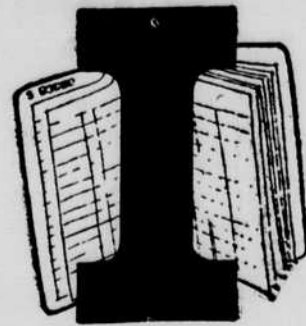


## Fairy Tales Are Not For Bedtime

by John Corey  
Education Department  
Appalachian State Teachers College  
Should the Young Child Hear

Black Mountain Office of Asheville Federal



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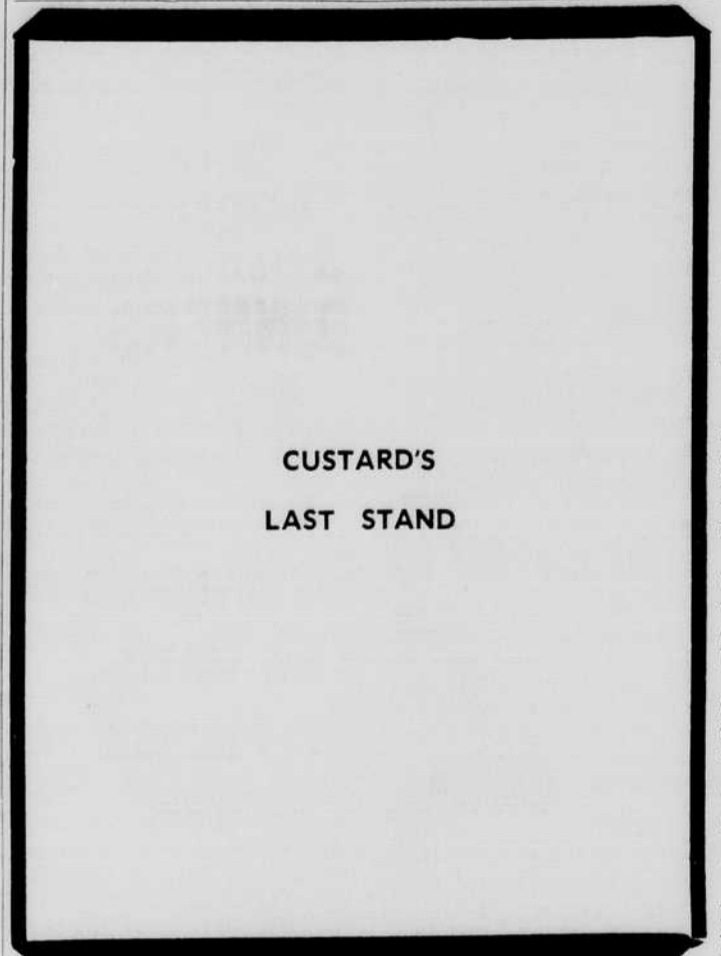
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Those Bloody Fairy Tales? Children's books can feature some pretty wicked villains. You remember the mouth-foaming wolf who wanted to eat Little Red Riding Hood. And the evil giant in Jack and the Bean Stalk. Could it be that these and other classic storybook "bad guys" are too heavy for kiddies, especially first graders and pre-schoolers?

Is it smart for parents to read such "scary" tales to children at bedtime and stir up their emotions? Dr. Ruth G. Strickland, an Indiana University professor of education, thinks that children by a certain age should know the supposedly scary folk stories. Whether the tales should be told at bedtime, says Dr. Strickland, depends on two factors: (1) the child's age

(2) his emotional response to stories. "I have known a five-year-old who went into spasms of crying over the story of The Three Little Pigs because the big bad wolf ate two of them," recalls Dr. Strickland. But the child's 2½-year-old sister "not only loved the story but came knocking on my door the next morning saying, 'Little pig, little pig, let me come in.'" The younger girl thoroughly enjoyed the year. Her older sister simply couldn't take the idea of the little pigs being eaten up. Such a child, advises Dr. Strickland, shouldn't hear scary stories at all. Certainly not at bedtime. The Indiana University reading expert goes so far as to say that frightening stories generally shouldn't be read to children under four. Beyond four, however, youngsters frequently enjoy

fantasies because they recognize them as stories. Dr. Strickland thinks the practice among some parents of revamping classics should be tabooed. "It always troubles me to have people take a lovely old folk tale or good story of any kind for children and water it down. It seems unsuitable to tell the story or read it in the form in which it should appear, then I would certainly omit it," she says. Children respond to types of stories according to their ages and individual differences. The two-year-old enjoys looking at picture books containing illustrations of people and animals. At the same time, he likes being told simple stories about them. The six- to seven-year-old's main interest lies in stories about nature—the wind, birds, and flowers. It's the eight-year-old who really revels in "blood and thunder" fairy tales. They're his favored readings. Dr. Strickland recalls a third grade group of eight-year-olds who even enjoyed being read the old Russian fairy tales which have even witches flying seven times over seven mountains in seven minutes and doing other weird things. The nine-year-old's interest shifts from folk yarns to comedies and Boy Scout types of adventure. The 11- and 12-year-old generally undergoes a stage of reading craze. The boy likes athletics and adventure while the girl leans toward home-related stories. Both sexes go heavily for biographies of great men and women, a response to the adolescent tendency toward hero-worship. The 13-year-old's readings intensify, but few new reading interests develop.



CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

CHARLES A. HICKEY SPEAKS TO ENGINEERS AT GATLINBURG  
Bill Hickey's brother Charles with his wife and daughter, Docia, stopped in Black Mountain recently to visit with the Hickeys on Dougherty street as they returned from the fall meeting of the Society of Mining Engineers of AIME in Gatlinburg, Tenn. Mr. Hickey, who is plant superintendent of the Fellspar Corporation of Spruce Pine, presented a talk during the meeting on "Mining in the Spruce Pine, North Carolina Area." He stated that the mining industry came to Spruce Pine a few years following the Civil War when two Yankees from Massachusetts came to mine sheet mica to sell to the stove manufacturers for windows in heating stoves. He compared the first crude mining methods with those in use today and drew various conclusions in contrasting the methods of drilling and blasting.

Production expenses of U. S. forests in 1960 were nearly four times as much as in 1940—26.4 billion dollars.

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## REFLECTIONS

By Gordon Greenwood

### SMART OBSERVER

Bob Sloan, publisher of the Franklin Press in Macon county and a candidate for the North Carolina House of Representatives, had this point to make while discussing roads with a group in Raleigh: "The tourists travel on the primary roads and the interstate system but our voters ride on the secondary roads". Bob is a strong believer in improved secondary roads. His observation explains why roads have become such a campaign issue here in the western part of the state.

Wherever you go in the mountain counties the people are talking about and working for an improved road system, secondary, primary, and interstate. During the 1963 session of the General Assembly watch for this to be an important issue. One group will make a strong attempt to halt the diversion of highway funds (monies collected for gasoline tax, license plates, inspection fees, etc.) for other departments.

### CARD FROM SALLS'BRY

A card this week from Mrs. Beth Dougherty, who left recently on a European tour, had a picture of the Salisbury Cathedral which brought back memories of the late summer and early fall of 1945 spent on the Salisbury Plains.

Somewhere among my belongings I have a picture of the cathedral but I had forgotten that it was begun in 1220 and has at 404 feet the tallest spire in all England.

Salls'bry (as the native Englishman pronounces it) is a pretty little town and the cathedral is impressive. From the front side it looks as if the spire is going to fall on you no matter which way you go.

Right near Salisbury, a short bus ride, in fact, there's a famous landmark left by the Romans or some invader of centuries ago.

At least one GI didn't endear himself to the natives when he asked innocently one day: "Why on earth did they leave it here? Why didn't they take it with them?"

### SHADES OF KING JOHN

I enjoyed visiting the cathedrals in Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales. To me one of the most impressive was the one at Worcester, slightly northeast of the Malvern Hills in southeast England.

One night wanting to show a friend the cathedral and finding the front door locked, I guided him around to the back door where we entered without challenge. I had already showed him the battle flags carried at Waterloo and in other famous campaigns of history and we were sitting on a huge pile of sand bags near the front door resting when we heard footsteps and looked up to see a little man, that I learned later was in charge, approaching through the gloom that made it difficult to see.

"What on earth are you doing in here and how did you get in?" he demanded in a voice that was anything but calm.

Told that we just wanted to see the place and that my friend had to leave the next day, the little man was not convinced and far from sympathetic as he exploded:

"But don't you Yanks have any respect for doors and locks? That front door was locked. You practically broke into the place".

While this was going on we still maintained our seat on the sand bags with one eye on a route of escape if things should become too rough. Thinking to get his mind off the crime he thought we had committed I asked:

"I've heard that King John who signed the Magna Carta is buried in the Cathedral, but we haven't been able to find his tomb".

At this the little guy in the strange looking coat almost choked with rage as he shouted: "It's no wonder you can't find him, you know, you're sitting on 'im".

That closed the discussion and our visit. If I should ever get back to the Worcester Cathedral I want to look for the famous king's tomb. Unless the rector was spoofing us, he's buried right near the entrance and I could find it in the dark.

### MY TOWN

We picked this article up from somewhere and thought it made sense.

My town is the place where my home is; where my job is; where my vote is cast; where my children are educated; where my neighbors dwell; and where my life is chiefly lived. It is my home spot for me.

My town has the right to my civic loyalty. It supports me and I should support it. My town wants my citizenship, not my partisanship; my friendliness, not my dissension; my sympathy, not my criticism; my intelligence, not my indifference.

My town supplies me with protection, trade, friends, education, schools, churches, and the right to free moral citizenship. It has done things that are better than others; the best things I should seek to make better, the worst things I should help to suppress.

Take it all in all, it is my town and it is entitled to the best there is in me.

### 14 YEARS WITHOUT TRAFFIC ACCIDENT

Fort Mill, S. C., a town of 6000, has just completed 14 years without a traffic fatality.

The reason may be that near the high school is to be found a golf course, swimming pool, gymnasium, roller skating rink, bowling alley, a lake for fishing, club house, and tennis courts.

"They keep the cars off the streets", said the chief of police.

### IS THIS THE BEST?

Some fans are calling this year's Owen High JVs one of the best first year teams ever to represent the school.

There is no doubt that Coach Ralph Singleton has 'em big, he has 'em fast, and he has 'em deep. If you have any doubt, journey out to Shuford Field at 7:30 Thursday evening and see for yourself. You'll come away convinced.

### Civil Service

Applications are now being accepted for the 1963 Federal Service Entrance Examination the United States Civil Service Commission has announced. This examination, open to college juniors, seniors, and graduate students regardless of major study, as well as to persons who have had equivalent experience, offers the opportunity to begin a career in the Federal Service in one of some 60 different occupational fields. A written test is required.

## OBITUARY

### Raleigh Jones

Raleigh Jones, 58, of Hazel Park, Mich., a former resident of Swannanoa, died Friday Sept. 14. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon in the Swannanoa Baptist Church. The Rev. Charles Smith, pastor, officiated. Burial was in Mountain View Memorial Park. Harrison Funeral home was in charge.

### Mrs. C. Harvey

Funeral services for Mrs. Cordelia Harvey, 81, of Swannanoa Heights were held Friday afternoon, Sept. 14, in the Swannanoa Church of God. The Rev. Philip Genetti and the Rev. Robert Ballard officiated. Burial was in Camp Grounds Cemetery on Sugar Hill road near Old Fort. Pallbearers were grandsons: Woodrow, Harold, Leon, Gene and R. J. Harvey and Floyd Gibson. Granddaughters served as flowerbearers. Harrison Funeral home was in charge.

### Talmadge Crisp

Last rites for Talmadge Crisp, 73, of Patton Cove road, Swannanoa were held in the First Baptist Church of Swannanoa Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 19. The Rev. Charles Smith, pastor, officiated. Burial was in Crisp Cemetery, Swannanoa. Mr. Crisp was a native of Swain County and had been a resident of Swannanoa for the past 20 years. He was a former employe of Beacon Manufacturing Co.

Survivors include the widow, Mrs. Hester Lemmons Crisp; eight daughters, Mrs. Lois Andrews, Swannanoa, Mrs. Gladys Griffin, and Mrs. Ruth Cruise, both of Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Rethel Blankenship, Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Clara McMahan, Amarillo, Tex., Mrs. Thelma Lowery, Old Fort, Mrs. Jewell Glenn, Black Mountain, Mrs. Joyce Gregg, Asheville Rt. 2; three sons, James B. Crisp, Bell Gardens, Calif., Ray Crisp of Winston-Salem, and Frank Crisp of Detroit, Mich.; three

brothers; two sisters; 26 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. Harrison Funeral home was in charge.

### Carrie Williams

Mrs. Carrie Cribb Williams, 74, of near Georgetown, S. C., mother of Mrs. James L. Hall of Black Mountain died Tuesday Sept. 11, in Georgetown County Memorial hospital. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon in the Pentecostal Holiness Church with the Rev. L. D. Driggers, pastor, and the Rev. Carl W. Thurman, a former pastor, officiating. Burial was in the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church Cemetery. Mrs. Williams was the widow of Ulysses S. Williams, who died June 1947. Besides Mrs. Hall other survivors include a son; three daughters; a sister; five half-sisters and three half-brothers.

### JUNIORS ENJOY PICNIC

Members of the junior department of the Methodist church enjoyed a picnic at the Dripping Rock picnic grounds at Old Fort last Thursday afternoon.

Those who went were Keith and Vickie Osteen, Judy Benedict, Susan McMahan, Bobbie Goodman, Joe Hyder, Lindsey Garland, Marilyn Brown, Rhonda Singleton, Ken Pittman, Mike Thomas, Billy Joe Goodman, Stephen Henley, Tommy Simpson, Mrs. June Glenn, Mrs. Gordon Greenwood, and Mrs. Henry Pittman.



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### Look Who's Here!

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell T. Adams of Montreat have a daughter born Sept. 15, in St. Joseph's hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kirkpatrick of Swannanoa have a son born Sept. 15, in St. Joseph's hospital.

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Sometimes the caravan crept along for hours in low gear. It took 17 days to go 1,066 miles! This is the road near Loreto.

Round trip from Detroit to the end of the Baja Peninsula is over 8,000 miles.



Millions of years ago nature fashioned a proving ground for trucks that man can never duplicate. Today it is known as the Baja (bah' hab) California Peninsula, Mexico.

These pictures give you only a bare idea of the place. The road is fine for 140 miles below the U.S. border. Then the beating begins. Rocks and hard-baked ruts bang, jab and jerk the trucks from stem to stern. Loose sand makes them struggle and strain. Dust chokes them. Heat roasts them. Rivers drench them.

The Baja Run took this Chevrolet truck caravan 17 days to go the 1,066 miles. All the trucks performed magnificently. Not one was forced to drop out because of mechanical difficulty.

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