

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN... NOT HURT

... Reprinting a Classic Open Letter from
A Dallas Father to His Fellow Motorists

Dear Motorists:

Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is "Scoot", sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved goodbye and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her... the girl with the yellow curls... and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher who has eyes in the back of her head, and about the trees in the school yard... the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things... tremendous, vital, unimportant things. Then we studied spelling, reading, and arithmetic. And then went to bed.

She's back there now... back in her nursery... sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken, or her finger cut, or her head gets bumped, I can fix it. But when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.

She's a nice kid. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time... I have to work and pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me look out for her. **DRIVE CAREFULLY.** Drive slowly past the schools and intersections. And please remember that children run from behind parked cars. Please don't run over my little girl.

WE MAKE 'EM TOO!

A newspaper in reporting a collision between a train and a cow ended its report by saying that the engineer "put on full steam and dashed into the cow, literally cutting it into calves."

Another paper spoke about a would-be suicide as attaching a "horse to his car's exhaust pipe and then putting the other end in his mouth."

A contrite correction read "There was a mistake in yesterday's item that said Joe entertained a party of men friends at crap shooting. It should have been 'trap shooting.'"

In writing of a society wedding, the unfortunate bride was described as wearing a "gown of white satin and lice." Just to make things still worse, the paper said in speaking of the reception afterward that "many arrests are expected," when they meant "many guests".

Please remember though that

A LAWYER'S LAST WILL

This strange will was left by a young lawyer who died several years ago in the ward for the insane in the Almshouse of Cook County, Illinois. The will was found in his coat. On a resolution of the Chicago Bar Association the document was sent to probate and so was spread on the records of Cook County.

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly may be, to distribute my interest in the world among those succeeding me: That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no distribution of this in my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the field and blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herein-after given to lovers.

it isn't always the printer. Sometimes the copy is unreadable and it's often the way sentences are worded. One editor wrote that the local Chamber of Commerce was "losing a good man in its retiring secretary; one whose work could not be possibly underestimated."

THIS THING CALLED LIFE

In all walks of life and opportunity, I wonder just how many of us are appreciative enough to make the most of what we have. In meditating, I wonder why most of us do not strive just a little harder—be more interested in what goes on around us—and within ourselves.

Time stands still for no man. So wake up. No matter how monotonous your life or work, there is pleasure in every small thing, if you will find it so. No matter who you are, or what you are, you've been given the divine spark of life to live, to create within yourself, and to give service to the world. There's nothing so wonderful as health and opportunity. So do not throw it aside. Make the most of what you have no matter how small or how great.

In working conditions of today, with most industries close by, there shouldn't be any excuse for poverty or dire need. I find there is always someone kind enough to make the load just a little easier, if you strive and try hard enough.

Yes, sir! Work is any man's salvation. I've traveled south and given my time to the cotton fields. I've watched the timber go down in Mississippi. I've skimmed over the waters of the Gulf, and I've listened to the mighty roar of hundreds of machines going through the process of making rubber tires and in separating cotton to make thread and cloth. I've listened to the hum of a hundred machines stitching pillow cases and sheets. I've felt the mighty heat from furnaces where steel goes through many processes. I've done my share in mixing a tempting drink—called "soda" to hundreds of people daily—and in days gone by—to help create beauty and give rest to the weary after a hard day's work—called "Beauty Salon". Yes, sir! all walks of life, north, south, east, west, prove mighty interesting. I've sailed on the beautiful river between New York and Canada. I've watched the Niagara Falls from the American and Canadian side—people at work and play, all nationalities. I've watched the process of curing tobacco in Virginia and the making of cigarettes. I've walked the sidewalks of New York and the people—Chinese, French, Greek, Italians, Swedes, Polish, Americans—all mingle together. The Singer Sewing Machines are bought by people all over the world and covers one entire floor in the Empire State. Cigars are made in the windows by Chinese. I've ridden through the Holland Tunnel crossing the Hudson where thousands pass daily. Yes, sir! it's mighty stupendous this thing called life. It's all around you. My

CHAMPAGNE MA SHOP

We aren't quite sure if those boys who play ping pong between W. Straus and W. Straus are actually waiting for a game or waiting for a hit Walter's "after gar". At any rate, a tinguisher isn't a bod games get rather times... Now listen your son certainly that tall! Anyway, certain of it when you the machine shop. The lows have rulers look you think! Not mentioning names but one of the shop boys went here other day and came plenty—of chiggers!

PULP SHIFT "C" BE

Shift "C" was rather represented at WNC Hendersonville on the Sept. 26-27. Charlie was seen trying to date a lady in one of the shows, but it looked Brown had her predated up... Elmer reports that he will have harvest of pop-corn and would like for everyone place their orders early will be able to handle along about Christmas. Since Avery Ensley's trip to Florida last month as if he has developed trouble. From last week was clicking off at per minute. Seems was not a business trip after all... Paul reports there was frost on Mountain one morning week. He could not be for he left home too early so he could catch his work before the snow ed... Hovey Waldron pre-washer beater he in on leave from... From his report around Fort Bragg bad... Pre-digester Kilpatrick thought for a telephone pole the middle of the sult — one good "gone with the wind".

Don't brood. You're not a hen.

Executives whose most enthusiastically are the ones who they want, and can quest concisely and ly.

time may be short, but the most wonderful tunity I've ever had, taking it as it comes, constructed and found here in the Blue Ridge tains. Beautiful mountain waterfalls, giving life that can use it. The only "Ecusta" of the States, the only cigarette plant in the world.

—An Ecusta