

Along The Sidelines

BY TOM HIGGINS



Random Rambles:
Brevard College has scheduled its Homecoming for this weekend, and the tugging at the heart that will take some old grads back could result in a coronary.

Since the school has no football team, the Homecoming athletic feature will be a basketball game between the teams of 1955-56 and 1958-59.

I was a member of the former squad and, like myself, most of my old teammates are now woefully out of shape and their once trim figures are now somewhat tubby. Virtually all are definite cardiac candidates the moment they walk on the gymnasium floor Saturday afternoon.

Our old coach, Chick Martin, would undoubtedly declare that there is no danger, though, if we play no harder than we did in 1955-56.

A member of our team asks Martin a couple of years ago what he remembered best about us. The coach replied that he had been trying to forget our record (so have we) and that he would like to forget our antics as practical jokers, but couldn't.

There is no doubt that had we devoted as much time to basketball fundamentals as to fun, period, our position in the conference standings would have been higher.

But when we first began practice a school official (not the coach) told us that the school participated in inter-collegiate athletics simply for the fun and enjoyment of the students and that there was no pressure on us to win.

We took whoever it was at his word. However, he probably wished later that he had thrown in a word or so about how far that fun should go.

An incident in Bluefield, W. Va., once almost caused the school some embarrassment and earned its perpetrators lasting status.

We were in Bluefield for a game against Bluefield State College. Having arrived shortly after noon for the 8 p. m. contest, we had some time to kill and thus were given permission to visit the downtown area.

Bluefield won't soon forget it.

Two of our fellows had a brainstorm and rushed into a variety store to purchase the materials that were necessary to make the trick come off. When they emerged one was wearing very dark glasses and carrying a white cane. His companion, sporting a noticeable bulge in a hip pocket, was very convincingly mimicking an inebriate.

Before the afternoon was over Bluefield was one big traffic snarl as the pair wandered from one street to another, the inebriate "aiding" his friend across streets and through busy parking lots.

When police finally caught onto the hoax, it took the pleas of several anxious ballplayers to enable two starters to do some bouncing in the Bluefield gym rather than being bounced into the Bluefield jail. The cops were also persuaded not to notify school officials.

Such as this, and not basketball, will be the topic of discussion when the "oldtimers" gather Saturday.

It should be fun.

Jim Hickey, the University of North Carolina football coach, was one of the smallest physical specimens on the field Saturday at College Park, where his Tar Heels met the University of Maryland, but he proved he is a "big man."

Here's what happened: Two years ago North Carolina whipped Maryland in a driving rainstorm. Afterward, Terp Coach Tom Nugent stated that his team had been greatly hampered by the weather. A Carolina fan, suspecting that the Maryland Coach was alibing took it upon himself to anonymously mail Nugent a huge bath towel with the words "Crying Towel" stenciled across each side in huge letters.

Last year when Maryland came to Chapel Hill to play, Nugent brought the towel along. After Maryland bombed Carolina, Nugent presented the towel to Hickey, saying, "You need this worse than I do."

Saturday, Hickey's Tar Heels beat Maryland, 14-7, and when the 5-10, 170-pound coach was ridden to the center of the field on his players' shoulders, the towel was crammed into his pocket. Nugent came over, congratulated Hickey and asked for the towel.

"I promise you'll get it back next year," said Nugent. "No, I'll just keep it, Tom," said Hickey. "It was from down our way to start with anyway. Let's just get rid of this thing and concentrate on football."

Nugent patted his contemporary on the back and agreed.

Nugent and Clemson Coach Frank Howard, embittered enemies, don't like it, but they have something in common.

Neither coach has scored a victory after four games this season, marking the first time that either of the two coaches have begun a season on such a low note.

The two touchdown Passes East Yancey's Gordon Banks threw to Harold Bennett Jr., in Friday's triumph gave the duo a total of 11 for the season. . . Banks has also pitched for three more touchdowns.

Bennett, a senior, will be one of the most sought-after griders in the Appalachian Conference this season. College scouts are already asking about him. They are interested in him as a flanker, but all express a wish that the 150-pounder were 20 pounds heavier.

A friend of mine is a staunch fan of college football, but deprecates the pro game "because there is no spirit."

He should have seen the Washington Redskins-Philadelphia Eagles game Sunday. Those players of both teams not in the game stood along the sidelines virtually throughout, shouting encouragement to teammates on the field.

The Great Outdoors Of Luke Guppy Writes A Letter On Hunting

BY ROD AMUNDSON

N. C. Wildlife Commission
Of Luke Guppy, who owns and operates Guppy's General Merchandise Emporium at Guppy's Crossroads, is probably not the most literate individual in his community. He has, however, a considerable amount of civic spirit, and when he and his buddy Elmo Cooter get some white corn spirits mixed up with their community spirit they can become quite eloquent if not downright loquacious. For example:

Guppy's Crossroads
September 26, 1963

Dear Mr. Rod:
Me and old Elmo Cooter just finish locking up the store, and our Mrs. is still out somewhere playing bridge and we been setting here gabbing away about dove hunting we went and did some of this afternoon, and what went on out there and all. Elmo et collards for supper again tonite and onions too I wish he wouldn't set so close to me when I am

**NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION
NORTH CAROLINA
YANCEY COUNTY**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that a special election will be held in the County of Yancey, North Carolina, on November 5, 1963, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified voters of said County the question whether they shall approve or disapprove (1) the indebtedness to be incurred by the issuance of bonds of said County of the maximum principal amount of \$250,000, and (2) the levy of a tax for the payment of such bonds, and (3) the bond order entitled "Bond Order authorizing the issuance of \$250,000 County Courthouse Bonds of the County of Yancey," adopted by the Board of Commissioners on October 1, 1963, to authorize the issuance of said bonds and the levy of such tax. The bonds are authorized to finance the cost of constructing a building for use as a County Courthouse and Jail and to acquire the necessary lands or rights in land therefor and to acquire the equipment suitable for the use of such improvement.

The ballots to be used at said election shall contain the words "For the bond order authorizing \$250,000 of bonds to finance the cost of constructing a building for use as a County Courthouse and Jail, and to acquire the necessary lands or rights in land required therefor and to acquire the equipment suitable for the use of such improvement, and a tax therefor" and the words "Against the bond order authorizing \$250,000 bonds to finance the cost of constructing a building for use as a County Courthouse and Jail, and to acquire the necessary lands or rights in land required therefor and to acquire the equipment suitable for the use of such improvement, and a tax therefor," with squares opposite the affirmative and negative forms in one of which squares the voter may mark a mark (X) to indicate his choice.

In the event that a majority of the qualified voters voting at such election shall vote to approve the incurring of such indebtedness and

trying to type this here letter. But he got some things he want me to get in in but he sure don't smell good.

Anyways, Elmo got a field of corn he is hogging down, and I bet they was a 100 dove hunters out there this afternoon shootin up a storm. They want nobody drunk as far as we could tell but the way some of them acted you would think they was plum crazy. It is a lord's wonder nobody didn't get his head blown off the way they was shootin.

Elmo says he seen this one guy shoot a bird that was flyin so low his belly was scrapin the top of the cornstooks. Well, he let go with both barrels, seems like, and kill his bird clean and purty. But Elmo has got this great big old dew roik Jersey boar that he went clean to Percilvania to buy. Well some of them shot peppered this old hog fight in the back end. He lettin out a woof and a snort you could hear clean down to the school house and took off like one of them jet airplanes.

the levy of such tax, said bonds shall be issued and a tax shall be levied for the payment of such bonds.

The polls for the election will open at the hour of 6:30 o'clock, A. M., and will close at the hour of 6:30 o'clock, P. M. Eastern Standard Time. The election will be held at the same polling place at which the last election was held in Yancey County for the election of members of the General Assembly.

The registration books shall be opened for the registration of voters at 9:00 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, October 12, 1963, and shall be closed at sunset on Saturday, October 26, 1963. On each day (Sundays excepted) during such period, the Registrar for each election precinct in the County will keep his book open between the hours of 9:00 o'clock, A. M., and sunset for the registration of voters in such election precinct. On each Saturday during each period each Registrar will attend at the polling place in his election precinct between the hours 9:00 o'clock A. M., and sunset for the registration of voters.

order of the Board of Commissioners of the County of Yancey.

Dated: October 1, 1963.
Evelyn H. Pate, Clerk of Board of Commissioners of Yancey County, North Carolina.
Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24

This big fat guy was stoopin over to pick up a bird he had shot and the old boar come up on him from behind and took him for a ride up as far as the fence where he stopped. The fat guy, that is. The old boar he kept on goin right through the fence and on down to the hog wallow where he set down to cool his self off.

It was a wonder somebody didn't get killed this pm the way them hunters carried on. Over at my place the boys just finished up combinin a field of soy beans and I bet they was 500 or a 1,000 doves flyin in and out of there and dang near that many hunters. They could see each other perty good, but ever once in a while some guy would shoot

at a low bird and you could hear the other guys cuss him out good and proper.

I counted one guy shoot his ten doves and keep right on shootin at them until I told him to get the heck out of there and don't come back no more. They ain't nothin me and old Elmo hates worse than a dang game hog.

Mr. Rod, they is a right smart amount of hunting that goes on around these parts, and mostly everybody foller the rules on bag limits and things, but we sure need to do something about how careless some of these guys get when the shootin is good. With the deer season and bird season coming up, me and Elmo figger to write to the Wildlife folks in Raleigh about how we can get to

be hunter safety instructors, and then we going to hold us a hunting safety trainin school right here at the Place of Business.

Maybe we are gettin right mean, but we don't aim to allow nobody to hunt on our places unless he can show he has got himself a card which shows he has past the hunting safety training course with flyin colors. And Elmo says to tell you that them "Hunting by Permission Only" posters we got from the Wildlife work real good.

Well, our Mrs. just pulled up from their bridge club so we got to turn the lights out now and go home. Come see us.

Yours,
Luke, and Elmo says sign his name too.

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AND INSTANT THAT . . .**

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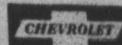
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