

ESTABLISHED JULY, 1936

TRENA P. FOX, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

MISS. ZOE YOUNG, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THURMAN L. BROWN, SHOP MANAGER

ARCHIE H. BALLEW, PHOTOGRAPHER & PRESSMAN

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## Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

Some time back, before Blanche and I moved to Burnsville for permanent, I wrote about the fine lads the girls from here seemed to marry. I mentioned the Coletta, the Clevenger, and the Higgins representative, all of whom had married really bright and charming chaps, I knew this because I had the good fortune to meet them. However, there was one other local belle who had gotten married. Mary Alice Westall, I had never had the pleasure of meeting him so I made no comment. Just sort of hoped for the best. Mary Alice brought Dick up to the Hill of a Saturday afternoon and Blanche and I had a fine visit with them. Dick appears to me to be splendid "husband" material. He also appears to me to be a Republican. I could be wrong but I am willing to bet a good hat on it.

Dick and Mary Alice had a little trouble in Paris during the big general strike those foreign-folks pulled off. Mary Alice was in the hospital with the new baby, doing the best she could, while husband Dick was locked into his office at the American outfit he worked for. Somehow or other the Frenchies decided to keep all the Americans locked inside the grounds of the place. According to Dick, it was right rough because the entire chorus from the Folies Bergere, due to the transportation strike, were placed in this same haven. I asked him did he say "Heaven" but he kept a straight face and said "No." Any way, the proprietor of a nearby dining room served them champagne, truffles, caviar, pheasant and so forth. Dick claimed he missed the country gravy he would have had if Mary Alice had been home and he had been with her. I sympathized with him but Blanche looked skeptical.

Dick finally made arrangements for Mary Alice, the baby, and himself to fly home. That was when he ran into DeGaulle trouble. It seems that old "Mister France" has a rule that any baby flying or sailing, or being pushed out of France must have a passport with a photograph on it. Dick and Mary Alice tried to get one of their new baby. No luck. A photographer in the hospital would be happy to take a picture but the developer were part of the National Strike Movement. That was no good. Dick went to the American Embassy where everyone he met spoke only French. Our hero, Dick, began to get angry. Finally, it was agreed that he had no problem. All he had to do was to take the baby through the mob-rioting streets and locate some back-street photographer who would take and

develop a picture of the baby then "Voila" everything would be okay.

Dick didn't think too much of this idea. He had already been hit twice that morning by stones on the way into the Embassy. He said, in fairness to the French Rioters, only one was chunked at him. The second one was pitched at Mary Alice but she just happened to stoop down at the wrong time and it conked him. Anyway, Dick and Mary Alice had this great dilemma. They could take the baby home BUT only if the passport had a picture of it. They couldn't possibly get a picture. Dick told me confidentially that they could have left if they decided not to bring the baby back to America but he figured Mary Alice might not take kindly to the suggestion so he just didn't bother to mention it.

Finally, they were within two hours of plane time for debarcation and they had no picture. Suddenly, Dick remembered his friends named Samed Shelton or scmesuch name. Married for twelve years, the Sheltons had no children but had developed a fondness for pe's. Dick knew he had the answer. He put Mary Alice and the baby in a cab assigned to the Embassy and sent them off to the airfield. He got into another one and lit out for the Shelton's apartment.

Fortunately the plane had a little trouble and its departure was delayed. Dick was not there with Mary Alice and the baby at the scheduled time of departure and that Burnsville gal was worried silly. Suddenly a blaring-horned taxi came tearing across the field and our hero, Dick, emerged from it and raced toward Mary Alice. Like a precious ikon, he held aloft a two inch by three inch something or other as he screamed "I got it! I got it!"

Mary Alice had not the slightest idea what her ever-loving husband had but she rushed forward to meet him. "What" she began.

"Give me the passport," demanded Dick. He snatched it from her and quickly pasted the small disc of paper he held into the passport. "There's the picture we needed," he said, and took Mary Alice by the arm as she held the baby tightly, and raced them to the plane. A hostess helped Mary Alice and the baby to a seat while an Official examined the Passports that Dick presented. He smiled at the photo of Mary Alice. He nodded approval at the photo of Dick. A look of concern crossed his face at the photo of the baby. "Mon Dieu!" he gasped, then, in a confidential one, enquired, "This — babes? It is not French, surely?" Dick assured him it was American.

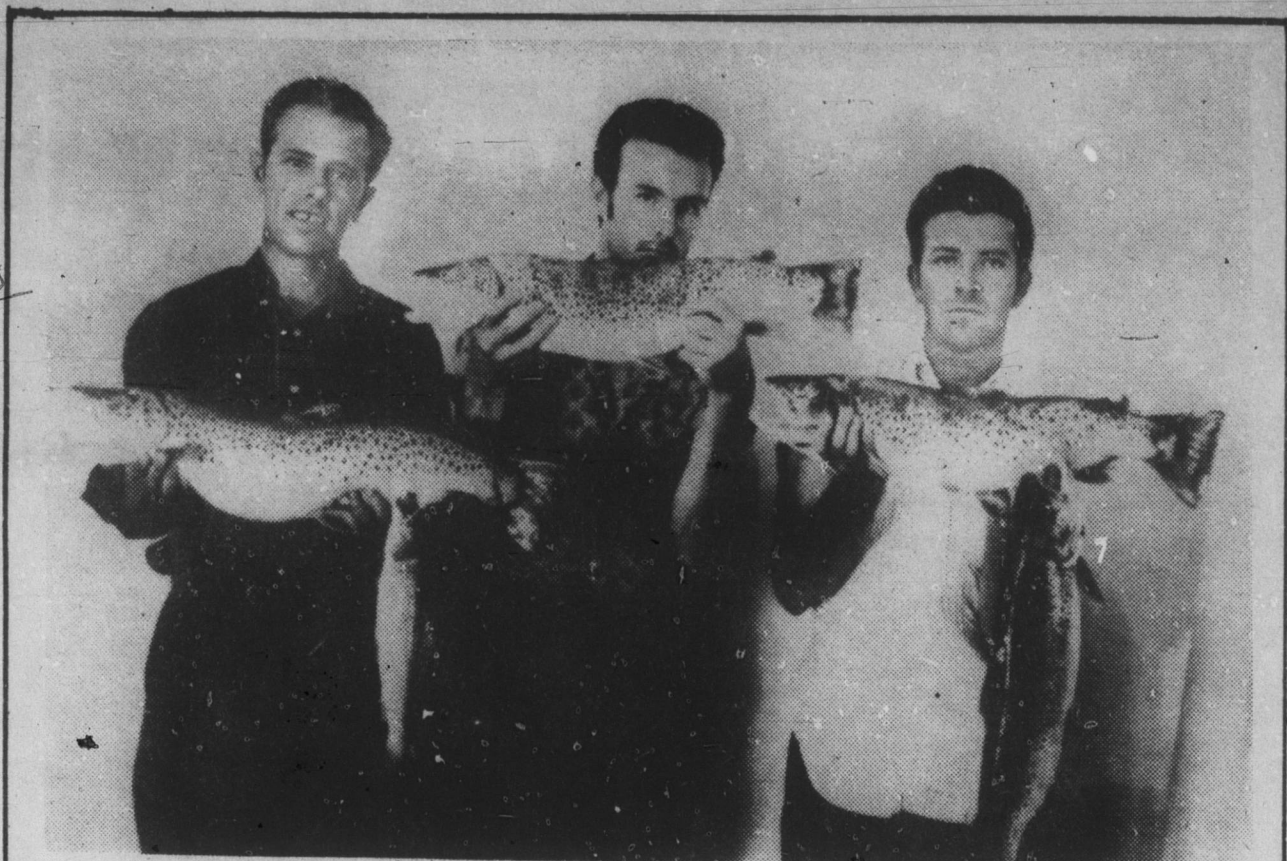


Photo by John Robinson

Pictured above are three master fishermen with their catch. They are, left to right: Jay Autrey, Floyd Chrisawn and Carrol Gibbs.

## A Fish Story With The Proof

A "fish story" came to our attention this week that really "takes the cake", and the fishermen have the fish and the picture to prove it.

While fishing in South Toe River, in the area of the Hemlock Camp and Picnic grounds, these three gentlemen, fishing separately, on Monday, the 1st, had the catch of the season.

Jay Autrey caught one 27½ inch brown trout weighing 9½ lbs., and one brown trout 17 inches long weighing 2½ lbs. While bringing the big fish in Mr. Autrey fell or was jerked into the water from the rock on which he was standing and had to swim back, all the time keeping his grasp on his fishing pole, and finally winning

the battle.

Floyd Chrisawn caught one

26 inch brown trout weighing 6½ pounds. However, he managed to keep his balance and did not take a dip.

Carrol Gibbs' catch was two brown trout, one 26 inches long and one 26½ inches, with a combined weight of 14¼ pounds.

## YANCEY COUNTY COUNTRY STORE

### WILL OPEN SATURDAY

YANCEY COUNTY COUNTRY STORE will open its doors officially on Saturday, July 6.

Many people, including those on the YANCEY RECORD, have asked, "Just what kind of a store it is?", and I've tried to explain.

It boils down to an endeavor to bring back a little of the nostalgia of the past into this present world of rush and turmoil.

There are many Country Stores, much to the "voiced" annoyance of the owners of some of the original establishment, but it is inevitable, when something — anything — is accepted by the public, it will be copied, whether it is an idea, or a positive thing.

However, the difference is this — while each Country Store has something of the other — the variance is in the character, personality, knowledge and ingenuity of the owner. Therefore, each is different, and each will succeed to a degree depending on those qualities and the depth of personal feeling for the undertaking.

"Thank the Bon Dieu," he said and allowed Dick to join Mary Alice.

As the plane took off, Mary Alice asked what had delayed him and Dick said it was about the picture on the baby's passport. Mary Alice snuggled up to him. "You're wonderful," she said. "Where did you get it?" Dick looked sheepish. "I didn't," he confessed. "I got the Sheltons to give me a picture of their marmoset — the one they had with it dressed in baby clothes that they entered into a baby contest for a joke once."

Of course a "Country Store" is a commercial endeavor, but along with it is the deep, down to earth desire to keep a little of the past with us.

Hence, the walls and ceiling are covered and crowded with bits of our heritage, "begged, borrowed or bought" — NOT FOR RESALE — but to make the store unlike any in the world, depending on the ingenuity of the owner.

They are the "Atmosphere" which will attract people and bring them for miles to see, if your location is good and you have the ability to collect these interesting old items which turn a store into a local museum, a breath of the past, for older people to remember, for youngsters to wonder at.

What do we sell? Reproductions of old items; pottery; iron

goods; Pennsylvania Dutch carriage bits; things from New England; Penny Candy; Kitchen and household items which are old in style but can still be used — cutting boards, coffee mills, pepper mills, "old timey" books for children and adults, local mountain crafts, jam, jellies, later on our own blends of coffee, tea, meal, cheese, country ham, etc. Also soap imported from Europe and from the Carolinas, Bay Rum from the Virgin Islands, hammocks from the South Carolina Coast, old banks, candles, aprons — and a few newer items mixed in which blend with the past. With a few exceptions the prices are nominal.

It is impossible to do all of this in a few months or even a year. The Store, if properly managed, grows in interest, as

well as unusual items to sell each month — except finally running out of space, then there is always another corner.

We are just beginning. We have many things of interest. Our friends are looking and helping us to hunt down others daily. We will do some traveling winters to make our stock more versatile and unusual, and put out a year around catalog which will be locally beneficial to craftsmen, and enable them to sell their wares all year.

SO, PAY US A VISIT. Sit a spell by our pot stove and see for yourself the birth of what we hope will be one of the most interesting "Country Stores" in this beautiful country of ours.

Phyllis B. Downing and George Downing, Captain Retired, USCGR.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

In my letter to the Editor last week concerning contributions made during the Mental Health Drive, I failed to give credit to the Burnsville Presbyterian Church and the Home Demons'ration Club. This was an oversight and I apologize.

Mrs. Luellen Honeycutt, Chairman, Yancey Co., Mental Health Association.

## NOTICE

The regular monthly luncheon meeting of the local chapter of the Mental Health Association will be held July 9th, at the Amberjack Restaurant, at 1:30 p. m.