

The Other Side Of The Mountain

By F. Bryson

Let me tell you about...the last I heard of Susie. Those of you who regularly read this space know of Susie—a 28-foot fishing boat that I owned when I lived in Annapolis, Md.

I say that I owned Susie, but there's reason to doubt that statement. You see, Susie was the incarnation of Henry David Thoreau's philosophy that men's possessions own their owners. And Susie had me trapped, fair and square. Half of my spare time (and all my spare cash) for two years was spent fixing, painting, cleaning, and adjusting her. For my reward, Susie treated me to fishing trips that were as adventurous as a casual stroll across Siberia: I was never positive of making it back home.

For instance: There was the time when I was out fishing at night and all the lights on the boat failed; or the time that her clutch cremated itself. (Did you ever try to dock a four-ton boat that wouldn't shift into reverse?) Or the time that her shift mechanism broke into three pieces. During the time I owned Susie, I learned more about making emergency repairs with glue, wire and small pieces of wood, than a WW I airplane mechanic.

But the experience taught me a lesson: To be an open-water seaman, you must also be part plumber, carpenter, electrician, navigator, weather forecaster, and wizard. When I lived in Bryson City, it used to be a simple thing to drive down to Fontana Lake, rent a boat, mount your motor, and go off in search of bass. One knew the covers and wanderings of the lake; no compass was necessary. If a little motor trouble slowed you up, well, you could always paddle to the bank and wait for a passing boat seamanship was not really demanded on Fontana as it was on the Chesapeake Bay.

During the time I owned her, Susie proved to be both laboratory and nemesis. I experimented on her with various paints, caulking, and some exotic epoxy repair solutions. And Susie, in return for all the attention I gave her, stalled, fizzled, sputtered, and functioned only when she felt like it—which was infrequently.

But when her mood matched my own, Susie was usually good for a few hours of motoring on the bay—out to the Thomas Point lighthouse, or up to the Bay Bridge. It was during these trips that seamanship became important; other boats had to be passed carefully, overtaking signals had to be sounded, and rules of the road had to be observed. By trial and error, I was able to navigate the crowded waters without someone threatening to shoot me.

But all things—good ones, bad ones, indifferent ones—come to an end. After I had owned Susie for two years, I changed jobs and was forced to move to a city where I couldn't keep the old boat. So, Susie went up for sale again.

I gussed her up as much as I

Miss Bennett Completes Internship

Miss Olivia Ann Bennett was among twelve young women to complete an internship in Dietetics at Duke University Medical Center in Durham, N.C. She was graduated on August 27, 1970. Completion of the internship qualifies Miss Bennett as a registered dietitian and member of the American Dietetic Association.

Miss Bennett is a 1965 graduate of Swain County High School and a 1969 graduate of the University of North Carolina where she received a Bachelor of Science degree in Home Economics with a concentration in nutrition and dietetics. She will remain on the Dietetics Staff at Duke Medical Center as a Therapeutic Dietitian.

Miss Bennett is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P.R. Bennett, Jr. of Bryson City and the granddaughter of the late Dr. P.R. Bennett, Sr.

Birth

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bryson of Atlanta, Georgia, announce the birth of a daughter, Cynthia Ann, on August 19, 1970. Mrs. Bryson is the former Betty Liltrell of Whitaker, N.C.

could and placed her with a dealer who handled old fishing skows. But he took one look at her and remarked, "Leave her right where she lies. If you bring her down to my Marina, she'll look so bad beside all the other boats that we'll never find a buyer." So, Susie sat at my pier for a few weeks, then began to leak. And, nobody wanted her. She was just too ugly.

Moving day came and Susie was still unsold. I left her in the hands of my neighbor, and he decided to run an ad in the local newspaper. One person responded. That evening, the neighbor called me at my new residence in Ohio.

"I've got somebody interested in the boat. He said that he'd buy it if I could get it running."

"Will she run?"
"I think so," he said without much confidence.

"OK. Sell her."
The price paid for Susie was a price that you might pay for a scrapped boat, one that you would rob for parts. I would like to have been paid more, but there was no other buyer on the scene.

A few days after the sale, I got a second call from my ex-neighbor.

"Guess what?" he said. "I got that old boat of yours started, and that fellow who bought it took it down the South Rivr, and sunk it."

There was silence on the line for a minute.

"Just like that? It sunk?" I asked.

"yep. In shallow water. I heard that it's going to need a whole new bottom."

Well, Susie had introduced herself to her new owner in the same way that she had introduced herself to me. But this was her greatest indignity. Sinking. Later, I heard that she had been raised from the bottom, and refitted to good condition. I think that was a mistake. Her new owner should have done what I was tempted to do so frequently: set her adrift and burn her. After all, isn't that what you do to witches.

Cherokee Contest Winner Named

Big Y Community on the Cherokee Reservation has been declared the 1st place winner in the Cherokee Reservation 1970 Roadside Improvement Contest.

According to Junetta Pell, Associate Home Ec. Extension Agent, the Roadside judging was completed on September 4 and Big Y will receive a cash award of \$50.00.

Other winners in the contest were: Cherokee Community - 2nd award of \$35.00 and Birdtown - 3rd winner of \$15.00.

Big Y will represent the Cherokee Reservation in the Area Roadside Improvement Contest. The Western North Carolina contest will be judged during the week of September 14, and the winner will be announced at the Area Steering Committee meeting in late September.

The Reservation Roadside Improvement Contest is one of the five contests sponsored by the Cherokee Historical Association.

Frel Owl Named To White House Aging Committee

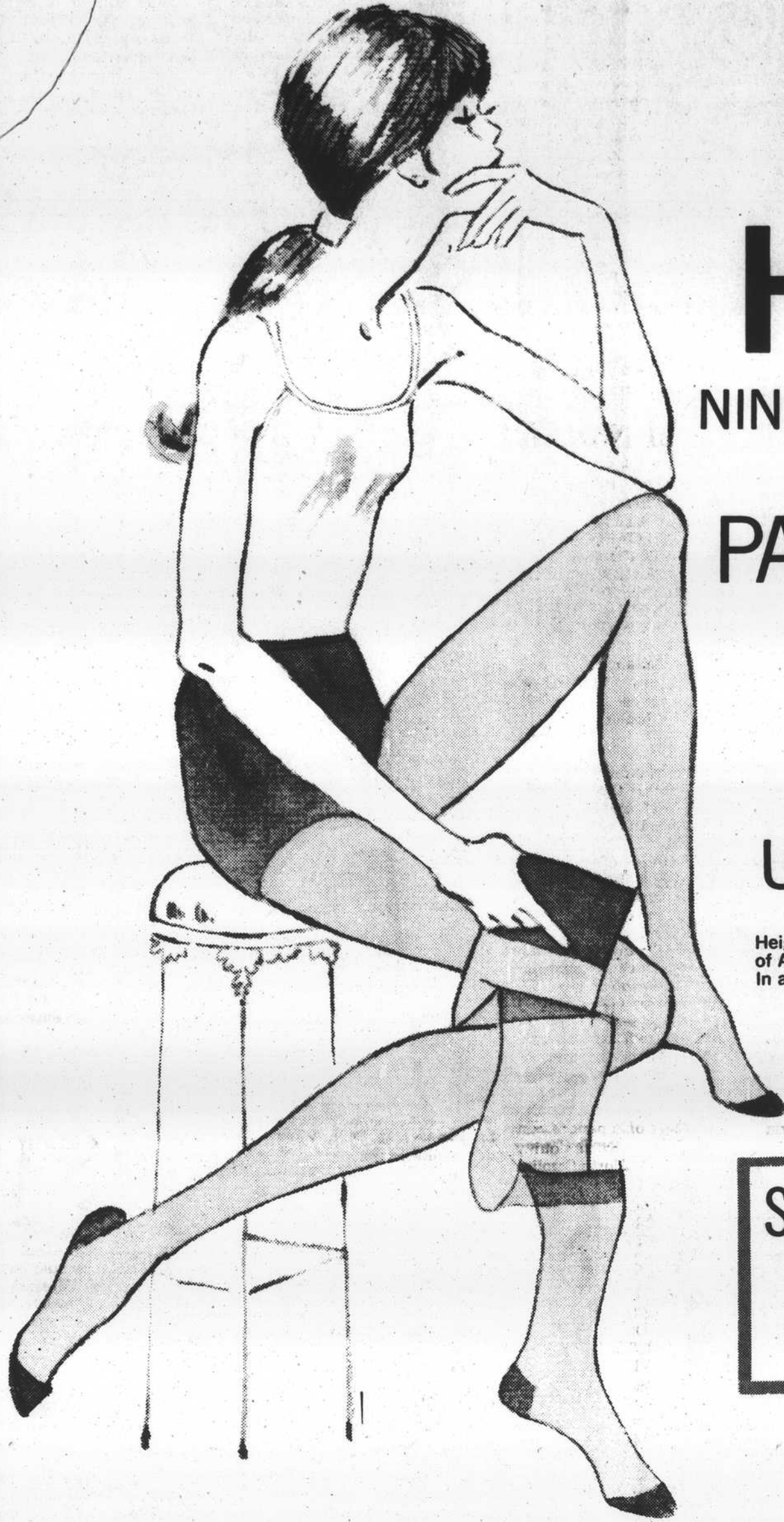
Arthur S. Fleming has been named Chairman of the 28-member National Advisory Committee of "distinguished older Americans" for the 1971 White House Conference on Aging.

The Committee appointments were made by Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Elliot L. Richardson and announced today by John B. Martin, Special Assistant to the President for the Aging and U.S. Commissioner on Aging. Mr. Martin is Director of the White House Conference.

Other members of the advisory committee include Frel Owl of Cherokee. Mr. Owl is a retired teacher and is Indian Reservation Superintendent.

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