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-- Overlook On Life --

By WARREN S. REEVE
 Note: The idea of "Overlook" is taken from the Overlooks provided for viewing panorama along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

I remember well — and many of you will remember also — that day in 1933 when every bank in the country was closed and all bank funds were "frozen". When the bank holiday was over, some banks were not able to do business again. They failed. Perhaps there are people still living in Burnsville who saw their money vanish in those days.

I am no financier and cannot claim any deep understanding of the real situation prevailing in the financial world today. I do feel, however, that the same subtle, deadly philosophy of materialism has infected the minds and attitudes of thousands of people today just as it had in the late 1920's before the Wall Street crash in 1929. "The love of money is the root of all evil", the Bible tells us, and it is this love of money and of the things that money can buy that is the root cause of inflation.

If there were some way whereby the government could take as drastic measures to eradicate the love of money and the love of material things from the hearts of people as they do to eliminate the menace of polio or tuberculosis, then a miracle would truly take place in the American economy!

Yesterday was the 630th anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi. St. Francis was converted while still a youth, and his conversion was so profound and thorough-going that he renounced worldly possessions and deliberately tried to keep poor. He risked disease by not only touching a leprosy man whose physical condition was repulsive in the utmost degree but by embracing him and kissing him in expression of Christian brotherliness. Francis attributed his power to renounce the love of money and his revulsion from the horrible to God. He said, "God gave" — meaning that God gave him a radically changed attitude towards life and the

world. Three results ensued. One was that he experienced marvellous happiness. Song bubbled out constantly from his heart. He called himself and his followers "minstrels of God". Even on his deathbed, he called for song.

The second result was such unbrother closeness to Christ in prayer that finally, during a mountain-top experience, there emerged on his body marks (called "stigmata") that were exact copies, so it was said, of the scars left by the cross on the body of Jesus.

A third result was a delight in nature. "He considered nature as the image of God", says one interpreter of Francis's thought. He loved the flowers and the birds, the stars and the sun. Even fierce beasts felt his tenderness and were tame and affectionate with him. Part of nature is the fact of Death. So he loved Death also, and he called "Death" his brother. "Welcome, Brother Death", he said, when he knew the sickness he had incurred would be fatal. But most of all he loved people and he preached ceaselessly, calling on them to be pure and turn from the world and love God.

If he were preaching among us today, and if people really responded, I could guess that that would do more to check the onrush towards inflation and possible financial collapse than anything else. The ROOT of a vast number of our local and world troubles is — not money — but the love of money (which includes love of things, love of pleasure, and finally love of self). God's commandment is for us to love Him, and secondarily, to love others. Therein lies health, both physical and spiritual, both for the individual and for society.

SERVICE AT GREEN MTN. CHURCH SATURDAY NIGHT
 Mrs. Edith Paula of Erwin, Tenn., will preach at Green Mtn. Free Will Baptist Church, Saturday night, Oct. 6. The service will begin at 7:30. Everyone is invited to attend.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"Undetermined origin," they say.

It's a common phrase in news reports of a fire. In the charred and gutted shell of what used to be someone's home, it is sometimes difficult to figure out immediately where the first wisp of smoke curled up — where the first tiny flame licked out.

But given a little time, trained and experienced men can usually reconstruct the situation. A late party — people smoking — a cigarette that fell unnoticed among the sofa cushions and smoldered there. An open fire left burning — sparks that jumped out on the rug or a piece of furniture. Over-size fuses in the fuse box — over-

loaded electrical wiring that burst into flame.

Whatever happened, it's past remedying. It matters only as a guide to the future. But to a fire victim, what matters most is the present.

Everything is gone: family heirlooms — cherished mementos — clothing, jewelry, furnishings, valuable papers — all the things that went to make up one family's daily life.

 This is Fire Prevention Week. You will be hearing a great deal about fires and how to prevent them. Act on what you hear. It's easy to think about the future now — but it's hard after a fire!

RANDOM THOUGHTS

by Doris Burton

What does one mean, basically, when one uses the words "good" and "bad"? Is a thing "good", because it's been tried and proven? When atomic energy was used for the first time, it was "good" because it brought a much faster ending of World War II. Now the world is living in fear because that same "good" thing has boomeranged and may bring the total destruction of all the earth.

The Japanese told their fighting men during the war that attack was good, retreat was bad. They were interested only in men who could attack; they were not interested, to any extent, even in their own sick. Hence, though they controlled all the quinine supplies of any importance, they took no precautions to prevent malaria, and their fighting stren-

gth was materially sopped by the numbers of their men who were incapacitated or died from this disease.

So was their idea of what was good or bad a reasonable thing? Are we just as unreasonable in our usage of these words? Is a boy a "good boy" simply because he never talks back to adults and has never been caught in any mischief? Is he bad because he did get caught or was heard using profanity? I believe neither interpretation.

Goodness is an innate trait of character which can be so easily hidden in the depths of one's personality under certain conditions, but eventually will show itself in small ways, no matter how rough and tough the surface layer of

personality may appear.

I've known many people who were labeled "bad" by society, only to find them really very sensitive, gentle people who, like the Armadillo, had grown a shell of hardness to protect themselves from brutal surroundings. Inside that shell they feel safe; they may do things that appear bad, but given the necessary surroundings, the shell would soon melt away.

Moralistic thinking on our part is what makes a thing or a person "good" or "bad". What are the values of this thinking? In the first place it is simple, it saves effort, it permits us to form rapid judgements concerning a great many things. It is an easy guide to the course to be taken. If a thing is "bad" then an effort must be made to limit, to avoid, or even destroy it. If it is "good", then it is to be accepted, promoted, or indulged in. Isn't that an easy way to settle any situation which might arise? Just find out what other people consider "good" and "bad" and act accordingly.

I wish it were that easy for me: "Black is black and white is white" to most people, but no matter how hard I try, I always find shadings of both those colors. I've never met anyone who was all bad, and very, very few who were all good.

The right to think for oneself, to try to understand how things or people work, rather than to classify them "good" or "bad" in one's own group's approved guidebook to values, is a wonderful thing. Use your own judgment when confronted with such a decision. Good is to be found in so much that is considered bad.

We can be, and are frequently confused and puzzled, and quite often misled by those two little words. We are told that humility and piety and happiness should be our chief ends. Happiness is essential, but it is not the root; it is a derivative.

The root, I believe, is an open mind, a mind uncluttered with what "they" say, so that we can see a thing for ourselves, clearly and without distortion, and so choose the good or the bad for our own lives according to our own concepts.

Obituaries

W. W. FORTNER

Funeral services for William W. Fortner, aged 56, who died Sunday, Sept. 23, at his home near Micaville, were held Tuesday, Sept. 25, at the Crabtree Baptist Church.

The Rev. Wade Boone officiated and burial was in the Micaville Cemetery. Nephews served as pallbearers, and neices were flower bearers.

Yancey County Coroner Willard Hensley said Fortner died as the result of a self-inflicted gunshot wound and ruled the death as suicide. Members of the family found Fortner's body in the front yard of the home about noon. An inquest will be conducted.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Talmadge Wilson of Baltimore, Md., and Miss Virginia Fortner of the home; three sons, Arnold of Burnsville, and James and Stanley of Baltimore, Md.;

THIS WEEK'S SAFETY MESSAGE

By Cameron F. McRae, M. D.

Circumstances prevent our listing this week the "ten commandments of gun safety" referred to in this space last week; these will be presented a little later. Meanwhile, let us consider another invention, which like fire-arms can also bring tragedy if misused — namely, the automobile. Here it is worth remembering that "accidents don't just happen—they are caused". Most motor vehicle accidents are due to speeding or some other violation of traffic laws. In later weeks we hope to discuss some of these unsafe acts.

four sisters, Mrs. Fred McCurry and Miss Carrie Fortner of Burnsville RFD 2, Mrs. J. W. Staton of Micaville and Mrs. Bill Gillespie of Morganton; four brothers, Lloyd, Forrest and John of Burnsville, Rt. 2, and Roy of Henderson; and six grandchildren.

BUSICK NEWS

A series of revival services will begin at the Mt. Mitchell Baptist Church this Sunday. Everyone is invited to attend.

Dairl Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Wilson, has returned home from the hospital in Morganton, and is doing fine.

Ray Murphy, who is at home on a 30-day leave, will soon be going overseas.

Ramond Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, is expected to come home this week from the hospital in Asheville, where he has been a patient for some time.

Miss Charlotte Wilson was at home last week-end from college.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Wilson have moved to Nebo, N. C.

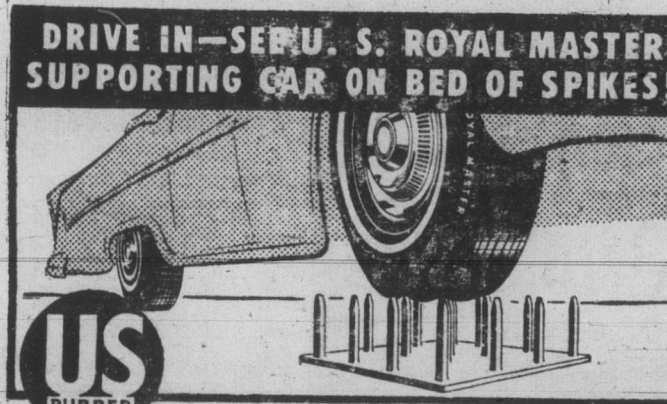
Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Wilson have moved to Marion, where Mr. Wilson is employed.

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