

The Yancey Record

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Trena P. Fox, Editor & Publisher

Miss. Zoe Young Associate Editor

Thurman L. Brown, Shop Manager

Archie H. Ballew, Photographer & Pressman

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Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

Washington has gone "bug" crazy.

In any other town, if folks found they had an infestation of bugs, they would do the sensible thing and call an exterminator, if they couldn't cope with the situation by themselves. But Washington is different. So are the "bugs" of which they complain.

The Washington bugs are electronic do-hickeys that private and Governmental investigators have planted in peoples telephones, homes, offices, and, allegedly, even in Ladies and Gentlemen rooms in Government buildings. Seem like these bugs are connected by wires or by electronic devices to recording machines so that listeners can get in on lots of secrets. The only exterminator available appeared to be the Supreme Court, and that learned body has done its best to eradicate these bugs from your Capital City. If they haven't stopped these bugs, they have at least and at last declared them to be illegal.

As a result of all of this Court Ruling on the subject, we now have a rather comical situation in various places. We have the ex-Attorney General of the United States and the FBI Director charging and counter-charging about the knowledge of the use of such things and their mis-use. Not to be outdone by Washington, good old New York City had to get into the act. District Attorney Horan brought in some 28 indictments or else he indicted 28 persons for engaging in "illegal" bugging, most of whom were private individuals, not Government or State Investigators. This appeared, on the face of it to be a very fine act on his part to protect the private citizens against this unwarranted and illegal procedure. Unfortunately,

someone always has to be a wise-guy and ask questions. So, someone enquired of the District Attorney if he and his staff had done any "bugging" to make the case against the 28 people indicted.

Possibly this was an embarrassing question, because the D. A. hasn't even hinted at an answer yet. Legally, he is doubtless right in his position of refusing to answer, since the Justices of our Supreme Court are not exactly of one mind on how much privacy a person can maintain. Justice Douglas implies that he feels the right to privacy is absolute, while the eminent Justice Black has implied that he feels privacy may be invaded if there is no Constitutional clause prohibiting the Government from so doing.

President Johnson, back in 1965, banned all bugging by the Government except in cases involving National security. Anyone who objected to that order should be "bugged."

Bugging is bad enough but, if things continue, one wonders how much privacy will be maintained in our private mail. If that privacy gets invaded, then we might all just learn to send up smoke signals because everything will be like a camp-meeting open-confessional.

Perhaps, before the authorities get through with the subject, someone will check into the moral issue involved in one's right to privacy. On second thought, maybe that wouldn't be a good idea. It might not work out real well if we submitted the Ten Commandments to the Courts or Congress for interpretation because, the first thing you know, one of them would be sure to determine that Moses or God had made a mistake and that the word "not" had been included here and there and all of the psychiatrists would clap their hands in glee.

Letter To The Editor

As a favor to Mrs. Michael E. Stapleton, Wichita Falls, Texas, we quote in full letter received from her in Dec.:

"I am tracing the family tree of Mrs. Billie Owens back five generations for a college history assignment. However, I have hit some snags at the fifth generation and would greatly appreciate any of the following missing facts that you might possibly be able to fill in from your records:

"John Pierce Hensley and Margaret MacMahan (?) had a son, Goodson McDaniel Hensley, on July 1, 1845 at Burnsville, Yancey County, N. C. Do you know the birth date and place, marriage date and place, and death date and place of both John Pierce Hensley and Margaret MacMahan?

"Charles Abernethy Byrd married Jane Hampton in 1829 at Jacks Creek, Yancey Co., N. C. They had a daughter, Myra Aletha Byrd, who was born on Aug. 19, 1845 in Yancey County. Could you give me any information about the birth date and place and the death date and place of Jane Hampton? Her husband was born on July 12, 1802 in Yancey County, if that helps.

"Any of this pertinent information you might be able

IT NEVER FAILS



RANGER RAMBLIN'S

By: Helton Carmichael

What do you know about the county you live in. When was it founded and by whom? How did the Toe River get its name? I'll bet most Yancey folks can't answer these questions I just happened to find some of these answers in old books in our library and so will pass on some of this information to you as I think it interesting.

It seems very probable that De Soto's Spaniards explored, mined and mined in this region as early as 1540. They were seeking gold and it seems probable that they mined in Yancey County. In 1887 General Til Clingman, member of Congress and U. S. Senator observed timber standing in the wastes of Sink Hole Mines which he stated had been growing there for 300 years.

The Region of the Toe River Valley was not legally opened up to settlement until 1778. By Royal Proclamation, in 1763, all lands west of the Blue Ridge had been reserved for the Indians, and individuals had been forbidden to purchase from them. The census of 1790 lists only eighty families living in the Toe River Valley. Some of these early settlers in Yancey County were James Hensley, Holland Higgins, James Barnett, John Edwards, Robert Baker, Isaac Anglin and John Rerfrow. These family names are still familiar ones in Yancey County.

Indian legends are few, but the one explaining how the Toe River got its name is worth preserving. The story is to the effect that there was a beautiful Indian Princess named Estatoe who lived somewhere in the Toe River

to provide would be very helpful and greatly appreciated. If you would send the information to: Mrs. Michael B. Stapleton, 2403 8th St., Wichita Falls, Texas 76701 I will gladly pay for any charge or postage.

If there are any relatives of these persons in the county, or local historians who have the information wanted you would be doing Mrs. Stapleton a favor by passing same on to her.

Valley. A young Indian brave from the Watauga Region on one of his hunting trips into the valley chanced to see the Princess, and it was a case of love at first sight. Pretty soon after this he returned and made known to Estatoe his love for her and she agreed to elope with him. But they were nursed by her kinsmen as they fled down the river, were overtaken, and the young brave was killed. Estatoe was so overwhelmed by the loss of her lover that she cast herself into the river and was drowned. The river after that time was called Estatoe, and eventually the whites abbreviated the name to Toe.

MAN OF THE YEAR

By: Bill Armstrong

Dept. Motor Vehicles

At this time of the new year, big publications, professional organizations and civic groups crank up the machinery designed to find and honor a "man of the year" for 1966.

Each candidate for such honors is measured against certain criteria of accomplishment. Always, the accent is on the positive.

We would like to advance our own candidate for 1966 honors. This fellow must be anonymous, because we don't know him. He may not even exist.

We propose to honor our unknown gentleman as "Private Automobile Driver of 1966." He is a man of considerable accomplishment, but his important qualifications for the honor lie in what he did not do.

Let us examine the negative virtues of our anonymous but honorable driver.

He received no traffic citations during the year, except, perhaps, one parking ticket which he paid promptly.

He did not roll through a single stop sign or cheat at a single traffic light.

He never exceeded the speed limit by more than a mile or two. And when he discovered his error, he always let up quickly upon the gas.

He never failed to curb his impatience when caught behind a slow driver without safe passing space.

If he bought a new car during the year, he fiercely resisted the temptation to discover how far above sixty his speedometer gauge could climb.

If he had a cocktail at a party or a beer at home, he always arranged for someone else to do the driving.

And during the entire year, he uttered not one uncomplimentary word about the police or the Highway Patrol picking on inoffensive drivers while the dangerous drivers went scot-free.

Is there such a driver? Somewhere, we believe, there is.

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