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ov.25, Thursday, Holiday ov.26, Friday, Office Closed bv.29, Monday, Immunization Clinic ov.29, Monday, Nurse Screening



whole pound of grapes only has about 300 calories.

SMALL SAW

EASY HANDLING.

BIG VALUE.

THE STILL OISAV



One of my earliest memories of growing up in the textile village of Spindale, North Carolina, was observing the mysterious ways of the local barber as he practiced

8:00-11:00

9:00- 3:00

his trade on my elder brothers and other of my neighborhood companions. Even as modern childrenr

react with fear to haircutting, I had an instinctive dread of clippers, scissors and other barber weaponry. In addition, I may have harbored the old superstition that if a boy is to grow into a powerful man, he should not have his hair cut until he is seven.

At any rate, I must have been pretty close to that age when my towhead got the treatment, for it turned into a neighborhood event. I still vividly remember the taunting chants of the other kids: "Cotton removed! Cotton removed!"

I also remember from the same occasion a fiery performance staged by the barber when one of his customers called for a singe. Deliberately and diabolically (I thought), the barber rolled a sheet of paper into a tight wind, touched a kitchen match to it, and applied the ensuing blaze

to the combed ends of the customer's hair. Immediately the nauseous

odor of burning paper and

lifeless." According to Jerry, this belief was shared by both men and women. "Back in the days when the boyish bob, the

shingle, and the windblown bob were in style, I singed about as many women as men. Nowadays you seldom hear of it, but I understand some beauty operators use it to get rid of split ends."

Wilson's associate, Ned singeing practice.



scorched hair permeated the room. But to my astonishment the customer sat patient and unmoving, assured by the barber that the treatment would give new life to his hair.

Perhaps I should have overcome my fear and asked for this hairsaving treatment since I am now quite capable of fulfilling the scriptural injunction of numbering the hairs on my head.

In any event, my early recollections of singeing were recently stirred by a TV news story about a barber who has developed a gas-fueled torch to replace the rolled paper and its successor, the skinny candle.

Next step: check with Jerry Wilson, a Boone barber of long experience. "Singeing? Hadn't done a singeing job for twenty years until a customer with about six hairs. on top came in last week hoping I could help him double them. He figured that if I sealed the ends on the six and made them healthy it would encourage others to sprout."

The theory back of singeing?

"Well, in the old days the idea was that unless the hair shaft was sealed, the natural oil would leak out and the hair would become thin and

on my head.

Letters To The Editor

**Dear Editor:** 

Austen, who has barbered his way across these United States and back, offered another possibility for the

'Ever since Samson--and maybe before--there have



been all sorts of superstitions about hair and hair-cutting. We were told in barber school that certain people think that witches can gain control of them through the hair--getting into their brains through the hair shafts. To them it stands to reason that the only thing to do is close the shafts with fire."

But back to our torchwielding barber. His theory apparently is that singeing is the ideal way to keep the hair in place without the use of sprays and lotions. "The hair is naturally

heavier at the ends when yhou singe it, so it will look neat for several days after a treatment." Convinced that the singe

is the thing of the moment, I have twice had the candle flame treatment within the last ten days. Result: my hair does stay in place to a degree; it still looks drab and lifeless; I can still number all the hairs

Readers are invited to send folk material to Folk-Ways and Folk Speech, Box 376, Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C. 28608.

I live not too far from where the bus accident happened. I had a 14-year-old boy, Roger Dale, on the bus. I agree that we desperately need new buses and adult bus drivers. When I was going to Bald Creek High School we had adult bus drivers. I noticed that although we all agree, no one has said "thank

you" to the bus driver, Jim Edwards. That's what I would like to do now. Although I have done a lot of complaining about having to pay \$30 a month to the Clerk of Court for support, 1 am thankful to the Lord in Heaven above and to Jim Edwards that I have Roger Dale to pay \$30 a month on. I wish to thank Jim Edwards because if the Lord hadn't been with him, the accident could have been a lot worse. For one thing the Elementary School bus could have been coming up Elk Shoal Road. The driver could have gotten out of the way, but maybe



## **Taylor Gets Highest Award**

Secretary of the Interior, Thomas S. Kleppe recently presented the Outdoor Recreation Achievement Award to retiring Congressman Roy Taylor of North Carolina. Noting that Mr. Taylor has served on the subcommittee on National Parks and Recreation since coming to the Congress, sixteen years ago, and has been its chairman for ten of these years, Secretary Kleppe said that "Mr. Taylor's good humor, his willingness and statesmanlike ability to compromise in order to obtain results were of great help to this department and to the country. All we can offer, in addition to this award, are sincere thanks for a decade and a half of personal achievement on behalf of parks and recreation." The Outdoor Recreation Achievement Award is the Department of Interior's Highest award for contributions to the betterment of outdoor recreation.

> **Dear Editor:** This is my part to try to keep our valleys and mountains from becoming another Vacation Resort and not a home. Many people make their living from the evergreens in these mountains. I know, I grew up there. Thank you for printing these facts in your paper. It's our only way of keeping up with

our home land. U.S. Army GI In Europe And "We Serve Proudly" **MOUNTAINS CALLED "BLUE"** If you had to hear the everlasting roar From the fights on the street, Or the party next door.

