



lap, he would roll from side to side with the curves, and each time he would roll Miss Kate would implore him not to squish the tomatoes.

made camp in a lovely grassy glen near Linville, just above where the horse show was in progress. When we got our drowsy young man up from his bed on the floor of the truck, we found to our chagrin and Miss Kate's horror that in spite of her worried admonition he had squashed the tomatoes.

Some of us went the short distance to the truck where the horses were going through their paces. I remember one in particular—his name was Copper King, his coat was the color of burnished copper. If I was to ever indulge in a sport it would be something to do with horses. We watched for a long time as the horse young ladies made the horses jump the bars in the glinting afternoon sun light. Later we went to the barns where the animals were kept, there were Negro jockeys and handlers all around, and some beautiful Dalmatian dogs. I noticed that all the stalls were deep carpeted in clean fresh straw, they would be inviting as lots of bedrooms that I have seen.

We got in plenty of wood from the nearby forest, and had a sumptuous campfire supper. The young folks played in the creek and strolled about, darkness came on swiftly, and with it came a down-pour of rain. We tried to shelter under a tarpaulin and under the truck. Instead of quitting when the first shower was over, it settled into a steady rain. We looked forward to a dampish night.

Shortly after dark some local mountaineers came to our camp with guitars (they didn't seem to mind the rain). They picked and sang nearly all night, to pep things up. Nell McAfee did a lively buck and wing dance. If she could have been a horse she would have been good on a muddy track. When the hour got late the young folks huddled around in the driest places they could find. The grown-ups just sat around the fire, being only recently married I had no desire to set around the fire.

I thought of the warm straw in the vacant stalls at the horse barn and I begged Minnie to go with me hence. At first she firmly refused, but wanting to be an agreeable wife to her new husband, she finally acquiesced, so we trudged through the mud to the barn, found an empty stall, and was soon nestled snugly as newlyweds should be.

We had just got settled when a burst of colorful profanity came from the adjoining stall. "Look here, big boy," someone said in a raspy voice, "don't you tetch dat money, dat don't look like a seven to me, it looks mo' like snakes eyes." "Roll dem bones and shet up, or I'll see what I can do to settle things," answered an equally raucous voice.

"What's going on over there?" Minnie whispered. "Oh, just the stable boys having a friendly crap game," I reassured her. "They don't sound so friendly to me, let's go back to the camp," she said. "And wallow in that mud and slush? not on your life," I said with petulance. "Smuggle down and go to sleep, honey." But the game waxed worse.

"I'm going back whether you go or not," said Minnie, as the bedlam continued next door. "If you go, you'll go by yourself," I answered, with a little profanity of my own. One word led to another, we were soon in it hot and heavy. (I've often wondered what the craphooters thought had tore loose in the barn, but anyway they never let up).

Minnie was as stubborn as I was, after a fiery deluge of words dealing with the way I was treating her, she took the only flashlight and trudged back to the camp.

I covered up in the straw and tried to sleep, but Morpheus was on a holiday. I was alone with the horses, the craphooters, and my thoughts. I tossed and tumbled about that stall like a horse with the colic until three o'clock in the morning. I finally decided that I had been a fool, got up and

trekked through the dark to the camp.

Minnie was sitting by the fire between Mr. Jim Creasman and Uncle Jack Cordell, they were boiling a pot of cabbage on the campfire. Ralph Burnette sat in the dancing shadows telling a colorful story, the rain had slacked, the young folks were sleeping peacefully. Minnie chided me gently and asked after the health of the horses, but we were soon in a good humor and were having as much fun as ever. And so ended our first quarrel.

Ralph and Mae had a small steamer trunk which they kept securely locked, and steadfastly refused to open. We broke camp early Sunday morning and went to Blowing Rock, it's a beautiful country, but the Rock is no more spectacular than the Spruce Cliffs. We drove the long trip around by Lenoir and had Sunday dinner by Lake James. Ralph and Mae opened the trunk! It was full of the most luscious homebaked cakes and pies. They had saved them for this sumptuous meal, and knew quite well it they were not kept locked the boys would have gobbled them up. This is a tale of a long remembered camping trip.

We offer sympathy to the Stepp and Lytle families.

Your reporter has been about dead with a cold the past few days, but is getting a little better. This wallowing around in snow putting on tire chains hasn't been good for it.

Air Force Seeks Flight Trainees

A recent change in requirements has resulted in many openings for aircraft observer flight training according to Sergeant Gilbert Cameron, head of the local Air Force recruiting station at the Post Office in Asheville.

We started to Swannanoa last Tuesday night to a W.M.U. meeting, got as far as Grover Brookshire's and backed out when it started snowing, but we had a delightful visit with Edna and Gloria Jean.

Michael Mason, beloved grandson of Mrs. James P. Kinard, and nephew of the Wicker sisters, died at Chapel Hill, Jan. 10, a few days after his seventeenth birthday. Michael has spent most of his summers here in our valley, at one time or another Minnie and all of our girls have taken care of him. This dashing handsome young man will be sorely missed among us.

Miss Wilma Burnette of Swannanoa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Sluder of Asheville, Dec. 30, 1954. Mr. Sluder is with the Buncombe county sheriff's department. This column wishes them every success and happiness.

The Air Force hopes to secure a number of fully qualified observer aviation cadets before the end of February. Those men who qualify can expect placement in a flight observer class within the next four months. The observer program includes training in such specialties as navigation, meteorology, electronics, engineering, and bombardment.

Observer aviation cadets are given approximately one year of the finest training anywhere and upon graduation they will receive commissions as second lieutenants, Sergeant Cameron added. They will then begin a three year tour of active service with pay over \$5,000 a year.

Qualified men between the ages of 19 and 26½ who are interested in knowing more about the aviation observer program should contact Sergeant Cameron at the Post Office in Asheville. His office hours are from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily, and from 8 a. m. to 12 noon on Saturdays.

CIRCLE WILL MEET
 Circle 1 of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. William Klein, Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. Thomas S. Sharp will give the Bible study on "The Book of Romans." Mrs. Harry Barkley is circle chairman.

Mrs. McCall, 85, Dies In Hospital

Mrs. Anna McCall, 85, of Swannanoa, route 1, who suffered a broken hip several days ago, died Tuesday night, Jan. 18, in an Asheville hospital. She had also been suffering with a heart condition.

Funeral services were held Thursday at 3 p. m. in the Chapel of Harrison Funeral home. The Rev. George Talbot officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. W. Bates. Burial was in Pine Grove cemetery, Swannanoa.

Mrs. McCall was a native of McDowell county, and had resided in the Swannanoa section for the past 42 years.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. R. L. Freeman and Mrs. George Dunlap of Swannanoa; one brother, Joseph Wiseman of Nevada, Mo.; two sisters, Mrs. Julia Moser of Los Angeles, Calif., and Mrs. Lawrence McCall of Grand Junction, Colo.; 10 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren.

Pallbearers were L. M. Hendricks, Paul Patton, Bradford Burnett, J. W. Freeman, Wells Blandford and Sam Davidson.

CIRCLE MEETS WITH MRS. FRANK BUCKNER
 Circle 2 of the Methodist church held its January meeting in the home of Mrs. Frank Buckner Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 18. Following the business session, Mrs. H. A. Kerlee, chairman, reviewed the 7th and 8th chapter of the study "The Master Calicut For Thee." During the hour of fellowship refreshments were served by the hostesses to Mrs. Glenn Bryan, Mrs. Henry Ware, Mrs. C. R. Longcoy, Sr., Mrs. R. D. Rogers, Mrs. Kerlee and Mrs. L. D. Hayman Sr., a visitor.

The State Board of Agriculture has authorized the sale of coffee-flavored milk.

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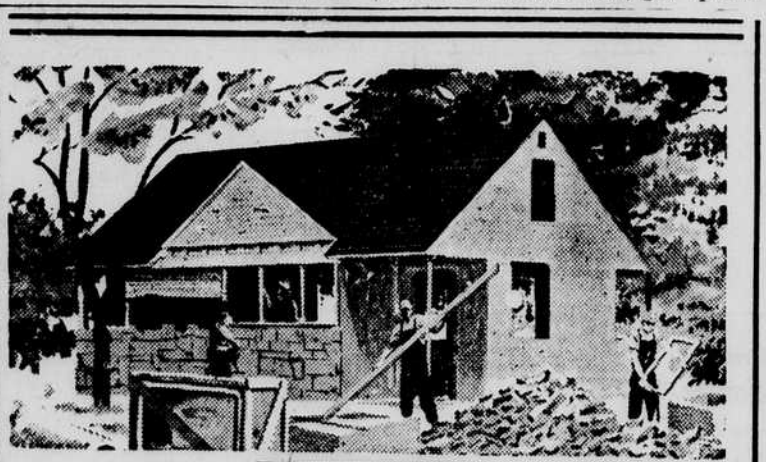
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"Safety for all at all times" is the theme and the high goal of YOUR community safety program which is sponsored by the Black Mountain Woman's club. As you may know this program won national acclaim last year for promoting safety in our community. Our aim in 1955 is to make this program a model for others to follow.

Opening of the new Black Mountain Primary and Elementary schools and the Owen High school means that each day thousands of children must be taken to and from school by bus. The highways and by-ways will be lined with children of all ages waiting for the bus and with buses filled with their "precious" loads. In the next few weeks we hope to call your attention to some of the things we think will help to make our streets, highways, and roads safe for them and you. We hope you will read these messages each week in the Black Mountain News.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. James A. Crawford, Vice-Pres. & Safety Chairman, Black Mountain Woman's Club.
 Miss Lou Lindsey, President.

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DRIVE SAFELY

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- Give the Kids a Brake!
- Slow UP and Let Children GROW UPI!
- Children on the GO . . . You Go SLOW!
- Be a RESPONSIBLE Driver — Watch Out for Children!

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