

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

This episode took place during the last war and the facts were told to me by Mr. S. J. Hinsdale of Burlington.

One weekend in August, the people of Burlington entertained the 115th Regiment of Infantry, which was on maneuvers in the area near the North Carolina-South Carolina line. Burlington is one of the friendliest and most hospitable towns in the state, so naturally the folks went out of their way to be nice to their visitors.

A large number of soldiers were in town. Several committees, stationed at central points, took down the names of the visitors and then assigned them to various homes in Burlington. Soon as one of the soldiers would be given a slip of paper, with the name and address of his prospective host written on it, he'd light out and try to locate it as quickly as possible.

A lady was driving along one of the principal residential streets of Burlington. She saw a soldier on the sidewalk in front of one of the handsomest homes in town. He appeared to be somewhat confused. He would look at the piece of paper which he had in his hand; then look at the house before him; then he was standing; then he came back at the paper again.

The lady thought that he might be lost, so she stopped her car and asked him what house he was looking for, and could she be of any assistance to him.

"I'm looking for Mr. H's house," he said in a somewhat hesitant manner. And then he explained that he was from the maneuver area and had been assigned as Mr. H's guest for the weekend.

"Well," she said, "you are in the right place. That's the house right there behind you, and I'm sure you will enjoy your stay with Mr. H. His home is one of the finest in our town."

The soldier turned, looked at the house again, and then shook his head. He said, "Thank you," and then started to walk away.

"What's the matter?" asked the lady, "aren't you going in? I'm sure Mr. H is expecting you."

The boy hesitated. He looked at the house carefully and then replied: "Lady, I can't go into that house."

"Why not?" she asked.

"That house has too many doors."

The lady looked puzzled. "Too many doors?" she exclaimed. "Why in the world do you mean by that?"

"Just that," he answered. "I wouldn't know how to behave in a place like that. I've never been in a place like that before."

"I don't believe I understand that you mean," she said.

And then, in a burst of confidence, he told her:

"Lady," he said, "I'm a poor boy. My folks are tenant farmers in North Dakota, and all our lives we've lived in a little two-room house. We had only the cheapest kind of furniture, and only very little of that. My dad worked hard, but we never seemed to be able to get ahead. I've had to work ever since I left school. I didn't get any further than the sixth grade. The man who lives in this house is rich, and he and his family have been used to the best of things ever since they were born. I don't think I better go in there."

Once more he started to walk away.

"Here!" the lady shouted. "Wait a minute."

She got out of the car, walked up to the soldier and put a hand on his shoulder. "Son," she said, "you evidently don't know the kind of people we have down here in the South. It's true that Mr. H. is a rich man, and his home is one of the loveliest in town. He is also one of the finest and most honorable gentlemen we have here in Burlington. I know that he is expecting you and he'll be terribly disappointed if you don't stay with him. He'll take it as a reflection against himself, personally. Now, I know him very well, and I know that he will do everything within his power to see that your weekend is a pleasant one. It doesn't make any difference to him how poor you are; he honors you because you are serving your country. Don't be foolish; you just go right up to the front door, ring the bell, and let him know that you have arrived."

He stood there for a moment or two, gazing vacantly into space. Then after another glance at the house, he said: "I appreciate your kindness, lady, but I can't do it. I'd be miserable." And once more he repeated the expression he had previously used: "That house has too many doors to it."

However, she didn't give up. "Let me go up on the front porch with you," she suggested, "and I'll introduce you to Mr. H. When you find out how nice he and his family are, I'm sure you'll change your mind and that you'll be able to stay. Don't pay any attention to those doors; they don't mean a thing except entrances to a house that wants to welcome you."

But he drew back. "I couldn't do it," he said firmly. "But don't you worry: I'll find some place to stay tonight. You people in this town have been awfully good to us."

And, despite her further protests, he raised his cap and walked away. She stood there, gazing after him, and there were tears in her eyes as he turned a corner and disappeared from sight, leaving behind him the house with too many doors.

4-H Youth Win Awards in North Carolina

FOREMOST among 4-H Club members in North Carolina are four teen-agers who have high ratings in the National 4-H Leadership and Achievement programs.



Two 4-H Club members in North Carolina have been named boy and girl state winners in the 1953 Leadership program for outstanding guidance of club and community projects. They are John Fuquay, 20, of Snow Camp, and Ann McIntosh, 17, of Creedmoor.

In his nine years in 4-H activities, John has served as secretary and treasurer of the state 4-H; president of the county council, and junior leader and vice president of his local club. As state meat animal winner, he attended the National 4-H Club Congress. He was also a delegate to the National Club Camp. Among his club honors are state honor club, state dairy judging and achievement winner, and county and Farm Youth Festival "King of Health" title. He now a junior at North Carolina State College, studying under a \$400 scholarship awarded for his leadership and scholarship achievements. In college, he is treasurer of the Young Men's Christian Association, officer of Alpha Zeta social fraternity, and of the Delta judging team.

A 4-H'er for seven years, Ann was in Recreational and Rural Arts project last year. He also has been chosen to represent North Carolina at the National 4-H Camp in Washington, D. C. She is president of both the Creedmoor 4-H Club and the county council. Her leadership record covers a wide range. As state vice president she presided over 1953 state 4-H Club work. Ann is the daughter of Mrs. C. P. McIntosh.

All these programs are conducted under the direction of the Cooperative Extension Service.

DEATHS

MRS. MARY PARKS

Mrs. Mary Magdelene Parks, 66, died this morning in her home on Route 2, Waynesville.

Funeral services will be held in Finchers Chapel Friday at 3 p.m. with the Rev. A. R. Davis officiating. Interment will be in the church cemetery.

Active pallbearers will be Cleveland Parks, Bill Crisp, Jimmy Minyard, Junior Smith, Matt Conard, and Willis Smith.

The body has been taken to the home in the Iron Duff section.

Surviving are one son, Claude William Parks of Waynesville, Route 2, and one daughter, Mrs. Andy Conard of Enka.

Arrangements are under the direction of Crawford Funeral Home.

YOUNT INFANT

Michael Yount, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Yount of Hazelwood, died yesterday in the Haywood County Hospital.

Graveside rites were held yesterday afternoon in the Crawford Memorial Park with the Rev. Earl H. Brendall officiating.

Surviving, in addition to the parents, are one brother, Gary, of the home; the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Oliver Yount of Waynesville; and the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Himes of Canton, Route 3.

PERRY L. HARBIN

Perry L. Harbin, 79, died Tuesday at 6 a.m. in his home at Canton after a lingering illness.

He was a native and lifelong resident of Haywood County.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Alma Smith Harbin; one daughter, Mrs. L. F. Robinson of Canton; two stepsons, Jack and B. C. Elliott of Canton.

Also two stepdaughters, Mrs. Martha Wright and Mrs. Ruby Elliott of Canton; four half-brothers, Rufus, Arthur and Jim Scott of Canton and Zed Scott of Roanoke, Va.; nine grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held today at 2 p.m. in Beaverdam Methodist Church. The Rev. W. L. Broome, the Rev. O. L. Ledford, the Rev. H. W. Owenby and the Rev. Coman Brown officiated and burial was in the church cemetery.

Pallbearers were Charles, George, Archie, Norman and Taylor Scott and Jack Robinson.

Wells Funeral Home was in charge.

Bite Is Put On Him

OMAHA (AP)—Here's another version of the story of the gent who got bit by his own teeth. An Omahan, with the courtesy born of 70 years' experience, stepped aside to let a secretary pass through the office's swinging door. It swung back and nipped him on the chest. He let out an "ouch" as he extracted his choppers from a breast pocket. They had bitten him.

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don't DO that!



DON'T BE DESTRUCTIVE ... When you try on a garment in a store, be careful not to stretch it out of shape or stain it with lipstick.



FARM BUREAU OFFICIALS CONFER—As several thousand members of the American Farm Bureau Federation gathered in Chicago for their 35th annual convention, this group engaged in informal conversation at the Sherman Hotel. Allan B. Kline, center, president of the Farm Bureau, chats with R. Flake Shaw, left, of Greensboro, N. C., executive vice president of the North Carolina bureau, and J. V. Whitfield, Bur-

gaw, N. C., vice chairman of the bureau's fruits and vegetables committee. Kline, a leader among farm groups seeking a system of flexible or variable government price supports, told friends he would make up his mind later on his decision to seek re-election as president of the bureau. (AP Photo).

Monkey Business Halted

OMAHA (AP)—Caretakers at Riverview Park zoo here have acquired new respect for the mechanical aptitude of monkeys. The animals unscrewed the bolts holding the hinges on their cage doors and one got loose. Park attendants spent a strenuous afternoon running it down.

There will be no repetition. The bolts have been bent so they can't be unscrewed.

Although many insects count their lives in hours rather than years, some queen ants may live for 16 years.

Refrigerator Peril Recognized

DALLAS (AP)—It's illegal in Dallas to abandon or "dangerously expose" a refrigerator unless the door latch has been removed.

The city council passed the measure, in view of recent cases over the country, to protect children who might trap themselves in the boxes. The fine for violation is \$200.

When the Romans conquered Egypt in 26 B. C. they collected part of the tribute in the form of Egyptian glassware.

Corny Cleanup Works

HARRISBURG (AP)—Hoby Geesman keeps ponies in a stable near his service station just outside Wernersville.

The ponies eat corn and up to a few weeks ago, Hoby had the problem of disposing of hundreds of corn cobs. Now he dips the cobs in water and uses them to clean windshields of automobiles.

In 1850, the clipper ship Sea Witch went from New York to San Francisco around the horn in 97 days which was faster than any steamship of that day could make the trip.

Community Tree Is Planned For December 23

The annual Community Christmas Tree, sponsored by the Waynesville Woman's Club for needy children, will be held at the Court House, December 23, at 3:30 p.m. Gifts and candy will be distributed.

The Rev. Earl H. Brendall, pastor of the First Methodist Church, will bring the Christmas message and music will be furnished by the Junior Choir of the First Baptist Church under the direction of Charles Isley.

Mrs. Raymond Lane, club president, will bring greetings.

Mrs. C. F. Kirkpatrick, chairman of the event, is asking for donations of new or good used toys, to be left with her or with Mrs. Henry Foy.

Assisting with the event are Mrs. E. J. Stanmyre, Mrs. Charles Ray, Mrs. H. L. Baughman, Mrs. Henry Foy, Mrs. Joe Stanelli, Miss Robina Miller, Miss Pearl Johnson, Miss Louise Ballard, Miss Ray Ballard, Mrs. Hooper Alexander, Mrs. J. W. Killian, Mrs. John Higgs, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Virgil Mrs. Jesse Lamar, Mrs. J. H. Howell, Miss Ann Albright, and Mrs. C. F. Fowler.

The average American uses the output of about 7.4 acres to supply his needs compared with less than a quarter acre for a typical Japanese.

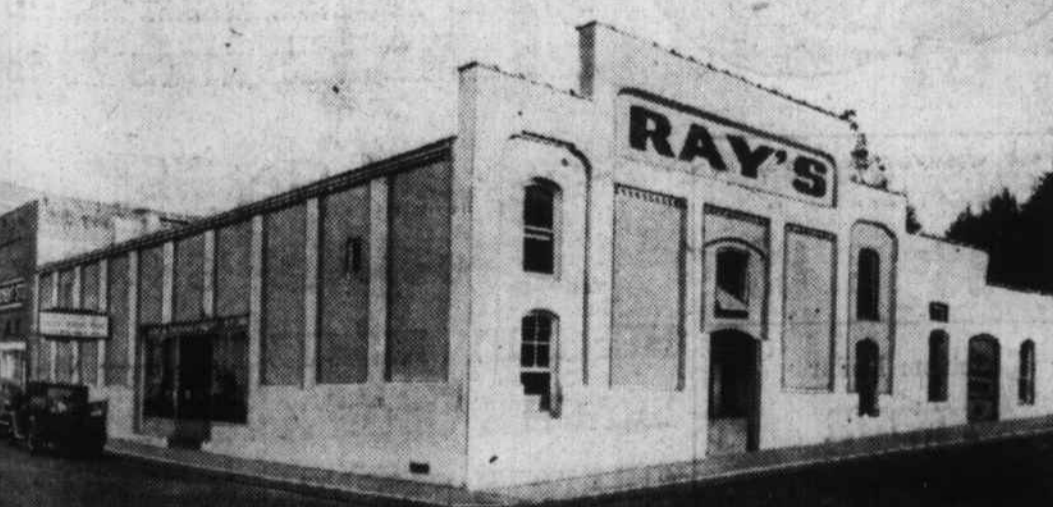
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