

The Yancey Record

Established July, 1936

TRENA P. FOX, Editor & Publisher

MISS ZOE YOUNG, Associate Editor

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 21, 1966 NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$3.50 PER YEAR

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

By: Jack Kelly

This column will be the last one written in Burnsville for some time to come, because the wife-mate and me have to get back to D. C., where I sort of help run the Government, in a small way, and my Girl, well, she keeps the Group Health Association, Inc., running on all eight cylinders, which, in turn keeps the good citizens of Washington healthy.

We closed our vacation here by completing as much as we could of the business of getting our "hill-place" on a firm financial foundation. We tried to think of an appropriate name for it. We tried and tried. Lots of people suggested titles that, if I were an egg-head or lots of things which I am not, might be classified as cute. All titles were rejected, except the one I selected as the winner.

Had lots of fun with the contest though. Funny thing how all of the people you know like to get into the act. All through life, there is one thing that I have always gotten too much of for free. That is suggestions. So I put the democratic process to work for me and selected the winning title. It is a very simple and non-complex system. My pappy taught it to me when I was a kid. (I used to offer suggestions to him, and still have the scars to prove it!) Pappy taught me by telling me an old Irish expression. He said, "Son, if I want your vote, I will send you a ballot." I picked myself up from the floor, and always remembered what I learned.

So, — I took all of the unsolicited "votes" I had re-

ceived for a name, and I put them in the trash, and picked the only suitable title for my place: "Mortgage Manor." Since I don't want anyone to worry about who figured out such a fine title for our place atop the hill on Water Tank Road, I will confide in you that — you guessed it — I did.

We attended the 20th seasonal opening of the Parkway Playhouse, and, in another part of this paper, wrote a review of it, and stood outside before the play, during the intermissions, and at its conclusion, shaking hands with old friends and acquaintances, and meeting new ones. It was wonderful the way everybody wishes us luck with

the new place, and frankly, my Girl and I can hardly wait until we become a permanent part of the Burnsville scene.

On bended knees, I promised my wife-mate that, when that time comes, I will not be cantankerous, ornery, or argumentative. I salvaged the right to discuss, however. A so, come poll-ticking time, it does not matter for what, the gal I married knows that I am not about to change, or keep quiet about my Party. My deceased Pappy also taught me my Politics. He said: "Son, if they ever nominate Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold on the Ticket, you go down and you vote for them. You can hope and pray that they lose, but you personally vote for them."

I'll keep my Politics secret until I retire here with my Girl.

First Play Outstanding Success

By: Jack Kelly

Burnsville welcomed the opening of the 20th season at its Parkway Playhouse on Friday evening when the University of North Carolina's summer group staged its opening performance of See How They Run. A laughing, applauding, appreciative audience augured a successful season.

Prior to curtain, Ralph Kerns, new Managing Director of the Playhouse, informed the audience of the aims of U.N.C.G. in its operation of its newly commenced summer classes and the theatrical season. Mr. Kerns was thoroughly interesting, informative, and

humorous, in his serious approach to his subject. He then introduced Mayor Robert Helmle who paid Burnsville's official respects and extended its official greetings and best wishes to the returning U.N.C.G.

The pre-Play remarks were completed by Mrs. Joe Young, President of the Board of Directors. Mrs. Young, in a truly impressive and beautiful speech, traced the history of the Playhouse from its humble beginnings to and through its winding path over the high and low spots of its 20 year life to its present eminence. Mrs. Young drew the greatest salvo of applause of the en-



tire evening when an ovation greeted sincere and well-earned praise of Gordon Fennett who mid-wifed the Playhouse and furnished the oxygen to its lungs that kept the breath of life in it during many seasons when a lesser man would have let it die.

The U.N.C.G. has made a wide and fortunate choice in selecting Ralph Kerns to fill the shoes left by Gordon Bennett. They are very large shoes but Ralph Kerns is the man for the job. His predecessor, Gordon Bennett, told this reviewer, "Don't worry about the job Kerns will do. He can wear a bigger shoe than mine."

Now, to the Play:—

SEE HOW THEY RUN opened Friday evening to a near-capacity crowd at the Parkway Playhouse. This crowd arrived, as they have for the past 20 seasons, in a skeptic "show me" mood. Believe me, Ladies and Gentlemen, "they was showed". Within seconds after the applause for the set by Leslie Branham had died down, a

little chit of a girl named Jo Carson, playing Ida, the maid, commenced her operation in complete comedy. "Operation" is the only word to describe this skill portrayed by this actress. She carved into your risibilities and funny-bone with a clinical thoroughness. She commenced her romp with such a speed that it was impossible for her to continue it throughout the evening. But she did it! Coming down the homestretch, it turned into a real "hoss-race" when Cynthia Kouns as Miss Skillon! Barry Dudley as Clive Winton; Anita Nelson and John Allee as the Reverend Topp and wife; and the unforgettable characterization of Lauren Woods as the Bishop of Lax all charged after Miss Carson to grab the kudos.

All of those named had big roles and excelled even beyond the optimistic hopes of Director Kerns. But this group did not stop there. It continued into the minor roles to the point that even a hardened critic must give vent to praise for them. Take the role of the Intruder, played by Bill Cwikowski. This part, under a normal production would be accepted as competent, and forgotten. But this actor refus-

ed this portion as his lot in life, and gave a performance filled with professional nuances not easily acquired. Mr. Cwikowski's underplaying and his maintained serious meter added to the hilarity of the ensemble production.

Elias Rookhvarg, as the Reverend Humphrey, classed as a "bit" part, displayed professionalism well beyond his years and experience, as did Robert Leh who appeared as Sergeant Towers. Leh is deserving of particular commendation for the manner in which he took command of the stage. He did not "ast" the role of the Sergeant, he "was" the Sergeant. He was utterly believable, throughout.

I have said enough about Jo Carson's portrayal of Ida, but there needs must be a few more words about the other leads. Anita Nelson as Mrs. Toop displayed terrific acting aplomb as she duelled with John Allee, her "stage" husband, and Barry Dudley, her ex-boyfriend. The rapid and smooth transition this actress made in her personality between the two was a joy to behold. She was lucky that she was so good because those two actors, Allee and Dudley, would have left her far behind if she had ever faltered. Rarely is an audience permitted to watch such deft handling of roles as turned in last night by Dudley and Allee. This leaves only one more splendid performance, that rendered by Cynthia Kouns as Miss Skillon. Miss Kouns will never be the old maid she portrayed with such vehemence, but, if Friday night's performance is any indication of what she could be, Heaven help the parish she settles in! Suffice it to say that Miss Kouns, by her ability as an actress, completed the finest, unity-of-group performance by any troupe this reviewer has seen.

Since congratulations for your fine Direction job Ralph Kerns, your company did you proud but they were only the ingredients, you alone were the chef who sprinkled the seasoning and timed the cooking, so to speak, so that the audience received a real connoisseur's special.

BELLS RANG AND RANG AND RANG, WE'RE TOLD

It would seem that "this here reporter" has goofed again — there were flags waving and bells ringing in Burnsville and the county on July 4th. A million pardons Before another Fourth she will wash her ears and have her eyes checked; or, better still, circulate around a little and find out what's really going on before she "speaks her piece".

A LETTER FROM DAD

I got a letter in the mail From my dear old dad. He wrote that everything was fine, Except the crops were bad. "There has been so little rain, The grass is turning brown And the tourists are getting tired, And talking of leaving town. But don't you let that fret you none; You know the weather here; The tourists will stay around awhile, And the crops will come next year."

He wrote of little Carolyn Scott, (My sweetheart long ago). Dad said she married my best friend, And he was glad for Joe. "Joe was such a handsome boy When he was running with you; And you both were sweet on Carol, But don't let this make you blue. I saw your other old flame, Mary, (The one they call 'Miss Throb'); She sure is looking like a queen. Since she has married bob"

Dad wrote that Mom was feeling down; He said it was her back. And my sister quit high school, And so did brother Jack. "It was all because of Fred, (That's her beau, you know); He wanted her to leave with him. (Continued on back page)