

### Forest City Marine Touring Europe

Mr. Hoyt McAfee, formerly of Forest City, now in the United States Marines, stationed aboard The U. S. S. Utah, has written his father here, Mr. G. L. McAfee, interestingly of his trip in Germany and Norway, with the U. S. Scouting fleet. During the trip the marines visited points of interest in Germany, where they were royally entertained. They also visited Oslo, Norway, and from there to Edinburgh, Scotland. His letter from Oslo, Norway, follows:

Oslo, Norway, July 14, 1930. One more beautiful city has come and gone and we are on our way to Edinburgh which is our last stop before returning home. Events are transpiring rapidly, and in four more brief weeks we shall be in the good old United States again.

We arrived at Oslo last Friday morning early. For fifty miles approaching the city we were greeted by beautiful mountains on either side of the Fjord. As we looked upon the city lying so snugly at the head of the bay between the mountains, we were reminded of our visit to Rio, two years ago. The Royal Palace dominated the scene on the left, and a few clubs, schools and other imposing places were the center of attraction on the right. On either side stretching away up to the top of the mountains are miles of roads, streets and homes, and summer resorts presenting a very picturesque scene. A few imposing public buildings dominate the city itself giving impression that it was quite modern.

Our few liberties ashore have been spent purchasing a few souvenirs making short excursions into the environs and hiking up the mountains. Pleasant and popular restaurants and cafes are everywhere and in the afternoons and evenings they are thronged with natives and tourists. It was at such places as these that we stopped for awhile and partook of the spirit of the country. A great many people engage in boating for their pastime. Every evening the bay is dotted with boats, launches, sailing yachts and excursion vessels crowded with pleasure seekers.

Norway is the land of the midnight sun, and the few hours of dark-

ness make it seem that way. The sun sets about nine-thirty and rises about three, but at that it never gets dark. Between the setting and the rising, like the glow of the dawn, it can be seen travelling around the north pole. Every moment you expect it to disappear. But it doesn't. It rises again altogether too early for our beauty sleep.

Our welcome was very cordial. Official visits were exchanged. Dinners and dances were the order of the day. His Majesty the King, called on our Admiral just before we sailed. This was the occasion of many interesting formalities. We all dressed up in our best "bib and tuck", manned the rail in an attractive order and fired the usual salutes.

All members of the crew of course, could not participate in these official functions, but they had the freedom of the city, the hikes, the drives and this had its compensations. A few acquaintances were made which made many very pleasant hours. The girls look very healthy, pretty and dainty, and from a few snapshots here and there it would seem proper that engagements were in order, or they were throwing a mighty big bluff.

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Screen wire, fly go, fly swatters and other hot weather supplies. Farmers Hardware Co.

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### NOTES FROM THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE OF BOSTIC R-3

The South Mountain Industrial Institute, located in the South Mountains, on Bostic, R-3, continues to render unselfish and distinguished service to the scholars of that mountain school, as well as to many families residing in the nearby settlements. This unique school has attracted wide attention, and The South Mountain Echoes, a monthly publication, goes to all parts of the Union. The following is from the July issue of that interesting little publication:



A Mountain Mother.

and ye fed me. I came as a lad whom no one understood or wanted and ye took me in. I came as a child whose home was broken by prison bars, and ye loved me, and I came as a lonely mountain mother with her little ones, and ye clothed Me." All this through your interest, your support, your prayers and your clothing.

South Mountain's sale room is open Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mountain people come to buy clothing sent by YOU, They come from far back in the hills,—nine miles or farther. Usually they walk bringing berries or other food,—sometimes money,—which they exchange for clothing. The sales room worker gladly gives the Gospel invitation to many customers.



SALE DAY.

Some day when you meet your Saviour you may ask the question, "When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked and clothed Thee?" And Jesus will answer as He did in the parable and He may add "Do you remember the South Mountain Institute? I came there as a hungry, homeless little child



The Boy With The Hoe.

The small boy in the picture at the left was eight years old when he first became a member of South Mountain family. None felt more important than he when he hoed in the School's garden. In the picture below is the same boy, S. M. I. L.'s chief farmer this year. He is also the principal driver of the School's new Ford, still feeling important but really looking toward college and greater service for the Master.

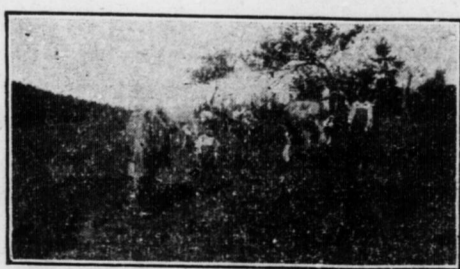


The Same Boy With The Car.

One of the greatest blessings of the year to South Mountain School children has been the flock of Barred Rocks and the egg production. This is largely due to the generosity of Dr. Chas. S.



Feeding the Fryers.



Little Boys and the Cows.

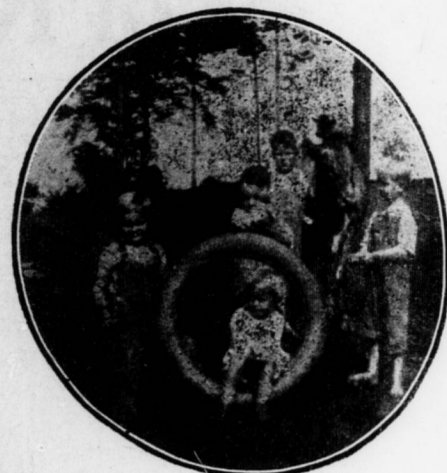
McCall, Forest City, N. C., the generous hearted dentist who has given hours and hours of gratuitous service to South Mountain children. Besides this he has donated several hundred pure bred Barred

Rock eggs some of which the Spindale Hatchery hatched without charge. Next winter we expect to have eggs in greater abundance than ever before. For this South Mountain is very grateful to friends including those in Ellenboro, and to our Miss Byler, the Cottage house mother who has cared for the feathered babies as patiently and as wisely as she has for the human babies; both of which flocks have outgrown their quarters and need better housing conditions.

The South Mountain Jerseys have been contributing their share of the summer food supply. Yet with parched pastures the milk supply has decreased. A greater amount of milk and butter is one great need for the year-round family. These good Jersey cows have outgrown their quarters. Surely some one will

soon come to the rescue and provide a real dairy barn and wide acres for this small but valuable dairy herd.

The most appealing group on the hilltop is the Cottage Children. Early in the morning, with a little help from each other, with encouragement plus some help from the house mother, they are ready for breakfast which is sent from the Big House. After breakfast, dishes, beds and housecleaning are given attention for an hour or



Cottage Children.

more. Then the older children,—those of seven and eight years—usually go to the Big House hunting tasks, to "Help Miss Brown", seeking the companionship of the adored older children and coveting the approval of whomsoever they can find. The younger children spend the long morning hours in happy, healthful play, coming to the dinner table with hearty appetites. After dinner a good, long nap, more play and for supper delicious bread and milk. The curfew is a real bell now, a welcome gift from Mr. Powell, Morganton, N. C., and not the old circular saw, but it rings all too soon for South Mountain children. Soon, with faces, hands and feet all clean and the voicing of earnest, spontaneous prayers that show the simple faith in Him who never slumbers the Cottage children are fast asleep.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. 25:40.

### OAKLAND NEWS

Forest City, July 28.—Miss Connie Tate surprised her brother with a birthday party Saturday night, celebrating his sixteenth birthday.

Delicious ice cream and cake was served. Among those enjoying the party were: Misses Hattie and Iona Guffey, Reba and Ruth Carver, Janie Smith, Estelle Carver, Selma Simmons, Sarah Harrill, Mary and Matilda Goode, Juanita McBrayer, Estaleen McCurry, Bernice Johnson, Edna Scruggs, Vesta McBrayer, Messrs Roy Wilkins, and Harrill Daves, of Polk county; Willie Goode, R. B. McBrayer, Milburn McCurry, Jim Carver, Arthur and Monroe Goode, Paul and Earl Scoggins, Tony Scruggs, Denis Deviney, Colen and

Clyde Goode, Worth Guffey, Gordon Tate, and Mrs. R. L. Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Hyder.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson and children spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carver.

Miss Connie Tate and Mrs. Pearl Hyder visited Mrs. Albert Hardin one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Goode and children, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scruggs Saturday night.

Miss Mary Lou Goode is spending the week with friends at Ellenboro.

Mrs. A. G. Tate and daughter, Connie, visited Mrs. V. C. Tate and daughter, Violet, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Gordon Tate visited his grandmother, Mrs. G. J. Scoggins Thursday.

Mrs. G. J. Scoggins and sons, John and Weaver, visited Mrs. Scoggins daughter, Mrs. A. G. Tate, Saturday afternoon.



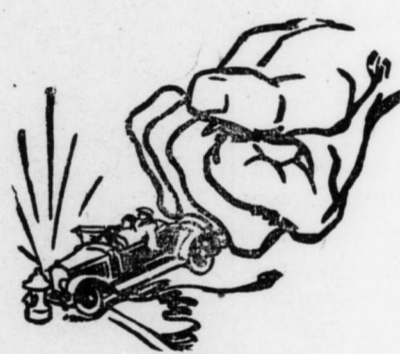
### Picnic Lunches

are not complete without supplies from our clean and sanitary grocery. We have everything that will make your lunch a delight to the family. Please and satisfy the hungry picnickers by buying eatables from us.

### Cold Meats

Of course your family doesn't like hot meals this warm weather. Why not satisfy them by ordering some of our cold meats. We have a fine selection of pure meats that will satisfy the most particular palate. Phone us your order today.

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The House of Service  
Phone 80. Forest City, N. C.



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For safe and sure insurance, call 64



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