

PICTURE WINDOW HOUSE

By Allen Wishert

HAROLD and Elsie Hastings had searched for the past three weeks. Nothing came of it, but they weren't discouraged. Determination, hope, and deep sleep had their minds were firmly set. Those "just as good" or "you will learn to love this one" expressions made no impression; they knew what they wanted.

Today they were making another round, covering every street in the old home town and wez just edging into the suburbs when it loomed before them plainly as a white elephant against a black background.

Like a couple of darts they catapulted from the car and rushed up the walk. Just to the left of the door was a sign, "For Sale." Including the name and address of the real estate agent.

This cottage ended the search. It was practically new and possessed the one, the only item they had been seeking; a Picture Window!

Always they had loved the outdoors and this large window would bring it into their living room. They hoped the down payment would be reasonable, and the monthly installments within reach. "What do you think?" asked Elsie, her nose pressed against the window, trying to glimpse the interior.

"Exactly what we've had in mind, especially, the picture window." He, too, was crowding to look.

That settled it. Both ran to the car, leaped in and broke the speed limit on the way to the agent's office fearing someone would get ahead of them.

"You— you have a house for sale," Harold shouted upon entering the office.

"Several. Are you a prospect?" inquired the agent.

"No, sir, I'm a buyer. What are the terms?"

Mr. Real Estate Agent, upon learning that he wasn't dealing with a lunatic, and locating the

house in question, drew up the necessary contract. Duly sworn and signed, the home was theirs to have and to hold— unless they missed a couple of monthly payments.

In their anxiety, Harold and Elsie had overlooked checking the neighborhood. Would the neighbors accept them; would they care for the neighbors? They were quite concerned, but shouldn't have been. The picture window from the outside looking in, would afford the neighbors plenty of entertainment.

"Hello, darling, my home," called Harold upon entering the abode after his days labor.

"Be right there," Elsie coming from adjoining room, rushed into his arms, their lips met. Breaking the elench, both gazed through the picture window.

Sunday afternoon two baseball teams of the younger generation gathered on the vacant lot opposite. If one of those kids slammed a home run, the ball would, undoubtedly, smash the picture window. Every time the bat cracked, Harold ducked, closed his eyes and listened for the crash.

The neighbors scrambling for viewing positions. The boys were hitting a longer ball. Nerves became frayed.

Finally, while the teams were playing, Harold sat in his front yard, keeping his eye on the ball, and when one was hit in his direction and got by the center fielder, rolling and bouncing for the window, Duke Snider never retrieved a ball quicker than Harold did.

One day a bulldozer was working, leveling the lot. Harold learned that a house would be erected.

"Well, Elsie, our worries are over, they're building on the lot across the street."

"I wonder if it will have a picture window?"

"I surely hope so," sighed Harold. "Our neighbors need a change of program."

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TALK TURKEY

With Thanksgiving Day less than two weeks away it's time to talk turkey, according to Virginia Wilson, State College extension nutritionist.

Roast your Turkey the modern way, suggests Miss Wilson. It will be brown, juicy, flavorful and tender.

1. Rub the inside cavity with salt (1-3 teaspoon per pound of bird)

2. Fill the body and neck cavity with your favorite stuffing— but do so immediately before roasting. Allow 3-4 to 1 cup stuffing per pound of ready-to-cook bird.

3. Truss by tying or skewering down neck skin, legs and wings. Rub bird with melted or softened unsalted fat.

4. Lay turkey on a rack in an open pan on one side with back up. Do not put any water in pan.

5. Cover with cheesecloth which has been moistened with melted fat or a piece of aluminum foil. Let covering drop around sides of bird but do not tuck underneath. Roast bird at a constant low temperature (300 to 324 degrees) until tender, turning turkey over to opposite side, still back up. Turn breast up when bird is about half done.

6. Sprinkle melted fat over the cloth as it becomes dry.

7. Test for doneness: move leg by grasping bone. If drumstick-thigh joint breaks or moves easily, the turkey is done.

"I REMEMBER" BY THE OLDTIMERS

From Emily Blayton Major, Ruthville, Virginia: I remember the kerosene lantern, which over forty years ago, my dad carried on his nocturnal visits up and down and across our country community.

My heart would thump with excitement when after supper on dark nights, he'd light the lantern and signify that I might accompany him on his friendly jaunts.

One of them, frequently made, took us two miles through the woods to grandmother's house. ("Bigmama's" to me.) I would trudge along behind daddy sticking so close to his heels that now and then I'd brush against one of his big shoes. And— until I die— I shall "see" and "feel" the shadow-patterns which the lantern light threw across the pine-needled path ahead. What panic engulfed me, too, when untrodden softness beneath my feet warned me that I'd lost my way; and dad, all unsuspecting, had walked on a piece without me.

I'd scream, and dad quickly would back-track. What glorious relief to see his tall form coming toward me swinging his lantern until once more I was within its arc of brilliance; Perhaps there is no such thing as true security in this world, but for those previous moments I had a satisfying facsimile thereof.

I also had a trick of becoming exhausted as I followed daddy and his lantern, and at such times he'd pick me up and swing me onto his shoulders. After scores of these piggy-back rides, he would tell me before each trip:

"Now, if you can't walk both ways, 'Bighead,' you stay at home with your mammy."

(Send contributions to this column to The Old Timer, Community Press Service, Frankfort, Kentucky.)

MORE ABOUT— MITCHELL-AVERY-YANCEY COUNTY LIBRARIES

Continued from page 1

THE COLUMBUS STORY by Alice Dalgliesh is a companion book for younger children with the same lovely colors and attractive pictures.

THE LIVING DESERT and THE VANISHING PRAIRIE are based on the documentary movies of the same name. Many of the colored pictures from the Walt Disney films are reproduced in the books.

JOHN HATTLING-GOURD OF BIG COVE is a fresh collection of Cherokee legends by Corydon Bell who lives at Sapphire, N. C.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA by Alan Paton is an important introduction to present-day Africa by the author of the best-selling novel "Cry the Beloved Country". It is well-illustrated with photographs and makes the reader feel Paton's love for the country and his understanding of Africa's tremendous problems.

PRAIRIE TOWN BOY by Carl Sandburg is a lively account of the famous author's childhood growing up in Illinois. This is taken from his longer book "Always the Young Strangers" and is a good introduction for young people to Carl Sandburg's writing.

FIDDLER'S FANCY by Julia M. Street is still another addition to the books dealing with earlier days in western North Carolina for children.

Any of the books may be borrowed from the libraries or the bookmobiles, or may be reserved for a borrower in Mitchell, Avery or Yancey counties.

All animals, except man and sometimes dogs, respect the skunk's desire to remain aloof. Only in rare emergencies, when starvation motivates them, will coyote, cougar and mink risk the skunk's displeasure.

U. S. FOREST SERVICE REPORTS

Yancey County received \$2,934.91 out of the past year's receipts on the National Forests of North Carolina, according to the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

A check for \$146,699.31 representing 25 per cent of the past year's receipts on National Forests in the state was mailed to the State Treasurer on Nov. 4. The receipts were mainly from the sale of timber stumpage, but included minor amounts from special use and mining permits. Distribution to the counties is based on the National Forest acreage embraced in each. Yancey's National Forest acreage is 31,031. The largest payment, \$19,022.76, goes to Macon County with Montgomery at \$18,608.44 a close second. A recent study showed that these payments, on an acreage basis, exceed the various county tax rates on cut-over forest land.

SALE OF SAVINGS BONDS HAVE INCREASED

For the eleventh consecutive month, United States Savings Bonds sales in North Carolina have increased sharply over the corresponding months of the previous year. In the month of September, the combined sales of Series E and H United States Savings Bonds were 15% greater than in September of last year and higher than any September in ten years.

At the September month's end, 1955 sales totaled \$41,451,408.25 which is 17% ahead of the first nine months of last year.

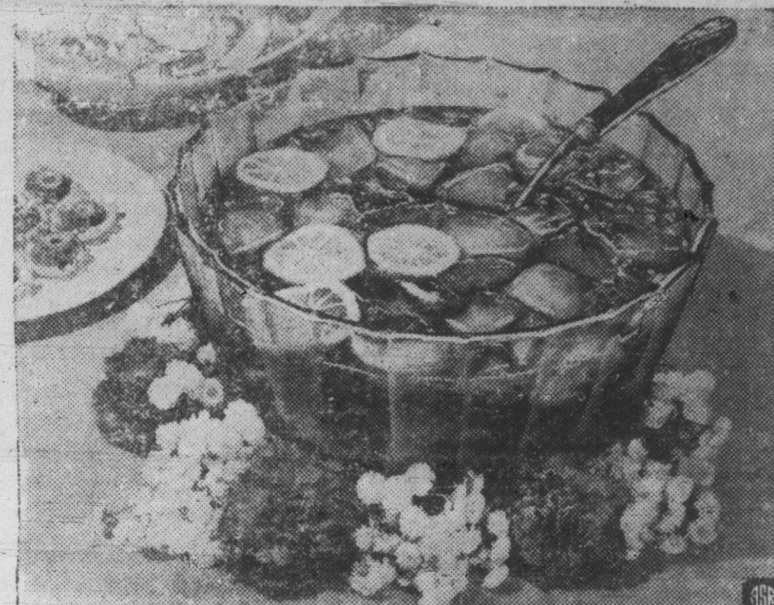
This increase represents in dollar value \$5,970,459.75. The three-quarter sales quota achievement is 71.4% of this year's quota of \$58,800,000.

Sales of Savings Bonds continue to exceed redemptions.

This report, released by Mr. G. Leslie Hensley, Yancey County Chairman reveals that September County sales were \$4,687.50. This amounted to 149% of the quota set for Yancey. Only one county, Graham, with 159%, equalled or exceeded Yancey.

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Pine-Flavored Punch For A Party



Fall and winter festivities are just around the corner. There'll be parties and parties, especially among the younger set. The best way to handle refreshments for a crowd is to serve a punch— good flavored and tempting to look at.

Here's a simple and delicious punch, easily made with carbonated fruit-flavored beverages. To insure against flavor dilution, it's a good idea to freeze ice cubes of either the lemon or raspberry soda. For a light and dark effect, you might like to make half the cubes of one flavor and half of the other.

Another variation— and one that will make a hit at any party— emit the ice cubes and lemon slices and garnish the punch with scoops of raspberry ice or lemon ice. If you do this, be sure that your bottles of soda are very cold.

Tangy Raspberry Punch

1 package frozen raspberries 1 28-oz. bottle lemon soda
2 28-oz. bottles raspberry soda 2 lemons, sliced

Combine raspberries and ice cold raspberry and lemon soda. Stir gently to mix. Pour over ice cubes in punch bowl. Garnish with lemon slices. Makes about 36 punch cup servings.



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