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**TALES FROM THE MEMORIES  
OF AN OLD SOLDIER**

There's a story in the Record this week concerning William Anglin, a Confederate Soldier and relative of Grover Anglin of Burnsville. There is a close parallel to the news story of which we are a part.

My grandfather, James Fox, with two brothers, Mose and Kell, were a part of the Confederate army at the same time of William Anglin.

The parallel to the story is that my grandfather was also a company fifer and was wounded in the wrist in the battle of Chikamauga at Chattanooga. A union army bullet entered his wrist a few inches above the hand and came out on the back side. Because of this wound the little finger on that hand was drawn in toward the palm and remained in that position until his death on April 9, 1923.

The part of the story that does not parallel that of Mr. Anglin is that my grandfather returned with many tales of the hardships and humor that was encountered in the war between the states.

At a time almost beyond memory, my grandfather would come to Burnsville, spend the night visiting with us. And on these visits, as we sat before a great fireplace with wood crackling and occasional bursts of sparks flying onto the hearth, either I or one of my brothers would say, "Grandpa, tell us about the war". And those words would roll back the thoughts of my grandfather to memories that are now recorded in history, and a tale for small boys would ensue.

To me, in childhood, because of his tales of war, my grandfather was a great man. And in later years, when thinking back over some of his stories, I realized that he was truly a gentleman of greatness.

In some of his story telling he told of a time when in enemy territory soldiers were commanded to steal in mercilessly and set fire to farmhouses and other buildings of the enemy. On one such occasion my grandfather and one of his brothers were told to steal in at

night and set fire to a certain house. Under possible penalty of death, he told the officer who gave the command, "We won't do it."

Two other soldiers hearing the command immediately volunteered for the arson job. The quick volunteers probably saved the lives of my grandfather and great uncle, my grandfather said.

In explaining his refusal to obey the command to set fire to a house, I can remember that he said shooting at men who were shooting at you is one thing, but burning a house where probably only women and children lived was another.

The selection of a company fifer was one of the stories that always amused me. It seemed that another soldier in the company also played the fife and was interested in becoming company fifer. The same then as now, the company commander passed the buck. My grandfather was told to begin playing the fife and to start walking in one direction, and the other man was told to do the same, except walk in the opposite direction. The fifer who had the most soldiers following him was elected as the official fifer. My grandfather won. I never knew if it was his musical ability or his personality that gave him the honor.

I can remember that as a very small boy, playing in the yard of my grandfather's home, I found a peculiar looking hollow stick with a row of holes in it. I asked someone what it was. "That's your grand-dad's old fife", was the reply. I guess I left it in the dirt where I found it. I wish I had it today.

Some years following the war, he attended a convention in Atlanta, Ga., for both Union and Confederate soldiers. He told of a conversation he had with a Union Soldier.

"I spinged at you, and you spinged at me. I didn't shoot to hit, did you?" the old Union man asked.

"Yer danged right, I did," my grandfather replied.

"I'd bet he did, too."

Arney Fox



This type of scene may be found almost anywhere this week in the burley section. Fields like this one dot the

county, with tobacco standing like little tepees, waiting to be placed in the barn for curing.

**Who Wants To Pick Apples?**

Well, here we go again! First it was California and the Southwest reporting farm labor shortages. Then came Florida saying citrus growers were unable to hire orange and grapefruit pickers. Then came Georgia peach growers who said, from a labor standpoint, this past season was the worst in years. Even though the work of picking peaches is fairly easy, as farm work goes, no one wanted the job. So now the circle is swinging to New England where apples are harvested.

Growers say the U. S. Labor Department is clamping down on the importation of apple picking labor from Canada. For years it seems, New England orchard owners have used pickers from across the border.

Secretary of Labor Wirtz banned the importation of foreign farm workers unless it has been clearly established that workers are not available locally, or elsewhere in the country.

Judging from the reports from California, where acre after acre of strawberries and other crops rotted in the fields because labor was not available, and from Florida, where oranges and grapefruits rotted on the ground, and from Georgia, where orchard operators told the public to "come and get" peaches (but pick 'em yourself) because so many government checks were floating around no one wanted to work, it begins to look as if there is no available labor anywhere in this country.

The Labor Department has a series of hearings underway on the farm labor crisis. If these hearings run true to government form they'll take weeks and weeks.

Meantime crops are rotting, and the unemployment, welfare and poverty war checks continue to flow from the government's rapid-feed checkwriting machines. It's all cockeyed.

**UNITED FUND BUDGET  
FOR 1965**

This fall's United Fund campaign will have "something to shoot for" in the form of a comprehensive \$8,278 budget figure.

The 1965 Budget, showing an increase of \$58 over the past year, was set Tuesday by the United Fund's Budget Committee at a meeting in the Burnsville Town Hall.

Eighteen different charitable, educational, and service organizations, operating on a county and regional basis, are represented on this year's budget.

Can was taken by the Budget Committee to assign allotments in view of the money which can realistically be subscribed in the fall campaign for funds.

Preparing this year's budget, listed below, were Woodrow Anglin, Ted Ballou, Don Burhoe, Mrs. O. W. Deyton, Hubert Justic, Bob Helmle, Mrs. Max Hopson, Edgar Hunter, Mrs. Horace Daniel Ray, Dr. Garland Wampler, Edd Wilson, and Woodward Finley, Chairman.

**1965 UNITED FUND BUDGET**

4-H Clubs	\$ 400.00
Rural Community Development	400.00
Blind and Sight Conservation	250.00
Orthopedic Clinic and other Health Center Work	300.00
Boy Scouts	600.00
Girl Scouts	600.00
Yancey Library	400.00
Yancey Hospital	500.00
Red Cross	2,805.00
Cerebral Palsy	100.00
Dread Disease Committee of Yancey County	500.00
Helping Hands	300.00
USO	139.00
Florence Crittenton Home	125.00
Children's Home Society	266.00
United Medical Research of N. C.	238.00
N. C. Mental Health	87.00
Seven Other Agencies	59.00
Carolinas United	159.00
Expenses of Yancey United Fund	150.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$8,278.00</b>

**WESTWARD  
HO!**

By: William L. Ra'burn  
In the two last issues of The Record, I have whisked you across about two thirds of this continent. This week we shall arrive at my destination.

As we set our course toward the setting sun, our map tells us that we are soon to pass through a corner of Montana, from whence we drop down into the realm of IDAHO SPUD, where the potato is king of a fantastically luxuriant basin. Here the old method of irrigation is relegated to the past. Sprinkler systems have almost replaced the ditches of yore. We watch as they twirl the precious water, and note that these systems are portable inasmuch as they are mounted on wheels, so that they are easily moved to any part of a field. Mechanization has retired the horse here in a land where, except for irrigation, these wide vistas of incredible productivity would be the deserts they were before the white man's spirit for adventure moved him to a wild empire.

The verdant seas of blooming potatoes finally becomes a monotonous sameness as we sweep along at a speed of seventy to eighty miles per hour.

But, just as we are about to succumb to boredom, the scene changes to one of utter desolation, and we learn that we are entering an area set aside as a National Monument, The Craters of the Moon.

To all appearances, we are actually passing through a bed of cinders which comprises an area about the size of Avery, Mitchell and Yancey Counties.

The great crater, itself, is an extinct volcano, with trails leading downward to a depth where all is darkness, and where the moon and stars can be seen by day, and appear as luminous as on the darkest night.

Passing this great earth vent, a huge sign looms before us. It merely says: "THIS AREA IS FOR THE BIRDS. THIS IS FOUL TERRITORY."

Now, we see the snow caps atop the Blue Mountains as the sun becomes a bloody orb this is Time's way of putting a period to the end of day.

We motel at a friendly little village called Richfield, where a young lady manages a motel, restaurant and her.

At dawn, we are racing toward the Blue Mountains, coming at last to Lagrande which sits astride The Blues.

Now, we have but to coast into Pendleton, where the rodeo classic is held each fall. And I am reminded of the unique way this show is opened: A rocket is fired into the air, bursts and the American Flag opens and, as it floats earthward, a band plays the National Anthem.

After climbing out of the hole where Pendleton drowns, we finally sight the Mighty Columbia, passing McNary Dam, the John Day and finally the Bonneville.

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