

LETHAL CHAMBER

by STUART EDGARS

JOHNNY BLAKE was tough. Plenty tough. Long weeks in solitary didn't break him. Neither did his periodic sessions at the whipping-post.

But these things were nothing. Mere routine. This today was different. Today, as he stared stonily at that ominous door across the room, Johnny's heart turned to water.

Gas! . . . They were going to use gas! He shifted nervously in his chair, then turning to the guard at his side he asked: "What time is it?"

The man glanced at his watch and answered quietly, soothingly: "You've still got ten minutes. There's a man ahead of you."

And now, suddenly, a soft whirring sound penetrated from the other room. "Ventilating fans," murmured Johnny knowingly. Then turning again to the guard he asked: "Will it hurt, d'you think?"

"Naw, nothing to it. One or two whiffs an' you're out. Never know what hit you. Easy!"

HE SLUMPED in his chair and with a low groan bowed his head in his cupped hands. He smelled something. Was that the gas he smelled? Was it seeping out despite the tightly closed door? Ice beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as his body twitched, squirmed, straightened up, then slumped again. Finally he whined: "Can I smoke?"

"Sure." Extracting a small sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket and a paper from the book attached to the bag, he tried to roll a cigaret. No use. The paper tore in his trembling fingers and the tobacco spilled on the floor. Without comment the guard drew a cigaret from his own pack and offered him one.

He accepted the cigaret and the light with a mumbled word of thanks and inhaled deeply, happily.

Then he drawled: "Well, I got one consolation. At least I won't still be in this dirty hole tomorrow."

"Got any idea where you will be?"

"Yeah, I got a idea." "Well, wherever y'are, I'm glad you won't be here. That's my farewell message to you, brother."

Johnny smiled. "Sure made you earn your money, didn't I?" "You sure did."

Suddenly now the door opposite them opened and a guard on its threshold beckoned to them. "All right, boys, This way," he called briskly.

AS HE LOOKED, Johnny saw that behind the guard stood someone in the crisp white uniform of the prison doctor, and for a moment his heart slowed to a dead stop. He gasped, fighting for breath against this blind terror.

The guard was trying to pull him to his feet, and from somewhere far off he heard someone saying: "This is it, Johnny. Let's go!"

Trembling, he arose and let them propel him to the door. Then suddenly, as he saw the terrible chair, its straps dangling from its arms, he tried weekly to draw back.

"Look at 'im, Doc," jeered the elder guard. "He's scared silly!" "Oh, yeah?" rasped the victim.

Then with a final vigorous wrench that broke the guard's hold on him, he drew himself together and, with head now defiantly high, marched toward the waiting chair.

With a grin at the doctor the guard returned to the ante-room and closed the door.

"Funny, isn't it?" he commented to the younger guard.

"Funny?" "Yeah, I mean how a tough guy like Johnny goes all to pieces when he's got to have a tooth pulled."

"Yeah, an' he coulda waited. He gets out tomorrow; but I s'pose it hurt so bad he couldn't wait."



BRING UP TANKS TO QUELL RED PRISONERS—As unrest continues at camp for Red prisoners on Kojé Island south of Korea, United Nations forces ring mutinous compound with tanks. Camp is in right background. Note the guard tower.

Society For Crippled Children To Sponsor School at WCTC

Parents of handicapped children can now go to summer school with their children at Western Carolina Teachers College at Cullowhee, according to an announcement just made here by Mrs. Frank Howell, County Chairman of the North Carolina Society for Crippled Children.

This parent-child experiment is a part of the Special Education teacher training program to be held from June 10 to July 17.

The Society has cooperated with Dr. William E. Bird, Director of the Summer Session, in providing clinics for handicapped children.

Children needing speech correction, those with hearing losses and impaired eyesight and the physically handicapped and emotionally disturbed will be selected to attend the six-week clinic.

Applications should be sent to Dr. Bird. This parent-child program is "a new approach to helping the parent to become a trained member of the team which will be rehabilitating his or her child," Albin Pikutis, executive director, North Carolina Society for Crippled Children, explained.

"Parents, mother or father, or both are to be admitted on the same basis as regular students of the college. The parent is expected to take at least one course in relation to the child's difficulty."

The child pays room and board and five dollars tuition. An organized program of recreation will be provided for children living on the campus.

"The learning opportunity offered the children is of upmost interest to the North Carolina Society for Crippled Children, and the Society has for this reason assisted in sharing the expenses of the personnel of the clinic," Pikutis said.

"The clinical assistants are

'Horn Of The West' Begins Rehearsals June 3rd

Boone—Rehearsals for the new outdoor drama "Horn In The West" will begin at Boone June 3, according to Samuel Selden of Chapel Hill, director of the drama and the famous Carolina Playmakers. Associate director is Kai Jurgensen, also of the Department of Dramatic Art at the University of North Carolina.

"Horn In The West" will be presented June 27 through August 31, nightly except Mondays, at the Daniel Boone Theatre. The theatre constructed especially for "Horn In The West," is located at the edge of the town of Boone, six miles from the famous Blue Ridge Parkway and seven miles from Blowing Rock.

Two Sioux Boys On USS Hanson

Two Sioux, N. C., seaman apprentice, USN, James C. Howell, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Howell, and Lawrence L. Howell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Howell have returned home aboard the radar picket destroyer USS Hanson.

The Hanson returned to San Diego, Calif., after serving eight months in the Far East and Korean areas. During her second tour of duty in the Far East, she operated with UN Blocking and Escort forces on both the East and West coasts of Korea.

While operating from Formosa, enforcing the blockade of the South China coast, the crew members visited the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong.

all trained and experienced Special Education teachers and therapists."

This parent-child demonstration project is attracting attention beyond the borders of North Carolina, he added.

"The clinical assistants are



IT IS AXIOMATIC that a man will serve a kind and generous master more readily and faithfully than one who is hard and stingy. Since God is infinitely good and loving, why, then, do so many men flout his will and turn their faces from Him?

One reason is that many individuals have little understanding of God's great love for them. It may be that some would continue to offend God even though convinced of His claim to affection and loyalty. But most men tend to find in the reality of God's love a challenge to what is highest and noblest in their nature.

Meditation on His marvelous works and manifest interest in the welfare of humankind is one way to evoke an inspiring love of God. Another is to study the Bible which chronicles the manner and ways in which God has encompassed mankind with His mercy and compassion. Yet another is to study the lives of other beings whose love for God inspired them to scale the heights of spiritual perfection.

A St. Paul or a St. Augustine can teach more perhaps about God than any formal theological treatise. Other great and holy men have lived lives which demonstrated how wondrously God can exalt and ennoble even the humblest of His servants. The history of Christianity is replete with the names of weak and trembling human beings whose faith in God has carried them through heartbreaking obstacles to great accomplishments. Reading of such things, one must pause to reflect: A God who is mighty and powerful and yet so loving and condescending mer-

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DALE CARNEGIE

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

Defeating the Inferiority Complex

CALVIN OSBORN, San Diego, Calif., entered Washington Missionary college in Washington, D.C., one of the most backward, bashful students who ever crossed the campus. He had developed one of the worst cases of inferiority complex and self-consciousness anyone could possibly have.

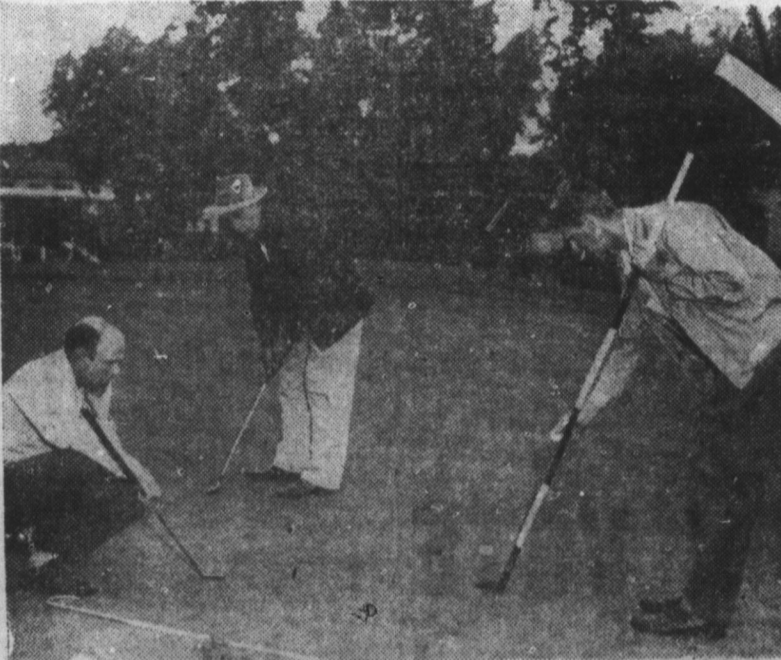
It began when he was just a lad. He was next to the youngest in a family of six children. His mental attitude caused him to develop the habit of stuttering, and his older brothers mocked and made fun of him. Finally he got to the point where he refused to talk before a group.

All through high school he lived in that atmosphere of fear and worry. Why couldn't he recite like others? Why couldn't he answer questions in classes without embarrassment? In his Spanish class he would be asked: "Senor Osborn, Que leccion tenemos para hoy? Que pagina?" (Mr. Osborn what lesson to do have we for today? What page?) To that question and all other questions, he would answer "No comprendo" (I don't comprehend). He was afraid of his own voice. Even in college he would hide behind the one in front for fear he would be asked a question.



Carnegie

And he wanted to enter the ministry! He knew what that meant! Public speaking and plenty of it. There was only one thing to do, so he made up his mind that every time he had an opportunity to speak in public he would. The director of the wood-working shop at Washington Missionary college encouraged him. One morning he said, "What one man has done another can do." Then Calvin Osborn said to himself, "Cal, if you have to let some of your studies go in order to give a talk, do it. Don't worry about mistakes — everyone makes them." Opportunities came and he accepted them. In the woods, in his room, walking down the street he practiced talking, and he overcame his fear by doing what he feared most. Today as pastor of a large church he no longer stutters; his worries and fears are gone. It is as easy for him to talk as it is to eat.



BLIND GOLFERS STAGE TOURNAMENT — Gauging distance by sound, Clarence Carlson narrowly misses a putt in blind golfers' tournament at Chicago. Cecil Miller (not blind) taps pole to guide Carlson toward hole. Hal C. Neal, of Oklahoma City, awaits his turn to play.



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