

THE YANCEY RECORD ESTABLISHED JULY, 1936

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Letter From Philippines

The following "letter from the Philippines" was written by Mrs. J. H. Newsom, former Burnsville resident, on November 26—ten days before the first Japanese attack on the United States. It was sent by clipper plane reached Burnsville on Monday— one day after the attack.

The letter is significant because it reflects so clearly the false feeling of security that prevailed there as well as here, the belief that relations between the two countries were growing better.

It is significant too because it reflects the reaction of one small village to the arrival of a plane. We may well imagine the reaction when planes bent on death and destruction roar over the towns.

The Newsoms are located on the island of Mindanao (pronounced Min-dan-ow, with the accent on the last syllable) and this island has been mentioned in several broadcasts. The reports have stated that troops attempted to land there, and that the island had been bombed.

In previous letters Mrs. Newsom has described the beauty of the islands and of their home. Friends here wonder what the few brief hours since Sunday, since the letter reached Burnsville, have meant to that paradise in the far Pacific.

The letter follows:

East Mindanao Mining Co. Placer, Surigao, P. I. November 26, 1941 Dear Mrs. Hamrick:

Your Philippine correspondent, meaning me, has been exceedingly busy lately. The situation here for a while looked so acute between the United States and Japan that we were expecting war to be declared daily. So I have been checking the supply of groceries in our store room and making out orders for more cases of milk and other staples, because if war does come we wouldn't stand a chance of getting out of here—wouldn't want to, in fact—and after a time, the native diet of dried fish and rice, with a few bananas thrown in, would get mighty tiresome.

At present, it seems that the situation has been eased up a little once again, and we will probably have a few more weeks of waiting and wondering what, if anything, is going to happen. It is almost like sitting on the rim of a volcano that is expected to erupt any minute. By now, however, we have grown so accustomed to this waiting business that it is merely second nature with us and doesn't bother us greatly.

The Marines and American civilians being evacuated from Shanghai have been of great interest to us, and I was pleased to receive a cable from a girl friend of

mine, who has been managing a rug factory in Shanghai and one in Tientsin, stating that she was arriving in Manila on the 20th of this month.

As I was unable to reach Manila by then, I sent a wire to a friend, asking him to meet her, and also a wire to her at the address she gave me—but as yet, I haven't heard a word from either of them, and am of the opinion that the boat has not reached Manila yet. So I am planning to take a boat from Surigao on the 30th and go to Manila myself. I want to find out what has happened to her and to the boat, have quite a bit of shopping to do, and am looking forward to seeing some picture shows once more, swimming at the Polo Club, eating at all our favorite spots, and in general, walking down city streets once more.

We've been down here in Mindanao for almost a year now, and I'm afraid I'll probably act and look a little hickish upon getting to the city again. I wish Jack could go with me, as he needs the vacation really more than I do, but his scheduled vacation with this company doesn't come until next June.

We are celebrating Thanksgiving at the old and accustomed date this year, the last Thursday in the month. Our mess house in camp is having a big dinner that night, with turkey and the usual trimmings. Plans are being made for a big party on Christmas, and also plans at another camp for a very large affair on New Years Eve. We also had a Halloween party here that was very successful.

Recently I flew down to visit a friend in Butuan, Agusan province. It takes about two and a half hours to drive down by car, and the road is very narrow, filled with dozens of bridges and some of them none too good. I was intending to drive down, but our rainy season is on now and everyone was afraid that even if all the bridges were still intact, I might get caught in one of our sudden and fierce torrential downpours and have to park by a bridge waiting for the water to go down before I could get across. So I had given up the idea for the time being, but was surprised by a Texaco salesman arriving in camp from Cebu in his own little yellow plane. He was very prompt to suggest flying me down to Butuan, and I was equally prompt in packing a bag and starting.

It was a most enjoyable trip—took us only half an hour, and there weren't the usual road hazards of carabaos, goats, chickens, dogs, pigs, and Filipinos! It was raining when we took off—in fact, the field was so wet that I had brief qualms about taking off from it—but after getting up in the air some, we were above the rain clouds, and

before reaching Butuan the sun was pretty hot.

It was the first time I had ever flown in an open cockpit plane, and it was fun to don helmet and goggles and sit in the front cockpit, while the pilot carried on in the back one. The plane was so small that there was no room in it for a suitcase, so I had to carry a small bag on my lap and put shoes and other things in paper parcels and stick them around here and there. We flew about 4000 feet altitude, saw the islands of Cebu and Leyte, and the scenery was really beautiful. From the air you have no doubts at all that there are over 7,000 islands in the Philippine group.

Butuan was so startled when a plane circled over the town that all business was disrupted and school dismissed, while everyone ran out into the streets to look at it. I had wired Helen that I was flying down, but we arrived early and she was still at the house when she heard the plane up above—and she got almost as excited as the Filipinos, ran out in the yard and waved and yelled (was chagrined to learn later that I didn't see her), and all of Butuan quickly knew that Mrs. Welbon had received a visitor who came in an airplane.

Boats are very few and far between these days. Most foreign shipping is gone, and the boats that do come are very indefinite. One of the women from this district was supposed to sail for Australia (to be home for Xmas) the middle of this month. All she knew was that "a vessel" was supposed to arrive and sail on approximate dates. She is still in Manila waiting for the boat to arrive. So our regular mail comes in bunches, with long gaps of having no mail at all.

The Clippers are still flying along, thank goodness, and I presume they will continue to carry mail, although we have received the report that all civilian passage on the planes has been cancelled now, and they are used to transport the army and navy back and forth. We also had the rumor that all clipper mail is being censored, but I don't know whether that is just rumor or not. You'll have to tell me if this has been opened.

Will close for this time. Give our best regards to all our friends and sincere wishes to you and to them for a very Merry Christmas. Sincerely, Marian Newsom.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Burnsville, N. C. Route 1

Dear Santa, I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the second grade. I go to school every day. Please bring me these things for Christmas, a soldier set, a cornet, a desk, also some oranges, nuts, and candy. I'll be a good little boy, and mind my mother, dad, and teacher.

Your little friend, Keith Stamey. P. S. Please remember the other little boys and girls.

Dec. 7, 1941

Dear Santa, I am a little girl seven years old. I am in the second grade at school and I want a doll, carriage and pair of skates. You

School News

'HEROES JUST HAPPEN' PRESENTED BY B. H. S.

Friday, December 12

"Heroes Just Happen"—more thrilling and more exciting than "Tish"; more serious than "Skidding" and more fun for all! That is to day, we're sure you'll think so when you see Dick McIntosh as Abraham Lincoln and Kathryn Ramsey as a pirate.

Jack Charles, the leading character, plays in the role of an overgrown high school boy who is mistaken for a great football player. He wins many friends and honors as long as the famous athlete plays "dumb," but when the real "Flash" shows up—well, poor old Joe is dumbfounded for how is he to know that everybody thinks he is someone else. Be sure and come for you'll surely enjoy the way the play ends with Joe still the hero, but under another "nickname," Speedy!

The whole play is very flashy and "Speedy," and we know you'll laugh at and enjoy poor dumbfounded "little" Joe.

The play is a \$25 dollar royalty play and that by itself would be enough to prove to you that the play is all its "cracked up to be." Don't forget to pay tax on admission. The school must pay 10 per cent of gross receipts. Admission 16 and 27c.

BURNSVILLE TAKES DOUBLE FEATURE FROM BEE LOG

The Burnsville boys and girls basketball team captured a double header from Bee Log teams Friday night.

The Burnsville girls came out on top from one of the hardest fought battles ever staged in the county. Allen with 9 points and Edney with 6 led the scores for the winning team. McCurry made eleven of the twelve points for Bee Log with some accurate shooting. The score ended 16-12 in favor of Burnsville.

The Bee Log boys held the Burnsville team to six points in the first period while they were marking up three. However, they found it difficult to manage the Hornets in the last period. Banner with 13 points and King with 7 led the scorers for the winners. A complete line-up follows:

Girls

- Burnsville 16 Bee Log 12 Edney 6 Adkins 6 Atkins V. 1 Whitson 1 Allen 9 Johnson 1 Atkins, L. McCurry V. 11 Staton Phillips Covey Holloway McCurry R. King

Boys

- Burnsville 29 Bee Log 9 Charles Whitson C. Stamey 1 Holloway 3 King 7 Ledford 2 Blalock, S. 4 Higgins Banner 13 Howell 2 Westall 2 Tipton Evans 2 Renf. McIntosh Whitson, B. Blalock, A. McIntosh Duncan

will find my Christmas tree near the door in the corner in the living room.—Your friend, Betty Presnell.

MARS HILL SENIORS TO GIVE PLAY

The Senior class of Mars Hill High School will present its annual play, "Daddy Long Legs," in the school auditorium Friday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Miss Evelyn Hill and Mr. Henry Clay Edwards, sponsors of the Senior class, are directing the play.

Bald Creek Senior Class Play — "THAT CRAZY SMITH FAMILY"

December 17, 1941

(A 3-act Comedy by Katharine Kavanaugh) Cast of Characters

- Ma Smith Elizabeth Hensley Pa Smith A. C. Angel Tony Smith T. F. Sams Betty Smith Rosetta King Buddie Smith J. Bryan Randolph Aunt Bella Thelma Chandler Sally Smith Virginia Angel Barbara Wetherby Lucille Buckner Professor Slattery Donald Tomberlin Dick Jones Oscar Gibbs, Jr. Stewart Brandon Robert Peterson Julie Weston Attalene McMahan

Bee Log High School

The Faculty - Graduate Players Present CHEESE COTTAGE High School Auditorium — Friday, December 12, 1941 7:30 P. M. Cast of Characters

- Evelyn Hinkle Mrs. Frank Lewis Judith—Her sister Miss Irene Dillingham Aunt Liz—Their Father's sister Miss Edna Wheeler J. Orville Spence—A real estate agent Bruce Higgins Gus Hinkle—The head of the family Ford McCurry Mrs. Mortimer—A wealthy widow Miss Sarah Hensley Bartholomew Rensaler—A plumber Jack McIntosh Uncle Cooney—Gus's brother Clyde Ayers Alma Carlay—A bathing beauty Inez Edwards

The action takes place in the combination kitchen-dining-living-room of Breeze Cottage at Fairyland Beach, July 3 and 4, 1941.

This is one of the most riotously gay farces the has come along and will delight any audience.

Basket Ball

Burnsville vs. Bald Creek

Thursday, December 11, 1941

BALD CREEK GYMNASIUM

7:30 P. M.

NOTICE

All of the Sunday schools of the Yancey County Larger Parish are planning their annual Christmas programs and pageants. These include Higgins, Banks Creek, Low Gap, Mine Fork Upper Jacks Creek, Lower Jacks Creek, and Burnsville. The students from the various schools and colleges will be at home and all are looking forward to a very happy joyous time.

W. P. A. ADULT EDUCATION PROJECT IS IN OPERATION

An adult education home making project is now in operation with Mrs. Nina Evans as supervisor. At this time sewing is taught, with special instruction in remaking old garments and cutting and making new ones. Every step in sewing is taught.

The project is located in the adult education room in the Briggs building.

Mrs. Alton Thompson of Sparta is visiting her sister, Miss Susie Osborne. Rush Wray is spending a few days in Miami.

Advertisement for 'HERE'S YOUR CHOICE READING AT NEW LOW PRICES' featuring a portrait of a man and a list of magazines for sale at \$2.15 per year. Includes a coupon to fill out mail today.