

# The Foothills View

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BOILING SPRINGS NC

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## The Ladies Of Sharon

In that other time, before carols blared in early November in the grocery and department stores, before Mattel took over Santa Claus, before credit cards bought stuff broken long before the bills were paid, there still was Christmas.

The ladies who live at the Sharon Retirement Home near Boiling Springs remember it. Sometimes it was sparse pickings, Christmas morning, "What did you used to get?" one was asked. "Nothing!" she laughingly replied. But then that was not quite so; there was always something. Maybe oranges and candy, or a rag doll. To the specially blest went a china-headed doll. Which sometimes came to tragic ends.

"I didn't have but one doll in my life," said Mrs. Dollie Austin, a lively and witty lady of 87. "It was a china doll, the kind with a china head. And I broke it. I got mad at it and threw it in the floor and broke its head. Never had another one."

"I had a little old doll," said Mrs. Mae Camp, a Lattimore-born youngster of 73. "Mine crumbled all to pieces. After we buried it. We pretended it died, you know, and we had a funeral. We had preaching, and we sang that song, 'I'm Going Home To Die No More' — we didn't know but a few words of it. My brother dug the grave and we put it in a shoe box. When by mother found it out she said, 'You go dig that doll up!' But it'd done got wet, and it just crumbled all to pieces..."

Miss Ethel Bridges, also born in Lattimore, remembered the trees. "We always had a tree at home, and one at the church," she said. There would always be little presents on the Sunday School tree, and little bags or packages of candy. There would be programs at the church, and at the school, and everybody would have a piece to say.

Mrs. Camp remembered hers: "Santa Claus will come tonight — If you're good, And do right as you should. Down the chimney he will creep, Bringing you a wooly sheep, And a doll that goes to sleep — If you're good..."

An especially memorable Christmas in the past of Dollie Austin, who grew up in Bessemer City, was the time, after she was married, when it snowed 16 inches and isolated everyone.

"I cooked a big pork roast for dinner, and a pot of white beans, and I'd made potato salad and deviled eggs, enough for a crowd,

and nobody could get there. We finally got a neighbor to come over and eat with us."

One of her most vivid memories had nothing to do with Christmas, or good times, though. It was a tragic story that started out with a hen's egg.

"I found a nest with an egg in it and brought it to the house," Mrs. Austin remembers. "My mother said it wasn't ours, said to take it over to the woman it belonged to. So I went over there with it, and the woman had the smallpox."

"I got it, I was seven years old. And my mother got it, and died with it. My uncle died with it. We all had it; the doctor would come to the barn and change his clothes and come up to the house to see us. People died like flies with it."

Miss Bridges also remembered having smallpox, though neither of the women were scarred by it.

Mrs. Camp, Miss Bridges and Mrs. Austin live at the Sharon home, along with a fourth resident, Mrs. Flora Gold, from Forest City, who is 94. Mrs. Camp worked in nursing many years, most lately at Cleveland Memorial Hospital, Miss Bridges and Mrs. Austin both worked in mills, and Mrs. Austin worked for a time at the old Blowing Rock Hotel, in the mountains. All said they loved the mountains more than anyplace.

But at the little retirement home, life seems good; Geraldine Dover, who runs the place, and her sister-in-law Irene Dover are good family-style cooks — "I love that cornbread," said Mrs. Gold — and there is a homey feeling.

And always, good talk.



At right: Dollie Austin, Ethel Bridges, Mae Camp pass an afternoon remembering other times. Above: Inez Dover fixes hair for Flora Gold, 94, at Sharon Retirement Home.

## Movie Crew Finds Shark's Tooth Turns Up On Broad

A shark's tooth found near the site of the old steel bridge on Broad River was not lost there by the shark, says Dr. Les Brown of the Gardner-Webb College science department.

The inch-wide pearly fang was spotted in the riverside clay last week by Steve Weingard, a member of an Earl Owensby film crew using the secluded spot as a film scene location.

Weingard and others of the team picked up the tooth along with several arrowheads from the clay near the bank. Curiosity arose as to whether the tooth was a local fossil.

"It's very puzzling," Brown said. "The arrowheads are reasonable," because the river was heavily used by Indians, he said. But the type of rock along the river is not the kind that bears such fossils. "There's very little sedimentary rock," he said; "most

of our rock is metamorphic, the roots of old mountains."

In prehistoric times the sea came up to the fall line in the Carolinas, in mid-state, Brown said. It would be highly unlikely that a shark shedding molars ever swam up the Broad.

So where did the tooth come from? "Somebody lost it," Brown said. And that is not necessarily a dull drab end to a good story. It is possible, he went on, that Indians used such things as a medium of exchange. That tooth may have been traded in a coastal deal of many centuries ago, and worked its way westward, hand to hand. It may have been some early settler's souvenir.

Or it may have fallen from some fisherman's pocket. Local swimmers will be relieved to know, though, that the biggest jaws they're apt to meet will likely be on a catfish.

## Fragrant Shrubs Season's Pleasure

It helps, while watching the leaves fall this time of year, to notice the shrubs that show us their blossoms even this late.

We are blessed in this area with a long growing season that includes fall-flowering shrubs, some of them very fragrant.

One of the most popular is the Sasanqua camellia, an evergreen with handsome, shiny leaves. It is adaptable to many locations in the garden since it may be shaped into diverse growing habits by pruning: compact or upright, or open and spreading. Many of the Sasanquas have fragrant flowers, which range in color from white through pink to red.

The tea plant, a member of the camellia family, shows small white flowers with cupped petals and many gold stamens. The shiny leaves are used in making black tea. One tea shrub is a lovely addition to the landscape, but it would take hundreds to keep you in tea bags!

Some gardeners are partial to the flowering olives. Several varieties are available, with flowers ranging from white to greenish-yellow, and all are highly scented.

For those with lots of space, osmanthus may be of interest. It can grow to 15 feet high and equally wide in an open area. Scattered among its holly-like leaves (a common name for this shrub is holly-olive) are clusters of small cream-colored blossoms with a very sweet fragrance.

Many of these shrubs are horticultural varieties available in local nurseries. They also are suitable for hedges and screens, since they grow to be thick and dense. Sometimes a single shrub might be planted near a porch or doorway so that the perfume may be enjoyed in passing.

Another fall bloomer is the native shrub, witch-hazel, found at the edge of the woods, since it needs some sun. It late fall, after the leaves have fallen, witch-hazels produce yellow star-shaped flowers. The nut-like fruits "explode" when ripe, throwing the seeds a dozen feet or more. Aside from its interesting shape, witch-hazel has an honored reputation in folklore. A snuff made of its dry leaves was once thought useful in stopping nosebleed, and a decoction was said to relieve inflammations of the eye and skin. An old-time saying went: "Witch-cure blossoms in the fall/To cure the chills and fevers all."

A forked twig of the plant was a favored kind of divining rod.

The flower and vegetable beds give up in late fall, but flowering still goes on. Sitting beside a fire on a nippy fall day and looking out of the window at the shrubs in bloom — that's not bad!

For more information about fall-flowering shrubs, call, write or visit the N.C. Botanical Garden at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

## Friend Points The Way



The flutter of quail from the stubble of a grain field, and the bobbing stride of feeding doves are a hunter's delight on a November day. The quarry of this bird dog, at the moment, though, is a yellow sulphur butterfly.

## Tech Holds Registration Next Week

Registration for Winter Quarter at Cleveland Technical College will be held in the Campus Center on Thursday, December 1, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. The first day of classes is Monday, December 5.

Approximately 1300 students are expected to register for the 13 technical, 11 vocational, and general education programs offered by Tech. In addition, two telecourses will be available for students desiring to study at home.

The technical programs include accounting, business administration, electronic data processing, executive secretarial science, general office technology, medical secretarial science, communications technology, fashion merchandising and marketing, electronic engineering technology, industrial management technology, industrial safety and health technology, criminal justice and radiologic technology.

## Hoopful Of Fun



Sundown on Holly Hill Road, in Boiling Springs, catches Amy, Chris and Andy Brookshire racing against

the dark for a few more baskets, a few more points in the front yard of their home.