



Psychiatrist Viktor Frankl observed in a Nazi concentration camp that often the key to survival was to be found in the prisoner's hope or lack of hope. If hope was destroyed in the prisoner, death was soon likely to follow. Another illustration was given to me

by a prominent cancer expert. A patient with a cancer that was diagnosed as terminal was put on a new drug that was unproven in its results. The patient, however, believed in the drug and began to improve rapidly. Soon, he was able to leave the hospital and he seemed amazingly on the road to recovery.

amazingly on the road to recovery. After he had enjoyed several months of apparent good health, a report appeared in the newspapers casting doubt on the validity of the drug. Within a few weeks, some of his old symptoms reappeared and it wasn't long before he was back in the hospital, however, the physicians persuaded him to disregard the reports and try the drug again. This he did and soon he was out of the hospital again, apparently recovered. recovered.

When he had resumed his normal life again and enjoyed several months of good health, the U.S. government released and published a report that indicated that the drug had been proven worthless in the cure of cancer. Soon after reading this report, the man returned to the hospital and died. So long as he clung to it, he was saved by big here was saved

by his hope. Whether or not the drug was actually effective in dealing with cancer, his hope mobilized the cancer-fighting resources of his own body and, for a time, prevailed. Only when he lost his hope did his situation become truly honeless become truly hopeless. Someone has said that there are no

still

still coming down. would be eight inches.

"We're not going to get those deer photographs today," said A.J. Johnson as he hovered beside the wood stove.

oatmeal and I had two bowls of snow cream). We topped it off with about six

cups of black coffee. By midday, the snow had turned to a frigid mixture of sleet and rain.

Johnson went to the window for the 99th time and looked out over the white blanket that covered the meadow

and the mountains. Snow covered the rocks in the distant stream.

"I know it's going to sound crazy," mused Johnson restlessly, "but we could at least go fishing. It would be better than sitting around." I contemplated the odds. "Sitting

around" has always been one of my favorite sports. Only a few things can

"You're nuts, you know that," I said as I climbed into my waders and got my

gear together. We walked down the path and separated on the stream. Johnson

started in on the pool above me. I walked down the bank, nearly falling several times as snow built up on the bottoms of my wading shoes (it is sort of like walking across a red mud field;

of like waiking across a red mud hend; the farther you walk, the taller you get). The water has to be warmer than the snow, I thought as I waded into the creek and began to fish. It wasn't, not much anyway. The stream thermometer read 38 degrees. From the kneet down,

my legs and feet felt like blocks of ice. Sleet and icy rain ran down my neck. I began to cast, using a large, weighted Tellico nymph. Tellicos are

good flies during the winter and early spring. I could see Johnson in the pool

ahead as he worked out a line and began to probe likely looking pockets. He was

also using a Tellico. "Hey, come up here," he shouted. "I've got one."

very encouraging 10-inch brown. I felt

Indeed he did have a trout. It was a

compare. One is trout fishing.

hopeless situations, only people who have grown hopeless about them. What this means is that our hope is not to be dependent upon external conditions, but inner realities. What is really important is, not what happens to us, but how we respond to what happens to but how we respond to what happens to us. The source of our hope is always something inside us, not outside us.

something inside us, not outside us. For example, the situation in which we find ourselves may seem hopeless. No matter where we look there is nothing but discouragement. This is not something imagined, but real. The situation in which we find ourselves is really a bad one! Yet, no matter how bad the situation may be, there is always a reality that can overschadow that always a reality that can overshadow the gloomiest prospects. As Paul puts it: "I consider that the sufferings of the present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us" (Romans 8:18).

The source of our hope, thus, is never to be found in what we find about us, but in "sharing the glory of God" (Romans 5:2). Greater than any hardship we may know in the present is hardship we may know in the present is the great gift that God has promised us beyond the present circumstances. Therefore, we can take hope in the midst of our bad times because we are confident of the grace that God has in store for us.

By looking ahead to what God has prepared for us, we can, in a sense, have a foretaste of the fulfillment of our hope in the future, and find the strength to prevail amidst the trials of the present. It is thus that we are saved by our hope.

## Land Bank **Reports Loans**

A total of 1943 loans amounting to \$10,475,451 were made to farmers last year by Federal Land Bank Association of Lumberton, the president, Edward C. Sumner reported.

The association serves farmers in Hoke, Robeson, Scotland, Cumberland, Columbus and Bladen counties.



AUCTIONEER - Daniel H. DeVane, of Raeford, is shown here accepting his diploma from Richard W. Dewees after completing the Auctioneering and Auction Sales Management course at the Missouri Auction School in Kansas City. DeVane has purchased the Bobo Stables here and plans to convert it to an auction barn, he announced.



By lunch, there

Girl when Johnson finally gave up and pined me on the bank.

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One look out the window squelched all the plans we'd made. Four inches of fresh snow lay on the ground and it was "I believe," he said, "that I've enjoyed about all of this I can stand." Unquestionably, conditions were the worst I've ever seen although I've done other winter trout fishing in recent as he hovered beside the wood stove. He was right. Without four - wheel drive, we would be foolish to try to drive 3,000 feet up the mountain to where N.C. Wildlife Resources Commission biologists were trying to trap deer for a whitetail restoration project in Madison County. So, we did the next best thing. We ate a leisurely breakfast (Johnson had oatmeal and I had two bowls of enour years.

Most of the time, even in winter, a persistent trout fisherman can catch trout - even on flies. Given reasonable trout - even on flies. Given reasonable water conditions, you can often take trout with surprising regularity. I've even caught trout using dry flies on sunny winter days when the water temperature hovered in the 40s. Fisheries biologists and wildlife protectors have reported that winter fishermen who have taken advantage of the new 11 - month season in North

the new 11 - month season in North Carolina (closed February 28 to April 5) have been catching trout in many streams under "general" regulations using bait and spinners.

Apparently, there is a pretty good population of "hold-over" stocked trout in many "general" streams, and of course, there are always wild fish in the "native" and "trophy" streams. If you decide to try your hand at winter trout fishing, try to pick a day when the weather is relatively mild and the water is not too high and dingy

the water is not too high and dingy. Also, be sure to get your new 1975 fishing and trout licenses and check the regulations. Not only has the season been lengthened on "general" waters, these streams also have a new seven inch minimum size limit on trout.

## Service News



Cadett Milfred Robinson

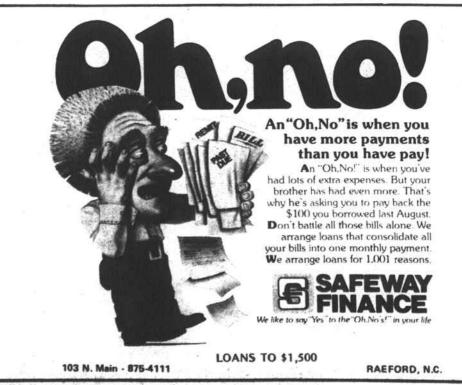
nclude Duncan C. Mallov of Lumber Bridge, chairman; Thomas M. McRimmon of Rowland; Ralph M. Jolly of Tabor City; Carey V. Downing of Fayetteville and Wilbur C. Ward of Clarkton.

for awhile, warme but it was laise warmth. Soon, the cold crept back into my bones as we worked our way up the stream. Johnson's trout was the only catch we made in an hour of fishing.

I was shivering like an Alaskan Go Go

Cadett Milfred Robinson is in training at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas. He will be re-assigned following completion of his basic training. A graduate of Hoke High, Robinson following

is the son of Mrs. Nellie McMillan of Queenmore.



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