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

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH NEWS
 Sunday evening, October 14, the members of Trinity Episcopal Church in Spruce Pine, were the guests of the Woman's Auxiliary for a spaghetti supper in the church basement.
 Besides enjoying a wonderful meal and fellowship together, reports on the church were given and plans for the winter were discussed and approved.
 Next Sunday, October 21, at the regular Sunday School hour, an adult Bible Class will be started. Thursday evening, October 25, at 7:30 at the church, an inquirer's class will begin. Anyone who wishes to learn more about the Episcopal Church is cordially invited to attend these classes. Plans are also being made to begin a Boy's choir about which a later announcement will be made.
 It was reported that Trinity Church, now only a little over a

BURNSVILLE SCHOOL MENU
 Thursday, Oct. 18: Spaghetti with meat sauce, toasted cheese sandwiches, cabbage salad, peach pie, loaf bread, milk and butter.
 Friday, Oct. 19: Fish, mashed potatoes, tartar sauce, green peas, jello, milk and butter, orange juice, cornbread.
 Monday, Oct. 22: Vegetable beef soup, meat sandwich, apple pie, crackers, loaf bread, milk.
 Tuesday, Oct. 23: Meat loaf, gravy, creamed potatoes, buttered green peas, sliced peaches, loaf bread, milk and butter.
 Wednesday, Oct. 24: Hot dogs, slaw, baked Irish potatoes, chopped onions, coconut pudding, buns, butter, milk.
 year old, is practically out of debt owing only \$3200.00 on an original outlay of some \$20,000.00.
 Attending the supper from Burnsville were Mrs. John G. Low and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Simpson.

MOVIE TO BE SHOWN AT SOUTH TOE SCHOOL
 The South Toe P. T. A. will present a moving picture show at South Toe School on Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8 p. m. The picture will be "Beyond Tomorrow."
 This is the first of a series of movies shown to raise money to put pavement on the school playground.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

The second annual appeal of the Yancey United Fund is getting under way. This fund raising drive represents a once-a-year opportunity for the citizens of the County to unite in a broad community undertaking to make Yancey County a better place to live, a better place to raise a family, a community with a genuine concern for our fellow men.
 United appeals have proved themselves everywhere the best means of achieving these civic goals. The united way of giving has grown very rapidly in the past few years. All the larger cities in North Carolina, and a large part of the smaller communities in the State are having their United Appeals this year.
 This is because our communities have come to realize that a unified well planned fund raising campaign best serves the local needs. United funds are all community enterprises, locally controlled. The budget is drawn up locally by thoughtful, civic minded citizens who know the local needs. There is no dictation from any state or national organization. The expense of collecting the funds, both in dollars and the time put in by volunteer workers, is much less than under the old haphazard method of separate campaigns.
 The second year's goal of \$9,200 is an impressive sum. It is, however, little if any more than was raised in Yancey County in 1954, the last

year of separate fund raising drives. The goal would, of course, be a heavy burden if only a few people in the County were expected to give. But Yancey County has 16,000 population. That means that if every man, woman and child gave 57 cents, the goal would be reached. When looked at in this way, the goal does not seem so very high.
 Actually, nobody expects the money to be raised by everybody giving just 57 cents. That would not be a fair way of collecting it. Some of us are in a better position to give than others. Some of us will pledge sums many times the 57 cent figure.
 The point for us to keep in mind is that if we give in accordance with our ability, the goal will be raised without difficulty and without hardship on the givers.
 It is now up to the volunteer workers in the County to contact every potential giver. In cases where the giver is not contacted, it will not be difficult for him to find a worker who will accept his contribution; or it may be sent to the United Fund, Burnsville. Each of us should make the size of our contribution a matter of conscience. Last year, many regularly employed people gave one day's pay.
 Projects like the United Fund campaign reflect credit on the communities which conduct them, and upon all those who participate as workers or givers. They deserve the maximum support from all of us.

While I was sitting in the barber shop one day, waiting my turn to get a haircut, I heard the others talking about Chas. McCartney and his caravan of goats. That morning I had not yet read the Asheville Citizen and I had never heard of this Chas. McCartney before. The conversation aroused my curiosity, and I took pains to get a paper and see the photograph and read the article about Chas. and his unique outfit. The story interested me because I once kept a goat, and thereby hangs a tale!
 When I was a youngster in rural New Jersey, boy friends of mine who lived on a farm had a billy goat that they could hitch up to a wagon and drive as they would a pony or horse. What fun I thought that must be! How I envied them! I remember vividly the stout wagon with its bright red paint and the harness for the goat just like a horse's harness! I suppose that I cannot actually remember such occasions. I only remember how gliding the thought was of having a goat that you could hitch up so splendidly and that you could make pull you wherever you wanted (?).
 Many years later when we lived in Japan and found that masses of the population could not afford cow's milk, and that if they could, there were not enough milk cows and not enough pasturage for milk to be provided even for all the babies; and when we knew from the experience of our daily living how watery the milk we bought was, we followed with interest the pioneering efforts of some missionaries and of some progressive Japanese to introduce milk goats into the land.
 I recall that on one of my last train trips through the mountains of Japan in 1939 or 1940 I noted here and there goats tethered out to graze - a sight one could not have seen a few years previously. The farmers were discovering that they could keep a goat and have its nourishing milk much more inexpensively than would be possible by maintenance of a cow. Since the war I have heard that quite a few Angoras, Toggenburgs and probably other breeds as well have been sent to Japan.
 We here in America have perhaps not realized what impoverished lives the farmers of other countries have had to live. We have generally thought that hard though the

farmer's lot may be, he has at least had enough to eat for himself and his family. Not so in many parts of the world. In many places the farmer, growing food for the nation, starves himself; his family are thin from malnutrition. Goat husbandry is one new (or, more correctly, not so new) mode of operation by which poor families may enrich their subsistence at a minimum expense.
 We have learned, too, the superior qualities of goat's milk. In the first place, it is rarely a carrier of tubercular infection, as cow's milk may readily be. In lands like Japan where tuberculosis has smitten large numbers of the youth of the nation, this is a most important consideration. Secondly, goat's milk is more easily digestible than cow's milk. It comes from the goat naturally homogenized. Some babies whose little stomachs cannot take cow's milk will thrive on goat's milk. I met a country preacher by the roadside in Pennsylvania once who declared that it was by goat's milk he got over an extremely bad case of stomach ulcers and serious general debilitation. He became so enthusiastic over goat culture that though he hadn't given up preaching the Gospel, he was spending a lot of time "preaching goats" to anybody who would listen, and caring for the excellent herd that he had acquired.
 You say you don't like goat's milk? Have you ever tried it? If not, perhaps it is just the idea that is repulsive. I confess that if goat's milk offered to me tasted like the smells issuing from some billy goats I have gone near, I wouldn't want to have anything to do with goat's milk either!
 But, actually, let me assure you, if female goats are kept clean, and if accepted methods of sanitary dairying are followed, there is neither taste nor smell about the milk that could distinguish it from the cow's milk. You could drink from unmarked samples interchangeably and you probably wouldn't know which was which. Try it some time, if you ever get a chance - especially if you are afflicted with any kind of stomach trouble.
 Well, I started to tell about my encounter with Chas. McCartney, but my space is gone. So you'll have to wait till next week for that story, and till the following week for the tale about my goat!

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Maybe you know who first said that "Ignorance is bliss." I don't. But I do know that the person who said it must have been awfully blissful. Can you imagine anything more asinine? Perhaps if one were born an idiot without the ability to ever learn, one might be completely happy. Any other human being, with normal physical and mental capabilities would be miserable. In fact, he couldn't help learning! Instinct would demand knowledge of a few basic needs and desires, and the body and brain would find ways of survival under any circumstances.
 Any man with the least trace of intelligence must realize that knowledge is the most precious of all abstract things. To have the opportunity to learn is the greatest privilege one can have. It has been said that money is the root of all evil. That I don't believe, either. Ignorance is the root. If you read your newspapers, then you know that it isn't the intelligent, learned person who commits the serious crimes in this country; it's the man or woman who would never go to school regularly or those who never had a chance at a good education. You find a few instances when that is untrue, but they are merely the exceptions to the rule.
 The ignorant man, whose mind was never developed beyond a certain stage (which automatically left him without the ability to reason a thing through to a sensible point) is the man who will lie, cheat, steal or kill for what he wants. He hasn't enough sense to know that the material things can make living a little more pleasant, but they aren't the things that make it worth living. He wants everything that other people have but hasn't the knowledge or mentality to acquire them by any other than the dog-eat-dog method.
 That is why I wish those two old adages had never been written or uttered. I've heard people say so many times that they wished they didn't know anything: that travel and reading and knowing about all the things they might have or do or be is what made them unhappy; that people they knew who couldn't read or write were so much happier than they.
 I don't believe any of those people really meant that. If so, then why the constant struggle by every parent to see their children through school? Why all the sacrifices in

order to give them a good college education, when just neglecting to do so could make the child so much happier?
 Actually, what we all want for our children is a little better life, a little easier one, than we had for ourselves. And we know that every grain of knowledge implanted in their minds is that much more insurance against a life of poverty and heart-breaking toil. The troubles that will come to them through out their lives, they'll be prepared for. Nothing can take away the confidence and assurance that they acquire from learning.
 Our children are the hope of a chaotic world. Every day that passes brings a greater, more evident need of men and women of high intelligence; clear-thinking, decisive, trained minds are more in demand than ever before in history.
 We all know this, I think, but we don't always take an active part in the educational activities of our communities. We should. The future of every single one of us depends upon education, and perhaps the future of the world. If we permit ourselves to live in ignorance, we are committing not only a sin against ourselves but against all who come into contact with us.
 Give knowledge and learning to any people or any race and they will rise to a higher plane of civilization. Take the paths of knowledge away from them and you'll find them, in one generation, as head-hunters.
 Who wants to live in a world that's gone back to the "survival-of-the-fittest" way of life? Who wants to become an animal again? It could happen to all of us if we close our minds to the educational needs of our communities and our country. Use your talents and capabilities in every way you can to make our schools better - for your own sake, and for the good of all man-kind. Let your conscience be your guide and if anyone tells you that ignorance is bliss, avoid him in the future. He's too ignorant to know!
THANKS EXTENDED TO HOSPITAL STAFF
 We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Webb and the entire hospital staff for the many acts of love and kindness shown to Mona Lee during her recent confinement at the Yancey Hospital. The Henry Lee Robinson family

POETRY CORNER

Conducted By
 Edith Deaderick Erskine
DAWN
 Dawn is a strangely quiet and solemn time
 When Heaven seems the nearest, and the Earth,
 Refreshed with rain or dew or winter's rime,
 Awaits the opening hymn of Day's rebirth.
 A bird choir greets the Dawn with joyous song,
 And from the sward the dew has lately kist,
 The changing grandeur sweeps the soul along
 As lightly as the disappearing mist.
 An aura of sheer beauty girds the Dawn
 As Sunrise gilds a mountain crest with gold
 And scatters beams upon the jeweled lawn
 While vistas like a flowering rose unfold,
 Omnipotence relates the scheme of things,
 The oratory gives the morning wings.
 Wm. L. Rathburn
PURPLE PULPIT
 Violet words . . . above a purple pulpit
 For old people in the twilight?
 No: Let there be fire
 Let there be sunrise
 Lighting the world.
 Manfred Carter

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