

THE YANCEY RECORD
 Established July, 1936
 ARNEY and TRENA FOX CO-PUBLISHERS & EDITORS
 MISS HOPE BAILEY ASSOCIATE EDITOR
 T. L. BROWN SHOP MANAGER
 Published Every Thursday By
YANCEY PUBLISHING COMPANY
 A Partnership
 Second Class Mail Privileges Authorized at Burnsville, N. C.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Margaret Laughrun

Entirely in keeping with the changing of the beautiful colors of the autumn season and the migration of thousands of birds to a sunnier clime, our good friend Charles E. Laurents left Burnsville on November 12, 1956, after having endeared himself to all who knew him since he and Mrs. Laurents came in the spring of 1955 to make their home in Burnsville. With his wonderful disposition and warm generous heart, the change from this life into an eternal one must not have been too great.

In addition to drawing friends as a magnet draws steel, Mr. Laurents taught us all a wonderful lesson for he was ever busy at improving everything around him. Many who have retired from an active life of business are content to just sit back and enjoy their well earned rest. But, not so with Mr. Laurents, for even though his health was far from good, the day did not have enough hours for him to be thinking up and putting into effect ways to make a better world around him.

The Laurents' home has been more than a home, for it became a work of art whereby each day all who came into it, and even all who passed by, enjoyed the change and beauty brought out by trimming shrubbery, landscaping, painting, repairing and beautifying the home and surroundings.

His church too constantly benefited by his keen eye and his desire to better all he came in contact with. He was ever noticing some change that would improve the appearance and make more effective the work of the church. In addition to being a church officer and having a great interest in the mens work, he was of equal value in helping Mrs. Laurents at all times in the work of the women of the church. If a civic club was to be fed, Mr. Laurents was unfailingly there to run errands, be

general "handy man", as well as to make his wisdom and skill available in just generally "making things easier" for all involved.

His hobby seemed to be in creating beauty around him and in helping others. He may have been retired from the office of Division Manager of the Glass Company in Chicago where he served so many years, but he had not retired from a very busy life where he taught us all the true meaning of stewardship of time, talent, and money. Much of his spending money went for additional needs and supplies for his church, over and above his and Mrs. Laurents' regular giving.

And we all will ever be reminded of the beauty of his stay with us, for wherever he went all became better by his very presence. One of his very last acts before he suffered a stroke was to take some scripture on giving to a church canvasser. One can almost hear the words "Well done thou good and faithful servant". And the spirit continues even since his departure, for he left a request with Mrs. Laurents that he'd like his friends all to give to his church instead of sending flowers. So he leaves us with this gesture of unselfishness and love, and we repeat with Paul in I Corinthians, the 13th chapter, "Love endureth all things."

All of Burnsville and the many friends in Chicago and elsewhere are brought very close to Mrs. Laurents in her loss, and also in thanksgiving that we too were permitted to share in the beauty of this life.

JACKS CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday, November 18th, Mr. Jennings Bryant of Spruce Pine will be the visiting minister for the 11 o'clock service at the Jacks Creek Presbyterian Church. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this service.

-- 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.

The principal called the whole school together for a special general assembly. Everybody knew what it was about, and feelings were tense. The football team has had a winning streak, but the league officials decreed that the victories had to be forfeited, because the eligibility rules had not been obeyed. Somebody on the team was over the age allowed for a high school football team.

At this general assembly the whole team was on the platform. After the captain had made a speech, the boy who was over age stood up. He had played tackle, and he was tall and heavy. There, on the platform, he cried like a baby, and I guess there were tears in the eyes of many a student in the auditorium.

It is almost forty years since the incident I have described took place, but the same sort of thing can happen any time. Didn't a similar thing happen about four years ago at West Point?

After the years have passed and we go up on to a mountain "overlook", where even some of the landmarks conspicuous when you are near them appear lost or as mere specks in the vastness of the total view, we can say to ourselves that perhaps after all the things that we got so excited about at the time didn't matter so much. All through my life I've been one—I must confess it—who has often made a mountain out of a mole-hill. Many is the tempest I have stirred up in a teapot! Times when I am on the "overlooks" and think about the bigness of life as a whole, or let God lead my thought out into the immensities of His universe, or when, imaginatively, I let Him take my hand and I step with Him across whole centuries of time as if a century were but a stepping-stone on the long, long trek of eternity, then I laugh at myself! Then the little things I have got all "het up" about look silly. I am a fool for having been so tense and worried over this situation or that. And, thinking of the many outbursts of mob excitement and sensation in American life as a whole, I ask myself whether most of it is not a tragic waste of human energy that ought to be stored up and

used for more worthwhile purposes.

If there be any validity in this reflection, then still more serious, it seems to me, is the general attitude of tolerance towards this sort of thing on the part of the American public. We not only think there is nothing wrong with unrestrained frenzy over something that happens in athletics or politics, but we actually applaud it. The mass feelings that lie behind some congressional investigations on the one hand, or the idolizing of some popular hero on the other show up a tragic weakness in the American character.

There are people in the world who go to the other extreme and who practice severe repression of emotion both in individual life and in group experience. In ancient times, in the Graeco-Roman world, there were the Stoics. Here in our own land the American Indians, I believe, magnified the virtue of not showing the feelings. Some of the oriental peoples look on the man who loses his temper as a moral weakling. Deep down in their hearts many Japanese rated Americans as their inferiors because they had seen so many Americans "blow their tops". There are people in the world, who, strange though it may seem to us, will pass severe judgment on the person who shows himself impatient while at the same time they will condone

Obituaries

CHARLES E. LAURENTS

Charles E. Laurents, 74, a retired businessman, died Monday at 2:30 a. m. in a Burnsville hospital after a brief illness.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at 2 p. m. in the Burnsville Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Warren Reeve, pastor, officiated.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Helen Gould Laurents; and one sister, Mrs. Ethel Taylor of Honolulu, Hawaii.

He had been associated with the glass industry in Chicago, Ill., for about 50 years prior to his retirement two years ago.

He had been active in church and community affairs in Burnsville and was a member of Bald Creek Masonic Lodge.

what we call gross immorality. It is well for us to realize that different people put different values on things.

The conclusion I come to as I try to survey human life in its wider sweep, looking at it from my "overlook", is that the emotional expression which we allow ourselves should always be a controlled expression. In the bringing up of our children and in their education in home and school more discipline is required; and—what I think more important still—we should strive with all our might to inspire children to accept discipline willingly and to enjoy it; and, lastly, to take pride in disciplining themselves. Tennyson wrote:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self control, These three lead life to sovefeign power"

JACKS CREEK COMMUNITY CLUB TO ESTABLISH 4-H CLUB IN COMMUNITY

The Jacks Creek Community Club held its regular monthly meeting Monday night at the home of the president, James B. Stamey.

The main topic of discussion was the motion to establish a 4-H Club in the community and for the club to pay the expenses of the winner from the community to the 4-H camp. Mrs. Blanche Hunter and Ray Higgins were appointed to contact the children and parents in organizing the club.

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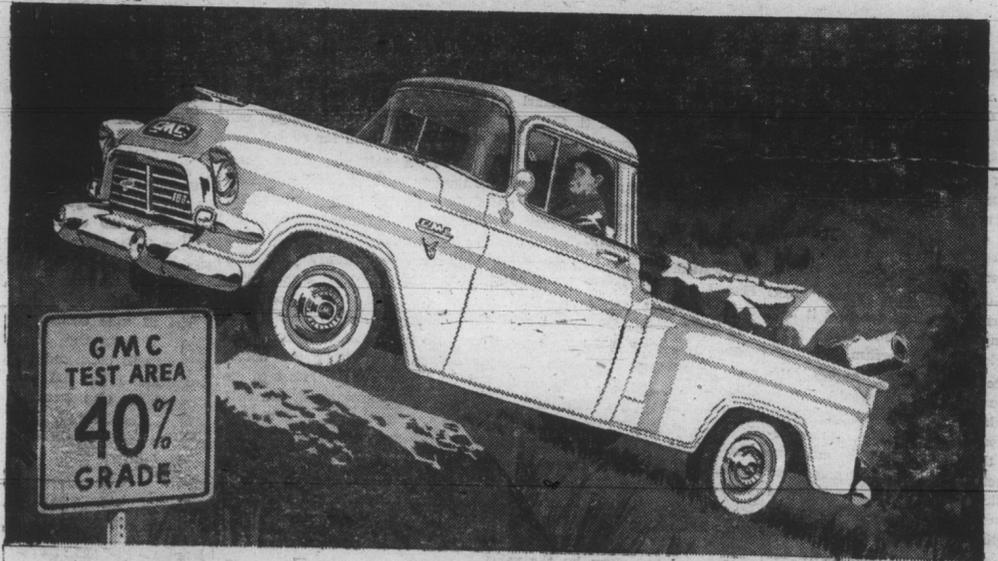
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