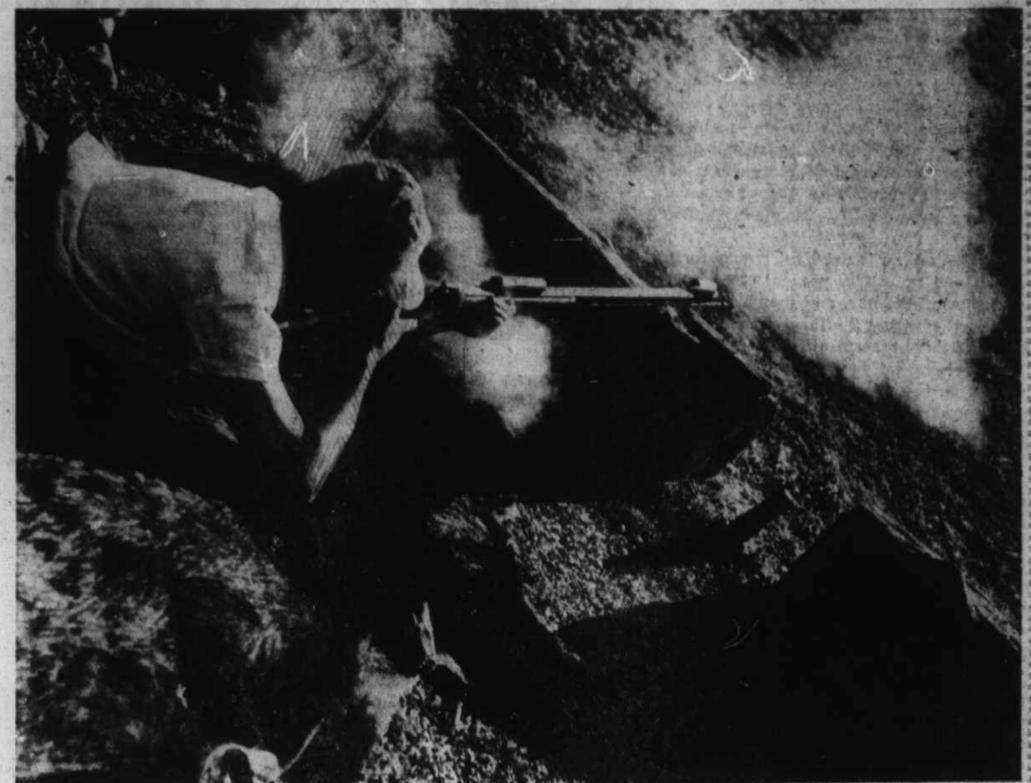




at a microscopic target 60 feet away—and the judges will measure your accuracy with a pair of calipers. Hair-splitting precision sometimes have to be used, as the closeness of the pattern of the three shots tells the



READY for the annual Cataloochee Beef Shoot at the mile-high ranch is Frank Rich and his beloved old rifle, fondly called "Granny". For a while it was feared that this year not enough of the ancient "hog" rifles could be found to hold the shoot. (N.C. News Bureau Photo).

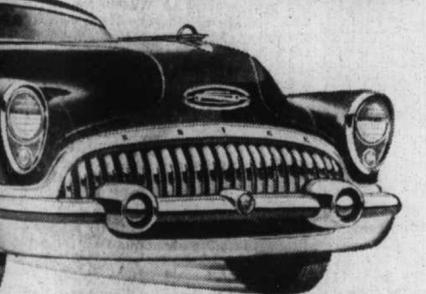


AIM for the distant target from any stance you prefer when you're shooting it out at Cataloochee. Favorite posture is prone with the rifle steadied on a log, but occasional marksmen prefer standing or lying prone without support. (Staff Photo).

Edward Tittle On Way From Korea

THE KOREAN BASE SECTION—Pvt. Edward E. Tittle, whose wife lives on Greene Ave., Waynesville, N. J., is enroute to the U.S. Army base in the Korean peninsula since December 1951. He, who entered the Army in April 1950, has been awarded the Korean Service Ribbon with campaign stars. He was a member of the 546th Engineer Fighting Company.

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Farm Tour Group Enjoy Sights Of The Far West

By W. C. MEDFORD
On entering Colorado (from Kansas) the changing topography and economic conditions were more noticeable: Now we are in La Junta (Spanish), where the Spanish-American laborers huddle together and look on, as we pause here briefly. A little tanned looking two-year-old sits in his cart near the sidewalk, looking on in wonder—
"Look how cute!" some one exclaims.

claims, as several got out to better see him—
"You'll skeer that kid to death," shouted Jim Harrell, as Mary Medford stooped, with camera raised.
What A Shame—Only One!
We are soon into Rocky Ford, a small town in the midst of a rich agriculture, gardening and seed-growing section. We had been climbing—the altitude here is 4,250 feet. Now, here was a revelation and something new for most of us to see—what can be done on rich dry soil by irrigation.

Base Section which furnishes supplies, transportation, communications and services to UN fighting forces. The Base Section includes most of the major military installations in the southern portion of the Korean peninsula.

Headquarters of the D. V. Burrell Seed Co., they have hundreds of acres here and nearby (in the upper Arkansas river valley section) used for the growing of all kinds of garden and flower seeds. We were shown some of the seed plots, and at the 10-acre of zenias the ladies exclaimed in wonder. They were allowed to pick one zenia each, and you can imagine what a predicament they were in—a group of Haywood County flower-loving women in a 10-acre field of gorgeous zenias and allowed to pick only one each!
"All aboard!" We settle down for another lap; and as we enter the foothills of the Colorado Rockies we behold the majestic beauty of this "red rock" mountainous region. We hear exclamation after exclamation as we are whirled around. Now we are near, rather under, a precipitous mountain side with its rock-clad colors, red, red-brown, pink and orange, glistening in the afternoon sun. Or, maybe, we are winding up again—we reach the top, and lo! what a vista appears: Peculiar rock formations, hanging boulders—red, red, red, all the hues of red, and only broken here and there by clusters of small clinging pines or bunches of cactus and starving grasses—
"Wonderful!" our folks exclaim (and he it said to the credit of our women folk, I don't think I heard the word "cute" used then).

turing industries, steel and smelting plants, body works, concrete blocks, etc. As we neared the Winnequa Club house for lunch people were out on the lawn with cars parked about, a club meeting was then in session—
"Look how they've come out to greet us," said "Abner" Mehafeey. After a good lunch here (in fact all our meals were very good excepting one or two) we were on our way to Royal Gorge, the Colorado Rockies growing taller, plain-er as we journeyed.

Royal Gorge!
Winding up the scrubby pine and cedar-clad slopes we were soon there. As we alighted from the busses and looked around we realized that many sight-seers from nearly all the states of the Union and a foreign country or two were also there. Now, I know that I cannot do justice to this place. It's wonders beggar all such. However—
As we stood on Angel's Trail walk-way (or other observation points) and looked straight down into the gorge where the Arkansas river runs through, 1,055 feet below, we found ourselves in the presence of an awe-inspiring wonder! The Hanging (Suspension) Bridge is an engineering and scenic marvel. The large cables supporting it consist of 4,200 strands of No. 9 galvanized wire, which if laid end-to-end, would reach from the Gorge to a point in the Atlantic beyond New York City, so we were told.

Because of vibration, travel across the bridge is slow, being restricted to 10 miles—the cars coming and going (two way travel, bumper to bumper the day we were there. The flags of all the states float over the bridge, being placed at intervals on both sides. The observation cable car on the incline railroad runs 2½ miles per hour and has scheduled trips. They claim it to be "the steepest incline railway in the world."

There is room for people to stand on the heavy timbers of both sides of the bridge and look down into the gorge, even as cars go by. As one thus looks down, the river, though swift, seems to be running silently—in audible because of the depth. Also the Canon City 4 1/2 water main, anchored to the hard, brown granite-rock depths along one side of the river looks to be about 12 inches; and the Denver and Rio Grande standard gauge railroad on the other side looks to be much smaller than a narrow gauge.

Come Out To "Greet Us"
Now we are entering Pueblo, Colorado, an old cattle town. It now has several large manufact-

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Here there seems to be more reverence than gaiety; one has the impression that all, as they look upon this marvel of His handiwork, realize the omnipotence, the power—and the presence of Almighty God. So, as we looked about us before entering the busses—and gave credit to man for all his skill, it seemed to be as nothing compared to this; and as we drove away and saw the last rays of the setting

sun fade from the tops of the majestic Rocky peaks, we thought "What is man, Oh God, (anyway) that Thou art mindful of him."

just as a shower came up—
"Hope we've had rain at home," said several in the group as we scrambled to get on the busses.
On To Denver—And Sleep
On reaching Denver we were perhaps tired as much from this day's drive (Monday) as any, although the distance traveled was not as great as on the first and second days. But we had had our first bus trouble that day—and such delays within themselves, you know, will cause anxiety and fa-

tigue.
Nobody had to be "rocked to sleep" that night. The day had been eventful enough; but to cap it all, Uncle Abe had to get "sorcer" sick at the hotel that night. It was too much blood-pressure, lack of it, "er sump'n" at such a high altitude (1 mile high) he believes that caused it. Whatever it was, the bed, room and all seemed to be whirling and swimming
(Continued on page 6)

LAST WEEK TO PAY 1952 COUNTY TAXES

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