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Indian Summer Brings Glorious Colors Of Fall Season

In the mountains of Western North Carolina, the change of seasons is a glorious thing! Spring comes tripping gently in, a blossom at a time and swings slowly into summer, but the fall bursts forth with a suddenness and brilliance that over-night (it seems) flings color in a dozen different hues from the peaks to the valley floor.

In mid-October, when the lush green of the trees is just beginning to fade and summer is pausing briefly to catch its final breath, the forests become a tapestry of reds, yellows, and deep mahogany. Set against a background of ever-green are the flame red of the sourwood and maples, the yellow of the tulip poplars, the gold of the beechwoods, and the scarlet and bronze of the oaks. Intermingled are the brilliant sparkling reds of the ash berry bushes. At ground level are asters, goldenrods, and other fall flowers.

The hillsides sparkle and shimmer in the backlight of the warm fall sunlight.

This is a land naturally scenic, naturally photogenic, so when the flaming colors burst forth, they draw the photographers like a pot of honey draws the Great Smoky bears.

This is Indian Summer in the Southern Highlands. The days are warm, filled with a golden, lazy haze lingering over valley and hill. The nights are cool and bracing with a hint of the chill of winter in the air. There is the nose tickling smell of leaves burning and barbecue cooking in a nearby backyard. A balmy stillness prevails in the relaxed, informal atmosphere. Everywhere are the glorious colors of the fall season. Autumn colorama in Western-North Carolina is underway!

RANDOM THOUGHTS
 by Doris Burton

I've heard so many people use the phrase, "It's only human nature," in reference to an act or deed, and I've often wondered just what is meant by that phrase. I suppose it would be impossible to give a complete definition, just as it is impossible to measure how high is "up" and how low is "down."

Don't you think that "human nature" is applicable only to the individual. We all know that no two people are identical; therefore, each nature is different. So, actually, we are capable of judging only ourselves. And in many cases, we're not capable of that, so it behooves us to take care when we form an opinion of another.

Snap judgments are the bane of our modern civilization. It requires a person of high intelligence to reserve his opinions, to keep them to himself no matter what the urge to speak them may be, until he is sure; and even then to take care and do much thinking about what harm he may do by speaking.

Human nature is greatly influenced by what people think of us, or by what we think of ourselves. Anxiety over that can change us into people we definitely never were before we became confused; it can make us shy, retiring beings who were always extroverts, or it can work the other way and change the Dr. Jekylls into Mr. Hydes. But in neither case is the change natural behavior.

A leopard cannot change its spots, so they say. Neither does a person's basic character ever change. Fear, anxiety, loss of self-confidence, or even becoming slightly confused about our own

personalities can change us. But when these pressures are removed, we are ourselves again.

What we consider human nature is always a product of the specific culture in which we live. There are many cultures in which it is considered perfectly normal for a man to have many wives, and a few in which women have more than one husband. There are innumerable ways of courting in different countries of the world. There are different forms of government which seem to work just fine. There are different ideas of the ideal way to live, and man seems to adjust to all of these provided he remains in the spot where his first education in such matters took place.

To him, it is human nature to do those things just the way he knows them to be. Remove him, and his entire concept of human nature will change. It is practice that makes perfect, and that remains as true as truth can ever be, whether it be in stringing beads or in the study of human behavior. Therefore, to a man reared in the belief that a man can and should have many wives, our ideas of one wife for one man would be entirely unbelievable to him. He would probably think we do not behave normally and feel very sorry for us, when all the while we are simply conforming to our own ideas of human nature.

Again I use the words "moralistic thinking," but this time I refer to the reason our ideas are what they are. A group of rules have been set before us by former generations. We must follow those rules or we are accused of not behaving accord-

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

From the Overlooks on the Blue Ridge Parkway you can see many things. And if you had a telescope, you could see many more sights than are visible to the naked eye. Two or three weeks ago you might, with the aid of powerful binoculars, have observed from some overlooks on the section between Craggy Gardens and Buck Creek Gap a strange congestion on Route 70 between Old Fort and Marion. A line of cars found passing difficult. Yes, Chas. McCartney and his caravan of goats were "cruising" eastward along the highway. Half a dozen stout animals were pulling the wagon and its "Pullman Car" (!) trailer! Two or three other goats traveled on the roof! Some were inside. They must have been the "elite" of the tribe, I think. Or, maybe that was their way of being "hospitalized." The rest of the twenty-four trotted along behind, some of them not too willingly, I think.

utilize oddities to attract attention, earning money thereby or gaining a hearing for their message. Chas. McCartney, through the unusualness of his outfit and appearance, essays to make men heed the Word of God. I hope many will. I would be terribly upset, though, if all my church members deserted my preaching and became his disciples and followed him on foot, or with their goats along the highways of North Carolina and on down as far as Florida. Even by buying and raising some goats myself, I couldn't compete with him! But don't worry, I'm not going into the goat business!

At last McCartney and his menage found a convenient resting place in an open lot, where they could bivouac for a couple of days. Chas. was ready for visitors, of whom there were plenty. We bought some postcards, views of him and his family, and of course his caravan. For more than twenty years he has been travelling around the country, in many different states and in Canada. He estimates that they have covered over 80,000 miles.

Chas. is a preacher; perhaps he might even call himself a prophet of the Lord. It is recorded, he pointed out, that John the Baptist was clothed in goat skins, and so he too—Chas. McCartney—lives amid goats, calling upon men to repent and believe the Gospel.

There are not a few people in this world who live in fear of being thought peculiar. Chas. McCartney is apparently not one of them. Rather it would appear that he is of the other extreme, choosing deliberately to be different. We may say that he capitalizes on the unconventional. We have noticed how blind men will sometimes make money on their blindness. A grotesquely fat person will make money by joining a circus. In various ways, people

POETRY CORNER
 Conducted By
 Edith Diederick Erskine
 THROUGH MEMORY

Through Memory
 A host of friends
 Return to me,
 I know them now
 Eternally
 Through memory
 Through memory.
 Elizabeth Field, Asheville

HARDSCRABBLE HD CLUB MEETS

The Hardscrabble Home Demonstration Club met on October 12, at the home of Mrs. Wintze McIntosh.

The following officers were elected:

Mrs. Wintze McIntosh, president; Mrs. Dewey Bailey, Jr., vice president; Mrs. Ernest Buckner, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Vina Proffitt, co-secretary and treasurer; and Mrs. Otis Proffitt, publicity chairman.

Mrs. Ralph Proffitt gave an interesting talk on craft work, and Miss Sue Nottingham spoke on needle work, which was of interest to all present.

Thirteen members and two visitors attended the meeting. We would like for all women in our community to meet with us next month at the home of Mrs. Clyde Phillips on November 16, at 1:30.

ing to "human nature". It's natural to do certain things and very unnatural if we vary even slightly in our methods. We are considered fine, upstanding citizens if we follow the rules, but heaven help us if we don't!

Before the eyes of all those who work with people, there passes an endless parade of the different phases of human nature—and no one can put a finger on the reason any one of them is of the nature he is. Perhaps what we need is a change in our ideas of what human nature really is and not from what we believe it to be; changes that do not come from living based on assertions which were valid in the far off times and places where they first originated, but changes based on the needs of today.

It will be quite a struggle and take many years to bring about this change, but someday it will come and people will forever bless that day when they no longer expected to behave according to the present concepts of "human nature".

MRS. RETTA BLANKENSHIP
 Funeral services for Mrs. Retta Blankenship, 74, were conducted Tuesday, at 2 p. m. in Price's Creek Baptist Church by the Rev. T. E. Woody.

Mrs. Blankenship died Sunday in the home of a daughter, Mrs. Lee Maney of Burnsville RFD 1, following a long illness.

She is survived by two other daughters, Mrs. Burgin Robinson of Asheville and Mrs. James Folkson of Bowers Hill, Va.; two sons, Roy of Asheville and Troy of Burnsville; a sister, Mrs. Myrtle Matthews of Asheville; a brother, Tom Elkins of New York City; 12 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

and Bole's Creek churches were flower bearers.

She is survived by the mother, Mrs. Hester Honeycutt of Burnsville RFD 1; four sisters, Mrs. A. Z. Jamerson of Burnsville, Mrs. Margaret Johnson of Fayetteville, and Mrs. Marvin Robinson and Mrs. Alice Rector of Marion; and five brothers, Willard P. of Burnsville RFD 1, Murray of Oak Ridge, Carl C. of Topeka, Kan., Dewey of Rising Fawn, Ga., and Lenoir of Hudson, Ohio.

Holcombe Brothers Funeral Home was in charge of the arrangements.

MRS. PANSY FRANKLIN
 Funeral services for Mrs. Pansy Honeycutt Franklin, 60, of Burnsville RFD 1, who died Friday night, were held Monday at 2 p. m. at Jack's Creek Baptist Church.

The Rev. Arthur Pate officiated, assisted by the Rev. B. M. Strickland and the Rev. J. B. Starnes. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Active pallbearers were Bernie Wilson, Stanley Franklin, Bern Hunter, Molt Hensley, Bruce Bailey and Nelson Woody.

Cousins and members of the women's classes of Jack's Creek

MARY LOU AUTREY
 Mary Lou Autrey, 13 year old 9th grade student at Micaville School, passed away Tuesday, Oct. 16, after a short illness. Funeral services were held Thursday, Oct. 18, at the Celso Methodist Church.

The Rev. Joe Peetree and the Rev. Theo Letterman officiated and burial was in the Carroway Cemetery.

Surviving are the mother, Mrs. Dorothy Autrey of Celso; one sister, Flossie; five brothers, Floyd, Arthur and Jay of Celso, Bill of New Jersey, and James Ray of the U. S. Air Force, Illinois; and the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Maggie Carroway of Celso.

Holcombe Brothers Funeral Home was in charge of funeral arrangements.

CORNELIUS BYRD
 Cornelius Byrd, 76, of Ramsaytown died in a hospital here Oct. 16, after a long illness.

Funeral services were held Thursday at Piney Hill Baptist Church at Ramsaytown.

The Rev. Elzie Robinson officiated.

Burial was in the Byrd Cemetery. Surviving are a daughter, Miss Nell Byrd of Robbinsville; a son Harold, of Black Mountain; a sister, Mrs. Dorothy Phillips of Hamrick; and two brothers, George of Ramsaytown and Adler of Burnsville.

MRS. J. M. SHUFORD
 Mrs. J. M. Shuford, aged 70, passed away at her home at Celso, Oct. 12, after a long illness.

Funeral services were held at the South Estatoe Baptist Church on Saturday, Oct. 13.

The Rev. Steve Clark officiated and burial was in the church cemetery.

Surviving are the husband, two sons and three daughters.

Tribes along Africa's Lake Kyoga just north of the Equator eat fat-roasted locusts. They also press dried gnats into cakes. Termites are another favorite food.

Indian artifacts thought to be 9,300 years old were recently uncovered near Paisley, Oregon, by two high school boys. They were located in caves under 4½ feet of dust and dirt.

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