

Marine Zoology Found Interesting Subject As Well As A Practical One

By Carolina Writer Describes Descent To Davy Jones' Locker

GERTRUDE RUSKIN

On the bottom of the sea, one who has lived her life far from the rolling hills was a thrilling experience. I went to Davy Jones' locker last thing on earth I expected to do, until I went as a member of the class at the University of Miami on its final expedition to Elliott's Key, south of Miami.

One morning, dressed in shorts and sneakers, we left our base on the boat which we worked while on the ocean bed—and across Hawks' Channel to the outer reef, a graveyard in olden days before there were lighthouses.

This jagged barrier of live coral, which is over 200 miles long, separates Hawks Channel from the greatest river on earth, the Straits, we anchored our boat in a luxuriant growth of sponges and prepared for diving.

Somehow Frightened at the eventful moment arrived me to dive, I bravely over the side of the boat and stood on the ladder leading to the depths. Waiting for the diving helmet adjusted, I became scared of sharks, barracudas and that might be lurking waters below.

Didn't I think of devilfish before? I thought, Too late. For the sake of dear old grandma, land of my birth, I was face and go down.

A technician placed an ear-clipper on my ear, and slipped my 60-pound brass helmet head. Laughingly, I called the student at the pump: "I'm talking and forget to talk." I took a long look at the bottom of the boat through the window in my helmet and slowly down the ladder.

My Breath-Taking A barracuda nipped off my thought. After missing a ladder, I tried to retrieve the Lord's Prayer because only think of The Shepherd. My ears popped and swallowed hard; they popped and burst to the pressure of the telephone. Through the telephone the reassuring voice of Dr.



MRS. GERTRUDE RUSKIN, a summer resident at Balsam, and contributor to The Mountaineer, recently explored the floor of the Atlantic before coming to the mountains for the summer. Her experiences are told in the accompanying article which appeared in the Miami Herald.

Smith asking me if I was getting enough air. Yes, the air was fine. About that time my feet touched bottom. Turning away from the ladder, I took a step or two down a white sandy part and stood still, forgetting all about the world above me. The beauty was breathtaking! The colors that greeted my eyes were indescribable. Around the large boulders of brain coral were graceful purple plumes which looked like curled ostrich feathers. Dainty lace-like sea fans in orchid colors swayed stiffly to and fro. All kinds of colored fish swam in and out among them. Large yellow Staghorn corals grew here and there.

A small timid gaily-striped fish watched me from a dark cave in the coral. In fact, I had a feeling that thousands of eyes were looking at me from their hiding places in the rocks. Some of the more curious fish came close and peered in at me through the glass window in my helmet. They seemed determined on knowing something about this strange monster in their midst; they were probably inquisitive scientists of the fish world. When I tried to catch a fish it would dart away. Presently something like a ghost drifted by my window; it was a transparent jelly fish.

Sponges Seem To Breathe Several grey-green sponges, growing near my feet, looked as though they were breathing as they sucked water in and out through their porous chambers. Small orange-colored blossoms appeared to be growing on the different kinds of coral. My foot caught in an orchid sea fan, the orange-colored blossoms disappeared like lightning into the coral; they were brightly colored worms.

A bright-green octopus, continually changing its colors, slipped over the rocks on its arms. If molested this fellow will squirt an inky substance into the water; I didn't bother him, although he is said to be a timid creature. Yellow, brown, red and purple Gorgonians, sometimes called "soft corals," added to the colorful display. Presently a school of small fish appeared out of nowhere and streaked past me; they were miniature rainbows. Several large fish cruised silently around me and vanished in the shadows of the waters. Reluctantly I turned my back on this magic fairyland of beauty made by living animals and ascended to the world above.

Dredge Up Specimens On our way back, the boat slowed down and in the channel, we dredged the bottom for specimens. At intervals, the dredge was hauled up and the students sorted the catch. Many specimens were jarred. Among them was a tiny eel whose parents had returned to the ocean for spawning after spending most of their lives in fresh water. Another interesting catch was a small sea horse which is the only fish that swims upright; its head and neck look exactly like that of a horse.

A sea cucumber that crawls on the bottom of the ocean was jarred. It is shaped like the vegetable we eat and has a sure cure for indigestion. The sea cucumber will throw its "internal workings" out through its mouth and grow new ones, stomach and all. Lots of

Farmer Injured, Loses Horse In Battle With Bees

CHESTER, S. C.—Wilbur Wilkes, farmer of Chester county, suffered painful injuries and lost a horse in an encounter with a swarm of bees.

While working in a field Mr. Wilkes broke his plow point and started back to his barn to obtain another, without bothering to remove the trace chains. The rattling of the chains attracted a swarm of bees, which settled on Mr. Wilkes and his horse. In addition to being badly stung, Mr. Wilkes suffered painful injuries when the terrified horse threw him to the ground.

In an effort to dislodge the bees the horse ran around and around the field, often rolling over on the ground, until finally it dropped dead from exhaustion. Mr. Wilkes is recuperating satisfactorily from his injuries and from the bee stings.

sea urchins were caught in the net. These resembled large chestnut burrs. It is said that Scottish fishermen call them pipers because their spines remind them of the drones on a bagpipe. To me they looked like the round gadget to stick all over with tooth picks and serve appetizers on. They crawl by, slowly moving these prickly spines.

Our boat turned into Caesar's creek, the former hideout of Black Caesar, the pirate. As we passed the Coccolob Club and neared Ledbury Lodge on our dot-of-an-island key, graceful white terns flew out over the boat in welcome. Looking back over the blue-green waters of the bay, we say spongers plucking sponges from the bottom of the ocean.

Nature's Show Colorful As we docked the boat, I found I wasn't very talkative; I was still under the spell of the sea, and thinking about the colorful show that nature puts on under the ocean. One can't have an experience like that without wanting to know more about the things one has seen. This trip has piqued my curiosity to such a point that I probably will take the four-weeks' summer course at the University of Miami the latter part of June and learn more about the creatures which live under the sea in the tropical waters around Florida.

Here, there is a glorious opportunity to study undersea life for nowhere else in the United States is there a year-round course in marine zoology. And nowhere else do classes meet among the corals clothed only in helmet and bathing suit. There is a practical side to this course, too, for only by the study of the ocean and its inhabitants are we able to carry on the fisheries efficiently and without danger of extermination. It's an interesting study and a much-needed one.

There are riches in the ocean waiting to be discovered and developed for the benefit of mankind. Put on your bathing suit; borrow a diving helmet and take a look for yourself.

Waynesville In Annual Pageant Thirteenth Time

For the thirteenth time Waynesville was represented in the annual Rhododendron pageant which was presented at 8:30 p. m. on Tuesday, June 17, at McCormick Field.

The Waynesville participants, played the parts of camel drivers and desert gypsies.

The camel drivers and gypsies in the pageant went to the court of Prince Hassan of the kingdom of Rudibar to attend the contest of foreign princesses for the hand of the prince. The girl who took the Phododendron flowers was chosen by the prince as his bride.

Desert gypsies were: Margaret Teague, Faustine Howell, Kathryn Jones, Betty Burgin, Winifred Rogers, Ruby Frances Brown, Edna K. McGee and Helen Plott.

Camel drivers were: Jim Milner, Harry McCracken, Calvin McDaniel, J. D. Hyatt, Dick Bradley, Frederick Vaughn, Lester Burgin and Paul Hedrick.

Mrs. Doyle Alley had charge of the group and Miss Catherine Queen and Joe Welch were her assistants. Choreography of the dance was by Harry Coble and Miss Mary Solari taught the dance to the Waynesville participants.

When George Washington visited New Bern, N. C., he was entertained at a home which is now the town's public library.

Summer Tourists Help Supplement Farm Income

Scores of farm families throughout the State—especially in the mountains and along the seacoast and main highways—supplement their income in the summer by renting rooms and serving meals to tourists.

Miss Pauline Gordon, extension economist in home management and house furnishings, says a tourist home offers an opportunity for farm people to dispose of surplus fruits and vegetables at a profit. She offers several suggestions for attracting tourists, and for keeping them, which she says is the hardest job.

"When people stop at farm homes for meals," Miss Gordon declared, "they expect plenty of simple, well-cooked food—chicken, ham, milk, cream, fresh fruits and vegetables. Also remember that 'rest' is one of the chief things a tourist home has to sell."

"Good beds, with good springs, good mattresses and clean linen should receive first consideration. Cleanliness is the first thing tourists look for. Tourists are not interested in family pictures. Eliminate all of them from the bedrooms."

The extension specialist, who travels all over the State and is a keen observer of home management and house furnishings, says that a well-worded sign in front, or at a short distance from the house, is the first requisite for attracting the traveling public. Of course the house must look 'homey'

Blackout Lamp



Frances Dearstyn, of Albany, N. Y., examines the new type lamp developed for blackout lighting should war come to America. The lamp gives off both visible and invisible light. The invisible ultraviolet ray light is made visible by fluorescent paint on signs or roadways for use by motorists and pedestrians.

with well-kept yards and freshly painted woodwork.

For proof that keeping tourists is a profitable supplementary enterprise for farm families, Miss Gordon suggests that records be kept. No elaborate system of accounting is necessary, but bookkeeping will be just as advantageous to the innkeeper as to the merchant.

Typical Driver Between 40-45

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio—You are the typical American motorist if: You are between forty and forty-five years old.

You have a wife, a son and a daughter.

You live in a town of less than 5,000 people, in a house that is worth from \$4,500 to \$4,820. (Whether or not you own it doesn't matter; that's a 50-50 proposition.)

You have a bank account of \$500. The face value of your life insurance policies is \$900.

Your auto is a closed car four or five years old, worth \$225, although it was worth more when you bought it a year or so ago.

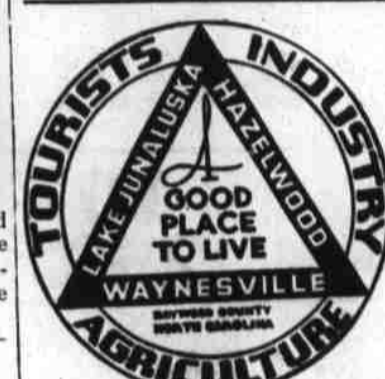
You never bought a new auto. You drive on an average 8,500 miles a year, although only 10 per cent of this driving is more than 30 miles from home.

Truthful Fishermen Get Off Jury Service

KANSAS CITY—Chester W. Seiglar's frank admission that his thoughts were on fishing won him exemption from jury service.

"I just couldn't sit here and hear the evidence impartially and think about those fish in Minnesota," he told the court.

Circuit Judge John F. Cook agreed the excuse was "a frank one," but quickly added that his decision was not to be taken as a precedent.



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