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May 1967

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Miss Mollie Hensley is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Hensley of Windom. Her sisters, Mrs. Watson Boone and Mrs. Tom Branch, also a brother, Pershing Hensley, all reside in Windom.

Miss Hensley is a 1934 graduate of Micaville High School, and a graduate of Asheville Normal. She taught in Yancey County Schools for a number of years, before becoming a teaching Missionary at Southwest Indian School in Arizona.

RALEIGH REPORT

By: Ernest Messer

A bill to impose a tax of five cents per pack on cigarettes and an equivalent tax on other tobacco products was introduced in the House last week.

The tax would raise approximately \$30,000,000 and would be redistributed to the local governments.

No real support has developed, as yet, for this tax. However, I'm sure Municipalities and counties are interested.

One of the big fights now raging in the General Assembly is over Congressional Districts.

A Senate redistricting bill has been reported out of Committee, but met such opposition on the floor that further consideration was postponed until next Wednesday.

This Senate plan would move Mitchell County out of the 11th Congressional District.

In a cemetery, there are 900 graves per acre.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to repeal the Automobile inspection.

Interest on home loans may now be as high as 7 percent. A bill was passed last week by the General Assembly to make this possible.

A constitutional amendment which would have lowered the voting age to 18 was killed by the House last week.

Revenue bonds are now legal in North Carolina. The North Carolina Industrial Development Financing Authority will be set up and all industries wishing to issue bonds must be approved by this authority.

The bonds will be available to new industry coming into North Carolina and to established North Carolina industries which wish to expand.

The properties of these industries will be fully taxable at the local level. The bonds will be the full responsibility of the industry issuing them. The interest will not be taxable as income.

It is believed that the availability of revenue bonds will aid our industry hunters in attracting industry to North Carolina.

Dear Friends:

Greetings from the land of cowboys and redskins!

At this writing we are in the process of finishing up a year here at Southwest Indian School. Everyone has plenty to do. The children are thrilled and impatient, as are children everywhere the last month of the school year.

I face the end with mixed emotions, for this is furlough year. This ends my sixth year of service here. It will be good to be back in North Carolina for, at least, a few months. I will be living near my sister and brother in Burnsville, and it will be great to be with loved ones and friends again. But I am surely going to miss these brown faces and the fellow missionaries here in Arizona. Surprising how emotionally involved one can get in so short a time!

I am also looking forward to seeing you, who have supported me so faithfully these six years. For many of you it will be the first time, and I am sure I will not be able to tell any of you how indebted I am to you, but it will be great to shake your hand. No doubt, you will be receiving a letter from headquarters regarding a visit from me, or a meeting in your church or prayer group.

I can only say that from my heart I thank the Lord for having had this privilege. Only He could have made the way. Thank you for obeying Him.

In closing could I ask your continued prayers? Deputation work is new for me. Please pray that I will be a blessing in the places I visit; and that in His time, I will be able to raise the shares I need and return to the brown-faced people who need so desperately the message of Salvation.

Sincerely in Him, Mollie Hensley

Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

Blanche and I drove down home for a couple of weeks for, I think to take a rest. Well, anyone who ever took a trip for a rest, without any other guarantee than his wife's statement, probably ended up like I did. I'm not complaining, you understand, it's just that I will have to get back to work to get that rest I thought I needed. Blanche was real nice about it though. She did all the driving on the way down. Actually she did the driving after we arrived too, but then she drove me, not the car.

It was a fine Saturday for driving. Rained for the first 250 miles, then the sun shone all the way to Burnsville. The trip itself was most uneventful if you don't count the time on Interstate 81 when Blanche cut out to pass, and we saw a 24-carat idiot driving right at us, on our side of the median strip. Blanche followed my instructions and we got back out of the way as the car zoomed past. Right smack behind him was a State Highway Patrol car with his siren

blaring. So, I guess he caught him. After that we didn't see anything unusual until we took the cutoff to Burnsville, after we left Johnson City. Then, as we made a turn, there was a Cadillac backing up the road in front of us. Going the same way we were, fortunately. We timed him with our speedometer and he backed up that mountain at better than 45 miles an hour. I was right proud to note that neither of these weird driving gents had North Carolina plates on the car.

We arrived at Ray Brothers Grocery at exactly 2:15 p. m. Loaded up with groceries and drove up to the Hill. The place looked great. Ransom Higgins, with his usual kindness had turned on the water, and gotten the lawns mowed. Johnny Flack did a nice job but he left me a few leaves. (Blanche showed me how to use a rake, so I got them up, later on.) We began unloading the car and Ransom and his grand-daughter, along with his new grand-son-in-law drove up.

This made the home-coming something special. After all, I

never dreamed that a bride and groom would take time out from a Honeymoon and drive up to greet us. Everybody knows that Nancy Ann Higgins was as pretty a girl as there was in Yancey County, and she surely makes a pretty bride. She must have a lot of sense too, because this lad Blackburn, Joseph Ronald Blackburn his full name is, well, he is one of the most presentable and interesting young men I have met in many years, and Nancy met him and married him. Blanche and I sincerely join with all of their friends and relatives in wishing them a long and happy marriage.

I had a meeting of a different kind on Sunday, right after Church. We came home and ate, then I went out to look at the view the Lord gave this place. I stood there, minding my own business, when suddenly, out of nowhere, my neighbor, Whopper Boyle, whom I had never met, was upon me. He kicked me in the forehead and chest at the same time. I did what I was supposed to do. I fell down. Good-neighbor Whopper then commenced to lick my face in a most friendly way. As soon as I decided he wasn't going to eat me, I got up, and took a good look at him. Whopper turned out to be a dog, six feet tall, nine feet

long, and he must weigh close to 300 pounds. The more I looked at him, the more I was glad that my neighbors are friendly. Give me my choice and I'll take Bride and Groom greetings.

It turned out that Whopper Boyle is owned by my good neighbors Earl and Margaret Boyle and that they don't know how to spell real good because they spell Whopper's name "WAPI" and anyone who looks at that canine gentleman just knows it has to be spelled my way. Incidentally, Earl Boyle has a better view than I do, but I wouldn't admit it for anything in the world.

Our son Barry and his wife Beth came up for the weekend. They arrived at exactly 4:15 a. m. Not over a couple of hundred yards behind them, the Police arrived. Chief Penland's force is on the ball. Barry wondered if he had maybe done something wrong coming through Town but I explained to him that our Police, and Chief Penland just didn't take kindly to young couples driving up Water Tank Hill at 4 o'clock in the morning and since him and Beth had left their marriage license back home, well, they might have been in trouble if Blanche and I had not been home to greet them.