

The Yancey Record

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TRENA P. FOX, Editor & Publisher

MISS ZOE YOUNG, Associate Editor

THURMAN L. BROWN, Shop Manager

ARCHIE BALLEW, Photographer & Pressman

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Scene From Top O' The Hill Burnsville, U.S.A.

By: Jack Kelly

There are approximately one half million words in the English language. Most of them are beyond most of us. Most of them are rarely, if ever, used in conversation, even among the so-called "egg-heads." President Woodrow Wilson, I have read, had a vocabulary of one-quarter of a million words. For my money, he was like Abou Ben Adam — he led all the rest.

A very strange word, but not too unknown, is "Eureka!" This word is invariably followed by the exclamation sign for the simple reason that the word itself is an exclamation. The miner who discovered the Comstock Lode, the fabled and fabulous digging that rivalled the Biblical Mines of Solomon, — he might well have shouted "Eureka!" because it means "I have found it!"

Today, I am one of the few mortals blessed by Providence with the right to exclaim or shout "Eureka!" Today, after some fifteen years of visiting and summering in Burnsville, I found the place with the magnificent view in the world. I do not make that statement lightly. I have worked in 49 States and 28 Countries. I have seen views. But my personal view, just acquired, I consider to be

Observations On Shopping

Like the o'd one, "Which comes first — the chicken or the egg?", the thought goes thru my mind, "Do local and visiting people go to Asheville or Spruce Pine to shop because certain items are not available in local stores; or, do the merchants not stock many items because people shop elsewhere?"

Of course, if one lives here or in any town or village near a city, it is fun, interesting, educational and often necessary to go to the city to shop; go to a hospital; or just go for the "sights".

As a summer resident, however, I feel the few dollars I might save going to the city are more than consumed by gasoline — things I see and buy I really don't need, and, most of all, by the TIME spent away from my original investment — my mountain home. And, even more important, the loss of friendships built up over the years with the local merchants and residents until it is a thing to look forward to, making our few short weeks here more lasting and mean-

ingful.

Why can't there be a "shop in your own home town week?" All right — what about the things you can't find? Drop a line, leave a list or tell your favorite store keeper what you need. In the past week I was not able to find simple, ordinary cloth draperies, but had some made locally in just a few hours — reasonably. I still cannot find heavy orlon yarn for sweaters.

Of course it's impossible to find everything one needs in a small community, but if there are requests and the store owner's know they can depend on this local and summer trade, I am sure they would keep their prices on a competitive scale, and their inventories up.

NO, I'm not a member of the local Chamber of Commerce — or paid by the merchants — just a summer resident who thinks hours away from lovely Cattail Creek are more of a loss than a few dollars (maginarp or otherwise) out of her pocket.

Grateful Summer Resident

prize-winning work of the only Great Architect and Designer.

Blanche and I, (she is my girl, also my wife) saw this place atop Water Tank Road, and we knew we were home. She knew it, I could tell by the expression on her face, and I knew it, despite the fact that her last remark before we left Washington was "we can have a love'y and inexpensive vacation in Burnsville." (The married people reading this will understand the female logic of all this, and the single kids will learn it in time.)

Unfortunately, it will be about two years before we take up our permanent abode here, become full-time residents instead of just "summer people" or "Playhouse People" which is what we started out as, when the University of North Carolina conducted the Summer Theatre years ago. Now, the wheel had completely revolved and the University has possession of the Theatre once again.

Burnsville has been kind and gracious to us Kellys. They attended and applauded two plays — wrote, in which my wife starred, and we look forward to leaving the political scenes about Washington and joining the smaller scale but no less turbulent political pond of Burnsville which, I hear, is very wet and very deep.

Grateful Summer Resident

IT NEVER FAILS



AND AFTER HE FINISHED HIS HAM AND EGGS—WATCH HIM SPEND THE NEXT HOUR SMOKING AND READING THE PAPER— YOU'D THINK HE HAD MORE TIME THAN A MUTT HAS FLEAS—

THANKS TO THE BOYS AT THE OLD POST GRILL—PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

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My Trip To Asheville

Since coming to Burnsville around nine years ago, a trip to Asheville has been like a dark cloud before me — except when I took the back road over 197 through Barnardsville. Often this is not possible, however, and as beautiful as it is, there are many, many curves.

Today, thanks to that "Old Veteran Road Bullder and Carolinian", Yates Bennett, my trip to Asheville was one of great unspoiled beauty, surprise and interest.

We turned left at the Robinson Store and Texaco Station just past Cane River High School on the road to Prices Creek and Paint Gap. When different roads turned off, we'd bear right until we arrived at Old 19E, or the Old Burnsville Road, turned left and on to the main road again, and left to Asheville.

It is one of the loveliest roads, partially paved, winding peacefully thru luxuriant valleys and fields, with occasional distant mountain vistas I have ever had the good fortune to ride on. Not a sign or anything to bring me back to reality, and only one or two cars.

To add to the spell, Yates told me not only about the people and homes we were passing by — Old Nu-Wray Inn and other places of interest, but the history of pioneers and settlers in Yancey Madison and Buncombe counties and their part in the Revolution and Civil Wars. It was a shock indeed when I found myself in the steady stream of traffic — bound where?

Asheville? Burnsville? Many places far and near, but not on a magic carpet into the past, where I had been.

On our return to Burnsville, we took several trips, both sides of the road, onto Old Burnsville Road and back again to 19E. All lovely, unspoiled winding roads, with occasional glimpses of the cars below us rushing — where?

I'll be running too, one of these days but from now on, whenever possible, I'm going to allow a little longer and just explore. Those numbers on the little side roads are "Lucky Numbers".

I found myself humming "America, The Beautiful" as we drove along, and my heart goes out to all those who are not fortunate enough to spend a few days in this glorious countryside — and even more to those of us who live here and come here and still do not take the time or trouble to discover how beautiful it is to spend a few minutes in a land of "Make Believe", or perhaps in deep reality and down to earth — our earth, our land we are so fortunate to have inherited.

Thank you, Yates Bennett.
Mrs. George A. Downing

Our Apology -

'Old Glory'

Did Wave

Our apologies to the Mica-ville Community Club, and any other organization or individual who may have had "Old Glory" waving on July 4th. In our article we had in mind particularly the lack of heeding the request of the American Legion that bells throughout the county be rung at 2:00 p. m. on the 4th.

In your article "The Good Old Days" you stated that if there were any flags waving this Fourth (with the exception of the post office) we failed to see them.

There was an American flag, with all of its glory, waving above the Mica-ville Community Center Building. The National Anthem was played twice during the day and the people stood at attention and with much reverence. I feel sure that many people, at this time, remembered to thank GOD for this wonderful America in which we live.

Many families brought picnic lunches. Others were served at the Community Center. This may not qualify as an old fashion Fourth but it was a delightful one for many families.

FAITHFUL READERS of the YANCEY RECORD.

MY HOMETOWN

When life's pace gets too slow,
And the city gets me down;
I load my family car,
And head to my hometown

My hometown, the mountains;
Where childhood memories swell;
Where Mother lives with Dad
And all the relatives dwell.

Where friends are true and warm,
And enemies are few;
Where my heart can lighten quick
Whenever I am blue.

My hometown, dear Burnsville,
Where life is sweet to me;
Where friends all gather 'round,
And make me feel so free.
Millard Murdock

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE NORTH CAROLINA YANCEY COUNTY

Having qualified as Executor of the Estate of Mrs. Emma Wilson Hensley, late of Yancey County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Decedent, to exhibit the same to the undersigned Executor, at his home, 5107 Holston Drive, Knoxville, Tennessee, (or to Mrs. Kathleen H. Metcalf, Route 6, Burnsville, who has been designated as Process Agent for Wayne G. Blankenship) on or before the 30th day of December, 1966, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons owing the Estate will please make immediate payment.
This 14th day of July, 1966.
Wayne G. Blankenship,
Executor of the Estate of Mrs. Emma Wilson Hensley.
Mrs. Kathleen Metcalf,
Process Agent for Wayne G. Blankenship, Route 6, Burnsville, N. C.
Plankenship, Route 6, Burnsville, N. C.
July 14, 21, 18 Aug. 4

