

THE "TIMES" PRIZE-WINNING COLUMN

From

**ALMAR FARM
In Transylvania**

BY CAL CARPENTER



I wish someone who knows about chickens would tell me about them. I'm finding the longer I have these queer birds, the less I know about poultry in general and chickens in particular.

I'm not talking about the downright mystifying things like the bird that looked like a hen and acted like a hen for two years; and then gradually changed into a rooster with wattles, tail feathers, and a crow that put the legendary Chanticleer to shame. I wrote about her? him? it? a few years back, if you remember.

Nor am I talking about our rooster's, Lucky's, psychological problems. Regular readers will remember that he got roughed up when two dogs got in the henhouse. They stripped him of his feathers until he looked ready for the pot. They also seem to have stripped him of the last vestige of his roosterish courage, for he allowed the colorful little game rooster we call "P. T. Barium" to move in from his bachelor digs in the hog house and take over as cock of the walk in the henhouse. We first thought Lucky was spending his time hiding in a dark hole behind some separator coops because he was embarrassed by his nakedness, but that evidently wasn't the case. He has his feathers back now and looks as handsome as ever; but, alas, he's lost his nerve. He still hides from "P. T." who's barely half his size.

Nor am I talking about these problems in abnormal chicken psychology and physiology, nor even those we've had with stubborn hens in the very normal business of setting. I'm talking about the mundane, everyday business of managing a small flock of hens so as to keep eggs on the breakfast table and in the dinner cornbread.

Take our first year on the farm. We'd traded 10 hens from Leander Gillespie, who was living here when we bought the place, and he'd thrown in a rooster. We fed them well and all that summer we had plenty of eggs. Then, in the early fall, the ungrateful birds stopped laying. I asked my mother about it when I was over at Canton one Sunday.

"Son," she said, "that's nor when you think of prescriptions, think of VARNER'S. adv.

mal. Chickens stop laying for three months or so in the winter and start again after the first of the year."

"Why do they do that?" I innocently inquired.

"They need a rest, I guess," said Mother. It's just not their nature to lay year around."

"Well, my Goodness," said I. "Does that mean we have to do without eggs three months each year? — and if so, where do the eggs in the stores come from when the chickens are on vacation?"

Mother laughed at me, but she told me that new pullets, which had just started laying, would lay on through the winter.

"Ah, ha!" said I to myself. "So you have to stagger their laying and vacation schedules. Well I'll fix that. I'll get some new pullets to start their laying in, say, September. Figure their vacation will then come in June, July, and August; my other chickens will be laying then, so I'll have plenty of eggs all year around."

So I bought 10 beautiful new pullets from a lady who lives down on Ross Road. I bought them in October and they'd just started laying. This was about the time the older hens of my flock had walked off the nest for their three-month vacation.

Things worked out pretty well that first winter. We had eggs enough for our use, enough for Mother, who likes our fresh eggs better than any she can buy; and even a few dozen to let our friends have.

But comes this fall and the schedule has gone to pot. The birds who should have taken their vacation in June evidently didn't, for we had a bang up egg production all summer. Now, with winter here, the whole flock is vacationing and we've been forced into the indignity of buying eggs — at the same store where we buy those bags of expensive chicken feed to keep 20 uncooperative crops full.

I've talked to the hens about it — Marge says if there's ever a stranger around to hear me up in the henhouse telling the "girls" that if they don't start laying, "Comes the Pot" — it won't be long before the men in

**Cathey's Creek Community
Has Quiet Christmas Holiday**

By - Mrs. Ken Riley

(Omitted Last Week)

CATHEY'S CREEK — Christmas was rather quiet in our section, with several family gatherings on Christmas eve and one in our memory is that at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Pruitt, with daughters Mrs. Arthur Thomas and Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Lavana Taylor and family of Asheville, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Corn and children of Cedar Mountain, Pfc. Keith Roger Thomas, Pfc. Dexter Scherman of Fort Benning, Ga. Delicious refreshments were served and gifts exchanged. A grand time was had by all.

ed make it a most lovely holiday.

Kenneth Riley enjoyed a lovely birthday on the 25th. He was presented many useful gifts.

To one and all reading our column we want to wish you God's blessings in the New Year and a safe weekend. See you in 1972!

Court and Wife Beating
Providence, R. I.—The Rhode Island Supreme Court has ruled that it's illegal for a man to beat his wife. The ruling came from a case where the lawyer argued the state constitution gives a man the right to "chastise his wife."

NOTICE

In The General Court of Justice District Court Division State Of North Carolina County Of Transylvania AGNESS CLAYTON and JOSEPHINE CLAYTON, Petitioners

J. L. MIMMAUGHN, GAYLE E. RAMSEY, Guardian ad Litem for all minors, incompetents, and other persons under legal disability, all of whom are unknown to these petitioners, together with their spouses, if any, and their respective spouses, if any, and together with all creditors or lienholders, regardless of how or through whom they claim, and any and all other persons, firms, corporations, institutions or legal entities claiming any interest in the property hereinafter described, regardless of how or through whom they claim, the names and whereabouts of all such persons, firms corporations, institutions or legal entities being unknown to the petitioners.

The above named respondents will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the District Court of Transylvania County, North Carolina, by the petitioners for the purpose of removing cloud from the title of the land of the petitioners by judgment of the Court removing any claim of the respondents to the following described land:

BEGINNING at a stake in the Southeast corner of Lot No. 98 in the edge of an unnamed street; thence circling with said unnamed street in a Northeasterly direction 188.5 feet to a stake in the Southeast corner of Lot No. 104; thence with the line of Lot No. 104 to a stake in the rear line of Lot No. 97; thence with the line of Lots Nos. 97 and 98 South 41 degrees and 30 minutes East 180 feet to the **BEGINNING**.

BEING Lot Number One Hundred Three (103) in Section Number One (1) of that certain subdivision known as "Montclove Estates," as shown and described on that certain map or plat of the same made by John L. Stacy, Registered Surveyor, in 1925, same being recorded in Book No. 1, at Page No. 1, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Transylvania County, North Carolina, to which said plat reference is hereby made.

And the respondents will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Transylvania County, in the Courthouse in Brevard, North Carolina, on the 22nd day of February, 1972, and answer or demur to the petition in said action, or the petitioners will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the petition.

This 22nd day of December, 1971.

MARIAN M. McMAHON
Clerk of Court of Transylvania County.
12/30/71c

Mrs. Sallie McCall and son Junior hosted a dinner on Christmas day for Mrs. Lona Breedlove, Mrs. Ethel Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinney. They enjoyed turkey with all the trimmings.

One thing that touched the heart of many disabled and shut-ins in these parts was the visit of the Rev. Kenneth Bragg pastor of Cathey's Creek Baptist church as he went from home to home with a happy smile on his face and some kind words and a prayer before he left.

Pfc. Keith Thomas and Pfc. Dexter Scherman, a native of Colorado, visited Keith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Thomas over the holidays. They are both stationed at Fort Benning, Ga.

Word was received here on the 25th that Mrs. Nannie B. Whitmire of Columbus, Ga., had been admitted to a Ft. Benning hospital with a bad ear. We hope by the time she receives her copy of the Times she will be all well. Also we wish a very speedy recovery to "Buddie" Buckner ad Luther Garren who are both at present in the local hospital.

Mrs. Winifred Taylor of Kirksville, Mo., has been spending sometime with her mother, Mrs. Lula Buckner due to the illness of "Buddie". Also Lt. Col. Emmitt Taylor came from Missouri to spend Christmas with his wife and Mrs. Buckner and son.

Mrs. Ethel Lee attended the Christmas program along with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nicholson at the church of the Nazarine on King Street in Brevard.

Sunday visitors of Albert McKinney were Mr. Arthur Raines and Mr. Stepp of Hendersonville.

Jack McKinney of Georgia visited his folks over the weekend.

Word was also received here over the holidays that "Aunt Texie" Cairnes had fallen and suffered a broken hip. She is in Monterey Nursing home in Baltimore.

She was reported to be convalescing fine and taking physical therapy each day. She is in her early 80's.

Several of our folk are employed at American Thread and all were presented with a lovely turkey for which they wish to say a great big "thank you" to Larry Walker and all who help-

the white coats come for me.

Maybe so, but it's done no good anyway.

"Ah-caa-caa-cock," is all I get from my pretty singers, two of whom I call Lily Pons and Maria Callas (with no disrespect intended the famous opera singers). They don't believe me anyhow.

Guess I'll just have to get new pullets every year. And that means every one of the older birds really will have to go to the pot or we'll be overrun with chickens on the place.

Serves them right for being so uncooperative about vacation schedules.

**TRANSYLVANIA
BOOKMOBILE SCHEDULE**

Thursday, January 6 Little River
Friday, January 7 Eastatoc
Monday, January 10 Blantyre
Tuesday, January 11 Pisgah Forest
Wednesday, January 12 Calvert Rosman Hwy.

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