

ary patch jobs just don't cut it. Any carpenter will tell you that. Over the long run they cost you more and create more headaches than they save. So give it some thought. Search beyond the symptoms for the source of your discomfort. Deal with that source and you'll have a more permanent peace. It may be more difficult than pursuing symptom relief, but borrowing an analogy, at least you won't cover the cancer up to the point it's too late to treat.

Reflections

Homecoming season

by Gretchen Corbitt To the south, the horizon was obscured beneath a row of metallic gray clouds which brought with them a breath of penetrating wet air and the promise of rain. In the kitchen, the aromas saturated the ozones with a gamut of southern fried chicken, deep-dish apple pie and cinnamon seasoned candied yams, with the promise of delicious eating. Down at the churchyard, the deacons, elders and many volunteers unload sawhorses and planks to make into picnic tables to take care of heavy-laden food baskets and big appetites.



Gretchen Corbitt

nothing, although we dare not for fear we be labeled 'lazy'. And what about the times we feel inferior when there is a dignitary in the congregation or a doctor or lawyer? And by the way dear God, we get sick in body and soul just like everybody else. My appointed flock expects me to be there regardless. "I'm already feeling guilty that up until now I tried to get out of sharing your good news to the crowds that will trek to the old home church.

"So, regardless of class, race or culture that will infiltrate the church edifice I am ready to fire away with spiritual bullets. The scientist is only equipped with the knowledge of outer space but you have given me an insight into the inner space; the doctor is equipped with the intelligence of handling every part of humanity except the inner sanctum; and the lawyer pronounces his declarations according to human law or his own self-choosing; but, dear God, I feel you have given me a special knowledge which cannot be hid under a bushel. Help me put it on a candlestick." Thin Clouds that had played hide-and-go-seek across the moon dissipated and the full-lit moon beamed down on a tear stained face to give it warmth and reflect a peace

that had dimmed many moons ago. With the promise of rain on a sun-parched earth, but with the promise and anticipation of a grand reunion, the weak-bodied, able-bodied, young and old have readied themselves up and down the hollows, hills and slopes for the annual event, Homecoming. Homecoming, as seasonal as September. A conglomerate of memories, friends and restoration, particularly focusing in on changes. My, how good you are getting around! You are sure looking younger! How you've grown! You never keep in touch anymore! Is it possible that one whose heart is not excited on the spot where he grew up is not feeling a little inferior or just doesn't care any longer? Homecoming's for a loving, caring people.

Long before daybreak, the lanky, tall preacher with the Good Book had quietly walked out into the moonlit night to have a walk and a talk with his Maker. Homecoming down at the church was upon him. He had tried to get out of preaching the annual sermon, hoping his parishioners would not notice. But they insisted he be the speaker for the hour. He felt trapped. With frigid feelings and nervous steps he followed a trail that kept parallel to a creek bearing close to its fallen leaf border. Just ahead the ground leveled under a leaning tree. Weary because of distance and not wanting to preach, he flopped himself down on his knees and cried to high heaven: "Dear God, no one but a called man of thine knows how we are human just like our parishioners. There are times when we want to sit and do



Owen school spirit

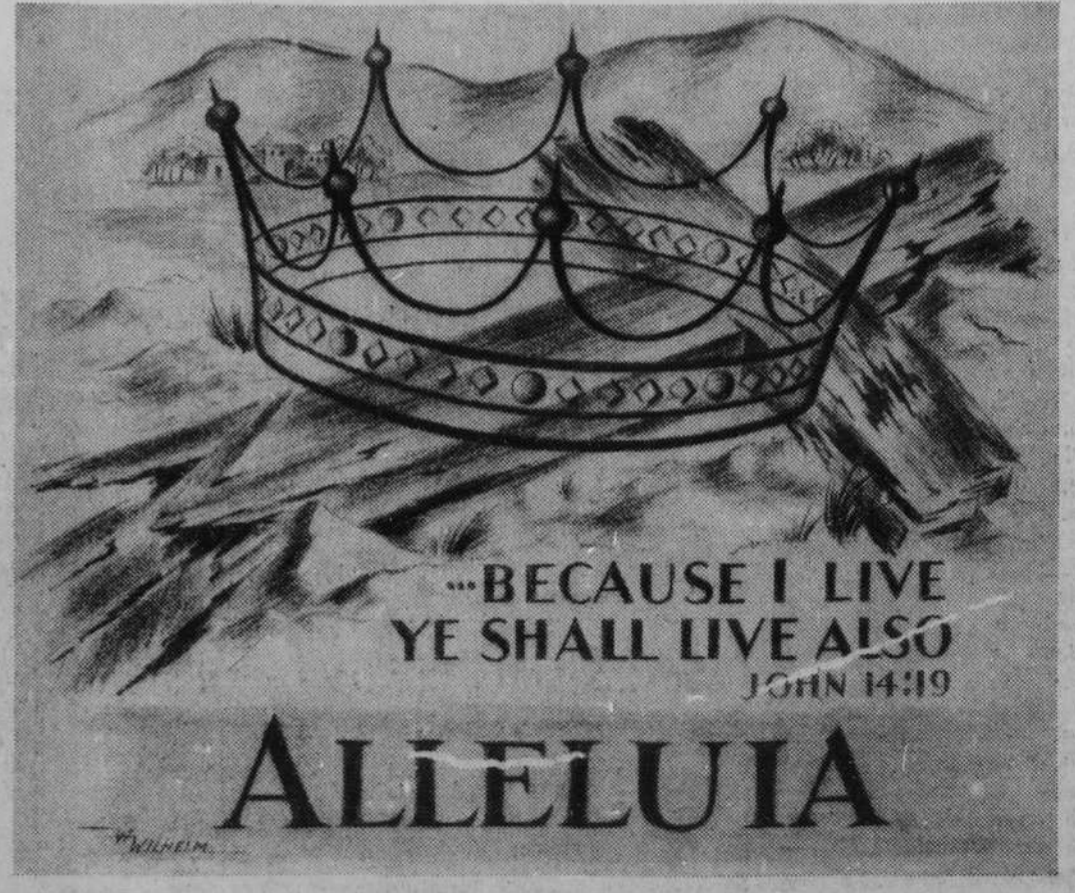
A reason for joy

Written and illustrated by A. Wayne Wilhelm As Christ's ministry on earth came to an end, He told His disciples that His departure was imminent, saying, "Yet a little while, and the world will see me no more" (John 14:19). In contrast to the world, a far different future lay before Christ's followers--the promise of triumph over sin and death, and life forever with Him. Christ spoke words of comfort and assurance to those who loved and believed Him, knowing that they would be frightened and discouraged by His approaching death. The illustration accompanying this article represents an after-view of the event which Christ foretold. It shows the cross, broken and decaying, lying on the ground. Its purpose has been fulfilled and Christ's mission on earth finished. Since He died on the cross for all mankind, no further sacrifice of any kind will ever again be needed, and neither will there be a need for the cross. In the illustration, a crown emerges from the disintegrating cross, a symbol of Christ's future role as King of Kings, when He, with the Father, will rule the heavens and the earth forever. In John 14:2 and 3, Christ declared that He was going to prepare a place for His followers and that He would return for all believers, both dead and living, and take them to heaven to be with Him forever. Revelation 22:4 states, "And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads." Furthermore, God plans to change them to

bear Christ's likeness, "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom. 8:29). Just as Christ's disciples were close to Him during His earthly ministry, so, too, the Bible promises believers shall be close to Him and clearly identified with Him throughout eternity. Only the eternal Son of God, sent to die as a man for the sins of all men, could face that death and say, "because I

live, ye shall live also" (John 14:19). For, by His death, He guaranteed eternal life for everyone who believed. He went on to explain the relationship of the Father, the Son, and those who believe in Him. "I am in my Father, and ye in Me, and I in you" (John 14:20). In simple language Christ said, if you believe in me, then I am in you and a part of you. Like Me, you will rise from death. You "will live also" and be forever with Me

and the Father. This is the heavenly Father's goal for us, and it is with anticipation and consolation that all believers face life and death, knowing that they are a part of this plan. Though pitifully unworthy, we have this blessed assurance. Continually, even in times of sorrow and trouble, we have a reason for joy. Expressions of praise should rise from our hearts as we look forward to so great a blessing. Amen.



"Lending to a spendthrift is pelting a dog with meatballs." Chinese proverb