

opinion

Letters to the News

On the zoning hearing

A public discussion will take place before the Board of Aldermen Monday night, 25 October, at 7:30 p.m. about permitting mobile home parks in all Black Mountain residential communities. This means changing the current zoning laws. I oppose this change for two reasons. First, my equity is invested in my home and should the value of my home decrease, the estate I leave my wife and children decreases with it. Second, my wife and I moved to this neighborhood to provide our children with a safe environment. This included being able to ride their bikes in safety. Multiple dwellings of any sort—apartments, condominiums, mobile home parks—create a high density traffic flow that makes the streets they front less safe for riding bikes.

I am not opposed to multiple dwellings. Indeed, I am grateful for them since my wife and I spent our early married years in an apartment. Now that we are parents, however, we have committed ourselves to the safety and fiscal responsibility for our children. That is why we moved to a neighborhood of single dwellings, one of which, by the way, is a mobile home. Since the proposal to come before the Aldermen this Oct. 25 affects all residents of Black Mountain, I urge those who oppose it to make their opposition known.

F.G. Bierhaus, Jr.
Black Mountain

The town wants to put trailer parks in R20 zoning. This is not fair. People who bought in R20 zones, did so for the space, the low density of people and traffic, the safety, the fact that they would be protected by the R20 zoning.

Now with a conditional permit for special usage of the land just anything can go in next door. What happened to our protection? Why are we paying higher taxes? What will happen to our quiet safe neighborhoods? How will our narrow streets and low water pressure accommodate the extra people?

Trailer parks mean multiple dwelling home sites. Lots of people crowded into a small space getting on each other's nerves.

People who live in trailer parks don't want to live in trailer parks. They want a place of their own on which they can park their trailer and make a home for themselves and their family.

All the people in R20's ask is that you (the city) treat a trailer the same as you treat a house. No discrimination, no difference. That you the city define R20 and you don't change that they remain the same for everyone. There should not be changes where one individual can ruin a whole neighborhood just because he or she can sneak a conditional use permit into a council and get it passed before his neighbors find out about it. This is unfair.

Treat us all the same. Give us back our peace of mind.

Carl & Mary Johnson
102 Brier Brook Rd.
Black Mountain

To All Persons Living in an R-20 Residential Zoned Area,

I would like to urge you to attend the Public Hearing on Monday, night, Oct. 25 at 7:30 p.m. - City Hall.

The new zoning requirements with regards to Mobile Home Parks being allowed in an R-20 area is to be considered. If you now live anywhere in an R-20 area you need to be very concerned. If the town Aldermen pass this ordinance on Thursday night - Mobile Home Parks would be allowed with a conditional use permit anywhere in an R-20 zone.

If you feel that Mobile Home Parks should exist in high density areas and not in low density (R-20) areas please come and express your views.

I would urge all homeowners in our residential areas: Spring Hill, Meadowbrook and other nice housing developments to stand up and be heard.

Joan G. Brown
Black Mountain

Looking for long lost Walkers...

I am wanting to learn information on my family.

my grandfather was born in Black Mountain. His name was Luther Alexander Walker, born May 25, 1883. His parents were Wilson Lee Walker and Elminera (Ella) Brown.

It is my understanding that some of my people still live in Black Mountain.

If anyone has any information, I would appreciate any help.

Arnold L. Walker
Box 203
Snelling, California 95369

Black Mountain needs new post cards

I visit Black Mountain several times a year and enjoy mailing post cards of your quaint little town with the mountains in the background to my Florida friends.

This year no store has them. This is the prettiest time of the year for Florida visitors, please don't let your town die. The only cards I could find were aerial pictures of roof tops of houses. Wake up your merchants.

Mary Herring
Melbourne, Fla.

Bill Hendon helped him...

I have had the opportunity to be closely associated with Congressman Bill Hendon for the last three or four months. Concerning my Social Security Disability Cessation. He has done everything a congressman could do to help me. Including his staff, both Washington & Asheville. I feel that he and his staff have gone beyond their duty but he thinks not. If I could tell every voter in the Eleventh District personally I could say it much better than I can write. I would like for Bill Hendon to have a chance to finish some work that he has started for all the people in his district. I don't think anyone could be closer associated with the people than Bill has. I really like his common sense approach. He deserves our support in the coming election.

Brownie McPeters



Gretchen Corbitt Reflections

Citizenship Day

"Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather have 11 die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action," penned the great English poet and dramatist, Shakespeare.

Citizenship Day, September 17, once again gives Americans an opportunity to re-think the Constitution of the United States. Such a Constitution was adopted by the delegates to the Constitutional Convention on September 17, 1787.

The delegates to the convention were well qualified for planning a constitution. They were well-educated, thoughtful men. They had studied the strengths and weaknesses of the governments of their time. They had also studied ancient governments, the people had had a part in ruling themselves. America wanted such a government. It would be republic, or a representative democracy.

The delegates agreed on two things at the start. They knew that Americans wanted a written constitution. Americans wanted in writing just what the federal government could and could not do. Another thing they agreed on was that there should be a strong federal government.

They wanted the federal government to have the power to do those things that each state could not do very well for itself. These included organizing an army and a navy, dealing with other countries, coining money, regulating trade, carry the mail, and building roads. The powers given the federal government were to be carefully listed in the Constitution. They wanted to write a constitution that would last not just a few years, but for hundreds of years.

The early statesmen did a great job of writing the Constitution. After more than 200 years it is still the law of the land. It has been changed, or amended, only a few times. Only the amendments have in most cases just added something new, needed because of the changing times.

The Founding Fathers knew the Constitution was not perfect, but it was the best they could agree on. It has been a strong foundation for our government these many, many decades. We as American citizens know that it is still not perfect. But we also know that we, as citizens, can make it better. Are we in truth practicing all of its truths and ideals for which it stands?

Who will agree with Dr. Benjamin West when he said, "The Constitution makes a man both willing to live and to die. To live, because it opens to him fair prospects of great public and private happiness. To die, because it insures peace, order, safety and prosperity for his children?" Or are Dr. West's opinions out-dated?

Where are the concerned citizens who are willing to become aware of major issues confronting local communities, states, and one nation "under God?" Are we heard to say, "All of this political and social bunk is not my

business? Let the government take care of it!" Once again it is asked, "What is government?" or "Who is government?"

"O thus be it ever when free men shall stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just; and this be our motto: "In God we trust!"



Edwin Andrews Apropos

One birthday night

It happened that this year my birthday fell on a Monday, so the family decided to avoid weekday scheduling difficulties and have the annual cake and presents on Sunday afternoon. The "Happy Birthday" was sung, the gifts were given, and I was challenged to blow out the candles on my cake. Luckily, good taste had been exercised in preparation, and our budget had not been busted by the purchase of the multitude of candles it would have taken for the occasion. I was just faced with the unnerving experience of seeing two candles, molded in the shape of the appropriate numbers—numbers I mention to few people indeed. I blew them out as quickly as I could, and got down to the more enjoyable task of eating a piece of German chocolate cake.

All of this, as I said, was on Sunday afternoon. This made it so that the actual birthday was treated like any

other day. On Monday evening, I walked out into the drive after supper and the news, to look across the valley to the mountains beyond, my favorite view. I lingered to experience the rising tide of twilight, to hear the insects launch their evening chorale, to listen to the steady thrum of engines and the whistle as the train celebrated reaching the top of the mountain.

As the day ebbed, I wandered along the edge of the road to check the progress of my once in lifetime effort in landscaping. The ragged row of small pine trees was a far cry from the regular, closeknit ranks of green I had visualized. I'd have to plant and plant again to make the row of trees really attractive. How many seasons of cold for planting and warmth for growing would it take?

At various places in the yard, I could

see the small dogwood trees I'd moved to this spot. Looking at the summer's growth, I wondered if the spring would bring the lovely white blossoms I'd wanted so long to see at this place.

On the barren bank above the road lay my exercise in patience. The weeds that now cover the bank are eventually, I hope, to be choked out by the ivy and periwinkle now slowly spreading over the area. So it's a matter of pulling weeds, or cutting them high enough to avoid damaging the ivy—and waiting. And waiting. I thought about how long it might be before the delicate blue of periwinkle blossoms supplanted the lush green of the weeds.

How long indeed? How long before completeness? Before celebration? The darkness rang down heavily on me that birthday night. I turned from my unfinished projects and went into the house. I would try again tomorrow.



Carl Mumpower Living and Growing

Adjusting to divorce

Last week we took a look at Mom. This week, we'll focus on Dad and his efforts to adjust to divorce. Contrary to the opinions of some, Dad, too, goes through some hard knocks.

Divorce isn't easy. Parents suffer, children hurt, and other family and friends worry over those involved. Divorce equals change, really major change, and change equals trauma. As with most change situations, however, our greatest difficulty is adjusting to ourselves. Figuring ways to cope with our own anger, hurt, depression, and other emotions.

Dads feel too. Sure, men may be taught by our society to hide feelings, but most can feel at an equal depth to that of any woman. Unfortunately, because of the "weakness" that feelings are supposed to represent, many men run from their feelings vs. coping with them. They run to some strange places.

What's your picture of a typical divorced male? Does conservative, church going, flower planting, soul searching, and loving humanitarian come to mind? Probably not, as a man trying to run from hurts and fears seldom heads in these directions. He might, although he never did it with his wife, take up dancing. He might also start dreaming about a fancy sports car. His blood alcohol level might go up due to a higher intake of same, and bed time might get pushed up to the wee hours of the night. His time in bed might be for purposes other than sleep, and his partners may change with some frequency. He might start unbuttoning his shirt another notch, and spiffing up his wardrobe. All kinds of changes may occur, but seldom does Dad find the comfort and security he seeks through them.

Obviously, I'm describing one of the traps that Dad often steps into in trying

to adjust to divorce. Giving up your values, seeking eternal salvation by resting your head on a new chest every night or so, and trying to return to the glorious partying days of teenage yesteryears just doesn't cut it. It may distract us from our hurt, but it doesn't emotionally feed us and help us get rid of it. As anyone who has done it for long, partying your way to peace seldom works. It gets, after a time, boring and empty.

You see, Dad does hurt. In losing his wife, for example, he almost always to a large extent loses his children. In this state, like most, Dad has about as little chance of gaining control and custody as Tweety Bird does of flying to the moon. Sure, he gets visitation, but in most situations, Mom gets primary control. That's scary to a father who loves his children.

There are other traps that Dad has to watch out for much like Mom. Giving into anger is one, giving up our emotional relationship with our children is another, and being competitive with our spouse is still another. Any of these are guarantees of pain and hurt in the future. Dad is generally better off when he holds on to his values, maintains his responsibilities, and remembers the importance of maturity in day to day living. Staying involved, and active, working to build more solid relationships with our friends and family members, and focusing on what one has gained vs. lost through a divorce are far better sources of support than running to distractions.

Mom and Dad both suffer in a family break-up. The trauma that many experience, however, is enhanced by our tendency to become our own worst enemy. Avoiding such, can help us a long way toward getting back on our feet. Next week...the children of divorce.

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