

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE
Having this day qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **VIRGINIA LAHUIS ROGERO**, late of Miami, Florida, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to present them, duly verified, to the undersigned on or before February 2nd, 1957, or else this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 30th day of January, 1956.
R. E. FINCH
Ancillary Administrator c.t.a. of the Estate of **VIRGINIA LAHUIS ROGERO**, deceased.
Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, March 1, 8.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Having this day qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **Blanche Loftin Fay**, deceased, late of Buncombe County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before one year from the date hereof, or else this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 13th day of January, 1956.
E. E. WHITE
Black Mountain, N. C.
Jan. 19, 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **George Pennell**, 508 Jackson Building, Asheville, North Carolina, on January 12th, 1957, or else this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at the Office of **George Pennell**, 508 Jackson Building, Asheville, North Carolina, on or before the 18th day of January, 1957, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 18th day of January, 1956.
GEORGE PENNELL
Administrator.
Jan. 19, 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23.

NOTICE
Having this day qualified as Executor of the Estate of **George Davidson Young**, late of Swannanoa, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at Swannanoa, North Carolina, within the year from January 11, 1956, or else this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 20th day of January, 1956.
(Mrs.) WINNIE GIBBS YOUNG
Swannanoa, North Carolina.
Jan. 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23; Mar. 1.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
Having qualified as Executor of the estate of **Dora White Slagle**, late of Buncombe County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, on or before the 26th day of January, 1957, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 21st day of January, 1956.
J. H. RIDDLE, Executor
Estate of **Dora White Slagle**
Montreat Road,
Black Mountain, N. C.
Jan. 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23; Mar. 1.

NOTICE
Having this day qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **Etta Sorrell**, late of Buncombe County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at the Office of **George Pennell**, 508 Jackson Building, Asheville, North Carolina, on or before the 18th day of January, 1957, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 4th day of January, 1956.
GEORGE PENNELL
Administrator.
Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26; Feb. 2, 9.

NOTICE
Having this day qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **JESSE R. HUDSON**, late of Buncombe County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at his home in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, P. O. Box 5006, within one year from January 12th, 1957, or else this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This the 5th day of January, 1956.
S. CUTLER CLARK
Executor of the Estate of **JESSE R. HUDSON**, deceased.
Jan. 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16.

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Advertised in LIFE, POST, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AND OTHER LEADING PUBLICATIONS

Duo-Matic Duo-Door

Extruded Aluminum Storm-Screen Door

Value \$69.95

\$39.95

Complete with all hardware, including pneumatic door check, outside aluminum door jamb, rugged construction, over 1" thick. Converts quickly from storm door to screen.

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LUMBER and BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C.

getting dark by now, and the temperature was hovering on zero. We started to walk up to radio station WMTI. The folks there were sympathetic but refused to take the bulldozer and lift the car out until the weather broke. The station thermometer now registered 10 below. Milo Wyatt got the truck out and went to look, saying he would have to have daylight. He went back and set us out in Stepp's Gap and we started walking to the CCC camp, a distance of two miles. I recall this as the most disagreeable trip I ever took. The frigid north wind was whipping across that high ridge like hail. Every now and then one of us would fall across a frozen ledge. It was awful, but we made it. When we got to the warden's camp we built a roaring fire and thawed out. When the weather broke, Milo brought the 'dozer and set my car back into the road. It was one of the many times that I have felt that God had saved my life for an explicit reason (Probably to lead singing in the Lakewood Baptist church.)

Many, many years ago my dad and I went to West Virginia and bought farms. My nephew, Laurence Walker, and I were looking through some old implements that had been left in one of the out-buildings and found an old factory-made sleigh, complete with bellows and harness. She had been beautiful with a curving dashboard, steepled runners, and well-cushioned seats. But it had seen better days and was in very bad repair. Laurence was a born fixer, and in spare time on hot afternoons he worked on it. He had sweat on fixing up that sleigh. He had her in good shape by cold weather.

And I mean snows. So dry that when a horse trotted it would fog up like August in the tropics. We put ice on the horse's shoes, they could walk on ice without falling down. You can well imagine the pleasure we derived from that sleigh, going to the post office in the white gloom of deep winter, sitting around listening to hearty stories, and watching the rural people cry feats of strength, and their clopping horse through the glistening night.

There was an ice house on the farm, and we found an old ice saw. The creek froze in ice 10 inches thick and we sawed blocks out for summer use (It lasted until July). The temperature was below zero, but we worked in light clothing, one gets used to it. For weeks we had lovely weather with azure skies and brilliant sun without the snow melting one bit, so dry that one could walk on it.

One of the loveliest pictures in my memories of West Virginia is of a tawny-haired young lady standing in deep snow in red galoshes with a brief glimpse of silken-clad legs above, chic woolen stockings, light-colored shoes, carelessly flung scarf, cheeks like pale roses in milk, blue eyes dancing with mischief, and carmine lips parted in joyous laughter. And what was this winter nymph doing? Peeling me with snowballs! I remember the color of her hair, two weeks old and I thought that winter might be broke by the time it came out, but it did not look that way this morning (Feb. 2). Sleet was frozen deep on the white-hospital was imperative. The ward over the boughs as we walked out to where the car was parked when we started to work. They sparkled and shone like fairies had decorated them with millions of gems during the night. So winter was a beautiful thing.

If there is anything in the legend of the groundhog we will have an early spring. No self-respecting groundhog would have stuck his nose out on a day like this. I read just now that people that are begotten to age a little bit and are always telling tales of the olden days are very boring, especially to younger folks. Tell me, Gentle Readers, do I bore you? Heaven forbid!

In the current issue of the Christian Herald ran some several ways to get rid of inefficient pastors. In case you didn't read it I will repeat it here.

1. Look him straight in the eye when he is preaching, and say "Amen" once in a while. He'll preach himself to death within a few weeks.
2. Pat him on the back and brag on his good points. He'll work himself to death.
3. Start paying him a living wage. He's probably been on starvation wages so long he'll eat him- self to death.
4. Rededicate your own life to Christ and ask the preacher to give you a job to do. He'll probably die of heart failure.
5. Get the church to unite in prayer for the preacher. He'll become so effective some larger church will take him off your hands.

We offer deepest sympathy to our beloved Wicker sisters. I have known Miss Maude Wicker for several decades. She was a down to my camp and gave him some. We made the trip down all right, and after sitting around my house awhile, I started to take him home.

Anyone that has ever driven in frozen snow knows that it is very unpredictable. You just can't use the brakes, you have to stop other ways. Halfway from Camp Alice to Stepp's Gap we hit an icy spot and slid out of the road right on top of a 30 foot sloping cliff, some infinitesimal obstacle kept us from going over. The car was teetering so close to the edge that all the gasoline spilled from the tank, if it had gone two inches farther we would have rolled a couple of hundred yards down the mountain.

We crawled gingerly out. It was



Bittersweet
by
Oden Walker

This is the night of Jan. 24 and I guess it is in order to discuss snow a little while. We hear that the folks in the deep, deep south have been having nippy weather. All we hear from the weather man is "hard freeze" this winter, we used to hear "hard freeze" during my life's span many snows have fallen on this old gray head (Yes, dears, I usually wore my hat), and the only thing that I have ever found that I liked about it was to look at it in a subdued light, preferably from the cozy window in for it. Mrs. Perkin's evergreens were drooping earthward. The first thing I did this morning was to put on chains, such a day makes one appreciate Mr. Beacon and his factory. I got almost home without them one evening, but had to put them back on to get up the hill to the house. I went to feed the pony and took a brief glance around. The spruce limbs were pointing to the ground like long ghost fingers as if to say "Here is where the treasure is buried." The needles on each rig of the white-pines looked as if they were imbedded in a mat of ermine, the forked branches of the hardwoods held fluffy white pillows, now and then these would give way in a snowy shower.

Mysterious trails of small animals went by on Skippy, the dog, romped gleefully, making the snow spray around him. The pods of the daylilies stood up out of the snow like dark skinned elves with a white nightcap on. The pony stood in the lot and kicked his heels high into the air from the simple joy of living and the exhilaration of the crisp atmosphere. But so much for this snow, I have become balled up in my columns, missed last week on account of a cold, and by the time this one comes out the snow will probably be gone and the peach trees will be blooming. But we can talk of other snow storms.

Several years ago Minnie and I were at my dad's home in late winter. It came a deep dry snow followed by northerly winds, the white stuff drifted where the winds eddied from three to five feet deep. North Fork was really snowbound. I think Thad Burnett finally walled his way to Black Mountain by foot. Before any vehicle had broken through, Yank Franklin took seriously ill. It didn't take a doctor to know that he had a bad case of appendicitis. We did everything possible to ease his suffering, but a trip to the hospital was imperative. The school bus was marooned out there. Every able-bodied man in the valley got shovels and loaded into the bus. Ben Morris was the driver. He headed her toward town. He rammed her into the first drift and shoveled through, and so on to the next one (I saw one man digging with a garden hoe). In an amazing short time we had dug through to town. The late Zack Morris and another fellow followed us out with Yank in a Model Ford and got him to the hospital before it was too late. There is no doubt that Ben's expert driving and our fast digging saved the man's life.

I got so used to snow when I lived in Toe River Gap that I would go out about 100 feet from the house barefooted and in my underwear (long-handled, of course) to read the rain gauge. I used to stand at my west window and watch the snow boil up Right Hand Fork. It reminded me of a steam rolling off a kettle. I've had a chance to watch the weather a great deal, and I never tire of it. I'll tell you more of my experiences in Toe River Gap sometime. Right now I'll tell you one little episode. One afternoon I was alone and lonely, there was about five inches of snow on the ground, and the temperature was around 10 above. I got into my B Model Ford and started up to Mt. Mitchell to see what I could. The late Coy Ballew was weather reporter out there and I had a nice visit with him and started back. I stopped by the old CCC camp where the warden stayed and found that Mr. Wilson wasn't there. His substitute was out of cigarettes. I offered to take him down to my camp and give him some. We made the trip down all right, and after sitting around my house awhile, I started to take him home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Mixon are building an addition to their home on the North Fork road. The Lakewood Baptist church has purchased over 100 chairs recently. If you visit us you certainly won't have to stand up. The Eugene Byrds, Minnie, and I had supper with Fred Schneck Saturday night. Fred served one of his usual delectable meals after which we had a talk fest, and viewed some of his lovely color slides.

The celestial choir of the Lakewood Baptist church rendered special music this Sunday. Coleen Blankenship and Minnie Walker

SHOWER IS GIVEN BY S. S. CLASS
Mrs. Austin Burgess was given a stork shower by members of the Ruth Sunday School class of the First Baptist church on Tuesday night, Jan. 31, in the home of Miss Lizzie Waite, teacher. A color scheme of green and yellow was carried out in the decorations and also presented a special number. The W. M. U. circle will meet with Mrs. Eugene Byrd this Friday night at 7:30.

refreshments. During the evening games and contests were enjoyed. Those present were Mrs. Claude Rice, Mrs. Lawrence Brandon, Mrs. A. L. White, Mrs. Lewis Phillips, Mrs. Sanders Hudson, Mrs. John Reese, Mrs. Albert Dalton, Mrs. George McAffee, Mrs. Doug Hamby Jr., Mrs. Jack Ford, Mrs. Marshall Mott, Mrs. Wilbur Huneycutt, the hostess and the honoree. Those unable to attend but who sent gifts were Mrs. Beatrice Mar-

tin, Mrs. Jake Robertson, Mrs. Brody Warren, Mrs. B. J. Williams, Mrs. Clarence Wilson, Mrs. G. C. Carson, Mrs. Gene Hughey, Mrs. Frank Ledbetter, Mrs. Amiel Nanney, Mrs. Owen Smith, Mrs. Ed Stuart and Mrs. John Love.

—The WAVES handled 80 percent of the work involved in the administration and supervision of the U. S. Navy mail service during World War II.

With The Sick
Mrs. M. A. Burgin is ill at the home of her son, Lewis Watson, High school road. Bobby Watson is sick at his home on the Cragmont road.

—Newest American name in the Antarctic regions is "Atka Bay," so named by the crew of the U. S. Navy icebreaker on her 1954-55 reconnaissance trip to Antarctica.

FOUNDERS WEEK CELEBRATION!
SMART HOMEMAKERS SHOP A&P FOR MENU VARIETY... AND HEALTHY LOW PRICES!

NEW! "Super-Right" Luncheon MEAT 12-Oz. Can 29c

Sultana Week Values!
PORK and BEANS .. 29c
SALAD DRESSING .. 33c
STUFFED OLIVES Small 59c
PEANUT BUTTER ... 53c
BUTTER BEANS ... 25c

Ann Page Vanilla Extract 1-Oz. Bot. 19c
Ann Page Pure Fruit Grape Jam 2-Lb. Jar 45c
Mild and Mellow 8 O'Clock Coffee 1-Lb. Bag 75c 2-Lb. Bag \$2.19
A&P Brand Tomato Juice 46-Oz. Can 27c
A&P's Own Shortening 2-Lb. Can 69c
dexo EQUAL TO THE BEST 1-Lb. Pkg. 37c
Sophie Mae 1-Lb. Pkg. 37c
For Cooking Nucoa Margarine 1-Lb. Pkg. 28c
Chow-Mein LaChoy Noodles 2-Oz. Can 17c
Hot Cereal Cream of Wheat 25-Oz. Pkg. 34c

LIBBY'S MEATS
Corned Beef 12-Oz. Can 45c
Roast Beef 47c
Corn Beef Hash 16-Oz. Can 29c
Deviled Ham 5 1/2-Oz. Can 17c
Potted Meat 8 1/2-Oz. Can 13c
Vienna Sausage 4-Oz. Can 17c
Potted Meat 2 8-Oz. Cans 17c
Vienna Sausage WITH SAUCE 5-Oz. Can 19c

DEWCO CORN 2 303 Cans 35c

A&P's "SUPER-RIGHT" MEATS
Premium Sliced **SWIFT'S BACON** Lb. 43c
Beltville White 4-8 Lb. Dressed & Drawn
BROILER TURKEYS Lb. 55c
"Super-Right" Old Fashion Farm Style
SAUSAGE 2 Lb. Roll 49c
"Super-Right" Heavy Western Grain Fed Beef
CHUCK BLADE ROAST .. Lb. 35c
"Super-Right" Heavy Western Grain Fed Boneless
LEAN BEEF STEW Lb. 49c
"Super-Right" Freshly Ground
GROUND BEEF Lb. 37c
"Super-Right" All Meat
SLICED BOLOGNA Lb. 39c
"Super-Right" All Meat
FRANKS .. 8 oz. 23c 1 Lb. Pkg. 39c
Cap'n John's Precooked
FISH STICKS 10 Oz. Pkg. 33c

Personal Size Ivory Soap
4 Bars 23c

Regular Size Dial Soap
2 Bars 35c

Large Size Ivory Soap
2 Bars 29c

Dash Brand Dog Food
2 1-Lb. Cans 29c

Regular Size Camay Soap
2 Bars 17c

Large Size Ivory Flakes
Pkg. 31c

Soap Powder Duz
Lg. Pkg. 30c Gt. Pkg. 72c

With Bleach Oxydol
Pkg. 31c

Tide
Lg. Pkg. 30c Gt. Pkg. 72c

Regular Size Camay Soap
2 Bars 17c

Large Size Ivory Flakes
Pkg. 31c

Special! JANE PARKER LEMON PIES .. 39c

Big! 8-in. Pies

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THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY
These Prices Effective Through Sat., Feb. 11th

Golden Shortening 1-Lb. Can 31c
Fluffo 3-Lb. Can 85c

Medium Size Lava Soap
2 Bars 21c

Blue Detergent Cheer
Lg. Pkg. 30c Gt. Pkg. 72c

Golden Shortening 1-Lb. Can 31c
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