

# DOWN YOUR ALLEY

By IRA B. ARMFIELD

In my installment last week I said I would relate this week how I won a woman champion. Incidentally, before I converted her, she was by far the most obstreperous patron with whom I ever tangled.

One recess a grubby-looking little brat came to me and told me that another little fellow had cursed him. I escorted the little fellow in, satisfied myself he was guilty and knocked a little dust out of his pants.

About a half hour later while I was teaching a class, I looked out a rear window of the school house to see an elderly woman prancing back and forth and calling a little brother of the boy I had punished and a sister, named Sis, to come on out. While they gathered up their books, the old lady proceeded to tell the world what she thought about school teachers that brutally beat little boys. I'll have to admit she did a pretty good job of it for she had a vocabulary like that of a muleskinner.

I deeply resented what the old woman was doing, but I said nothing so they galloped off together.

That afternoon while I was on my way to the home in which I boarded an old gentleman who stayed there called me off and told me Mrs. M. wanted to see me. I thanked him and told him I would go. When I got to the house, a son of the lady with whom I boarded gave me the same information and when I told him I would step over to see her, he exploded, "You don't mean to say you're going!" He told me that would be a very serious mistake and he then gave me a chilling story of that old lady's doings. Still, I felt that I should go and a few minutes later I set out.

I approached her house from the rear and when I was some 500 or 600 yards away, I saw something in her back yard that staggered me. There she was, fopping back and forth, wringing her hands and stopping now and then to gaze in the

direction she expected me to come. Then I happened to notice that several of her neighbors were sitting out on their front porches. I felt mighty skittish, to say the least, but I had to go on.

By the time I had gotten around to the front of the house, the old lady had seated herself on the front porch and the instant I stepped into the yard, she pounced on me. For about ten minutes she proceeded to skin me with great vigor. Among other things, she allowed that I was a heartless brute that beat up helpless little boys whose maw was dead.

When I decided the old lady had covered the ground thoroughly, I pointed my finger so close to her face that she had to snatch her head back to keep from getting poked in the eye.

That started her and then I jolted her with the statement that I had no apologies to offer. I informed her that I didn't allow pupils to use profanity in my school, but it appeared she permitted it and other evil things in her home had destroyed the character of little boys.

She looked startled and I asked her if she had heard about the trouble I had had with Eddie, a grandson whom I spoke of last week. Then I asked her if she had heard that she had sold her house and her nests, sold them and used the proceeds to shoot craps with colored boys. She hadn't. I then asked her if she had heard the report that this Eddie, whom she was rearing, was just about ripe for the chaffing, there to wear stripes to dishonor the dead whom she professed to love.

The old lady was squirming by this time but I decided she needed the full treatment. "Mrs. M.," I said, "maybe you will tell me whether or not it is true that this same Eddie has sat at your table in your presence and thrown biscuits at little Sis and you dared not rebuke him. And perhaps you will also tell me whether not over a week ago Eddie threatened to brain you with a chair when you crossed him."

She sat silent and I waited for a moment. "I am trying to keep those little grandchildren of yours from being the kind of characters that Eddie already is, and for that you heap all manner of abuse on me," I told her.

The old lady remained silent and dropped her head. I was ready for the final stroke. When she looked up, her nose wasn't more than a foot from mine, and I told her very earnestly: "Look at your neighbors sitting out on their porches. Do you wonder why? I'll tell you. You went gadding about over this community lying about how I beat up that little boy and vowing that you would give me a drubbing if I had the gall to face you. Well, I had. What do you reckon those people are saying about you, even as we talk? Just what sort of place do you think you deserve in this community, anyway?"

I quit talking and looked steadily at the floor. After a few moments the old lady spoke in a changed tone of voice and changed the subject! When I looked up she was smiling. Then I almost keeled over!

After a bit, I asked her to have the children back in school on Monday (this was on Friday). She flatly refused, although she admitted there might be just a wee trace of rightness in what I had done.

Then I stepped up on the porch, sat down and changed the subject. We gabbed away and got real chummy. Finally I remarked to her that I felt sure loving them as she did, she would not deny to her grandchildren the limited schooling they could get in that community just because she hated me. "Why take it out on them?" I asked.

The old lady looked at me with eyes that said all too plainly that she didn't hate me any more, but she wouldn't give in. Finally, I told her I'd just stick around until she did agree. After some more sparing she agreed and on Monday morning those two little boys and the little girl were back in school as blithe and frisky as spaniel pups.

A few weeks before school was out, my landlady informed me that Mrs. M., learning that I would not be re-elected, had mounted a one-woman campaign in my behalf. She intended to visit each of the trustees and all of the school patrons and insist that I be re-hired. But, Mrs. M. didn't know, I suspect, that, for a school teacher, I had committed the grievous sin of courtin' the wrong girl, a cousin rather than a daughter of one of the trustees, and at the appointed time I walked the plank.

Still maybe there was a purpose in my appearing in that school when I did. Maybe I kept a couple of little shavers off the chain gang.

Next week we will take a look at the figures which tell the alarming story of the exodus here in North Carolina of qualified people from the teaching profession.

(To Be Continued)

## Heath Aboard A Mine Sweeper In UN Escort Force

Among the members of the UN blockade and escort force serving aboard the high speed mine sweeper USS Endicott is Thomas A. Heath, sonarman seaman, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Heath of Brevard.

The three ships, the minesweepers USS Endicott and Kite and the destroyer USS Maddox are part of task force 95. The force is composed of ships from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, The Netherlands, Thailand, Columbia, and the Republic of Korea. This international force has blockaded and bombarded the North Korean coast since Sept. 1950.

## Automatic Washer To Be Awarded Here

A Frigidaire automatic washing machine will be awarded May 9th at 2:00 p. m. at Abercrombie's store.

This machine is being offered by the Transylvania community council and the proceeds will be used to buy kitchen equipment for the community center. Rockefeller Killgore is chairman of the ticket committee.

The machine will be on display in the business section of town Saturday and tickets may be purchased at that time.

TRY THE TIMES WANT ADS

## To Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary



Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Morgan will observe their Golden Wedding anniversary on Sunday, May 3, at their home in the Calvert section of Transylvania. Relatives will hold open house during the afternoon. The Morgans have three daughters—Mrs. L. M. McCall, of Balsam Grove, Mrs. Joe Dickson, of Horse Shoe, and Mrs. J. L. Hunter, of RFD 1, Brevard; and two sons—Edwin Morgan, of RFD 2, Brevard, and Gaston Morgan, of the home. (Photo by Austin's)

## Plea is Made For Funds For Links Of Blue Ridge Parkway

### Highway Chairman Urges Public To Write Senators And Congressmen

The State Highway commission this week urges North Carolina's senators and congressmen to protect federal appropriations needed for North Carolina sections of the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Highway Chairman Henry Jordan sent the plea for help after learning that the appropriations bill for the Interior Department had passed the house without including an appropriation for three new links which had been recommended by the National Park Service.

Mr. Jordan pointed out that an appropriation of \$6,000,000 "would insure the completion of three very important links in the Parkway, making it much more useful to the traveling public."

The links would be built between Blowing Rock and Linville, a distance of 12 miles; between Balsam and Soco Gap, a distance of 12 miles; and between Beech Gap and Wagon Road Gap, a distance of three miles.

The surveys on Beech Gap-Wagon Road section has been made and the grading has started.

"In view of the great popularity of the Parkway and the immense value of the tourist business which

### Methodist Youth To Hold Rally Saturday

The youth rally for Methodist young people in the Asheville district will be held this Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock in the Central Methodist church. Dr. A. E. Acey, of Danville, Va., will be the guest speaker at the meeting.

This youth rally is a part of the United Methodist Evangelistic Mission of the Western North Carolina conference which begins May 2 continues through May 8.

All local MYF members are urged to meet at the First Methodist church not later than 6:15, an transportation to Asheville will be furnished.

It attracts," Jordan wrote, "I feel that any reasonable appropriation for the continuation of this work should be approved without question."

The completion of the three links would make about 90 per cent of the Parkway open to public use. The balance of the work could be completed later.

When complete, the Parkway will have an overall length of about 500 miles. It will connect the Shenandoah park in Virginia and the Great Smoky Mountains national park in North Carolina and Tennessee.



## Star Drive-In THEATRE

On Asheville Highway in North Brevard

Presents The Following Attractions

### Grand Opening of the Star Drive-In Theatre Will Be May 1.

Free Balloons For The Children

### Friday & Saturday

A Great Picture In Technicolor

### "THE HALFBREED"

Robert Young and Janice Carter Two Color Cartoons

There Will Be No Show On Sundays Of This Year

### Monday & Tuesday

### "CARIBBEAN"

In Color John Payne, Arlene Dahl Color Cartoon

### Wednesday & Thurs.

A Picture That Will Give All A Great Thrill. Don't Miss It!

### "FLYING LEATHERNECKS"

John Wayne and Robert Ryan

This picture is all about our Flying Marines. A great outfit.

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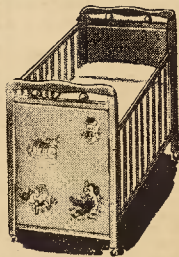
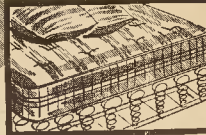


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