

NO HOUSE FOR SALE

By Clarence M. Lindsey

LUCRETIA Merrill peacefully napping on the front porch of "Four Pines," her home on the edge of Milledgeville, awoke with a start as the front gate creaked noisily. A shade of annoyance crossed her usually placid brow at recognizing Minerva Brown, a well-meaning soul, but decidedly irritating at times.

"Thought you'd be to home," remarked the caller as she mounted the porch steps.

"I usually am," was the quiet response.

"Hill! I do wish you lived nearer the center of town, Lucretia!" declared Minerva as she sank into a chair. "Then I could drop in offener."

"I like it here. It's been my home for a long, long time now, as you know."

Minerva rocked in silence for a half-moment; then demanded, "Just how long is it, Lucretia, since you were widdered?"

"Oh, something over a year now."

"My, An' you livin' alone in this big house ever since! High time you sold it an' took rooms down town where a body wouldn't have to traipse all over creation to drop in on you! You've got no one to talk to—was out here!"

"I've got Mittens!"

Mittens was a patrician Maltese cat who at that moment ambled into view, sniffed briefly at Minerva's gown, then turned and jumped into the lap of her mistress.

"Nonsense! You take my advice, Lucretia, an' get rid of 'Four Pines!'"

"I'll think it over. It does get kind o' lonesome, at times, I'll admit."

"I should think so!—Well, I'll be runnin' along. I want to see Julia Kittredge afore I do my marketin'."

Lucretia watched the other as she went down the rose-bordered path and so out the gateway, the gate closing behind her with a

sharp click. She was glad she hadn't stayed any longer.

For some little time she sat thinking deeply, the while Mittens purred like a tea-kettle. "Hm! There's something in what Minerva says;—yes, there's some truth in it. Guess I'll have to do something about it."

It was several days before Minerva again was in the neighborhood of "Four Pines" and her brows shot up when she saw a large sign on the lawn, which bore the following legend in letters easily read at a distance:—

"THIS HOUSE FOR SALE. INQUIRE WITHIN! NO AGENTS."

Quickening her pace Minerva lost no time in gaining the porch on which, as usual, her friend was seated.

"Well, well! I see as you took my advice, Lucretia! Any inquirers yet?"

"Several of 'em. Mostly strangers from other towns. They seem to like this place."

"No doubt. But you'll be a lot better off—Lucretia, with just a couple o' rooms to look after. Well, I can't stop a minute, but I'll be seeing you next week."

She did,—but very briefly. Smiling pleasantly, and "dressed to kill," as the gossipy Minerva put it to a friend later on; Lucretia was standing before the gate. She was evidently going somewhere. And the sign was no longer to be seen on the clipped lawn.

"You sold the place, Lucretia?" was the eager inquiry.

"No! I haven't; and what's more, I never did intend to sell it. Why, I wouldn't leave 'Four Pines' for anything in the world!"

"Land o' Liberty! You mean—"

"Just so. Jim Kimball, retired banker of Winchester and an old friend of my late husband's, dropped in one day last week; and—well, we're going to be married this afternoon over in Winchester and then go west for our honeymoon in his Cadillac.

THEY TAKE TO THE FOREST

(Continued from page two)

horseback, hike, drive in an automobile, take pictures, cool off, warm up, or just sit in the shade, listen to the birds sing and gaze at the soothing scenery. If you look, you'll find it in some national forest. Many American families are finding a national forest vacation different and refreshing.

Recreational development and use on the national forests has come a long way since the birth of the U. S. Forest Service 50 years ago. In 1907 Charles A. Scott, young supervisor of the Forest Service tree nursery at Halsy, Neb. wrote the Washington Office requesting "an appropriation of \$25 to buy some lumber with which to build a dance floor at the nursery."

"The reply to my request," Mr. Scott relates, "was a letter from my Chief, written in long hand—the only long hand letter I ever received from the Washington Office. It told me in no uncertain terms that the forester's mission was not that of entertainment and your request for \$25 for the purpose specified is denied."

The U. S. Forest Service never did go into the dance hall business, but in order to protect the forest from fire and the health of its recreation users, it has through the years developed camp and picnic-ground facilities on the national forests as the public demand for outdoor recreation sky-rocketed. Last year 40 million visitors used the national forests for fishing, hunting, camping, skiing and numerous other forms of outdoor recreation, compared to 1.5 million recreation visits in 1912, the first year Forest Service reports even mentioned

recreation use.

The modern car, a higher standard of living, and the desire to escape the tension of today's living have helped to more than double the number of visitors to the national forests in the last 10 years alone. In addition to the 4,400 camp and picnic areas, most of which the Forest Service maintains itself, some 430 organization camps for scouts and other groups, 480 resorts, 200 ski areas equipped with 45 chair lifts and 250 rope tows and 1,600 summer homes have been constructed on national forest land with private capital under permit from the Forest Service.

Picking up beer cans, cleaning ketchup strewn picnic tables, keeping sanitary facilities clean, repairing broken tables, and disposing of garbage are a few of the many costly tasks which the U. S. Forest Service must perform on the recreational areas. The pressure of humanity on national forest recreation is tremendous. It shows itself in badly over-crowded areas, worn out facilities, and mounting maintenance and cleanup costs. To meet this challenge, the forest rangers are doing their best with the limited means at their disposal but are engaged in a losing battle.

Consideration for the other man's family and a sincere appreciation of proper woodland manners would lighten the Forest Ranger's task. All the ranger asks of a forest visitor is his cooperation in keeping the area clean, protecting the facilities and being very careful with fire. By so doing, the citizen will make his recreation tax-dollar go farther and find more presentable places to bring his family.

NOTICE OF SALE

NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF YANCEY

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage executed by M. H. Deyton and wife, Mary Deyton to Frank Parker, dated the 14th day of May, 1951 and recorded in Mortgage Deed Book 26 at page 550, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Yancey County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and said mortgage being by the terms thereof subject to foreclosure, the undersigned mortgagee will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the

courthouse door in Burnsville, Yancey County, North Carolina, at 11:00 o'clock, A. M., on the first day of August, 1955, the property conveyed in said mortgage, the same lying and being in Brush Creek Township, Yancey County, North Carolina, more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING on a poplar in Kenneth Johnson and Bill Deyton's corner; thence a straight line to a stake on top of a ridge a southerly course 19 poles; (Concrete post to be placed where stake stands); thence a straight line to a hickory tree on said ridge 16 poles 7 feet and 10 inches an easterly course; thence a straight line to a wal-

nut in gap of ridge in Fonzo Hughes line; thence a straight line Southerly course to top of ridge at V. R. Master's and Fonzo Hughes corner; thence with V. R. Master's line to E. H. Freeman's and V. R. Masters corner; thence with E. H. Freeman's line to a locust on top of the ridge, Bill Deyton's corner; thence an Easterly course 28 poles with Bill Deyton's line to the BEGINNING, containing 10 acres, more or less.

But this sale will be made subject to all outstanding and unpaid taxes due Yancey County this 30th day of June, 1955.

Frank Parker, deceased, mortgagee by Myrtle Parker, Administratrix.

July 7, 11, 21, 28

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