

'Under The Winter Star' - Part Three

THE YANCEY RECORD
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1963

(The Story: Al Wallace, the young mountaineer who is searching for the great mica vein he is certain lies in the slopes of the Winter Star, made a lasting enemy when he cut off his courtship with Verba Williams. Scheming for revenge, she has successfully goaded her new beau, summer resident Max Ish, into a fight with Al.)

BY W. L. (CUSS) RATHBURN

Automatically the small tide of humanity flowed toward the open door, and all save Max and Al stopped on the platform.

No sooner than they were on the ground, Max rushed at Al, and, with a swinging blow, drew blood from the corner of Al's mouth. Al, grinning cynically, and showing pearly white teeth, warded off Max's attempted follow-up, and squared himself for the opportunity he expected. It came when Max rushed in as though he expected no resistance from his opponent.

Al threw a powerful uppercut, throwing his adversary off-balance, and at the same time followed up with a wicked right to Max's mid-section, doubling him up, and, while Max was flailing the air, Al caught him again on the point of the chin, sending him into a spin. Max, recovering quickly, rushed Al again. Al was waiting for this, and, with a hard right to the jaw, staggered Max who was now bleeding at the mouth. Al, seeing his advantage followed with some damaging blows to the rib-cage, and took a savage blow to the head.

Neither man heard the shouts, laughs and gasps of the crowd. Nor did they hear Lola's pleas for someone to stop the fight.

A wavy lock of dark brown was now hanging over Al's left eye, and, as he tossed it back with a tilt of the head, Max hit him squarely in the mouth, but apparently got the worst of it, for now he shook blood from his fist, and grimaced as though it pained him. Al was furious now, and closed in with hammering blows to Max's face. Presently, Max reeled from the effect, and Al went in for the kill. Two hard blows in rapid succession to the chin and nose of Max apparently stunned him, and a terrific right to the solar plexus sent him to the dirt where he lay, unmoving.

Virgil Summers brought a pail of water from a nearby spring, and quickly revived Max, while Lola dabbed at Al's face with a handkerchief. Verba was nowhere to be seen.

Dan Stovall, a deputy sheriff, drove up just as Max got to his feet, and wanted to know what was going on. "Just a little fist and skull fight," Delzie Biddle

said, "but it's all over now—Wha-wha-what! Biddle hadn't liked that "hillbilly" appellation that Max had spat at Al. For that is a term considered uncomplimentary in the mountains.

"No weapons used?" Stovall asked. And when he was told that it was a fair fight, he said, "Just checkin', a fist fight ain't gonna hurt nobody. Hard on clothes, though."

Since Verba had been using her car that day, and had made a

sudden departure. Max was grounded, and was on his way back to the tourist colony when Hank Murphy, the blacksmith from Brunstown came along and gave him a lift.

"Where ye live, young feller?" Hank asked as Max settled himself on the seat beside him.

"At the colony," Max told him. "Good! You can save me huntin' all over thunderation for George Shaeffer—Got a iron gate fer him back there."

"I know where he lives."

"How ye like our mountains?"

"I don't."

"Must be a city feller, huh?"

"Yep."

"Do ye good to climb these hills. Now, take this Wallace boy—

He's a miner. Stays in the woods. He's stouter 'n a bull."

"I've met him."

"Quite a feller."

"Say! You must have heard about the fight. That guy roughed me up a while ago, but I'll get

even with him."

"Take some doin', I'm a-ferred"

Hank said, sorry that he had brought up the subject.

"First house on your right,"

Max said as he got out of the car.

The Cormack Boundary began where civilization ended, and rose 2,000-feet above the valley floor to where the summit of the Black Range pushed its fir-forested peaks into the clouds. It comprised a vast wilderness of serrated ridges strewn with boulders, gray with the moss of time which slept beneath a coverlet Rhododendron striving to hide the scars caused by ancient upheavals when the Appalachians were in the making. Shadowed delis, glens and ravines resounded with the plunging roar of cataracts as they churned into effervescence the copious flow of streamlets gorged with liquid snow.

A scattering of spruce and hemlock guarded by bastions of granite vied with time and storm like the mountain goat that takes refuge from man, and clings to life only inasmuch as it makes difficult the approach of the hunter.

Amid this primeval paragon of grandeur a phenomenon known as The Winter Star vacillated between glamor and tears.

According to an old Indian legend The Star of Winter was a gift of The Great Spirit so that the Red man might foretell the coming of spring.

It was Chief Maro-Een-Orboha (Fire In The Eye) who told the first settlers to cross the Blue Ridge how they might know when spring would come to Snow Valley. Said he: "Spring no come Snow Valley till ice go from Star of Winter. When Star no make tear, no plant um crop."

It was one of Wallace's ancestors who listened to the old chief, and helped to keep alive the legend that persists to this day.

It was still another Scottish forbear that acquired this vast acreage from the State and gave it its name.

It was this same near relative who lost this wilderness domain to the acquisitive Aaron Williams through a stroke of misfortune, and by the clever connivance of his owner.

Wallace had often heard his uncle Walt Cormack relate the circumstances under which Aaron Williams had, by foreclosing on a mortgage, acquired the deed he now held.

So, it was with these thoughts in mind that Wallace disobeyed the "keep off" signs that morning.

TO BE CONTINUED

IT'S AMAZING!

ACCORDING TO A HARVARD SCIENTIST, OVER-EXPOSURE TO SUN-LIGHT INDUCES BALDNESS!

THE FAMILIAR PHRASE, "ARMED TO THE TEETH" MARKS BACK TO THE HEAVILY ARMED PIRATES OF OLD... WHO CARRIED AN ADDITIONAL DAGGER BETWEEN THEIR TEETH!

SLEEVE BUTTONS WERE ORIGINATED BY FREDERICK THE GREAT TO DISCOURAGE HIS SOLDIERS FROM WIPING PERSPIRATION FROM THEIR FACES WITH THEIR COAT SLEEVES!

A MANCHESTER CONN. ROOSTER SWALLOWED SOME LIVE LOCUSTS WHICH WERE CLEARLY HEARD BUZZING INSIDE ITS BODY!

Tips For Fall, Winter Vacationers

The fall and winter seasons are gaining rapidly in popularity as a vacation time.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans are busy right now planning for a trip abroad. They know they can miss the busy tourist seasons in other lands; they may be able to save money through off-season rates on planes and ships and in hotels.

If you're planning a full vacation, keep in mind a few pointers that will help to insure that your trip is a pleasant, healthy journey.

Depending on where you are going, you probably will need some vaccination shots. Smallpox vaccination within the last three years is required for re-entry into the U. S. With your passport application you get a form for your international certificate of vaccination. It will save red tape snarls, and possibly severe illness, if

you follow the rules on this form. Ask your doctor whether you'll need any other shots, such as typhoid.

And while you're getting your shots, ask your doctor to give you a general physical checkup. If you take regular medications, make sure of your supply while away from home. Medications for motion sickness and intestinal disorders also can help avoid considerable discomfort.

Check up on what to expect from

WHEN AUTUMN PAINTS THE HILLS

When God viewed his new creation, The world to estimate it's worth; He called upon his artist, Autumn, To blend heaven and earth.

How to make such great perfection

Then they began to muse: What should be the characteristics?

What colors should they use? Snowy clods of white for virtue; Crimson oak sin to refine.

For verdant green of life forever They chose the hemlock and Pine. For faith and mercies without number;

For love and charity and hopes untold.

She dipped her brush with skill so tender

To paint the maple's flame and gold.

Then to finish the innovation to make her Master's dream come true;

Like jewels each within their setting

She made hills shine neath heaven's own blue.

And now when the Great Creator Wants heaven brought to common sod;

Autumn paints in wondrous beauty

His master-piece—The Hills of God.

Bess Lewis

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE

NORTH CAROLINA YANCEY COUNTY

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Fairy Mae Woody, deceased, late of Yancey County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Decedent to exhibit the same to the undersigned Administrator at his home at Burnsville, N. C., on or before the 10th day of April, 1964, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons owing the Estate will please make immediate payment.

This 10th day of October, 1963.

H. G. Bailey, Administrator of the Estate of Fairy Mae Woody, Deceased.



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Men In Service

FORT BENNING, GA.—Army Specialist Four Charles K. Wilson, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Worley P. Wilson, Route 5, Burnsville, N. C. is participating in Exercise SKY SOLDIER I, a 23-day 11th Air Assault Division maneuver, which is scheduled to end this week.

The men of the 11th Division will be deployed by helicopter at the request of the government of "Stewartland," a hypothetical republic established for the duration of the exercise and located near Fort Stewart, Ga., to assist the country in repelling aggressors from "Georgana," another hypothetical country.

The exercise is designed to test the effectiveness of the Air Mobile concept, which entails the descent in mass of helicopter-borne combat troops on enemy positions and the regrouping of the troops for immediate assault elsewhere.

Specialist Wilson entered the Army in February 1961 and is a gunner in Company A, 3d Battalion of the division's 187th Infantry at Fort Benning, Ga.

He is a 1959 graduate of East Yancey High School and was employed by Diamond Manufacturing Co., in Savannah, Ga., before entering the Army.

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