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**-- Overlook On Life --**  
 By WARREN S. REEVE  
 The idea of "Overlook" is taken from the overlooks provided for viewing panoramas along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

When different peoples and different cultures have intermingled, they have usually stimulated one another until there would ensue a new era of creative or pioneer activity. With the advent of easy, rapid travel and superior devices for inter-communication the people of our world have been intermingling during the last three or four decades in an unprecedented degree. The war and the requirements of strategic troop placements have given thousands of young men opportunities to see the world. If precedent again prevails, we may confidently expect that we are entering upon a period of amazing innovations set only in the realm of material things, but in powers of analysis and synthesis. It would appear that there is good prospect of an astonishing newness in the world. But outbreaks of newness are not easily predicted in advance. They will often occur where least expected, and watchers in a zone where it was thought brilliant new things would be evolved may find themselves unrewarded and disappointed. What and whither the mind may pursue, or may range in thought, is an elusive subject.

For generations the people of our Western North Carolina counties lived self-contained lives. Cut off by the mountains, and lacking roads on which they could travel smoothly, they stayed at home, learning incidentally the wonderful virtues of patience and quietness and poise.

Today, many of these people, or their children, are no longer here. They are in Detroit or Baltimore, perhaps in South America, or in Asia. Some are in Canada or Alaska. Others of them are to be found not so far away, perhaps in adjacent states, or in nearby counties.

On the other hand, we have living today in our community people from all over everywhere. Some have come from the eastern part of the state. South Carolinians have decided they like our mountains and have made our town their home. We have a few Yankees from the north — even some "real Yankees" from the greater Boston area. The nativity of a few of our citizens is European.

Thus, our town and county like many other rural counties throughout the length and breadth of this land, have been "cosmopolitanized". While being residents of Yancey County and citizens of the United States of America, we all feel more than before that in a real sense we are also citizens of the world.

I conjecture that few if any of us begin to imagine how great a potentiality of new creativity we people of Yancey County have. If this creativity should find expression — and, let me hasten to say that "if" is important, for there is no guarantee that just potential creativity will become actual — it might result in a big industrial or technological expansion. We might become pioneers in the evolving of some new and unique social relationships. Again, we may say, there is nothing inherently inferior in the mental capacities of the rank and file of our people to preclude our sending forth into the world men of truly great intellectual capacity who can grasp the problems of human existence and probe the complexities and contradictions of our concepts about things, and perhaps lay down new great principles of philosophic thought.

Our creative impulses might move also in the field of the fine arts or of music. We might have rise from among us some with exquisitely delicate sensitivity to beauty and with a corresponding skill in expression or execution. It could be that we would produce men of singular competence in the fields of law or medicine. How proud the generations ahead of us would feel if we could be the mother county of a diplomat who in the service of our country might conceive and negotiate some splendid instrument of truth and of international relationship which all the nations of the world would accept and be grateful for!

Creativity in church and religious life is definitely within the scope of the powers that God has endowed us with. Today we need prophets, do we not who can first themselves venture somewhat into the vast recesses of the Silence that envelopes our noisy little world. Supremely blessed will we be, if there should arise in our midst many who could deservedly be called "God's men" or "God's women" — people with pure hearts who have that holy wisdom that comes from a true fear of the Lord.

Thus, fragmentarily I have set down a few hints that occur to me of what our Yancey people might do or might produce or might become in future days and generations. What will in fact be actualized I cannot know. A curtain screens off the future era in mystery. But I do believe — and I rejoice to believe — that there inheres within our people potentiality for new creative service to our neighbors and to the whole world.

### Open Letter To H. B.

I feel like a man who has written a love letter and received a tongue-lashing in reply. The letter in question is my article in the June National Geographic Magazine in which I tried to draw an affectionate picture of the mountain craftsmen in and around Burnsville. The reply was your comment on the article in the June 5th issue of the Yancey Record. You refer to me as "the condescending Mr. Rosa" who comes from the "outside world", and you lambast my treatment of the very people whose qualities and craftsmen skills I was attempting to praise.

I do not relish being called "condescending" to my friends and acquaintances in Burnsville, and request an opportunity in print to defend myself.

First let me clear up why I did not mention the Nu-Wray Inn, the Penland School, the Burnsville Painting Classes and the Burnsville libraries, all of which you suppose I should have included. I like and admire all those places but my article was not a brochure on Burnsville; it concerned only those people whose skills and way of life are survivals from an older mountain era, an era which I greatly admire. I tried to present their virtues of self-reliance and courtesy, qualities which they are carrying forward from the past into this industrialized world. To me that is "culture" in the best sense of the word.

For the same reason I also

brought in two projects, the Yancey-Railroad and the Parkway Theatre, praising both as examples of how the old mountain habit of helping neighbors had survived to save both the Railroad and the Theatre from extinction. Burnsville can lift its head high for having done that, and Burnsville can be equally proud that it stemmed from the cooperative spirit its ancestors showed in helping to raise a neighbor's ridge-pole.

You write that the word "backwoodsman" infers to you, "an illiterate and generally crude class of people". To me it implies a people blessed by independent living, on their own soil and close to nature. But no need to quibble over definitions. If the word offended you or anyone else, I apologize for its one appearance. That should not, however, cloud the apparent respect I paid to the individual worth of James H. Hutchins, V. L. Edwards, Floyd Wheeler, the Whetstones, Bill Eevens and the others, with each of whom I spent long and pleasantly remembered hours.

It may be that my use of old-time words has thrown you off. Sorry, my ear catches them that way. I like salty speech, as a variation from prissy correctness; but in order to be fair I sent all people quoted in the article, excepting one, a copy of exactly what they would be made to say, and with the opportunity to make changes if they desired. Some objections to particular phrases were made and the language was changed.

Not all Burnsville people feel that I have misrepresented them. One of your townsmen writes me: "The National Geographic article was very good, and of immeasurable value to this entire area."

Another (and one you mentioned as being misrepresented) wrote me: "You have dealt fairly with us."

Another in Burnsville writes: "It's a good picture of the amazing combination of past and present that is the mountain area today."

There have been other letters. One from Maine is reminded by the article of his own visit in the North Carolina mountains, saying: "They are real sincere people and I loved them and I'm looking forward to making another visit to that region someday."

Whether my article pleased some readers and displeased others is not important. What really matters to Burnsville is whether (as you predict): the article "will attract a few curiosity seekers, but certainly it was not designed to attract permanent residents or to encourage retired couples to build here."

This is a matter of opinion, and I give mine: that the article is likely to attract exactly that kind of people who appreciate Daniel Boone's ironwork and Roby Buchanan's jewelry, people who will stay at the Nu-Wray Inn, visit the Penland School, attend the Burnsville Painting Classes and borrow books from its libraries. If they come, and I hope they will please remember that people from the "outside world" are also sensitive. When they stop being tourists, when they buy land and build houses and get to know some of the Burnsville people, they will want to feel in some degree accepted, no longer from the "outside world" but just Burnsville people who happened to be late in discovering its natural beauties and its friendly inhabitants.

MALCOLM ROSS  
 (Editor's Note: Next week we reprint the comments of a popular South Florida columnist, Orville Revelle, in his column in the Fort Lauderdale Daily News. His article begins with: "Want to start a feud in the hills of North Carolina?" H. B.)

### Aftermath

Here are some of the results of the article, "My Neighbors Hold To Mountain Ways", published in the June edition of the National Geographic Magazine:

An inquiry has been received as to whether there would be any place in Burnsville to stay a day or two if one came to pick up gem stones; two boys away at college reported they were "razed" by their classmates about their town; one group of tourists, coming upon the Nu-Wray Inn, expressed extreme surprise at finding a place to stay in Burnsville. They said they had planned to go on to the "Old English Inn" (They were told that the "Old English Inn" had not operated as an inn for many years. It is now being used as a dwelling.)

We have always welcomed the people who have come to Burnsville and to other communities in the county from other parts of the United States, built or bought lovely homes, joined our churches and our civic clubs, and have endeared themselves to our hearts.

Several of these people have sent copies of the editorial, "Mountaineers? Yes — Backwoodsmen? No!", to their friends and relatives in an effort to correct the impression that they are now living in back of beyond.

All this reminds me of an event which happened several years ago after an article, similar to the recent article in the National Geographic, was published in another national magazine.

A tourist was talking with a local woman and said exuberantly, "But where are the natives? I want to see some of the backwoodsmen." "You are speaking to one, Madam," the local woman answered, with a twinkle in her eyes, "But we prefer to be called 'mountaineers'."

Another story in the same vein: A graduate student at Yale University was assigned to come to this area to gather material for his thesis. He was advised by one of his instructors to take all the personal conveniences he could carry, for he really was going to the "sticks". So the man — packing among his belongings such items as soap, tooth paste, bath towels and candles — headed for Burnsville.

Upon his arrival, he received the excellent conveniences and heart-warming hospitality of one of our private homes, traveled over the county and met many of our people, breathed our invigorating air, drank our pure, sparkling water and reveled in our magnificent scenery.

He was invited to be guest speaker at the Woman's Club, where he gave his impression of this area. Among his remarks, he told of writing a letter to his instructor at Yale, asking — "Where in the name of . . . did you get your information about this area? There are more college graduates in Burnsville, according to the population, than there are in New Haven."

This event occurred several years after the book, "Cabin In The Laurels", was published.

There is much truth and beauty in the books and articles of this type in that they have, as part of their subject matter, people who are the very salt of this earth.

However, the cold, hard fact remains that the over-all impression left by these writings is that this region is an area of poverty and ignorance.

We are fed up to the gills with this kind of publicity.

A Subscriber

### Services Held For C. M. Bailey, Former Mayor

Services for Clyde M. Bailey, 64 a retired Yancey County businessman and former Burnsville mayor, who died here Wednesday, were held Saturday at 2 p. m. at the First Baptist Church.

The Rev. Charles B. Trammel and the Rev. H. M. Alley officiated and burial was in the Bailey cemetery.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Ray Hilliard of Oklahoma City, Okla.; a son Stanley Bailey of Burnsville; four sisters, Mrs. Sam J. Huskins, Mrs. J. Frank Huskins and Mrs. W. O. Briggs, all of Burnsville, and Mrs. Russell Day of Greensboro, N. C.; three brothers, Vernon of Asheville, and Reece and Ray of Burnsville; and two grandchildren.

Active pallbearers were R. L. Bailey, Steve Briggs, Bill Huskins, Ivan Peterson, O. K. Masters, Kenneth Hilliard, Roy Randolph and Royce Masters.

Honorary pallbearers were Robert Presnell, B. R. Penland, Reece McIntosh, Joe Young, Arney Fox, P. B. Young, H. S. Edge, Wm. A. Banks, Ashton Ramsey, R. W. Wilson, C. P. Randolph, D. R. Fouts, Bill Atkins, W. E. Anglin, Garrett D. Bailey, Jr., Tom McIntosh, R. I. Wicker, G. C. Hunter, J. E. Huskins, G. C. Huskins, Ray Hylemon, Ben Randolph, Page Hunter, Fred Ayers, Tom Jones, M. D. Bailey, Carl Carter, Yates Bennett, Dahlie Boone, Edgar Hensley, Love Fox, Troy Ray, G. L. Hensley, L. V. Pollard, Warren Franklin, Don Burhoe, T. M. Tyner, J. H. Cooper, Bill Silver, Flavil McCurry, Harold Anglin, Dr. C. M. Whisnant, Dr. W. L. Bennett, Dr. E. R. Ohle, Dr. W. A. Y. Sargent, Dr. M. W. Webb, Jay Edge, A. F. Bryson, G. B. Woody, Lacy Johnson, Ben Banks, Fred Proffitt, Jess Autrey, Norman Barnett, E. N. Stamey, Wilkes Beeler, Jake F. Buckner, Lonas Butner, Charles Brown, I. E. Clevenger, Oscar Fender, Lester Byrd, Arthur Jarrett, Clarence Burton, George Roberts, Dawson Briggs, John Robinson, Willard Fox, Ralph Laubhrun

### Bipartisan Support For NATO



President Eisenhower confers with Frank Pace Jr., (center), chairman and president of the American Council on NATO, and Nelson Luncione, chairman of the Young Democratic Clubs of America, on plans to send delegates to an international conference of young political leaders in Paris this summer. Representatives from 45 political parties in 15 NATO nations will attend, including a group of Young Republicans and Young Democrats. The U. S. delegation is sponsored by the American Council on NATO, with the purpose of helping develop the solidarity of the Atlantic Alliance by promoting mutual understanding, friendship and cooperation among young political leaders. "This kind of friendship can be a real contribution to NATO," said Mr. Pace, a former Secretary of the Army and now president of General Dynamics Corporation.

### LAFF OF THE WEEK



"You must be the 'great-big-daddy' who can lick anybody on Maple Street!"

**THIS WEEK'S RECIPE**  
**Golden Crust Sandwiches**  
 (Serves 6)

- 3/4 cup chopped green olives
- 1 1/2 cups chopped cooked ham or bologna
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 12 slices bread
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk

Combine olives, meat, cheese, mayonnaise and chili powder. Spread 6 slices bread with mixture. Cover with remaining bread and cut into triangles. Combine eggs and milk. Dip each triangle into egg mixture. Place on cookie sheet and toast under broiler until brown on one side, turn and brown other side.

Mince onion into a can of consommé. Use this as a liquid for cooking rice, braising veal or short ribs. It has wonderful flavor.

Here's a good cold plate combination for supper: tomato aspic, mounds of halibut or salmon salad, curried mayonnaise, crisp watercress and ripe olives.

Peeled small tomatoes, arranged in a casserole, then seasoned with salt, onion and dried dill, are good baked until tender. Serve with butter and mix with parsley chopped very fine.

Peeled, finely-chopped cucumber mixed with whipped cream, soured cream or mayonnaise makes a delightful dressing for fish salads.

**Hi-Fi Record Albums**

**From Classics To "Pops"**  
**Our Selection Is Tops!**

**HERE ARE JUST A FEW:**

Cole Porter-Irving Berlin Favorites, Square Dance Party, Kiddie Favorites, Lana Horne Sings, For Men Only, Classic Favorites, Favorite Hymns, Eddie Truman & Beverly Laine Organ Favorites, and many more.

**Western Auto Associate Store**  
 BURNSVILLE, N. C.