

THE YANCEY RECORD
Established July, 1936
ARNEY and TRENA FOX CO-PUBLISHERS & EDITORS
MISS HOPE BAILEY ASSOCIATE EDITOR
T. L. BROWN SHOP MANAGER
Published Every Thursday By
YANCEY PUBLISHING COMPANY
A Partnership
Entered as second-class matter November 11th, 1936, at the Post Office, Burnsville, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

VIOLET RAYS ON OUR WAYS
BY H. M. ALLEY

Note: This column is written with malice toward none, but with the common good of all in mind.

As usual, The Cherokee Ranch Wild West Rodeo, shown in Burnsville last Friday and Saturday nights, drew record crowds from all sections of our county. And the performances were equally good to what they have been in the past. Again we commend the local Lions Club for bringing our way this glimpse of the old west, along with the rugged excitement and fun afforded by the different acts.

Sorry to follow that with a bit of criticism, but we have it coming to us; or maybe a part of it should be accepted by the Lions Club and the Rodeo Management: First, have we mortals become so calloused to thrills and spills and frills that we can't be moved to applause by the performances of trained animals, and the patience and skill demonstrated by their trainers? And do we feel that the amount paid for tickets at the gate is all the expression of interest from us that those hard working performers deserve for their skill and tricks and their daring and risky performances on the trained horses, or upon the hurricane decks of those half-wild bucking bronchos? We do not know if it were better on Saturday night or not, but the hand-clapping and cheers on Friday night from the grandstands was very weak, with the emphasis on VERY WEAK!

Shame on us! Similar performances out west, where the Cherokee Rodeo had its origin would have been greeted with cries of "Ride 'im cowboy!" and the cheers and general applause would have been heard one or two blocks away. Such a responsive and appreciative attitude on the part of the audience would automatically have perked-up the performers, who, incidentally, are just as sensitive and human as the rest of us, for all they may seem so hard-boiled. Again, shame on us, and may we practice up on our hand-clapping and our appreciation with more volubility the next time The Cherokee Ranch or any other group of entertainers come to town.

Now the above criticism is directed at all of us. But in the second place we do not feel that all are equally responsible. We refer to the fact that only a very few

of our colored people attended the Cherokee Ranch Show. Why? Surely there would have been no objection on the part of anyone. And why were no seating arrangements provided for the ones who did not attend? At least we didn't see any such arrangements, though we did notice two colored women standing for a few minutes where they couldn't see very well, and one of them was holding in her arms a child that must have been rather heavy, judging by his size.

Maybe our colored friends do not care for wild west shows. But if they do, we certainly hope that next summer they will be encouraged to attend in numbers, and that they shall be provided with a place to sit and enjoy the show. In making this criticism and suggestion we are sure there was no intentional neglect and oversight on the part of either the Lions Club or the Show Management, only one of those unfortunate oversights that can be corrected for the common good and happiness of all.

Time hurries on, and space is limited. Therefore, we must leave until next week a few comments upon people and places that are growing in popularity with some and in dis-favor with others. Be sure to tune in on this column a week from today for a few penetrating, and probing Violet Rays directed at matters needing attention, -but BAD! Nuff Sed.



ATLANTIC CITY-NEXT... Joan Colleen Beckett, 18, of Sacramento, won title of "Miss California" at Santa Cruz contest for state representative to Miss America finals.

POETRY CORNER
Conducted By
Edith Deaderick Erskine
A LIFE OF SERVICE

If I could live my life anew,
I'd be noble, kind and true.
I'd heed the blessed Master's call
And do some good to one and all.
I'd help a neighbor day by day
And plant a flower along life's way.
I'd trim my light and let it shine,
In service give this life of mine.
On one and all I'd try a smile
And strive to live a life worth while.

By Arthur Frye, a blind man of Spruce Pine.

SELF SUFFICIENCY
Said the flower to the weed,
"You're an unwanted elf,
Said the weed to the flower,
"I can care for myself."

Reverend Homer Casto, Weaver-ville, N. C.

VETERANS ASKED TO CASH LEAVE BONDS; BUY E'S

Greensboro, N. C., Thousands of World II veterans in this state are holding Armed Forces Leave Bonds that have drawn no interest for five years or longer, and Uncle Sam would like to pay up—an average of \$200 apiece.

Walter P. Johnson, State Sales Director of the U. S. Treasury's Savings Bonds Division, has an idea for these ex-G. I.'s who apparently don't need the money right now. He suggests they redeem those Leave Bonds and put the money in Series E Savings Bonds, which pay 3 per cent interest compounded semi-annually when held to maturity of nine years and eight months.

In the country as a whole, 130,000 veterans hold Leave Bonds worth \$26 million. It's all that's left of more than two billion dollars paid to members of the Armed Forces discharged between April 1, 1943, and October 1, 1946. The five-year bonds, carrying an interest rate of 2 1/2 per cent a year, were used to reimburse veterans for unused leave.

A special act of Congress in 1947 made the bonds redeemable after September 1 of that year. Some \$1.5 billion were cashed within the next few months; others were held to draw additional interest. However, the last of these matured on October 1, 1951, and have drawn no interest since that date.

"Now the Treasury would like to clear its books of this bond issue," Mr. Johnson said, "and is calling on all veterans' organizations to help locate the 130,000 bond owners. Then when these bonds are cashed, I can think of no better place to put the money than in safe, sure, indestructible United States Savings Bonds. And," Mr. Johnson added, "if you don't have any Leave Bonds, Savings Bonds are still a good buy!"



AMONG OPENING NIGHT THEATREGOERS at the Parkway Playhouse were Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Holmlie, Miss Thelma Gornito, Bruce Westall, and Mr. and Mrs. Rush T. Wray. The Playhouse opened its 1936 season last Friday night with the production of "Sabrina Fair", an amusing modern comedy by Samuel Taylor.

TALL, DARK--AND AWKWARD
By Jac Tweton

ROY KENNEDY became self-conscious—again—the moment his six feet four entered the outer office of Acme Television, which was packed with hopeful salesmen, all talking animatedly. Then a short, husky blond fellow yelled unthinkingly, "How's the air up there?"

"Pretty warm. Heat rises, you know," Roy managed. But he was so tired of that quip.

"Bet you played basketball?" Roy smiled ruefully. "I love sports."

"But you grew too fast."

"That's what mother said," Roy agreed. She sympathized with him, Dad was disappointed, everyone else made fun of his awkwardness, except Georgia. Georgia didn't, even when he stepped on her feet while dancing. "And Georgia," he added finally.

"Life or girl friend?"

"Girl friend—so far. But if Acme hires me, I'll propose."

"Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Kennedy," R. H. Adams—blonde secretary announced as two more salesmen walked dejectedly out of Adams' office.

Roy's hopes fell when Tim got up with him. Roy was paired with the best salesman in the room!

Wilcox grinned at the blonde as they passed her desk. "Watch me, baby," he said, and walked. She smiled at him, but not at Roy.

Adams was not a man to waste time. He was looking at his watch when the men entered. Roy bumped into the chair Adams waved stumblingly toward. Adams glanced impatiently at Roy who thought, "I've dropped the ball again. Tall, dark, and awkward—that's me."

"According to your letters of application, your qualifications are nearly identical," Adams said crisply. "That's why I called you in here together, as I go others with similar records." Adams was quite as awesome as rumored—head bent forward

Obituaries

JOHN E. EVANS
John E. Evans, 93, former merchant of Burnsville and one of Yancey County's oldest citizens, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ben Randolph, near Burnsville Friday morning after a brief illness.

Funeral services were held Sunday, July 22, at 2 p. m. at the First Baptist Church in Burnsville. The Rev. Charles B. Trammel and the Rev. A. Z. Jamerson officiated and burial was in the Acetamy Cemetery.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Henry Stamey and Mrs. Ben Randolph of Burnsville, and Mrs. Hubert McIntosh of Carolina Beach, N. C., three sons, Sol Evans of Burnsville, Jay Evans of Skyland, and Charles Evans of Detroit, Mich.

Funeral services for the funeral services were Philip Ray, Earl W. Wilson, Norman Barnett, Charles Tomberlin, Crate Higgins, Ray Edwards, and J. B. Stamey.

MRS. IDA R. PETERSON

Mrs. Ida Renfro Peterson, 70, of Green Mountain RFD 1, died in a Burnsville Hospital early Monday morning, following a long illness.

Funeral services were held at Peterson's Chapel Church yesterday (Wednesday) at 10 a. m. The Rev. Troy McCourry officiated and burial was in the Peterson Cemetery near by.

She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Talmage McCourry of Baltimore, Md., and a son, Holmes Peterson of Green Mountain RFD 1; two sisters, Mrs. Bert Peterson of Burnsville RFD 1, and Mrs. Fred Shannon of Johnson City, Tenn.; six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

CARD OF THANKS

We want to express our sincere appreciation for the many kind and thoughtful remembrances and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our sister, Miss Betty Slock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Macara

CHURCH DEDICATION

There will be a Dedication Service at Peterson's Chapel Free Will Baptist Church, located near Clearmont High School, Sunday, July 29. All singers and the general public are invited to attend the all day service at the church.

According to reports from Tar Heel producers as of June 1, acreage of sweet corn will total 6,100 acres, a reduction of 20 per cent from last year.

White Elephant Sale
\$50.00 Full Price
10 Cars To Pick From
1941 Chevrolet Club Coupe
1939 Chevrolet, 2 Door
1939 Chrysler, 4 Door
1948 Chevrolet, 2 Door
No We Are Not Foolin
Come and See
CASH For Late Model Cars,
Bring Your Title And Let's Deal.
ROBERTS CHEVROLET, Inc.
FRANCHISED DEALER NO. 1019
PHONES 244 - 270 BURNSVILLE, N. C.

BOONE BROS. STRING BAND



SQUARE DANCE AT BALD CREEK GYM
Every Saturday Night 8:00 - 11:30 P. M.
SPONSORED BY BALD CREEK LIONS CLUB
Admission 50c Per Person

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT YOUR HOME

- For One Coat Painting
- Streamlined Brushing
- High-Gloss Finish
- Wonderful Durability
- Dress Parade Appearance

Just ask for **MOORE'S ONE COAT HOUSE PAINT**

Benjamin Moore paints

Blue Ridge Hardware Co.
BURNSVILLE, N. C.

"I REMEMBER"
BY THE OLD TIMERS

From Mrs. Rhodes Ingerton, Center, Texas: As a little girl, how well I remember the "quilting bee" which were given, it seems to me, most often at Grandmother Rankin's home down on the Cumberland river in Kentucky. She had the best cook in the whole country, the largest sitting room, with its huge open fireplace—an ideal setting for a "quilting bee" as there was ample room for two or three frames to be set up at the same time. The crowd consisted of women from every nook and corner in the county. They gathered early, along with their children, in order that the whole process of assembling the lining, padding and the finished top, which could be The Double Irish Chain, The Wedding Ring or a gorgeous display of appliqued American beauty roses, leaves, stems (even the thorns) in order to turn out the finished product before the day ended.

There were many ways of quilting but the "fern leaf" was most popular, especially for the appliqued ones.

While we children enjoyed playing outside and while Grandmother's cook was "stirring up" so many delectable dishes, you could hear the gayer of the crowd inside—busy needles, each one working at what seemed to be a contest, to see which could take the faintest, finest stitches. Finally after hours of work and friendly gossip, a quilt was finished and then the big moment came. Although the older women did the quilting, it was the young girls who, by taking each corner of the quilt, "shook the cat", which never failed to determine definitely wedding bells for the one nearest the cat when it jumped. It was a great and exciting ritual.