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Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

Everybody knows that I think the world and all of my wife Blanche. She is quite a girl and, being a woman of the female gender, she makes and has made a great wife for 27 years — come June. She always speaks highly of me, too. We organized a sort of a mutual admiration society. It's a great thing for married folks to have going for them. Sort of helps you over some of the rough spots as you go along the route.

Mainly, what I am getting at is that a person with any kind of sense at all would think that you knew pretty much about your wife knows — after 27 years of marriage. Even if you don't, I did. Which I guess proves that you must be smarter than I am, because I definitely didn't know ONE thing that, to my utter amazement, my Blanche knew all about. Seriously, if I had made a list of ten or a hundred, or even a thousand things that Blanche knew absolutely nothing about — well, I would have headed each and every list with this very thing that she knew ALL about. She flabbergasted me.

Happened like this. We were sitting home, talking as usual. Leastwise, I was talking. Blanche was sewing or something and probably agreeing with me from time to time, if I paused for breath. Anyway, the telephone rang and I answered it. That's a usual procedure around our place. You see, that lets me get a other conversation going, and the only thing I like better than two conversations is three or four of them all at once.

Turns out this was a lady friend of Blanche's and she started off the conversation fine. She said "Hello Jack, I'm glad you're in Town because I got trouble and I need your advice." Naturally, I smiled and sort of preened myself, like any good advisor would do. Blanche asked "Who's callin'?" I said "Helen. She wants me, Sweetie, not you. Said she needs some advice and help." Blanche said "Let me talk to her I'll tell her. We're too broke, what with income tax and whatnot." I said "She doesn't sound like she's making a 'touch.'" Then I said into the phone "If your trouble is financial Sweetie — Blanche just announced that we are busted." Then our friend informed me "I don't need any money. I got dog-troubles. My pooch got loose in the woods and he's in terrible shape". "I cut in, "You mean he's hurt?" She said "No. Just mentally distressed — he smells terrible. Seems like he got into some

argument with a skunk. He smells terrible!!" I repeated this to Blanche as I got it and Blanche told me "Go ahead, Mister Advisor, advise her." So, she told me her husband had said to call me because if I was in Town I probably could tell her how to get rid of the odor. I thanked her and told her that was one subject I knew nothing about. I was ready to hang up but Blanche crossed the room and took the phone

"Hello, Helen," she said. "You should have asked for me. I am probably one of the few people in Washington who can tell you just what to do." I put my hand over the mouthpiece and told Blanche she ought not to kid the girl. Blanche said "Who's kidding?" and removed my hand and continued her conversation on the phone. "Do you have a couple of king-size cans of tomato juice?" She waited for her answer "Okey" she advised "Take them outside and glob the juice all over your dog. Pen him up for 12 hours. Then wash him with laundry soap and the smell will be gone." She hung the phone. "Back home in West Virginia," she told me "we used to use real tomatoes. The juice ought to work too." Found out it did.



Made from
a
star-spangled
recipe that's
25 years old



The cake above is something we whipped up to help celebrate the 25th birthday of the United States Savings Bond program. Although there will be no confetti, no horn-blowing—in fact, no party—there are a number of reasons to celebrate this quarter-century observance. Since the first one was sold on May 1, 1941, Americans have bought more than \$150 billion worth of Series E and H Bonds and still buy them at a \$4-\$5 billion-per-year clip.

IT NEVER FAILS



RANGER RAMBLIN'S

By: Helton Carmichael

Natural reseeding is still depended upon for successive crops of timber on most National Forest, but there are areas where the planting of nursery stock is necessary to insure a new crop of trees.

Where land once forested lies barren because of past fires; where it has been abandoned because farming did not pay, or where it is so poorly stocked with timber, that it can be classed as unproductive, then tree seedlings are planted. Under multiple use management, there is no room for idle acres in the National Forests.

Not all timber stands in the 152 National Forests land themselves to selective cutting and natural reseeding for continuous crops. In the management of Douglas fir in the Pacific Northwest, for instance, the timber is out in staggered blocks because this species requires abundant light to reproduce successfully. Stands that are even-aged and ready for harvest are also out in this manner.

Some natural seeding can be depended upon from use of timber surrounding the clear cut areas. Where land values are high, however, the managers cannot depend entirely upon natural regeneration to reclothe the clear-cut areas with new growth. Planting is more desirable because sometimes there is a long time lapse between good seed years and brush invades the cutover blocks unless they are quickly reseeded to young trees.

Controlled burning of the slash, after logging removes a fire hazard that could threaten the destruction of the young trees after they are established. It also prepares a favorable seed bed for seed that is dispersed from adjacent uncut timber.

The conversion of old growth trees to thrifty young growth not only assures future timber crops, but benefits wildlife. Mixed in with the young trees is palatable browse that furnishes excellent feed for deer and elk. The second growth conifers, with their live limbs reaching to the ground, furnish escape cover for many years for all classes of wildlife.

Tree planting, whether it is on a piece of barren land

ravaged by fire, on a few acres of abandoned farm or pasture land, or among worthless scrub, can crowd out the ugly gully and spon in its tracks the sheet erosion that spreads over the ground like the veins in a forest leaf. It protects the watershed as the young trees build up layer after layer of cast-off rawles on the surface of the raw ground, and tame the rain drops that strike their green crowns.

Forest re-creation also benefits when idle acres are planted to conifers. A forest plantation, with its trees in serried ranks as neat as a company of infantry on parade, adds beauty to any landscape.

The monotony of a drab winter landscape among leafless hardwood trees can be broken by plantations of conifers with their bright evergreen needles. The increase in wildlife populations resulting from large scale tree planting on the National Forests furnishes thousands of man days of recreation in the form of hunting.

As forest land becomes increasingly valuable, less and less reliance will be placed upon natural reseeding following timber cutting, and greater emphasis will be given to tree planting with stock established from the seed of elite trees of good form and rapid growth.

Reprinted from Jan. 23 rd. issue of The Canton Enterprise

What Do You Mean?

Various and sundry things come in through the mail and most of them aren't worth repeating.

But we did find a good example of unclear writing published by J. P. Brady in The Franklin Press, the county newspaper in Macon County.

Mr. Brady compiled the following from letters received by health and welfare departments in seeking support. Here they are:

I am forwarding my marriage certificates and six children. I have seven, but one died, which was baptised on a half sheet of paper.

I am writing the welfare department to say my baby was born years old. When do I get my money?

Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the clergy.

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why? I am glad to report that my husband who is missing is dead.

This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?

Please find for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am now living with can't eat or do anything until he knows.

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

I am very much annoyed that you branded my son illiterate. This is a dirty lie as I was married a week before he was born.

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my three children, one of which is a mistake as you can well see.

Unless I get my husband's money very soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life.

You have changed my little boy to a girl, will this make any difference?

I have no children as yet as my husband is a truck driver and works day and night.

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.