

THE YANCEY RECORD
Established July, 1936

TRENA P. FOX, Editor & Publisher

THURMAN L. BROWN, Shop Manager

ARCHIE BALLEW, Photographer & Pressman

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

YANCEY PUBLISHING COMPANY

Second Class Postage Paid at Burnsville, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1965 NUMBER FORTY-NINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES \$2.50 PER YEAR

War On Poverty Up To Date

The boys in Washington should put their heads together occasionally before putting out statistics. Their stories should jibe.

With the administration talking about helping families earning less than \$3,000 a year, you'd think the situation is getting worse.

It isn't. Matter of fact, it sort of looks as if those poor families are doing something to help themselves. Statistics show it. The U. S. Department of Commerce has just issued a survey showing that last year 8.4 million families

earned less than \$3,000, down from 8.9 million the previous year. This is out of a total of 28.8 million families.

Further, the statistics show that over the past 10 years the percentage of American families with incomes below \$3,000 has dropped from 31 in 1954 to 18 last year.

If the Department of

Commerce continues to issue statistics that conflict with the goals of the Great Society some of the statisticians may find themselves in the less than \$3,000 per year income bracket.

Always something. Now that most of us have definitely learned to write over butter with ballpoint pens we've got to start all over again and learn to write with fiber point pens on paper made to write on with metal pens.

What is really meant by rapid transit is that the bus speeds to your house each morning and then loafs the rest of the way to town.

Marriage is a give-and-take proposition at a backyard cookout, too. The husband takes it out and the wife carries it all back to the kitchen.

Now that July Fourth is gone, here's a hint for the future: Five months till Christmas.

CANE RIVER

Cane River. The name to me suggests a sluggish, boggy, little body of water in whose isles and inlets grow swamp grass and fishing canes. Where it got its name, I have no idea but nothing could be further from the truth. Cane River is one of the friskiest streams I know. In places, though, she is as calm and placid as a doe's eye. In the part that passed our house, we had the serene and the turbulent. Immediately above us there was quite a drop in elevation and Cane River had to run and dash to keep pace. In so doing, she emitted a sound like a Spring shower or wind in the pines. I was soothed to sleep every night of my childhood by that sound.

The stones along her borders were polished smooth as pearls by the brushing of the sands of time. So different and distinctive of pattern were they, it seemed each must have been made in an individual mold by the Master Potter's very hand. In color, they ranged from a deep ebony with flicks of glitter to those as marbly white as the steps to heaven.

Directly in front of our house was a level valley of several hundred yards on which our neighbor kept fat

Hereford cattle grazing. The river tippy-toed by here as though not to disturb them. Overhanging the water's just below here was a bent sycamore tree which ran parallel with the surface for four or five feet, then shot skyward as straight as an arrow. What had happened to this tree in her sapling days to twist her into this contour, I never knew. But I silently thanked whatever circumstances might have given me this grandstand perch over Cane River. Many the hour I spent standing leaning against the elbow of her trunk, or splashing my bare feet in the clear, cool liquid that ran beneath. I used to scatter bread crumbs and watch trout dash silently from the shadows and snatch and carry them away. In the Spring, I made sailboats from corn husks, loaded them with purple and white violets from the water's edge and sent them on what seemed to me an interminable journey. Sometimes I wrote a note or simply my name and address

and slipped it among the flowers. I imagined my note might receive a reply from the far corners of the earth. Without a doubt, though, it never traveled far until it was churned to a pulp in



Come one, come all
and have a FUN-
derful time at the Fair!
More to see, do and
enjoy than you'll find

anywhere, anytime.
This year, bigger and
better, more exciting,
more fun than ever!
Don't miss it!

**Timmy And
The Zebra**

the series of little rapids Cane River passed through in Pine Hill Gorge.

Many mornings as I sat by the river, a Kingfish shared with equal joy my sycamore tree. I can just see him sitting preening himself and airing his brilliantly blue and white feathers in the morning sun. Apparently, he was oblivious to his surroundings. Then suddenly with an excited cry, he would fall from his perch, divide the calm waters with a "smack" and come up triumphantly with a minnow's silvery sides glistening from his beak. Sometimes I resented this clamorous disturbance, but I could not help admiring the skill with which my fisherman plied his trade.

On the banks opposite the sycamore tree, sheep came down from the hills to quench their thirst in the cool waters. And cool they were! Cane River had her origin high in the mountains of the Blue Ridge. One of her principal sources was a series of springs erupting from a peak called Winter Star (thus named because, throughout the winter months, she bore snow on a crest that twinkled in the sun like a blue-white star). The Sycamore or Cliff Hole, as this spot was sometimes called, was a favorite swimming site, but only for a few weeks in mid-summer. It took a long stare from the summer sun to melt the snow and ice crystals in Cane River's blood stream. Tourists used to observe, "She sparkles like ice" . . . felt like it, too. Those of us might have added who knew her so well.

One day a little friend and I were walking along the graveled road that ran alongside Cane River. A black, shiny automobile stopped and a fashionably dressed elderly lady asked

TIMMY AND THE ZEBRA, an original children's play by Eleanor Smith, will be presented at 2:00 Saturday afternoon on the outdoor stage of the Parkway Playhouse, culminating the five week children's theatre program consisting of creative dramatics and dance instruction.

Miss Smith, a graduate of the University of Miami, is also Assistant to the Director for next week's original musical-comedy, LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Timmy will be played by Joey Garmly, of Nanquasana, N. J., last seen as BIBI in THE HAPPY TIME. Nancy Beckman, who played Bibi's unwanted girlfriend, Sally, in THE HAPPY TIME, is featured as Zekey the Zebra.

Children from Burnsville are included in this adventure-comedy which will be presented at no charge to the public.

my friend the name of that river. She stuttered and stammered and finally admitted, "I don't know!" I stepped from the background and announced with the flourish of a trained guide, "This is Cane River, one of the longest and prettiest rivers of the world!" The lady chuckled, thanked me and drove on.

I wondered why she laughed. Later when my knowledge of geography expanded slightly, I discovered Cane River was not listed among the longest rivers, and decided it must have been this phase of my statement at which she laughed. For I would defend with my dying breath the fact that my river is prettiest!

Gladys McMahan Sandlin Rt. 2, Travelers Rest, S. C.

**'Happy Time'
Gay**

By: Erwin Burhoe

Voila! The Playhouse has done it again. "Happy Time" was a definite success.

Ed Anderson and Barbara Perreault headed both the family and the cast admirably while Joey Garmly performed with both spontaneity and depth as their lovable and uninhibited son. In fact, uninhibited is the word for the whole play, certainly not excluding the irrepressible Grandpere and dashing Uncle Desmond, played respectively by the perfect cast "Mutt" Burton and Marshall Cohen. As for Bill Thiry as Uncle Louis, the play would be well worth watching just to see his incredibly funny scene with Bill Gwadowski as Alfred, the stabilized suitor.

Although the French accents sounded rather vague sometimes and awfully varied for one family, even to the relatively untutored ear, the atmosphere was definitely French, that of a closely-knit and unconventional family.

This atmosphere was produced in a large part by the more technical aspects of the performance. The costumes, for instance that awe-inspiring red jacket of the grandfather, were suitable for both the period and the individual characters and the scenery was perfect. The quality of the props, lighting, sound effects, makeup and so on is very difficult to pin down for an average reviewer. However, these crews must have done an excellent job because the performance ran smoothly without any attention being drawn from the actors and the proper mood and effect was produced.

Direction is another aspect not blantly obvious but this was obviously good. The play moved fast and effectively; the whole performance was in fact just grand, and a lot of this can be attributed to Mr. Woods.

Thanks, or rather merci, playhouse folks for a most lighthearted and gay evening.

**Musical To
Premiere
At Playhouse**

By: Steve Vollmer

An original musical-comedy, LADY BOUNTIFUL written and directed by Vincent Petti and Leonard Adriance, will make its premiere August sixth at Burnsville Parkway Playhouse.

Based on the 18th century restoration play, THE BEAUX STRATAGEM, LADY BOUNTIFUL. With its gay costumes, hearty humor, and animated songs and dances, is in the "Tom Jones" tradition.

Mr. Petti, formerly Technical Director of the University of Miami's famed Ring Theatre and Director of such challenging plays as LUTHER, ENDGAME, and MEDEA, is expecting the arrival of New York Producers who are considering the possibility of taking the show to New York.

Curtain time for LADY BOUNTIFUL, to be presented August 6, 7, 9, 10, is 8:00 p. m.