

# THE YANCEY RECORD

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### The Paper Industry Moves South

Just a few years ago a papermill in the South was considered something of a novelty. No longer is this true. Fact is, twentyone new pulp mills have been announced during the past several months, according to data compiled by the Cooperative Extension Service. Even more of the numerous already established mills have expansion plans underway.

The pulp and paper business looks rosy for the future and it also means more income for farmers who are now finding the growing of trees an important crop.

Trade development organizations now urge the establishment of mills in their areas. Years ago objections were heard loud and strong when it was suggested a mill might locate in a town.

Main objection was the odor. Now that people have seen the color of the money that comes from the industry they can't smell the odors so much.

Then, too, more than three billion pine seedlings have been planted on southern land, the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Association says. More than 266 million were planted during the 1964-65 season alone. This figure includes 25 million trees given by the industry to farmers and others interested in growing trees.

If the proper industry continues to move southward, Dixie could very well become the major producing area for the country.

No longer is the South a country where farmers depend upon row crops for income.

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### Science Is Wonderful

Modern engineering, science and manufacturing know-how is wonderful these days.

A lady said she had grown so accustomed to going to sleep listening to the whir of the window air conditioner that she found it difficult to do so when the unit was not running.

Instead of running to the doctor for a prescription for a sleeping pill, she took her tape recorder, turned on the window unit, and recorded the noise.

Now when she can't sleep when the unit is off, she plays the tape recording. And sleep, she says, is wonderful.

Her idea opens other possibilities. It's now possible to record the sound of sea waves hitting the rocks at the summer resort, and for the fellow who remembers the old home place with the tin roof over the bedroom and how the rain pelleting against it lulled him to sleep, can have a tape made to play in his city apartment.

And the wife, so accustomed to listening to her tired husband snore away each night, and who finds she can't go off to the land of nod when he is out of town, can likewise have a substitute.

Who needs sleeping pills?

When the ballots are received in the county ASCS office, the envelope will be checked to be sure the voter is eligible to vote. The blank envelope containing the ballot will then be removed from the larger envelope and placed with all the other ballots. Each ballot will, therefore, lose its identity before it is tabulated. The county ASCS committee will publicly open and tabulate all ballots on September 15. At this time, none of the ballots will bear any identification of the person voting. It is necessary that each person voting sign the certification on the envelope in which the ballot is returned. If the certification is not signed the ballot inside will not be tabulated. Any person signing by mark must have his mark witnessed.

### Farmers To Receive Ballots

Farmers voting in the coming community elections will receive an envelope containing a ballot and two envelopes. The farmer should vote for five persons listed on the ballot and insert the ballot into the blank envelope. The blank envelope should then be inserted in the envelope addressed to the county ASCS office. He should sign the certification on the back of the envelope and drop in the mail. Please remember that only one ballot can be placed in the return envelope since every voter must sign the certification. If a husband and wife are each eligible to vote, each must return their ballot in separate envelopes.



Visitors to Wiseman's View look out over Linville Gorge. This may be reached from the

Blue Ridge Parkway and is a true spot of beauty when the leaves take on their bright colors in the fall.

### WESTWARD HO!

By: William L. Rathburn

We were on our way that morning some three weeks ago while yet dawn's gray cloak still clung to familiar hills, our destination more than three thousand miles away. It was at once apparent that my companion was an excellent driver. Although minus one arm, and well past seventy, Mr. Bedgood proved to be a much better driver than most. Once aware of this, my nerves soothed, and then I was able to start taking mental notice for future reference.

It was at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Va., Ky., that we ran into a downpour of rain, much needed at home.

None of this country was at all new to yours truly, but Mr. Bedgood was almost appalled at the Cumberlands, which finally were succeeded by the Blue Grass country, from Lexington, Ky. to Louisville.

Leaving the country of fast horses and beautiful women, we swept through the eastern half of Indiana, and finally motelled at Paoli.

Up at dawn and much refreshed, we sped on through Vincennes, St. Louis and across Missouri to St. Joseph where we again motelled at the Pony Express Motel. Nearby is the stable from whence the first Pony Express rider departed with mail for San Francisco. That stable is still in good repair.

Entering Kansas, one begins to wonder who or what consumes the products from our Nation's bread basket. Be-

#### Preview

At one of the fashion showings in New York one designer had a number of women's designs built around the space theme. The fashion writers said they saw dresses and suits which "wrapped around the body in orbiting spirals and centered in flying satellite panels."

And husbands upon getting bills for the space-designed dresses and suits will go into orbit.

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A few years ago we had \$1 per-year men in government positions. We could use some right now as soldiers in the war on poverty.

cause for hundreds of miles ripening fields of wheat run on and on into infinity.

Somehow, the richness of the Sunflower State ends almost abruptly, and we are going through a corner of Colorado, a corner of Nebraska, where we see cowboys chouring cattle down the hills, the riders being reminiscent of almost forgotten stories we have read.

Now, somewhere in the distance, Wyoming emerges, and we are on the Great Plains, headed for Cheyenne, our ears are popping because of the altitude. And now we learn that the Frontier Days Celebration is going on at Cheyenne. There, we write postal cards, gas up and head for Hell's Half Acre. This can only be described by Dante in his Dante's Inferno. More card writing, hurry on.

Once taking leave of Wyoming's area of desolation, one is at once rewarded by the almost unnoticeable lift as we wonder again: We ask ourselves why the irrigation, because of this great torrent there seems no scarcity of water.

I am still not sure that Mr. Bedgood believed that the great white masses in the looming Tetons were snow-capped peaks.

And then we came to Dubois, Wyoming, the east entrance to Yellowstone Park, Sept. From thence, I shall elaborate next week. Be with me then, and perhaps I may reveal more of the "Face of America."

Ye olde Globe Trotter

#### Who's Knocking?

The Brazilian government is now going into the financing of automobiles for citizens. If this gets to be a common practice everywhere, then one will never know whether the man knocking on the front door has come to collect past due income taxes or to repossess the family car.

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#### NOTICE

Helton Carmichael, U. S. Forest Ranger, will speak to the Lions Club (tonight) Thursday, at 7 p. m. at the Amberjack Fish Camp.

## A Farewell

### To Summer

(And a "so long" to all you good Yancey County folks. I have very much enjoyed my summer up here, seeing many of you again for the first time in a long time, and making my occasional contribution to the YANCEY RECORD.)

Summer is slipping by us; there are so many signs around

You can tell it with all senses of feeling, sight and sound

And if you'll but quietly listen, you can surely hear her pass

As she hoists her fluffy petticoats and tips through withering grass.

I shall very, very much miss her; you see I love her so I barely retain an open sob, to think so soon she has to go

Such a gay and lovely companion, always calling me outdoors

Playfully ducking me in the surf and chasing me on the shores.

Picnicking with her in the open, forgetting inhibitions and fears

Hastily retreating to shelter, when she turns to her whim of tears

Just as quickly forgiving and forgetting to join her once again

When she smiles at me through sunshine, after a brief respite of rain.

All creatures seem to love her an follow closely in her wake

And sadder still when she must go, these little friends she'll take

Lazy little lizard, blinking and basking by my kitchen door.

Warty little toad by the cindeblock, I'll see you there no more.

In the hush of evening twilight, shadows fall deep and long

Forming a "blue-green" silence to usher the day more hurriedly along

And in those very last sun rays, birds fly higher day by day

Mustering a silent sentry of wing to escort our summer away.

Bravely I surrender her as she moves along to other parts

To lend them her cheery presence, to warm and gladden their hearts

And while I stand erect and still, I think she must sense my inward grief

For in a farewell gesture at my feet, she drops a shiny, golden leaf.

Gladys McMahan Sandlin  
Rt. 2,  
Travelers Rest, S. C.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness in our bereavement. May this express our gratitude to all.  
The Riddle Family