

ON SALE ON LAND UNDER DEED OF TRUST

Under and by authority contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed by R. P. Potts, W. P. Potts, R. V. Potts and Lillian Lee Potts to D. G. Bryson, Trustee, for V. V. Hooper, on

said Deed of Trust is duly recorded in Book 96, at page 132, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Jackson County, State of North Carolina, and default having been made in the payment of a part of the indebtedness thereby secured, the undersigned

do hereby offer for sale at public auction for the auction sale of August 29th, 1936, a copy of said map being on file in Map Book No. 1, at page 46, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Jackson County, and the said lots being the same lots conveyed to the said V. V. Hooper and wife, under deed of August 29th, 1925."

Co for the auction sale of August 29th, 1936, a copy of said map being on file in Map Book No. 1, at page 46, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Jackson County, and the said lots being the same lots conveyed to the said V. V. Hooper and wife, under deed of August 29th, 1925."

required to pay in advance 5 per cent of his bid to guarantee good faith. Done this the 1st day of February, 1936. D. G. BRYSON, TRUSTEE

BROADCAST PROGRAM (Continued From Page 2)

JANE: These, Miss Murphy? They're ivy—mountain ivy. MISS M.: No, Jane, you're wrong. Many people call that ivy. Its real name is mountain laurel, or Kalmia. Examine its flowers. HAROLD: Why, they look like little pink cups and are right sticky. CHARLIE: Look, Harold! at the sharp points on the under side of each cup—one, two, three—ten of them. ELIZABETH ANN: Yes, and look inside. The stamens all seem to be fastened down. Why, the end of each stamen is fastened in a little pocket in the petals—See? What is that for? MISS M.: Wait a minute. Let this flower answer Elizabeth Ann's question. Do you see the bee on the flower there? Watch it a moment. MARY K.: It's crawling down in the cup. JANE: Look! ELIZABETH ANN: Well, did you see that? HAROLD: Look at it! A little stamen flipped up and shot like a fairy squirt gun. MISS M.: What are those little squirt guns, as you call them, Harold, for I wonder? JANE: Look at it again! Was that pollen that shot out on the bee like a puff of powder?

Theme Song

SCENE II. High Falls. Science Club Picnic

BETTY: Professor Dodson, you certainly do select marvelous places for picnics for our Science Club. HOMES: I think so, too, Betty. I thought when we had the picnic at Fairfield Lake that we'd never find as beautiful a place again. But I've changed my mind. These woods, the deep gorge, these overhanging rocks, the rhododendron, and the falls make an ideal setting for a picnic. MARGARET: Yes, and instead of feeling scientific, one feels poetic, or spiritual, or entranced, or something. Don't you, Jane? JANE: I certainly do. Don't you wish Professor Elliot were here? I can just hear him quoting from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey":

"The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colors and their forms, were then to me An appetite, a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye."

JACK: Heigh! We are getting too poetic for me. Let's get back to science. Professor Dodson, how high did you say these falls are?

DODSON: Jack, these particular falls, called the High Falls are approximately 200 feet from the brink yonder to the bottom of the rapids below. You know, of course, that there are three falls on the Tuckasee River here within a distance of less than a mile. You have seen, I believe, the Onion Skin Falls up by the highway. Between Onion Skin and High Falls is another cataract, quite inaccessible. The combined fall of the three cataracts, including the rapids, is said to be 525 feet.

MARGARET: No wonder this is such a gorge down here. HOMES: Professor Dodson, are these rocks granite? DODSON: Yes, I think the stone at this particular place is true granite, with intrusions perhaps of pegmatite. However, true granite is but rarely encountered in this section. You will find abundance of feldspar, gneiss—g-n-e-i-s-s—and shale in these mountains, and not infrequently marble, limestone and steatite, or soapstone.

JACK: How about minerals—What minerals are found in the Appalachians?

DODSON: Some minerals are quite abundant. We passed a copper mine as we came up today, which was, before the fall in copper prices, producing tons of copper ore of the finest quality. Near Webster, in this county, is the site of a rather noted nickel mine, formerly operated by Germans. Other minerals not infrequently found in these mountains are mica, kaolin, and iron. Traces of gold have been found in some places.

CAROLYN: Say, these scrambled eggs and bacon are about ready. Aren't you folks hungry?

Theme Song

SCENE III. The Chapel.

(Prolonged Applause)

NED TUCKER: I think I voice the sentiment of every student in the auditorium when I say that Professor Madison's talk is one of the finest we have ever had in this chapel. I am glad you chose the subject you did, Professor Madison, for our student assembly. "The Nature Element in Literature". I believe we shall all love both nature and literature more after hearing this inspiring talk. As President of the Student Assembly, I thank you on behalf of the student body. (Applause). Before we have our special music, Miss Benton has an announcement to make. Miss Benton.

MISS BENTON: Thank you, Ned. We have enjoyed a number of delightful picnics and trips this spring, especially the one to

(Please Turn To Page 4)

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If a Cold Strikes.. Vicks VapoRub helps End a Cold sooner. If a cold has already developed, use Vicks VapoRub, the mother's standby in treating colds. Rubbed on at bedtime, its combined poultice-vapor action loosens phlegm, soothes irritation, helps break congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

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Advertisement for Vicks Cough Drop, featuring the text 'Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub' and 'VICKS COUGH DROP'.

STORY. ... NO, GO ON WITH THE ... as looking at her searchingly. Miserable, she turned away from his agonizing scrutiny. Suddenly Dick felt it. It gave him no pleasure to see anyone unhappy or disappointed. He knew, from his experience with women, that the worst hurt of all was rejection, for it touched them in their pride. Besides, she couldn't help it. "Joan," he said, catching her arm as she left the dining-room, "I want you to take the pledge for a little while and behave yourself."

"Don't be funny," she said. Dick shook her impatiently. "Don't be crack, Joan. It doesn't become me. I'm in earnest. You've got to be thinking, and I'm going to make you think." He reached her a wistful glance. "It's no use, Dick; I'm sunk. It's really relief I have. I'd do anything for you, but not that." "Pardon me you will for a week?" "My voice was urgent. Joan laughed at his face. "All right; it's a go," she said, "beginning today. Watch me."

"You've no business to come here," he said. "Good girl!" "Funny, thought Dick, walking away from the dining-room, he was teaching a woman to drink and another to eat. Undoubtedly it was the prescription in both cases. He didn't imagine that Miss Mudge was going to touch a drop when she returned to the States. Meanwhile, it would be a pity if she went home to live without a few memories of her wickedness.

He had decided not to go out on the Ganges, for he had been there before and knew the worst. In any event, he had a poor opinion of a race that did not drink. He was enjoying himself considerably and had no desire to look at the spindly legs of so many miserable men. It pleased him to sit on a wide and shady veranda with a glass in front of him, and a fakir trying to screw a penny out of his pocket. Macduff chuckled to himself at the mere idea of anyone getting a farthing for nothing from him. He was really enjoying the voyage more than he would admit. The roisterers were settling down, and nobody bothered him now. Miss Mudge was a bore—too skitterish. He had avoided her ever since Monte Carlo. Mrs. Wypant seemed like a sensible person, but he thought it dangerous to pass the time of day to any woman on a boat; she might turn out to be another Mrs. Langford.

His place in the bar was sacred now. He had glared every intruder out of his corner seat, and it was used as much boycotted as if a placard were up: "Reserved for Macduff. The dog will bite."

For some one who never spoke a word, Macduff had extensive knowledge of his fellow passengers. He spotted many things they did not know about one another—that was one of the advantages of sitting back and holding one's tongue. Life could be simple for a great many people if only there were less talk. Macduff downed his fourth and sat in a mellow mood to eat his luncheon. As chance would have it, here was a vacant chair in the place, except across from Mrs. Wypant. Well, he could stand looking at her. He sat down and reached for the menu.

"Good-morning, Mr. Macduff. Have you been on the river?" Angela enquired, turning her dark eyes full on his face. Macduff had never had any trouble in being rude, and had not more cordial advances than this, but the four Union Jacks were behind him, the sun was bright, and he liked the way that Angela did her hair. He thought he would unbend. "No," he said. "I suppose you've seen it before and then it doesn't matter. I took Patty Arundel with me, and it made her ill. Hygiene, you know. They teach the American young that cleanliness is far ahead of godliness."

Macduff looked suspiciously at Angela. Was she, by any chance, making fun of him? But no, her face was kind and open. "It's a pity your husband couldn't make the entire trip." "Heavens!" thought Angela, "the man's a bore!" A shadow darkened her face. "Yes, I'm very sorry," she said. "He couldn't get away for so long. Of course, when one is a writer it doesn't matter where one is—work can go on. Are you writing, Mr. Macduff?" "No," said Macduff, shortly. "I never combine my business with pleasure."

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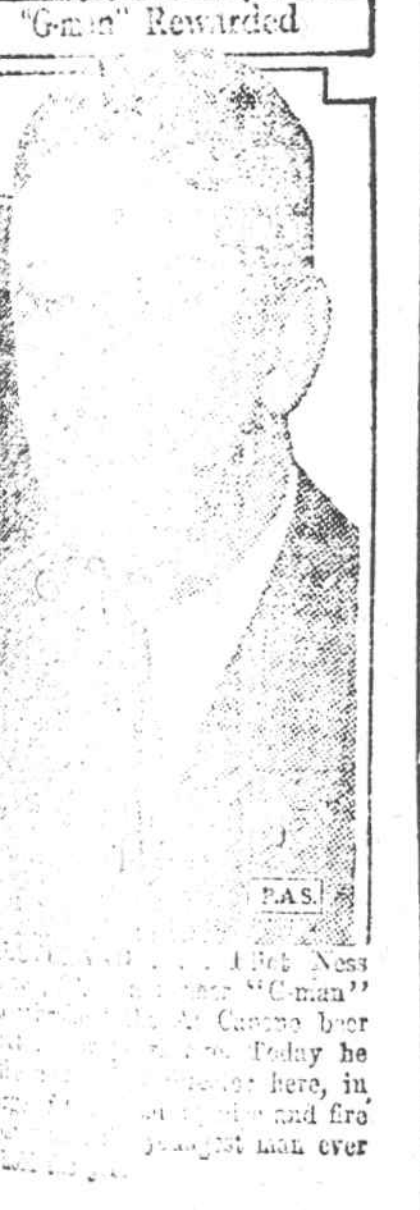
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"G-man" Rewarded

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan M. Alkerson, a son. Mrs. Sadie Hale left, Sunday, for New York, to buy spring goods for her shop. Mr. and Mrs. Terry Johnson have moved from Qualla to Mrs. Laura Kitchener's farm near Sylva. Miss Alta Ramsey, who is teaching at Swain, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Philip Stovall, and Mr. Stovall. Miss Elizabeth Henry, Fannie Pearl Palmer and Margaret Perry, of Waynesville, spent the week end here, with friends. Mr. Mark Martin, of Murphy, spent the week end here, with Mrs. Martin, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson. Mrs. J. H. Evans, of Columbia, S. C., is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Laura Kitchener. Mrs. Evans is a sister of Mrs. Lee W. K. of East La Porte, and Mr. John Finckson of Sylva. Mr. Ben Shaw has returned from a business trip to Raleigh. Mrs. Sloan and her daughter, Linda, spent the week with Mr. Sloan was away with Mrs. Sloan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bashard, in Waynesville. A hearing attorney attending court this week are: McKinley Edwards, Thad Bryson and Baxter Jones, of Jackson City; W. T. Crawford and George Allen, of Waynesville; George Payne and D. S. H. Franklin, and Charles Lee, of Swain. Mr. and Mrs. Doreen Allison and their daughter, Sam Jean, will go to the States, Saturday, for a visit to the Mrs. Allison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard. Mr. Allison will return Sunday and Mrs. Allison and the baby will stay for several weeks' visit.

"G-man" Rewarded



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Never take any laxative that is harsh in action, or one the dose of which can't be readily measured. Doctors know the danger if this rule is violated. They use a liquid laxative, and keep retaining the dose until the bowels need no help at all. Reduced dosage is the secret of Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why it should be a liquid like Syrup Pepsin. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if it doesn't give you absolute relief, if it overcomes any sluggishness or indigestion, your money back.

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