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RANDOM THOUGHTS
 by Doris Burton

Several people have asked me to write in this column of the need in our community for a recreation center for our young people. I've refused before on the grounds that it is definitely not my place to do so; that I'm not in a position to advise any other what this community needs because I am not a native nor have I lived here long enough to know many of its inhabitants well.

Any suggestion along this line should come through the active civic groups, but since so many have requested that I do this for everyone—not for myself, although I have three children of my own who would definitely benefit from it—I'll say what I think on the subject but please understand that this is only my opinion. I intend no criticism of any one nor am I a crusader in any sense of the word.

But I do see the urgency of this thing. Our Minister said to me the other night that a certain man remarked to him that there were only three things our teen-agers can possibly find to do; get drunk, park, or race their cars. For those who refuse to resort to those means of entertainment there is nothing. And this state of affairs is what brings about the belief that there now exists so much juvenile delinquency. Well, whose fault is it, really? Theirs for having nothing to do? Or ours, for not providing an enjoyable, decent place for them

to expend all their excess energy. It's quite something to think about when put that way, isn't it?

Our children, most of them born and reared in the country, are no longer "country cousins" to the city folk. Miles are too easy to cover today; radio and television show them constantly the exciting, wonderful things that are going on in the world, and they resent the fact that they are expected to just sit and do nothing at all. Perhaps it is this resentment that brings out, occasionally in the best of children, a recklessness that shocks their elders and sometimes brings about serious trouble.

I have a sneaking idea that a great many of us, during the last World War, acquired a feeling of emotional insecurity with which we've unconsciously infected our off-spring. It is now our duty to relieve them of that deadly infection if it is within the realm of possibility.

I know that any project must crawl before it walks. Whatever is done must of necessity be done over a period of time. But our people have proven, many times, their ability to do what is needed. Take a look at the new church and the new parsonage. Look at the large amount of money raised by the P. T. A. for the school needs. Don't ever think this thing can't be done; it is merely a matter of whether or not the people of this community

POETRY CORNER

Conducted By

Edith Deaderick Erskine

SNOWFLAKES

Little white angels clothed in peace,
 I think you are indeed
 God's messengers of cool release
 To a world in wintry need
 Of the hope that beauty brings
 To mortals here below,
 And I have heard that April sleeps
 Not far beneath the snow!
 Bess Hinson Hines, Calif. and
 Highlands

BROKEN IMAGE

God was a broken image
 On a shattered, moon-sea plain—
 Wet with disdainful pouring
 Of our words and ageless rain;
 I had a bowl of goat's milk,
 And the earth was nothing more;
 Drinking, I laughed at rapture,
 Then I cursed the wave-gnawed
 shore.
 Seas were as cold as reason,
 And my thoughts were dead, old
 stones;
 Skulls were in naked season,
 And my scorn was a hill of bones.
 Looking at stars, I wondered
 Who had broken God,
 Held in my hand a strangeness,
 Faith's divining rod.
 I struck the image with passion,
 And knelt to a surging sound—
 Songs of fresh water
 Burst from the arid ground.
 Better a broken image of the soul,
 Than all the world in one small
 eating bowl.
 Manfred Carter

riot was Louis Kossuth who lived about one hundred years ago, and who was, at the request of our Congress, invited by the president of the United States to visit this country. We even sent a warship on which he could travel across the Atlantic. Everywhere he went in this country, he was acclaimed with great excitement. He had dinner at the White House and he was received by each house of Congress. He symbolized to the American people the same cause of freedom and independence for which the patriots in our American Revolution had lived and fought and died.

Separated from the main part of the Hungarian plain by an eastern spur of the Carpathian Mountain range is a territory known as Transylvania. This also has long been a part of Hungary though its inhabitants differed slightly in ethnic background and culture from the Magyars who are the ones we have been chiefly describing. The Transylvanians are almost all protestants, and 75 per cent of them are of the Reformed denomination (equivalent of Presbyterian), while 20 percent are Lutheran. Just before World War II broke out, the Prime Minister of Hungary was an ordained minister of the Reformed Church.

Of the total population of all Hungary probably 70 percent are Roman Catholic. Cardinal Mindszenty's name will be familiar to many of us.

Budapest, the capitol, has long been known in the realm of art and culture. Back in the fourteenth century one of the kings brought in French and Italian influence. A century ago Franz Liszt, the great composer, brought fame to his land, and in our own twentieth century, the name of Bela Bartok is becoming increasingly famous. Bartok fled from the Hitlerian tyranny that fell upon his country, and made his home in New York. Friendless and sick, he finally died in poverty in 1943. Now, little more than a decade later, he is coming to be recognized as one of the most notable pianists and composers of our century. Today, exiled, like Bartok, from their fatherland, Andre Foldes and Agi Jambor are among the world's very fine pianists.

Let us rejoice that our country is able to give asylum to at least a few hundreds or thousands who may have fled - or who may yet escape - from the Soviet reign of terror going on today in that fated land.

It is our anticipation that a

want it done!
 Please, if you will, think a little about this issue. Nothing has ever been, to any parent, more important than their children's welfare. Every minute wasted is another formative minute in the lives of our children. Can we waste a single one of them?

Hungarian refugee will soon be coming to Burnsville. Under the sponsorship of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Jozef Horvaths and his wife and little son have been designated for residence in our community. Mr. Horvaths was a political prisoner for a time, but managed to escape into Austria and Germany some six or seven years ago. Through the good offices of Church World Service and of the Refugee Relief personnel, Mr. Horvaths won approval for rehabilitation in the United States, or two.



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BURNSVILLE, N. C.

-- 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.

In these days when Hungarians are in the front line news, it should be of interest to know a little bit of the geography and history of this people.

A thousand years or so ago they were a horde of cruel, uncivilized tribes migrating across eastern Russia. The Carpathian Mountain range, shaped like a gap through which they could pass and so descend on to the wide and fertile plain that lies to the north of the Danube River and that is the territory which today we know as Hungary.

Approximately around 900 A. D. a leader by the name of Stephen became a Christian and compelled his subjects to accept the Christ-

ian faith. He tamed their wild spirits and transformed them into a more or less civilized people. Ever afterwards his name has been held in great veneration by the Hungarian people who think of him much as we think of our George Washington.

Difficult times lay ahead for the nation, however, for the dread cruelty and ferocity kept all Europe in the "jitters" for centuries, attacked and invaded them, as they invaded neighboring countries.

In the period about 1440 to 1450 a general by the name of John Hunyadi succeeded in beating the Moslems back, winning the praise and love of his people.

A third famous Hungarian pat-

PRIZES

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

- 1st Prize — 5 years subscription to this paper.
- 2nd Prize — 3 year subscription.
- 3rd Prize — 1 year subscription.

Prizes awarded to the persons who can make the best jingle (poem) out of the words HOME COMFORT connected with the word Christmas, in 25 words or less.

SAMPLE JINGLE

Christmas comes but once a year
 "HOME COMFORT" has been here year after year.

All those cookies and goodies too
 Are baked on a "HOME COMFORT"
 tried and true.

Winning jingle and name of writer will be published in paper.

All entries must be received by the undersigned on or before December 17. Judges of contest will be the editor of this paper and the undersigned.

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