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THE GEORGIA GASOLINE PARTY

Georgia's tax officials proposed to levy a three percent sales tax on the federal excises taxes collected on gasoline, tires and automobiles. It was announced via one of those directives tax officials so well like to write. It amounted to a tax on a tax.

Public reaction was quick to set in. State officials were bombarded with protests. They were told the proposed tax was ridiculous in view of the federal government's program to give taxpayers a break. Service station operators said they would not absorb it. Station operators even planned a state-wide protest mass meeting. Members of the legislature condemned the proposal.

Reaction was so strong that Gov. Carl Sanders ordered the directive cancelled.

It was a mild form of the old Boston Tea Party.

Further, it was demonstrated that the power of the public, once the people are aroused, gets results. Too often one hears a citizen say "yeah, but what can we do about it?"

As a citizen there's plenty a fellow can do. He can let his public officials know how he feels.

A lot of Georgia citizens did.

They got results. The tax was killed. It's a good lesson for John Q. Citizen to learn.

Poor Britain!

You might have expected it from some of the other countries of the world, but from England, no. Believe it or not, the British are talking about some form of land nationalization. A bill providing it may come up this summer and even take priority over nationalization of the steel industry.

It just can't be true that good old England, the land that has survived through the centuries through sweat, toil and tears, as Sir Winston said, has to go this socialistic route that so many poorer nations have pursued.

There must be another way to solve John Bull's problem. Used to be a time Great Britain was the world's best trader and salesman. She might try being that again. That razor blade manufacturer over there has been pretty good at it.

Pro football will invade the South next year and Dixie will have four downs to think about instead of sit-downs.

Special credit should be given to Vincent Petti for his Keller. Obviously the performer of the most experience, from innumerable little touches, his performance was consistently the most striking in the first act. The manner in which he whipped off his coat to climb the latter in the rescue scene, his grunts coming down combined with the memorable moment at which Annie Sullivan (Judith Rose Nann) stiffly yanked at her skirt before climbing onto his shoulder, made the rescue scene one of the most entertaining of the act. But Mr. Petti proved to be an actor of that rare thing, courtesy. He chose not to press his obvious advantages; instead, he toned down the rest of his performance throughout to a more subdued position in the general frame of a picture emphasizing the positions of Annie Sullivan and Helen. One can only wonder what

On the third floor of the new courthouse building is the "Hall of Justice". Looking north the courtroom is bare of seats or benches. However,

the element that takes care of the working part of justice — jury box and judge's stand — is in tact.

he would have done further with his characterization of Keller as a gruff and slightly obtuse man, unintentionally funny, on a more professional stage.

The son, who appeared as a sullen, almost loutish, adolescent with a hoarse voice, was wholly unlovable — and very memorable. His best moment was in the spontaneous fight scene with Keller in the second act; the strangled voice with which he choked out his words about his forgotten mother before he fled was at last touching. The presumable humility of his later request to his stepmother, Kate, "Will you be my friend?" didn't quite come through, though the awkwardness of asking it did.

As Annie Sullivan, Judith Rose Nann had a heavy burden. It seemed almost too much for her delicate face and frail shoulders to bear, as director Ed Anderson must have intended it to do, in a very astute moment, indeed. Nonetheless, Miss Nann did commendably throughout. Her tears at leaving Perkins Institution were of the sort to catch in other throats, her nervousness waiting at the station for her new employees was a good touch; her exhaustion following the keynote breakfast scene of the second act seemed real. Only in the last few minutes of the third act, after Helen broke through with "Wa-wa" at the water pump, did Miss Nann's performance — in fact, the whole ending rather than Miss Nann alone — seem a little too slow.

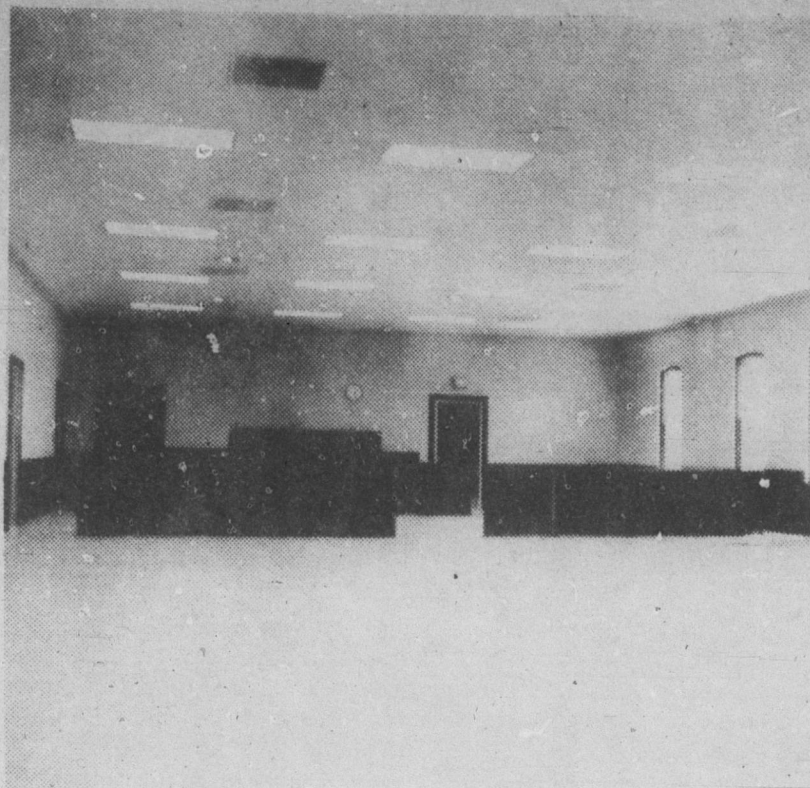
As Helen, Sheree Lisa Banks had the most difficult part to play of all, that of an almost totally unresponsive child. Except for a momentary break into a slight smile after being naughty and breaking a bowl in Annie Sullivan's room, she kept her face and eyes turned blankly towards the front. Even the

break was believable: it is hard for one to believe that a willful child, even a deaf and mute one, does not know when it is being mischievously naughty and cannot in some way express that knowledge. To everyone in the audience, the little local star with her flowing blond hair was not playing at being Helen, she was the real person. Never once in her slow, gropings, her pattings with outstretched hands, did Sheree Lisa falter by making what would have been a natural mistake to most ten year old children, that of seeming to know the way already.

As Kate, Barbara Eva Perreault was a very fine, anxious, over-loving, tearful, too-quickly protective and high-strung mother. If any criticism at all could be made of her performance, it was only that she seemed a little young for the position of a mother. At least, as playing one against a definitely mature Mr. Petti as the husband and father. Such a point is admittedly debatable; a slight debit in the makeup department is not, after all, a great detraction from a good performance.

Special mention should be made of the lighting effects. The lights in dimming out the last scene of the first act were a little bad; except for that one incident, lighting kept pace with the actions on stage exactly. The rose dawn light of a garden house scene was a refreshing change; the appropriate green lights for the nightmare memory scenes, no matter how much one saw them, were invariably eerie and a little chilling. And Vern Smith solved what could have been the most difficult problem of all — designing so complex a set to fit such a rather small floor space as that of the Playhouse stage is — both artistically and well.

In conclusion, The Miracle Worker was basically a harmonious performance.



RANGER RAMBLIN'S



By: Helton Carmichael

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN LOST? Do you know what to do — when lost in the woods? A clear head will find itself. If everyone remembered this, there would be fewer reports of persons lost in the mountains and forests, according to United States Forest Service rangers.

Merely being out of sight of others in a strange forest gives many a man the creeps — a natural feeling but a dangerous one. Never yield to it. In the mountains the grip of panic is too often the grip of death.

"Finding oneself when lost is the test of a man," says a veteran of the Forest Service who has seen men, women, and even children save themselves by sheer pluck and presence of mind. Loss of mental control is more serious than lack of food, water, or clothing or the possible proximity of wild animals. The man who keeps his head has the best chance to come through in safety.

The following helpful rules are worth remembering:

1. Stop, sit down, and try to figure out where you are. Use your head, not your legs.
2. If caught by night, fog, or a storm, stop at once and make camp in a sheltered spot. Build a fire in a safe place. Gather plenty of dry fuel.
3. Don't wander about. Travel only downhill.
4. If injured, choose a clear spot on a mountain spur and make a signal smoke.
5. Don't yell, don't run, don't worry, and above all, don't quit.

If caught out toward nightfall, the traveler is urged to find a shelter quickly — a ledge, a large boulder, or a fallen tree — clear a space of ground, and build a fire. If without a blanket, he may build his fire in a deep hole, cover 6 inches of hot coals with 6 inches of earth, and sleep on the warmed earth. Failing fire, one should use leaves and branches to shelter himself as best he can. A boy lost on a southern California mountain peak spent three nights safely in this manner.

Signal fires are the quickest way to attract attention. Build them in an open spot, cleared of all flammable material so that fire won't spread into the forest — you don't want to burn yourself up, of course. In the daytime throw green branches and wet wood on the blaze to make smoke. The eagle eyes of the Forest Service fire look-outs or the observers in forest patrol planes or commercial ships may spot your smoke. It is difficult for an observer in a plane to see a lone man in the forest, so the lost person must use ingenuity, and the signal smoke in the best method of attracting attention.

'MIRACLE WORKER'
A HARMONIOUS
PRODUCTION

By: Marietta Atkins

The Miracle Worker, with a cast of players of widely diverse experience, proved to be a unified and talented production for the Parkway Playhouse season opening last Thursday night.

All the performers, from the back-patting doctor in the opening scene (Lauren K. Woods) to the groping blind girls in the Perkins Institution and the sleepy little boy in the garden house, deserve credit for many individual touches. Miss Cooper's indignant "I am her aunt!" at being called an "outsider" by Annie Sullivan, certainly had a convincing ring. Jan Kelik as Anagnos was authentic in appearance and gestures; he was at least plausible in the inflections of the foreign accent. The maid's mimicry of Mr. Keller's "What, again?" when supper was late for Kate and the son to meet the train was a good line, as was her muttered "Probably" conclusion to "Glad to see you back" when a more disciplined Helen returned from the garden house.

The best performances were given by Keller, his son, Annie Sullivan, Helen, and Kate.

MAKE OUR CHURCH YOUR HOME ON SUNDAY

While you are visiting in the Colo-South Toe area the Estatoa Presbyterian Church cordially invites you to worship with us each Sunday. Services begin at 9:45.

The Rev. John Powers, pastor.

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BONDS