

**THE YANCEY RECORD**

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LESSOR  
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ARNEY FOX  
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**EDITORIAL COMMENT**

There is still no word about the future of the Duplan Plant in Burnsville. Calls to the management bring forth no information. It is a little as if the future of the plant is of no interest to the community or none of its concern. The \$40,000 the community put into the plant points up both the interest and concern of local people.

This does not reflect an attitude of contempt on the part of the firm. On the contrary, the management of Duplan has always displayed a lively interest in the welfare of the community. It does however, indicate the difficulty of a large corporation's becoming an intrinsic and integral part of a small community.

Whether Duplan is sold, closed, or undergoes a curtailment of production, there will be a continued interest in bringing job-providing businesses to the county. In such efforts in the future it may be well to consider the advantage of a number of small industries over those of one large business. What are these advantages? We can think of a few off-hand. Any profits that accrue are

retained within the community rather than sent to the mother corporation in New York or Chicago.

Several small businesses would offer greater opportunities for leadership to more of the young people of the community. A greater variety of skills would be required giving local people more opportunity to grow and develop along lines of their personal interests.

In hard times and during periods of distress, a greater effort would be made to solve the problems of continued operation locally rather than consolidating and falling back to another plant in another state.

And finally, in many ways small business can operate more competently and efficiently than large industries. Once when Charles Kettering, one of America's leading industrialists, was asked why he delayed putting a certain product on the market General Electric or Westinghouse might beat he replied, "I am not afraid of General Electric or Westinghouse. What I am afraid of is some young man working in a barn."

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**VIOLET RAYS ON OUR WAYS**

By H. M. Allen

Note: This column is written with malice toward none, but with the common good of all in mind.

**MODEL-T FORD MEMOIRS CONTINUED:**

"Oh, those dear old days of the Model-T Ford, my heart is on them yet,"—thus runs the thought of many a man who had one of those early gas-powered vehicles. In fact, if you ever had a Model-T, you are not apt ever to forget it. And it is possible to find some of those who once drove Model-T's who contend that the whole country would have been better off financially and otherwise if the automobile industry had never advanced beyond those days.

One thing sure back in those days we didn't read the ghastly records of hundreds of traffic deaths over a holiday week-end. Rarely when one had a wreck in a Ford back then did it result in serious injuries. And another thing,—the percentage of would be road hogs and speed demons among drivers in those days seems to have been much less than now. Still another factor,—many automobile fatalities today are said to result from drivers getting drowsy or going to sleep at the wheel. But there was little danger of the driver of a Model-T Ford getting sleepy on the average road of those days! And head-on collisions were also rare for the simple reason that one rarely met another car.

Oh, yes, there were some wrecks to be sure, but few that were fatal, either to the car or its occupants. The writer recalls one 1917 Ford that turned over on its side when speeding down grade, as the driver tried to negotiate a sharp curve. It was full of young folk going to a party. Fortunately they were nearing their destination, and all were able to finish the trip on foot, dust covered and rather much excited, but nary a scratch. The Ford lay peacefully there in the road until the next day, when the owner and a few neighbors came with prize poles and set it back on its wheels, none the worse for its experience,—not even a dent or scratch on its body. They used sturdy metal in those early models, mister.

Uncle Josh says: "Me, I members a bad wreck down to Cedar Crick, U. S. A. when Sam Spender sold his 'baccor crop an bought hisself one o' them

Model-Ts. He figgered to make a big show a driving up frenent his house in thet new cyar, an tole all the naybors, but 'minded 'em not to tell his ole woman an kids. So, she couldn't understand how come so many folks a gatherin in on the pinted day, an a askin when she 'spected Sam back from Market. But then 'bout four o'clock in the afternoon we heard hit a coming aroun the mountain, an in a leetle while thar come ole Sam drivin inter the yard. P'rhaps hit were a seeing all thet crowd a ganderin at him,—but suthin happened to make Sam fergit what to do to stop thet Ford. So he druv rite through the crowd, scatterin 'em right an left, an commenced circling about among the shade trees. Now an then he'd pull back on the steerit wheel an hollar "whoa," like he would to a run-away team of hosses. At fust we thought Sam were jest up to some o his fool pranks. But when he run over several of his wife's flower beds, an a ole mother hen with a gang of baby chicks, an almost kilt his ole coon houn, Tige, whar he's asleep in the grass, we uns knowed then that no man in his rite senses would act like that. So, as he made his next round, several of us fellars jumped out from behine trees an tried to ketch thet run-away Ford by the door handles, which were 'bout the onliest things a sticking out on them early models. You see the fust 'uns didn't have no bumpers an other nickle-plated gadgets like they do now. Tim Thomas ketched a door handle on the right, an Landy Landers nailed the one on the left. Me, I couldn't see a hand holt no wheres until hit were done passed by. Then I seed a leetle red-eyed gadget a sticking up behine,—a tail light they called it. I made a flyin leap an nailed hit with both hands.

"Waal, then and thar I larn-

**MENUS BURNSVILLE LUNCH ROOM**

Thursday, September 22: Pinto beans, Tomatoes, Collard greens, Banana pudding, Corn bread, Butter, Milk.

Friday, September 23: Oven-fried fish, tartar sauce, Mashed potatoes, Cole slaw, Buttered peas, Baked apples, Loaf bread, Butter, Milk.

Monday, September 26: Spaghetti with meat sauce, Cabbage, Carrot, raisin salad, Gingerbread, with butterscotch sauce, Loaf bread, Milk.

Tuesday, Sept. 27: Salmon patties, Baked sweet potatoes, Buttered lima beans, Jello, Loaf bread, Butter, Milk.

Wednesday, Sept. 28: Meat loaf and gravy, Mashed potatoes, Mixed vegetables, Peach halves, Loaf bread, Butter, Milk.

**CHURCH SERVICES**

Sunday, Sept. 25  
Newdale Presbyterian Church, Newdale, 10:00 a. m.;  
Micaville Presbyterian Church, 11:15 a. m.;  
Estatoa Presbyterian Church, Celso, 7:30 p. m. (Revival).

Some 300,000 persons visit the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford on Avon every year. The theatre was completed in 1932. The first Shakespearean festival in Stratford was organized by David Garrick, in 1769.

Jobs increase faster than population, multiply faster than machines. Since 1939, jobs in manufacturing have increased 70 per cent, population 22 per cent.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE NORTH CAROLINA YANCEY COUNTY**

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Frank B. Fox, 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 22nd day of September, 1956, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing the Estate will please make immediate payment.

This 22nd day of Sept. 1955:  
Love Fox, Administrator of the Estate of Frank B. Fox, Deceased.  
Sept. 22, 29, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27

ed all I ever wanted to know about a Ford Cyar. Ye- mout just as well a tried to a stopped a bull elephant. Thet thar Ford shook us off sames as if we'd been three Jay birds, an when we stopped rollin an tumblin aroun, Sam had got hisself an the cyar circled down inter the back yard, whar they was

mighty leetle room to turn about. So he pinted her up the slope an dashed under the back of the house with the engine wide open as they say. Fust the top ripped off with a awful sound. Next thet front window splintered all to pieces, then thet wheels begun bustin like a shotgun goin off. 'Bout that

tittel the engine died down, an ole Sam come crawlin out from under whar the steerit wheel had bin located. He were mumbly an a talkin to hisself, an to what w as left of thet Model-T. I heered him say, 'Now, blast yer ornery hide, I reckon you'll whoa!'—'Nuff Sed.

**Complete Dispersal Sale**  
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