

Sickle Cell Anemia Program Scheduled

Sickle Cell Anemia is a blood disease. It is not a well-known disease and the people at Yancey County Health Department are working hard to educate the public in this area about the signs and symptoms

of this disease as part of a nationwide effort to help the afflicted.

Sickle Cell Anemia affects the blood in such a way that the organs of the body, such as bones, kidneys, heart, skin, do not always receive an adequate supply of oxygen.

Red blood cells normally are round and shaped like a disc. They travel quite easily through the smallest blood vessels, carrying their load of oxygen to the body organs. Sickled red cells are pointed and curved and can plug up the smaller blood vessels. When this plugging occurs, an adequate supply of blood cannot get through to the organs. This may cause pain (sickle cell crisis) in the stomach, back, head, bones and joints. The person may also tire easily, have a poor appetite, be small

and thin for his age, and have sores on his ankles.

Sickle cell disease affects one out of twelve black people, and affects people of Mediterranean and Asian descent.

Sickle cell disease affects people of Mediterranean and Asian descent. One out of twelve black people have the sickle cell trait while one out of every 450 blacks have the Sickle Cell Anemia.

This anemia is not contagious. The only way the anemia can be contracted is for it to be passed down from affected parents to their children. It is an inherited disease.

The television program on Sunday, April 15, 1973 on Channel 13, WLCS at 12:30 p. m. will answer many more questions about Sickle Cell anemia. The public is urged to tune in their TV sets for this important health program.


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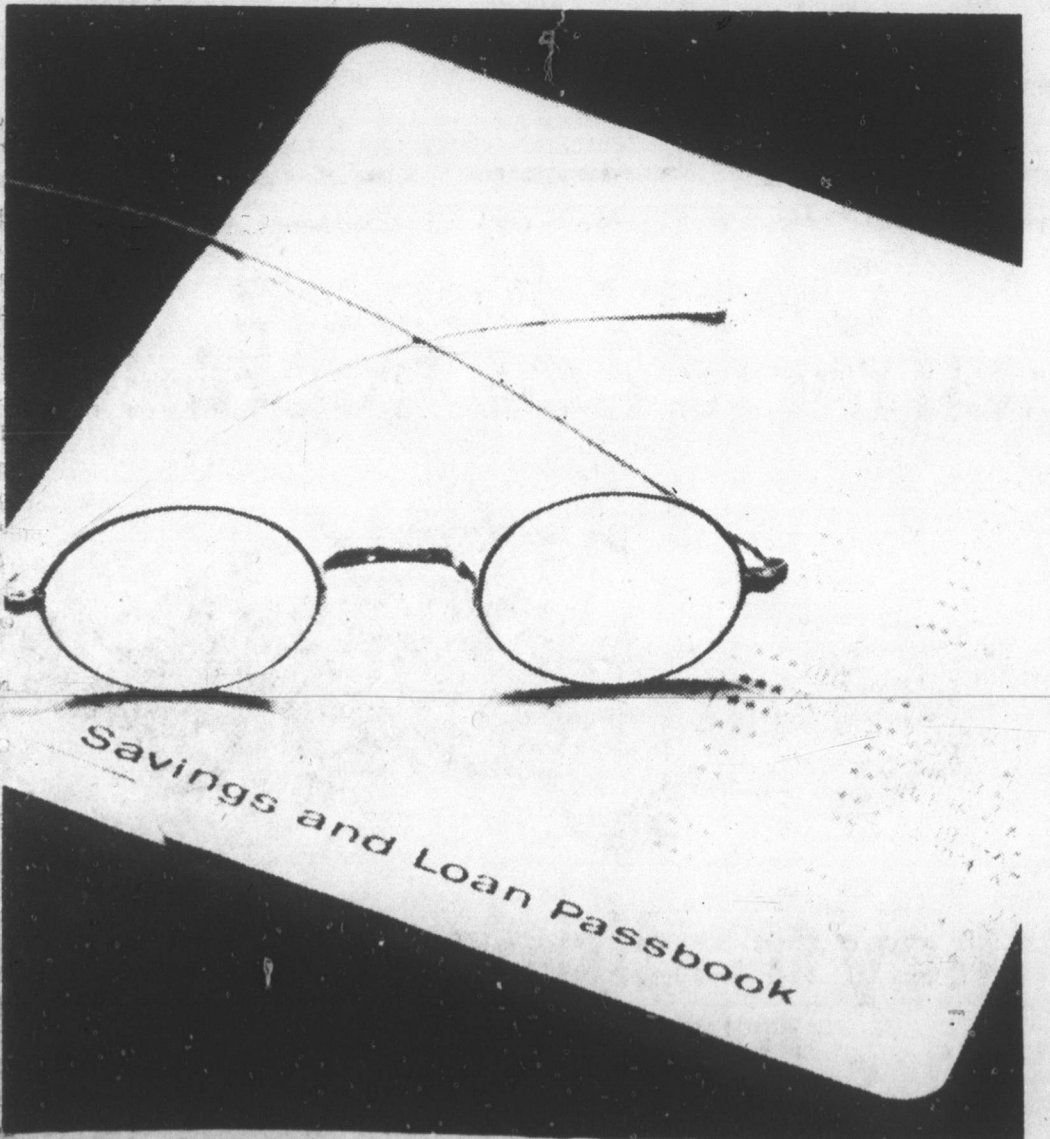
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Wildlife Afield

BY JIM DEAN

This was supposed to be the year when I wasn't going to make a fool of myself on opening day of the trout season, which was March 31 in case you were in jail or something and missed it.

It is traditional to try to catch a trout of some sort on opening day no matter how many of the elements are amassed against you. The elements are--in no particular order--wind, rain, sleet, snow, fog and high water.

In past years, I and my friends have always galloped with the gang on opening day, and we have usually been inadequately reimbursed for our trouble. Very rarely does a trout actually join in the ritual of opening day. Trout, as any fisherman will tell you, have a lot of sense.

This year was going to be different. We had decided to approach the new season more reasonably.

"If the weather is bad, we'll stay inside," one of my friends said. "Then, if the weather turns off nice later in the day, we might try it. By that time, all the rest of the fishermen will be home in bed with the flu, and we'll have the water to ourselves."

Sound thinking, we all agreed. On the morning of March 31, I awoke to the sound of rain pounding on the roof and the drone of passing cars and trucks on the dirt road out in front of the cabin. Crazy fishermen, I thought as I drowsily rolled over and went back to sleep.

Finally, about mid-morning, the smell of fresh parked coffee drove me from my warm sack. The cars and trucks--all filled with wet and frustrated fishermen--still rolled past the cabin.

By looking through the rain-whipped window, I could see soggy fishermen in the nearby stream.

We all laughed and congratulated each other on our good sense. Then, we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast. All morning, we sat around drinking three pots of coffee, changing the lines on our reels, patching our waders and swapping lies. There was much back slapping and mutual joking at the expense of the multitudes who had forsaken their warm cabins and tents to fish in the cold rain.

By mid-afternoon, the rain was hardly more than a persistent drizzle, but the creeks were still too high to afford much fishing.

"Tell you what let's do," somebody remarked. "Let's ride up to that lake where all the fishermen stand jaw to jowl on the banks. That ought to be good for a laugh, and we can even carry some tackle if the weather clears up."

That, my friends, was the beginning of our downfall. We packed into the car and drove to the lake. Sure enough, fishermen were crowded around the edges of the pond. Some had even waded out into the water. It was cold, and a sharp wind was whipping a light rain across the water. Dense fog occasionally obscured all but the nearest anglers. Never have I witnessed a more wretched-looking collection of folks, and nobody was catching any fish.

Nobody, that is, but one fellow. He had waded out well away from the bank, and while we watched, he actually caught a trout. We stopped laughing, and began to watch.

"What do you think?" one of us finally asked. "We might ought to try it," I said. "What the heck. We're not going to catch any sitting in the car."

We piled out, pulled on our waders, gathered our gear and headed for the lake. In a few minutes, I had waded out on the mucky bottom until I was waist deep in frigid water. One of my socks had come off in my waders, but it didn't really matter because that leg was soon full of water from a small leak anyway.

The rain and fog set in with a vengeance. Water dripped off my cap down the back of my neck. My hands were numb. The wind whipped my casts around my neck. I caught no trout.

Except for an occasional sneeze, there was little conversation in the car on the way back to the cabin.

"We almost m-m-m-made it, didn't w-w-we?" somebody finally said through chattering teeth.

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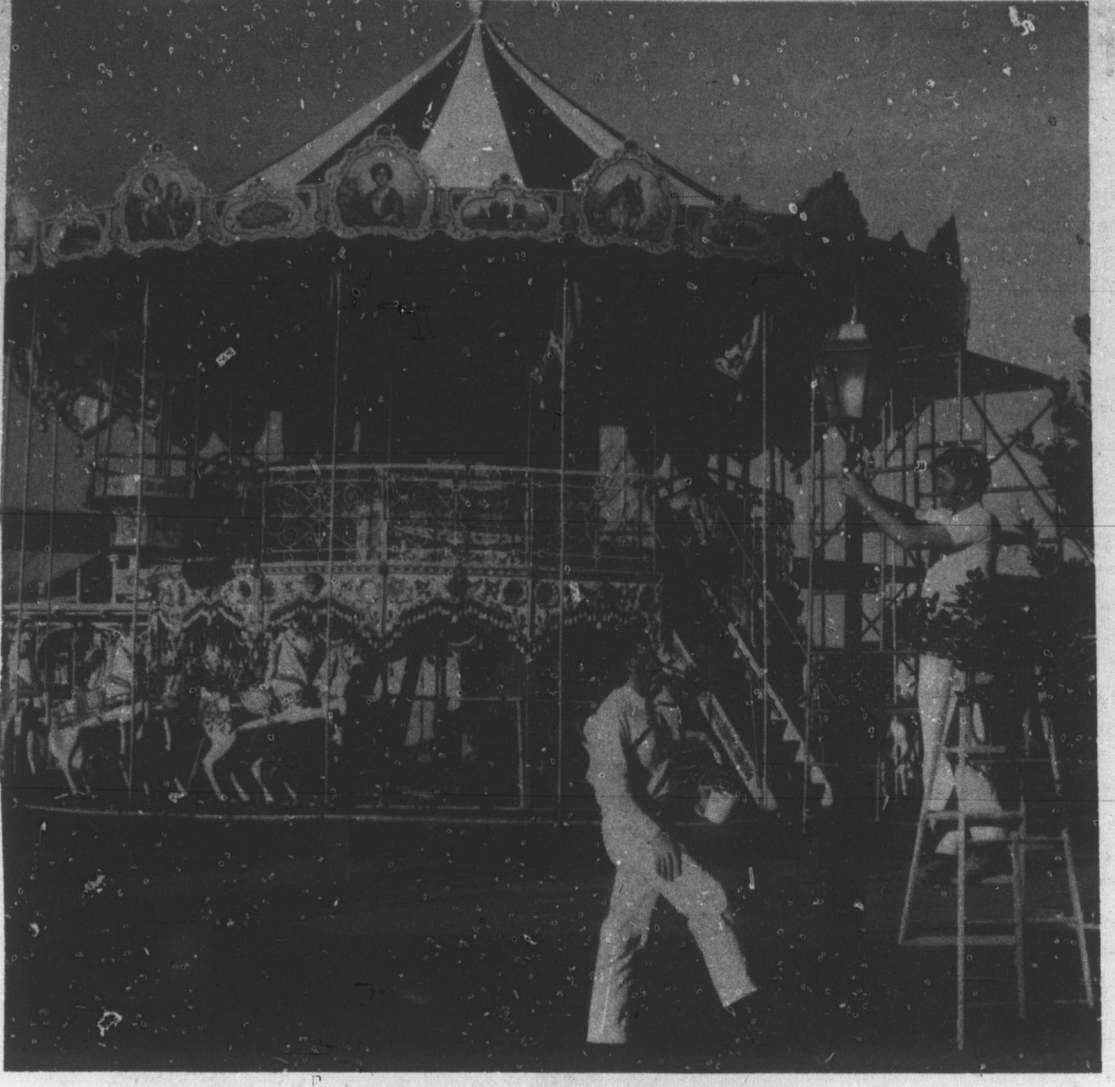
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100-Year-Old Carousel
Workers at Carowinds put the finishing touches to a unique double-decker Carousel in the park's Plantation Square section. The Carousel is an original from Germany, more than 100 years old, and is the only double-decker operating in the United States. Carowinds is now open weekends until June 2nd when it will be open daily to the public.



Luther Osment To Conduct Services

Services will be conducted by the Reverend Luther Osment at the West Burnsville Baptist Church from April 22-29, according to a church spokesman.

Rev. Osment, now residing in Sylva, North Carolina, was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee and has had a variety of church-related work in his career. He was a counselor at Camp Ridgecrest for Boys, Ridgecrest, N.C.; Camp pastor at Camp Rockmount for Boys, Black Mountain, N.C.; Youth Pastor, West Asheville Baptist Church, in the summers of 1957, 1958 and 1959; he was Associate Pastor of West Asheville Baptist Church from 1961 to 1965, and the Pastor of Reed Memorial Baptist Church in Asheville from 1968 through 1971.

Reverend Osment is married and has five children. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

Silvers Chosen Leading Sales Representative

John D. Silvers, leading sales representative on the staff of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Asheville office at 168 Merrimon Avenue, Asheville, has been invited to participate in a four-day business conference with company officials and other sales representatives at the Marriott Hotel in New Orleans, La., later this year. Last year, in his first full year in the life insurance business, Mr. Silvers placed more than \$1,500,000 in personal life insurance to rank among the leaders of Metropolitan Life's 27,000 sales representatives in the US and Canada.

Beta Club Attends Meet

The East Yancey Beta Club attended the annual State Beta Club Convention in Asheville April 6 through April 8.

Thirteen students from East Yancey were among the 2500 other Beta's from throughout the state who were present at the convention.

The group left Friday morning and stopped in Weaverville to visit the Vance Birthplace. In Asheville, the Asheville Citizen-Times Building and Biltmore Estates were toured before the first of three sessions convened that evening.

Saturday morning at the second session, Dr. Fred B. Bentley, president of Mars Hill College, spoke. The third session Saturday night consisted of a talent show in which LuAnne Banks, a senior at East Yancey, participated. A dance followed. The Club returned Sunday morning.

Our sponsor, Mrs. Dorothy Ray and chaperone, Miss Gwen Harris, attended the meeting. Students attending were Tony Allen, LuAnne Banks, Sheree Banks, Bobby Bennett, Doyle Byrd, Sandra Norris, Mitzi Presnell, Debbie Thomas, seniors; and Lynda Beaver, Suzanne Edge, Susan Laughrun, Kim Westall, Susan Wilson, Juniors.



Rosalynde Jacks Miss Jacks In Recital

Miss Rosalynde Jacks, Mezzo Soprano, of Burnsville and Mr. Bruce Shafferman, Baritone, of Fairfax, Virginia, were presented in a Voice Recital at Greensboro College, Greensboro, N.C., April 4th. Their program consisted of selections from the works of Purcell, Beethoven, Berlioz, Ives, Persichetti, and Squire.

Miss Jacks is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Jacks. She is in her Junior year at the college. During the year she has been on tour with the Greensboro College Chorale. She is also a member of the Greensboro College Chamber Singers and is Vice President of that organization.

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