

Shortoff Church Sets Homecoming For September 30

Homecoming will be observed September 30 at the Shortoff Baptist Church, it has been announced.

The Rev. Robert E. Ayers, of Brevard, will be the speaker. All singers and the public are invited.

Lunch will be spread at noon.

Holland Clan Holds Reunion On Route 5

The descendants of Perry Holland held their annual family reunion September 2 at the home of Mrs. Perry Holland, of Franklin, Route 5.

All nine of the Holland children were present for the meeting. After a picnic lunch, the Rev. Frank Holland preached.

Those from out of the county attending were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holland and Gordon Holland, of Maryville, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs.



Brady's BLARNEY

By A Brady Called J. P.

I wouldn't want anyone to get the idea that this column has been goofing off the last couple of weeks just because it hasn't appeared in print.

The truth is, the last two issues of the paper have been so crowded there was no room for amblin's such as this, with the result that each was tossed into the melting pot—which is where they probably belonged in the first place.

And now to more worldly things. The wife and I took our annual trip to Grandfather Mountain over the week-end for the annual professional-amateur camera clinic held on the mountain and in Linville Carvens.

As usual, any number of things happened. For example:

I had two flat tires between Sylva and Asheville. The first happened on Main Street in

Norman Holland and family, of Asheville, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones, Jr., of Sylva, and Mrs. Sara Bowers and Roy Holland, of Toccoa, Ga.

There were sixty persons present.

Sylva, and, fortunately, I was able to quickly turn into a filling station. I showed off my collection of rubies and sapphires to the attendant while he put on my spare.

On our way again I lightly remarked to my wife and Julia Moody (my entry in the "Miss Carolinas Press Photographer" contest) how amusing it would be if I had another flat and no spare to use. Ha, ha! Just at the city limits of Asheville I started sweating when a tell-tale dragging started in the left front tire. When I pulled into the in-laws' home it was flat. Taking turns, my father-in-law and I pumped the leaking tire back up with an old timey hand pump (5,000 strokes to the pound) and I jumped in and lit out for a recapping place where my credit is still good. About two hours and two new tires later we were on our way again.

Even though Grandfather is an annual trip for us, it always manages to end up as a spur-of-the-moment thing and we wind up in the resort town without reservations. And, when we got there, this time accommodations were practically nil. Sleeping in the car isn't my idea of a vacation, so we accepted the only room we could find. It was in a small motel and we shared a bathroom with a semi-intelligent couple on the other side. They were semi-intelligent because they had sense enough to lock the door on our side when they were using the bathroom, but not enough to unlock it when they left. So, we were locked out of the bathroom for two days and became close friends with a filling station operator down the road a piece. I found that you can get by in a station with as little as one gallon of gas. After the first day my gas tank was too full to accept more and I started buying candy bars. I plan to make reservations well in advance next year; and there won't be a connecting bath either.

To dodge "tourist prices", about a half dozen of us ate our meals at a mysterious little restaurant outside Linville. At any hour of the day or night (we were there at all hours) the parking lot in front of the restaurant was packed almost to capacity. Inside, however, we seldom found more than a half dozen of the two dozen tables in use. A floating crap game, maybe? or some profitable bootlegging? or . . .

At the above mentioned restaurant, the juke box appeared capable of rendering only one tune. We stuffed it with nickels for other music but the only thing that would come out (in window-shattering volume) was "You Ain't Nothing but a Hound Dog", sung

(?) by Elvis Presley. I get along

pretty well with hound dogs, but Undulating Elvis is more than I can stand. The manager, obviously an Elvis fan, scowled everytime I suggested setting fire to the juke box and/or Elvis.

On Grandfather, during the selection of "Miss Carolinas Press Photographer", I established something of a record by shooting 64 pictures on a 12 exposure roll of film. "Some people like to bird watch," I explained wisely, "but I like to girl watch." To which the wife replied for all to hear: "You'd better start watching this girl for a change . . ."

jpb

A load of tourists sitting in a local restaurant had a good laugh the other day. I just happened to overhear what prompted the laughter. One of them commented on the "strange looking people walking up and down the street".

Everyone at the table thought that was just too cute.

Everyone but me. And, of course, I wasn't at their table and wasn't supposed to be in on their little joke.

Since they started it about "strange looking people" I concentrated on an appraisal of the moment. I arrived at the conclusion that the laughter had been misdirected.

The good woman (a point of debate since her mustache suggested otherwise) who authored the "strange looking people" comment that provoked the laughter was so broad in the beam I immediately tabbed her as the lead battlewagon in "Task Force 59". She lapped over both sides of her chair a good four inches. She also was wearing high heel shoes and red anklets.

At the head table was a man, presumably her husband. He, like his mate, had a mustache. I decided it looked like a stomped-out brush fire. His ears were unusually large, too—"looks like a taxi cab backing down an alley with both doors open." I chuckled. I overlooked the fact he picked his teeth with the nail of his little finger.

Another woman of some 30 odd years I figured to be a daughter of the older couple. She, too, wore shorts. But, unlike her mother, she had enough room in the seat to carry the family laundry. (I recalled the old joke about the girl who was so thin that when she drank tomato juice folks thought she was a thermometer.) If she had stubbed her toe the makeup on her face would have chipped off like plaster from a wall.

And now the fourth person. Surely, he must be her husband. An anemic little character puffing frantically on a cigarette. Henpecked — answers "Yes, dear" like he's afraid she's going to slap him winding.

Last, but by no means least, was "Junior", the dirty-faced urchin of the young couple. What an uncouth little beggar he was; the whiny type who had to be fed and coddled along.

And there they sat, laughing at "strange looking people" walking down the street.

New Church Officials Are Listed

New officials of the Franklin-Carson Methodist Churches will assume their duties at the morning service Sunday, when the pastor, the Rev. S. B. Moss, will recognize all the church officers, those whose terms have not expired as well as the new ones.

Meanwhile, the Carson church, by vote of its own congregation, has taken on new status. By assuming a fixed percentage of the salaries of the pastor, the district superintendent, and the bishop and other church expenses, it will hereafter be listed in Western North Carolina Conference Journal as a distinct church. Since about 1920, it has been a part of the Franklin charge.

New officials, elected at the fourth quarterly conference ten days ago include seven stewards, C. B. Hussey, R. S. Jones, G. L. Houk, Jess Shope, H. C. Stoudermire, Wayne Pendergrass, and Ed Wallace — the last four from Carson; three trustees, Charles Nolen (Carson), E. J. Whitmore,

and T. W. Angel, Jr.; and the following special stewards:

W. N. Sloan, district steward; Mrs. Florence S. Sherrill (Carson), reserve district steward; W. W. Sloan, recording steward, and Mrs. Carl Tysinger and Mrs. Fred S. Moore (Carson), communicants.

stewards. A number of boards and commissions also were named at the quarterly conference.

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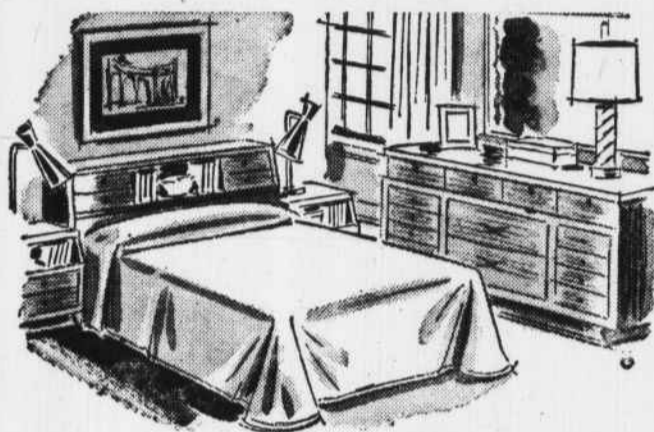
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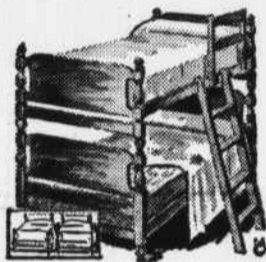
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