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Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

The new book on the late President Kennedy, titled DEATH OF A PRESIDENT, is well worth reading, since it combines the most fascinating subject imaginable, the assassination of a World leader who was our own President, with a most intriguing style of writing. The author, Manchester, bids for the laurels worn by Carl Sandberg, won by his great Lincoln biography. In reading the Death of a President, one feels that Manchester imitates the Sandberg style. This is not meant as an unfair comment. Possibly Sandberg discovered the only style in which a great biography of an assassination could possibly be written. It is a most pleasant form and therefore, there is no fault in the author Manchester. Possibly because I am a bit of a nut on both Mr. Sandberg and Lincoln (I found something that is not there. If this be so, then I am giving high praise indeed to Mr. Manchester because I kept comparing passages of his book to Mr. Sandberg's work.

The basic difference, evident in the recent work, is the time element. Sandberg wrote many decades after the event, while Manchester appears to have begun writing immediately after the assassination was announced. My overall opinion of this is that Sandberg chose a better course. However, Manchester lives in a different time. He was "co" with Kennedy whereas Sandberg was not so with his subject. Then, again, in this day and age, everyone seems to feel that "I have the right to know" and, for some reason or other, too many people agree and subscribe to that theory. As a result of this buttinski attitude of too many people, we had a nasty hassle in the newspapers and general press.

This book will definitely ignite the embers of the slumbering feud between the Kennedys and LBJ. Such, according to the widow of the President, was not the idea at all. Mrs. Kennedy has stated that she had no idea the new book would come out so soon. She and the author got into a messy wrangle and LBJ has kept his own views to himself.

The situation of the assassination of a President of the U. S. A. is not conducive to harmony. That goes without question. However, we are dealing with men, not gods — regardless of

what gets printed. As a result, you have human reactions in this situation. LBJ rode to Dallas in the number two plane because he was the number two man. In Dallas, he, quite suddenly, became number one. LBJ, as the new President, could and did control himself most admirably, even according to the widowed Mrs. Kennedy. However, just think of the assistants to LBJ — a few hours ago, they had been nothing, or very close to it — suddenly, Fate thrust them into positions of power. They, too, were humans. Some of them, possibly a bit too human. It would have been impossible to hope that not even one of them must give vent to his new-found power. Then, of course, the new President had to make changes. He had no two or three weeks or months for the transference of power. He had to do it immediately. In even a small transfer, such as a County or City election, many toes get trampled upon. Think for a moment the toes and even whole bodies that must, of necessity, be hurt in such a transfer that faced LBJ.

This portion of the book might have been handled better, I felt. However, due to the rush upon the author to get the book into print by his publishers — some of the writing may have been done on a cash register instead of a typewriter. Well worth reading.

GONE AWAY

This world has been made darker,
Since God called you away.
Heaven is much brighter,
Since you went there to stay.

The flowers you loved here,
wilted,
Up there, they don't fade away.
You walk in a garden full of beauty,
With Jesus, for endless days.

There, you'll never be forgotten,
Sweet memories will always live on.
Some day, we will be together again,
Forever, in that beautiful, heavenly home.

Written by Mrs. Joe Woody,
(In memory of my beloved sister, Mrs. Bertha Brinkley, who departed this life August 20, 1966).

IT NEVER FAILS



Reducing The Risk Of Heart Attack

NO TIME

If the fabled Aladdin could appear with his magic lamp, offering to substantially improve your chances to avoid or delay a heart attack, he would get a lot of local business. And if his magic lamp really proved effective, he would surely be hailed as one of the greatest benefactors of all time.

Fortunately, Aladdin's services are not needed. What's needed is for you and your family to follow these six simple rules listed by your Heart Association:

1. Control high blood pressure. New drugs and treatment can lessen the risks of heart attack and stroke.
2. Don't smoke cigarettes. They increase the risk of heart attack. Help your family avoid the habit.
3. Watch your diet. Eat foods lower in saturated fat and cholesterol. Help your children form good diet habits.
4. Keep weight normal. Extra pounds increase the risk of high blood pressure and heart attack.
5. Keep physically fit. Regular exercise improves circulation and strengthens the heart.
6. See your doctor regularly. Let him advise what's

best for every member of your family.

Your Heart Association emphasizes that no guarantees can be offered. But it also points out that almost any individual, through adherence to the six rules, can surely improve his chances for a longer and happier life.

We would like to add a seventh suggestion: Support the 1967 Heart Fund Campaign, being conducted here throughout February. Give — So More Will Live!

SPRING IS HERE

Spring has come to the mountains. Not according to the calendar, but according to the thermometer. High temperature for two or three days here has been around 70 degrees.

Crocuses are in bloom. Or at least some are. Mrs. W. A. Y. Sargent reported that two of the flowers were in full bloom at Dr. Sargent's office on West Main Street.

Last year, Mrs. Sargent said, the crocuses bloomed there on February 15.

Yes, it looks as if spring has come to the mountains.

By: Clara Cassida

We are living in the modern age and many time savers you can find. Yet we're in such a hurry we don't have time to be kind.

There's no time to visit our neighbors even though they're ill. We hurry until we're so nervous we have to take a pill. If our neighbor should come to visit us I shudder to think of what we might say. I have no time to talk to them they have upset my schedule for today.

There's no time to train or love our children we hardly realize they're there. We're either too busy to listen to them or too tired to care.

If our children should get into trouble we would wonder why. Yet when we think of helping them we think of the things money can buy.

There's no time to comfort the broken-hearted even though they're our best friend. If death should come to our home hearts would rend.

There's no time to read the Bible and there's no time to pray. We must hurry and see how much we can get done today.

I wonder when we get to heaven if God will let us through or if He will say "depart from me you were so busy I couldn't use you."

IT'S AMAZING!

