

East Yancey Edges Cane River For Title

The East Yancey girls and Cranberry boys wobbled into the winner's circle Monday night in the Toe River Conference basketball tournament, held this season in the East Yancey gymnasium. Heavily-favored East Yancey had to come from behind in the last three minutes to subdue inspired Cane River, 35-30. Cranberry tried three times in the final 34 seconds to present Bakersville a gift-wrapped victory, but the Bulldogs ignored the generosity and sustained a 42-41 defeat. The other Yancey County teams in the tournament, the Cane River and East Yancey boys, were beaten in the first round. Cane River lost to Cranberry and East Yancey was beaten by Tipton Hill. East Yancey, which had beaten

Cane River by 27, 18 and 14 points in regular season games, never led by more than five in the showdown for the trophies. Cane River took the lead for the first time with approximately three minutes remaining when a field goal by Betty McCurry made it 28-27. But a pair of free throws by Sharon Thomas and a three-point play by Ruth Jones put East Yancey in front to stay. Jones led the winners with 14 points and Gwen Young and Juanita Sparks added eight each. McCurry sparked Cane River with 22 points. Cane River, a decided underdog, used a deliberate attack and got superb play from its guards in almost pulling the tourney's big-

gest upset. East Yancey normally scores most of its points on drives, but the Pantherette forwards were forced to shoot from further out on the floor this time and thus hit far below their average percentage. But they maintained their poise in the clutch, and this, more than anything else, brought them victory. East Yancey finished the season with an 18-1 record, its only loss coming at the hands of Marshall. Cane River compiled a 7-9 mark. Both the Cane River and East Yancey Boys teams, loaded with young players, suffered "off" years. Cane River finished 2-13 and East Yancey 5-13. The Cranberry-Bakersville boys title clash, matching the tournament's top-seeded teams, was a close struggle throughout. Neither team ever led by more than four points and the score was tied on nine occasions. Cranberry's well-drilled Wildcats forged into the lead midway the fourth period and with two minutes to go appeared a sure winner with a three-point lead and ball possession. With a minute left Bakersville had narrowed the gap to a single point, but Cranberry had the ball and was adeptly freezing it. A foul call with 34 seconds left appeared to have killed any chances the tall Bakersville team had, for Cranberry had hit 75 per cent of its free throws. However, Cranberry took too long to get the shot off and Bakersville was awarded ball possession. A field goal try missed and Cranberry grabbed the rebound, only to be called for a backcourt violation. Bakersville thus took the lead again with seven seconds left. Its shot once again missed, but Buster Buchanan rebounded for Bakersville and was fouled as he attempted a follow shot. Only a second remained. The normally deadly-accurate Buchanan bounced both free shots off the front of the rim and Cranberry had the title it had almost given away. Named to the all-tournament girls team were Sparks, Jones, Young, Iris Schwintzer and Linda Hensley of East Yancey; McCurry, Mary Mathis and Mary Evans of Cane River; Elizabeth McKinney and Carole Byrd of Tipton Hill; Sara Williams of Spruce Pine and Kay McKinney of Bakersville. Honored with spots on the boys squad were Marvin Miller, Gene Ledford and James Buchanan of Bakersville; Bill Jennings, Bruce King, Bill Tate and Russell Greer of Cranberry; Hogan McCurry, Tipton Hill; Van Wilson, Spruce Pine; and Larry Byrd, Cane River.



Along The Sidelines By Tom Higgins

The Fisherman

Although the two or three warm days we have had lately have been followed by snow and ice, those ever-so-slight hints of spring have set Yancey County's fishermen to buzzing. It won't be long now until the treks to the lakes—James, Watauga, Santeelah, Fontana, Douglas—begin. And, believe it or not, the opening of trout season is only five weeks away.

We received a letter, cleverly ditty on fishing in the mail the other day, passed our way by the Courtland Line folks. It's something of a take-off on the famed "What Is A Boy?" that came out a few years ago. Here it is:
WHAT IS A FISHERMAN
In innocent boyhood, in dignified manhood, in honored old age we find a delightful creature called a fisherman. Fishermen come in all sizes, weights, colors, autos, boats, caps and boots. They are all dedicated, enslaved and bonded to the same urge... To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and night beside a stream, lake or bay and to protest if there is interference by law, in-law or Nature. Fisherman are found everywhere... on top of, beneath, climbing over, sitting on, standing by, shivering in, dripping with,

hiding from, breathing down, two steps ahead of, getting ready, digging for, bailing out, running after fish trucks, dragging in, bragging about and smelling of. Mothers loved them, lucky girls married them, uncles and big brothers teased them, fathers and grandpas taught them. God enlisted them. The fish warden watches for them.

A fisherman is a lie with a new look, a story with a new angle. All his hopes for the future are tied to tomorrow or the day when the fish will be biting and he will be there. A fisherman is a composite. He has the appetite of a bluegill, the digestion of a shark, the energy of a muskellunge, the curiosity of a native brook trout, the lungs of a farmer bawling out a trespasser, the imagination of a lure manufacturer, the irresponsibility of a frayed tippet, the usefulness of a backlash on a dark night, the glamour of a hellgrammite and the staying power of a relative.

Nobody else is so early to rise, so ignorant of luncheon, so late for supper or so luke-warm about chores. Nobody else gets so much fun out of weeds, lily pads, sunken logs, long worms, heavy rains, fresh air, sinking minnows. Nobody else can cram into one pocket two rusty knives, a piece of shriveled garden worms, 10 feet of knotted invisible leader, six split shots, a grocery order, last year's fishing button, two bottle openers, a ragged wet fly and a topographical map showing his favorite fishing holes. A fisherman is a magic creature. You can lock him in your workshop, but his heart is dancing on a trout stream. You might as well give up—"he's got something to do, and it's all done." He can be captured, bossed, mastered—but only by a missing bundle of noisy small fry who perks up the hopes and shattered dreams of every "skunked" fisherman by shouting, "Hi, Dad! Catch any fish?"



Chevy Seeking Revenge At A-W

It's been a rough week in Yancey County for Chevrolet fans, but they have far from given up hope. Instead, they've adopted a "Wait 'Til Sunday" policy toward their arch rivals, the Ford boosters, who have been "busting their buttons" all week following Ford's triumph last week in the Daytona (Fla.) 500-mile race. The Chevy people figure that they have an excellent chance to gain a measure of revenge Sunday in a 100-mile late-model stock car race scheduled at Asheville-Weaverville Speedway. They point out that Chevy has always fared well on the half-mile asphalt track and they are confident that this race will prove no exception. However, the Ford contingent is predicting a repeat of Daytona, where ten of twelve Ford starters finished, six of them in the top ten. The battle Sunday promises to be a good one, but the verbal battle next week in Yancey could be even better.

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Happy New Year

It's The Eve Of The New Year On The Farm

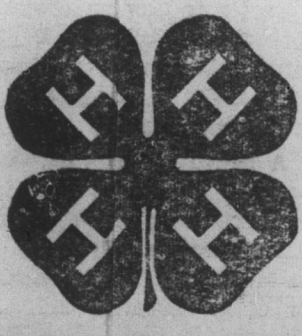
In Our Business, Social and Cultural Worlds, January Brings in the New Year, with much gaiety, horn blowing and confetti throwing. On the Farm, however, March is the beginning of a New Year. In the roots below the ground, the mysterious energy that produces growth awaits the first warm sun and gentle spring rain. With an eye on the calendar we find the first day of spring just a few days away and we are eagerly awaiting the first outward signs of planting activity.

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