

APPALACHIAN IS VICTOR AGAINST BOILING SPRINGS

Mountaineers Employ Varied Attack in Lacing Intruders from Cleveland County 27-0. Harris and Hinson Make Long Runs for Touchdowns. Appalachia Makes Many Substitutions.

Appalachian State Teachers College defeated Boiling Springs College by the margin of 27 to 0 on College Field here Saturday afternoon. The Mountaineers displayed a varied offensive in the first and second quarters to tally three touchdowns and two extra points. Walker and Harris alternated in carrying the ball and displayed fine open field running to score. Hinson, fullback, drove nine yards for the final score in the first half.

Boiling Springs came back in the second half with a passing and kicking game but never threatened the Mountaineers' goal line. Wall for the collectors, did some fine broken field running and passing and carried the burden of the attack. Harris, veteran Mountaineer back, broke loose for a 50-yard run to score the only touchdown in the second half. He was given fine blocking on the run with every secondary defensive man blocked out of the play.

Boiling Springs completed four passes out of eight attempts, gaining considerable yardage by the method of attack. Appalachia tried three passes, completing two for a net gain of 40 yards. O'Hare also kicked for three extra points.

Line-up and summary:

Appalachian (27)	Boiling Spgs (0)
Position	Moore
Pyatt	Right End
Smith	Right Tackle
Hoye	Right Guard
Fulkerson	Center
McKinney	Left Guard
Vance	Left Tackle
Canipe	Left End
O'Hare	Quarterback
Harris	Left Half
Walker	Right Half
Hinson	Fullback

Score by quarters:
Appalachian 7 13 7 0—27
Boiling Springs 0 0 0 0—0
Scoring touchdowns—Harris 2, Walker, Hinson, 1. Points after touchdown—O'Hare, 3 (placekicks).
Substitutions—Appalachian: Hooper, Mahoney, MacDonald, Dougherty, Moorefield, Livingston, Goins, Westenberg, Bauconi, Williams, Johnson, LaParo. Boiling Springs: Ballew, Couch, Gafney, Hunt, Cooley and McGraw.

Officials—Referee, Siler (Tennessee); Umpire, Haskew (Tennessee); Head Linesman, Gorley (Tennessee State).

DOG BITES HORSE, FRIGHTENS COW, AND FARMER IS KILLED

Sussex, N. B.—A dog bit a horse on the nose, the horse communicated his terror to a cow, and Patrick Divine, a farmer, was killed.
The cow was tethered behind a wagon in which Divine was riding last Thursday. When a dog leaped up and bit the horse, it began to kick and back up. The cow was terrified and the two animals pulled the light wagon this way and that.
Divine threw his young son clear of danger and tried to jump. His foot caught in a chain and he was killed under the wheels.

"Where does Frances get her good looks?"
"From her father."
"He must be a very handsome man then."
"No, you see, he's a chemist."

LONG SUFFERING FINDS HAPPY END

"There wasn't a day for twenty years that my stomach didn't give me trouble. I used to have awful pains in my back and sides; my kid-



MRS. CORA PETERSON
neys had me up many times during the night; my liver was inactive and I had severe headaches. I had taken all kinds of medicines and treatments but my first real benefit came thru Sargol. I eat and enjoy my food now without a trace of indigestion; I never have to get up at night; and all my troubles have disappeared.
"Sargol Pills relieved me of long standing constipation and I haven't had a bilious dizzy spell since I started them."—Mrs. Cora Peterson, 42 Center St., Asheville.
Boone Drug Company, Agents (Advertisement)

Football Lore

A Series of Articles by C. B. Johnston, Football Coach at Appalachian State College.

The football field presents many wonderful opportunities for a coach to study human nature; human nature shorn of all show and untrammelled by convention. The game demands strength of mind and body, courage to face issues, an overpowering desire to excel, and a certain thickness of the epidermis to stand the gauntlet, the grief and the drudgery of game preparation. Football is a true developer of the physical man and a safety valve for the natural exuberance of youth. The football field is the melting pot for the development of character; the laboratory for the testing of physical, mental and moral courage; the crucible in which willpower, self-sacrifice and confidence are fused to the proper temper to make a man, a whole man and a willing man. A boy's confidence in his own ability is tested in the daily workouts, in the scrimmages, in the games, in the associations with his fellows, in the teachings propounded by the coaches, and by the habits and ideals fostered in the building of the team and the moral ideals.

The squad is the unit; the team the driving force, likened to an anvil upon which the temperaments of the boys are pounded to make the finished product, namely, a boy with character, confidence and the proper outlook on life. Football is a field for the creation of life's prospectives for those who play the game.

A football coach is confronted by many different types. Boys from different environments, with different ideals and temperaments, with varied mental outlooks, with varying experiences, and with varying ancestral strains. Some boys are confidential; some secretive, some indifferent, and some who always appear to be under restraint. The indifferent and lazy boys do not make good athletes, for they raise barriers to fine associations with their teammates. There is the carefree and conscientious type. They make fine athletes, for they are gifted with a sense of responsibility, a desire to co-operate, to excel in every endeavor, and have a love for competition. Athletes who have competitive natures are the ones who come through and produce when called on to meet obstacles; they have a super sense that drives on to the end. Obstacles in football are stepping stones to victory; obstacles in life are stepping stones to success.

Environment has a lot to do with making a football player. If a boy is brought up with a sense of responsibility, with the necessity of meeting his obligations, and is gifted with a keen sense of values and has the ability to stand the gauntlet in competing with his fellows will make a fine football player, a credit to his team, his coach and his college. Football takes perseverance and perspiration; there is no room for the indifferent, the chronic crab, the idler, and the egotistical. A background of hard work and a competitive atmosphere makes a fine setting for a football player. Happy is the coach if he has a boy on his squad who is a natural leader, who is willing to take the initiative in constructive movements and has the background to shoulder responsibilities. The leader thrives on work and is enthusiastic to conquer new fields. He will lead the way and the rest will follow with confidence.

Ancestry plays an important part in the make-up of the character of play in a team; by this I mean that certain nationalities seem to have the temperament to play the game for all it is worth and have the competitive instincts so necessary for success. If I had my choice I would prefer to have a team in which the personnel was composed of representatives of different nationalities, for there would tend to be a fine balance in the various temperaments of the team unit, some to strengthen, some to steady, and some to fire to the victory pitch. In my experience, I have found the English great for determination and bulldog efforts; the Irish for using to the occasion and for emotional pitch; the Germans to hold the ground, untamed; the Scotch great in victory and persistence; the Italians for fireworks and constancy; the Swedes stolid in defeat and victory and not easily aroused to a fighting peak; and the Slavic races to stand the gauntlet and the grief.

Speaking of the Swedes reminds me of one I had the good fortune to coach a number of years ago. Anderson was a giant, weighing about two hundred, a fine blocker, fast and very aggressive when playing against a man of about his own size and weight. He told me once that he did not like to play against a small man; "they give me a lot of trouble." He played some wonderful games for me at tackle, but I always had great difficulty in touching his fighting instincts. Our big game was near a hand, and I was very desirous of getting it in the victory column. Four days before the game, I made an appeal to his manhood, telling him that he was so big and strong that he could tear up any man of the opposition if only he would forget about his physical self and drive to the limit of his powers. I worked on his dormant emotions pleaded with him, rode him, and with tears in my eyes exhorted him to give me every last ounce of real manhood that he could muster to our cause. Nothing seemed to shake him or arouse his fighting blood. Finally in desperation, I turned him around, grabbed his jersey and tore it off his back. Calling the manager, I requested that he give me a white sweat shirt and made him put it on. "You wear that in every game you play for me," he said down. The squad passed out onto the field. Swede passed me by looking down to the ground, but I saw copious volumes of brine coursing down his ruddy Nordic cheeks. I

knew I had him and that some one was in for one grand afternoon of physical torture. Anderson played a whale of a game and was instrumental in bringing us the olive garlands by his superhuman and spirited play. The next game I noticed that he was again in the brimery. I played him, but was forced to take him out for he did not hold up his end of the defensive. We were playing our last game, and I called out the team and left Swede out of the line-up. The team took the field. Suddenly I heard a sobbing voice to my left. It was Swede. "Coach, Coach, play me. Can't you see I am in tears." "Yea, Swede, idle tears," I replied. "They mean not what they say. Sit down and dry up."

I do not believe in working up the boys too much before a game. I'd rather have my men go into the game clear headed and with the idea that they are going out to play the game for all it is worth than to go in there under great emotional stress. There is less chance of a let-down. However, it pays to get the boys in a fighting mood; that is, just the right notch that will carry throughout the game.

Speaking of working the boys up to a fighting pitch reminds me of an incident that occurred in one of the big games of our schedule. I wanted especially to win this game and had taken great pains all week to get the setting right for my last talk to the boys before the game. I had a big literal-minded Eastern blue blood on my squad that year, a lad who could play a good game, but had never displayed a great deal of zest to go in and nail them and spread general havoc with the opposition. I used to ride him quite a bit for he needed it to round out his general outlook on life. He took everything to heart and was very literal in all his interpretations of everything with the exception of certain football axioms. He was particularly keen to make his letter that year so that he could go back to his ancestral domain, near the shores of Narraganset Bay, to display to the family his badge of accomplishment. I was haranguing the squad, exhorting, storming, with teased features and contortions, in the most eloquent of the King's English, demanding fight, more fight, and the never-say-die fervor in order to get the boys in the proper frame of mind for the encounter.

In low tones, I admonished that no quarter, no mercy should be shown to the opposition, and with a final burst of heated, melodramatic exhortations, emphasized with vitriolic expletives, I stressed hard, clean, slashing play, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The boys were fired with volcanic emotions and ready to give battle to the opponents with the exception of my line lad from the confines of the Narraganset's shores. He stood in a daze when I called out his name to test in the game.

I was enraged, furious at his non-response to my emotional verbiage. The boys literally stormed onto the field; all save McGorty. Looking me in the eye, he said, "It's all right Coach; I'll play it your way." What a game he played! He was in every play; his rangy form was all over the field. In the line, he and his opponent had a fair-voiced well that bordered on the sanguinary. At the end of the half we had four touchdowns to our credit, and the game was on the ice. Walking off the field, I was aware of a shadowy form to my rear. Looking over my shoulder I saw McGorty. "Coach, I played it your way," he said. He was shaking his right hand, gory and torn, and a clicking noise emanated akin to the sound of bone on bone. "You said an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Well, here you are! I had a hard time doing it, but here you are!" He handed me a glass eye and a large front tooth. "His eye and my tooth," he concluded. Never to this day have I forgotten that afternoon and McGorty, the big, literal-minded blue blood from the eastern shores of Narraganset.

Football is not all grind and physical harshness; it has its humorous side. The boys come through with many brilliant sallies of wit, which helps to make the "esprit de corps."

Football, to my mind, will always be the popular sport; it will always have its following—countless thousands—due to its human interest, its virility, its emotional appeal and dramatic touches. Football cups the essence of human drama. Football training is training for life as well as for games; its discipline conforms to help shape young men for life's sterner problems, and paves the way for a boy to take his stand in the business and social fields with confidence and with purpose.

AMERICA NOT CIVILIZED LAND, PASTOR TELLS CONGREGATION
New York.—The Rev. John Hayne Holmes, speaking at the Community Church Sunday, asked the question: "Is America a civilized country?" and answered it with a "No."
"The situation today in Chicago and New York," he said, "where gangs of racketeers and thugs are more powerful than the organized body of police, is the sign and symptom of a deep-rooted disease in the body politic of America—the disease of lawlessness, which is a menace to the very life of the nation. It is also a repudiation, a betrayal of America's claim to being a civilized country."

Dr. C. B. Baughman, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, Johnson City, Tenn., will be in the office of Dr. J. B. Hagaman in Boone, on the first Monday in each month for the practice of his profession. 10-17-30

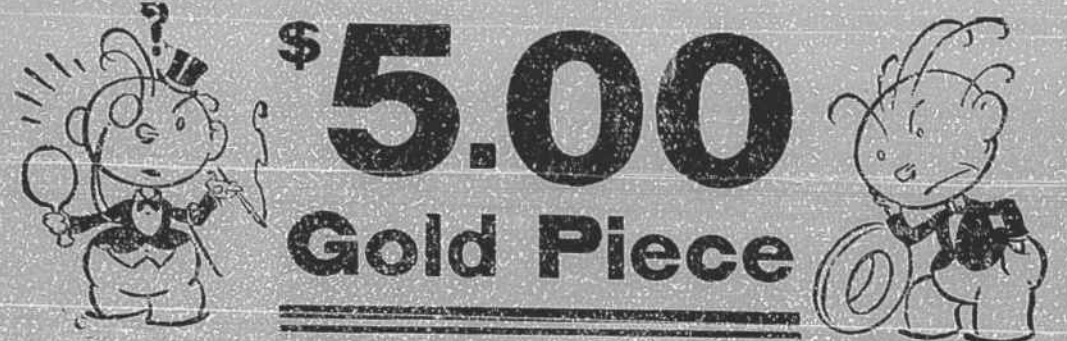


Let Us Be... THANKFUL!

Wataugans today should be devoutly thankful for the many good things which they have been enabled to enjoy thus far this year. Our crops have been abundant, and while there is want in some sections of the country, we have been enabled to maintain a sound economic status. The Watauga County Bank is thankful to its friends for their pleasant co-operation and we should all be thankful together for the blessings showered upon us by the Deity. Let us continue to look to the soil for our material wants, that the icy fingers of Poverty may be stayed from our favored section.

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