



AREA MEN IN SERVICE

John V. Hall

John D. Stewart

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., (FHTNC)--Marine Private First Class John V. Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Verlin J. Hall of Box 15, Hayesville is attending the Aviation Ordnance School at the Naval Air Technical Training Center in Jacksonville, Fla.

The 18-week course provides the student with a working knowledge of various guns, missiles, bombs and fuzes, as well as other types of weapons used on Marine Corps aircraft.

USS MOUNT MCKINLEY (AGC-7) (FHTNC)--Commissaryman Second Class John D. Stewart, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Stewart of Hayesville, N.C. is serving aboard the Amphibious Force Flagship McKinley, which has returned to its homeport of San Diego after a six-month deployment to the Western Pacific in the Seventh Fleet.

The McKinley is the flagship for Rear Admiral D.W. Wulzen, Amphibious Forces Commander in the Seventh

Fleet, and serves as the "Nerve center" for amphibious operations.

In addition to her regular duties the flagship participated in several humanitarian and goodwill visits at Taiwan, Japan, and Hong Kong.



School prior to entering the Army in July.

Harold M. Wilson

PARRIS ISLAND, SC. (FHTNC)--Marine Private Harold M. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie H. Wilson of Rt. 1, Marble, received a meritorious promotion to this present rank upon graduating from recruit training at the Marine Corps Depot, Parris Island, S.C.

His promotion was based on his outstanding performance of duties during recruit training.

Under the supervision of veteran non-commissioned officer Drill Instructors he learned small arms marksmanship, bayonet fighting, and methods of self protection. He will undergo four weeks of individual combat training and four weeks of basic specialist training in his military job field before being assigned to a permanent unit.

Harold C. Stiles

Pvt. Harold C. Stiles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arvel Stiles Rt. 1, Murphy, has completed Army basic training at Ft. Benning, Ga. and is now in a mechanics course at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo. Stiles attended Murphy High

Cherokee Scout & Clay County Progress, Thurs. Oct. 6, 1966

Cuz's Corner By Bagley

Nelson To Nero

If you ever had any youngsters or knew anyone who did, if you fit into either of these categories, then you know how folks are ambitious for their chillun. They hope they will amount to something.

My folks were like that, too. Especially Mama. Now maybe she was no more ambitious for me than Papa. But she did talk about it a right smart, so, I knew exactly what she had in mind that she wanted me to be from time to time.

The first thing I can remember her wanting me to be was an admiral like Lord Nelson. That was when she bought me that little sailor suit. She taught me how to salute, so, you see, she was DOING something about her ambition for me to be this famous admiral. Every time I wore that little suit I got a good bit more drilling in naval affairs which consisted of saluting, with either hand, Mama wasn't particular, and yelling "Land Ahoy and Man Overboard."

When I finally wore out that sailor suit that ended my naval career. I was kinda glad it, too, cause I was a lot more comfortable in overalls.

Next she decided that maybe I ought to be a doctor. This was when I was about 7 or 8 big enough to rub her back and fix her a dose of soda. Then the very next Christmas, after she'd made up her mind about my new profession, Sandy Cause just happened to bring me a doctor's bag. And for a few days I practiced medicine, well, until my sister, Virginia decided that she would make a lot better nurse than I would a doctor.

She made a spanking new slingshot out of red rubber and traded it to me for the whole kit and kaboodle. I could tell that Mama sure hated to see me give up a mighty promising medical career but when I explained that nurses were about as important as doctors and that Virginia was gonna be one of them now that she had that bag, she let me devote full time to becoming a slingshot sharpshooter.

Then came spring and summer and time for going barefooted. My feet soon got mighty tough and I thought mine were toughened up enough so that I could take a needle and thread and sorta

embroider my initials on the hardened hide on the bottom of my heels. So, I sewed the H on my left heel and the B on my right one. Then I tried to find ground suitable to walk on so I could leave my initials with every step.

When Mama saw this she was again sure that I oughta be a doctor on account of if I could sew on myself I sure wouldn't have a bit of trouble sewing up somebody else.

Papa just chuckled and said I'd probably get both heels infected, and he was surprised they weren't already, and for me to get that stuff out of my heels before I'd be needing a doctor instead of being one.

It wasn't too long after that that I had a stone bruise. Mama and Papa agreed on the diagnosis and that it would more than likely have to be lanced when it got good. ripe. It RIPENED one morning about 2:00, so, I got up, sharpened my knife real good, and opened that thing up. I'm telling you, that felt so good afterward that I was about ready to agree with Mama about I oughta be a cutting doctor. Mama said Surgeon, and told it all over the community about what a brave youngun I was to operate on my own self like that.

Of course, I was mighty proud of it, too, especially when the youngsters around home would ask me sure miff did I lance it myself. And you can imagine what a major operation this was when I gave em MY version of the deal.

Now, occasionally, when Mama was about to tear me up about something--just once in a great while, I would be able to talk her out of it. And the few times that I was successful she'd tell me that maybe I oughta be a lawyer. A defense lawyer. She always seemed to be so proud of my prospects as a barrister that I wondered, many a time, why she didn't give me more suspended sentences instead of so much capital punishment.

Actually, though, the few times that I was able to talk her outta giving me a licking I really think she was glad I had put up such a good argument. I know she hated to get on me so often.

Of course, all my arguments ever consisted of was a bunch

of frantic promises not to ever EVER, as long as I lived, do that again, whatever that was.

With Papa it was a little different. If he had made up his mind to tan my hide I knew better than to say a word, just get ready to holler. Papa had no respect for my legal talents.

Then that time that that ole hawg ripped the side of my dog, Gyp, open and I sewed her up while Papa held her for me, Mama guessed I'd make a pretty good veterinarian. And she was absolutely certain of it after I had served as a mid-wife to one of my young heifers when she was having her first calf.

The only thing I can ever remember Papa saying he thought I'd, maybe, do all right at was as a blacksmith, after shoeing my first horse.

Oh yeah, I'd almost forgotten. I made a-100 one time in music, in the third grade. That pleased Mama so that she told Grandpa she convinced him that I oughta begin studying music right away. So, Grandpa gave me a pretty good Stradivari--that's what he said it was--fiddle and Mama started me into taking fiddle lessons.

I took two and on my way home from that second one a buddy of mine said that if I took too many of them and carried that fiddle case around very much I'd sure be a big sissy. So, I gave that thing away before I got home. Told Mama I LOST it. I told her several things before telling her the truth. And for this she really worked me over good. Extry good.

If you've been reading this junk for as much as two weeks you already know that I didn't become any of the aforementioned. You know I just never amounted to a hill of beans. But it sure wasn't because Mama, and yes, Papa, too didn't envision great things for me.

Tell you what I did do once, though. I won fifth place in a pretty baby contest. And there weren't but 4 babies entered in the darn thing. Mama always declared they had a bunch of cockeyed judges.

guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

James Lucius Caldwell plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Donald Jerry Gladson plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Bergan Garland Moore plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Tony Painter plead guilty to operating a motor vehicle in a careless and reckless manner and was fined \$50 plus the costs.

Ralph Whitcomb Cook plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Roy Alvin Hyde plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Robert Williams plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Lawrence Harry Mull plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Charles M. Conley plead guilty to operating a motor vehicle and a speed in excess of that which is reasonable and proper and was ordered to pay the costs.

Johnny Lofton Hatchett Jr. plead guilty to speeding and was fined \$100 plus the costs.

Freeman Ray Farmer plead not guilty to operating a motor vehicle without complying with the Financial Responsibility Laws, without a valid operators license and without having the vehicle inspected and with an improper tag. The defendant was found guilty and find \$25 plus the costs. A sixty day jail sentence was suspended.

Billy Ray Holloway plead not guilty to operating a motor vehicle at a speed in excess of that which is reasonable and proper. He was fined \$25 plus the costs. A sixty day jail sentence was suspended.

Herol Ed. Anderson plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Ora Lee E. Townson plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Mack W. Moore plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Larry Sandridge plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

RECORDERS COURT

September 26, 1966

James David Wood plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

James Alfred Beaver plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

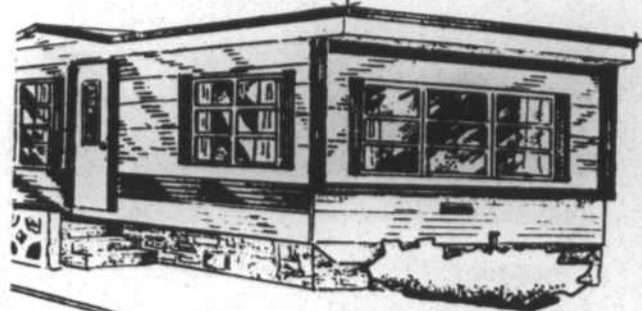
Bonnie Hyatt Jarrett plead guilty to speeding and was ordered to pay the costs.

Jeter Wade Lewis plead

Mr. and Mrs. David urpin of Atlanta, Ga., have returned to their home after spending the weekend with their parents, the Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Smith.

Miss Ann Lochaby, student at Young Harris College spent the weekend here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Lochaby.

8 Anniversary
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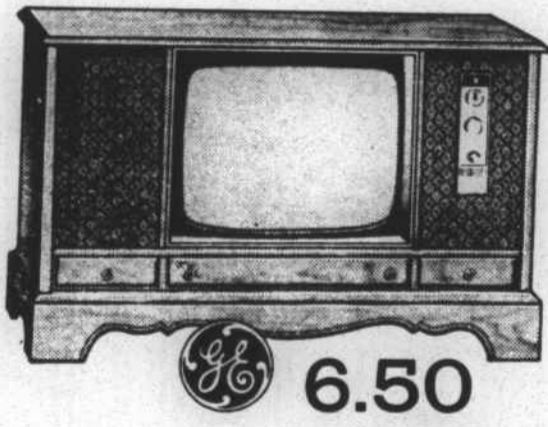
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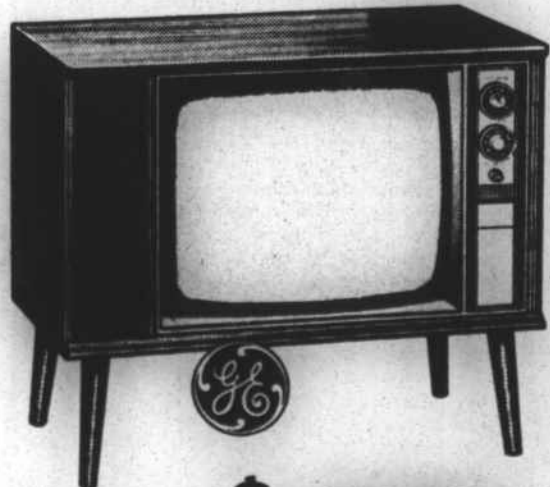


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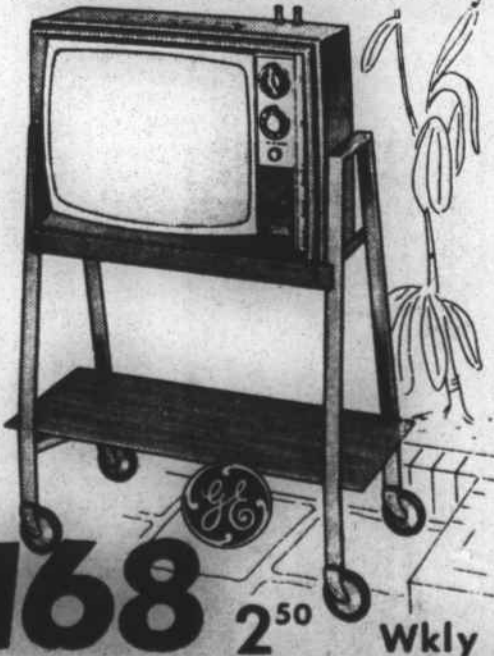
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