

Plan Likely Won't Work

Friends of Governor Hodges will be glad, many of them at least, that he "backed up" Monday in his insistence that merit factors be considered in the distribution of pay increases to the State school teachers.

Teachers and teachers' organizations had cried out against the proposal, which, as we are given to understand it, would give the principal of a school authority to determine pay increase schedules of his teachers. James M. Storie, chairman of the legislative committee, division of principals, NCEA, and principal of the Blowing Rock High School, carried his fight against the proposal to the Governor himself last week, and holds the firm belief that there is no present method by which a yardstick can be applied to teaching ability and merit.

Mr. Storie, and others in the profession would readily agree that merit should have a place in determining the status of the members of any profession—that training and accomplishment should be rewarded in a material fashion—but to place the responsibility on a school principal to determine which of his teachers shall fare best when the checks are written, it seems to us, comes close to sheer folly. It would at least make one-termers of principals, generally speaking.

Human nature being what it is, the shapely young thing, fresh out of college, with stars in her eyes, might stand a good deal better chance in the pay divvy with

some young principals than would the aged tutor who'd spent a lifetime in the profession and had approached the point of near perfection. Conversely the next term, a mature principal would likely cut the salary of the sweet and curvaceous youngster, which wouldn't make for good feeling. At the same time, imagine the tension and trouble in a school where the principal could govern the pay increase. He wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance of doing a good job, or even of survival!

At the same time, the 9 per cent salary increase isn't adequate, and the Governor and the Assembly could best serve the State at this time by granting a 20 per cent increase. It's unlikely that the lower proposal can be passed through the implied threat in some quarters of putting a sales tax on the grocery basket. We'd suggest that the State can operate with a smaller surplus perhaps, and that industry will be content with paying its share of the tax.

And we'd be dead set against too much of the fiscal responsibility of the school system being passed back to the local communities. All income of industry and government is local, since there's no other place to get the money than from the people. However, the history of the educational establishment in North Carolina is that we never had creditable schools until the State took over, and until Dr. Dougherty's equalization program was carried out.

Parkway Concessions Issue

As this is written another hearing is being held by officials of the National Park Service and State Park Commission on the issue of whether or not there should be additional concessions—lodging and eating places—on the Parkway.

Many residents of Boone and other towns are appearing to argue against expansion of the facilities on the Scenic, and it is the unanimous feeling of the civic leaders here that the tourist industry would suffer incalculable harm in Boone and Blowing Rock, and all along the way if travelers on the Parkway could handily take care of their travel needs without venturing into the nearby communities.

Despite all the publicity in regard to the pros and cons of the matter, we find that many of our readers are still in the dark about the contentions. Accordingly we submit a summary of statement made to Department of Conservation and Development in January, with comments by Hugh Morton, one of the leaders in the fight against added Parkway concessions. It gives a good insight into the matter:

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE TO BE INVITED TO "BID"

Park Service: Private enterprise will be invited to bid on the construction, equipment and operation of the proposed new concessions.

Comment: The Park Service has always claimed that private enterprise was invited to bid, even on the existing Parkway facilities leased to the non-profit National Park Concessions, Inc., in 1942.

SO-CALLED "BASIC REQUIREMENTS" ARE LISTED

Park Service: The accommodations proposed under the 10-year program to fill basic requirements are estimated to cost \$4 million and include 11 gas stations, 10 lunch counters, 3 coffee shops, 1 low rental housekeeping cabin group, and 3 lodges. Some of these facilities are already in existence.

Comment: The National Park Service serves as its own judge and jury when it comes to deciding what Government-sponsored facilities are "required." Since the Park Service does not answer to anybody in this respect, its "basic requirements" can be expected to expand as they have done in the past. Meanwhile, hundreds of rooms in private establishments up and down the length of the Parkway go vacant every night.

NON-PROFIT CORPORATION ON PARKWAY UNTIL 1962

Park Service: National Park Concessions, Inc., will operate existing Government-sponsored facilities on the Blue Ridge Parkway for the life of its contract which runs until 1962.

Comment: The bi-partisan Hoover Commission investigated National Park Concessions, Inc., and recommended in May 1955 that it be dissolved. If the Park Service evades the wishes of the Hoover Commission until 1962, it is likely that the recommended dissolution of National Park Concessions, Inc., will not take place.

ONE FIRM EXPECTED TO DO WHOLE \$4 MILLION JOB

Park Service: One firm or individual is expected to do the whole job of erecting and operating the estimated \$4 million in new concessions because "overhead is reduced by having all of the new concessions under one company."

Comment: Few firms or individuals have \$4 million in cash or credit. The small operator would be eliminated, even if legitimate private enterprise was the successful "bidder."

(Continued on page 2, Section 2)

The Vanishing Back Yard

(News & Observer)

The back yard used to be the hub of the growing boy's activities. It was likely to be untidy and all cluttered up with horse shoes and fishing poles and balls and bats and dogs and cats. Often it had a high board fence around it, and it usually had a large tree that was excellent for climbing. Lined against the fence and around the tree were countless odds and ends that constituted the boy's treasurers. Often there was a tent in which the boy and friends slept when summer came to town to perfume the yard with its ten million precious scents. The tent was also used as a club house where the boys and his friends organized plans for the future.

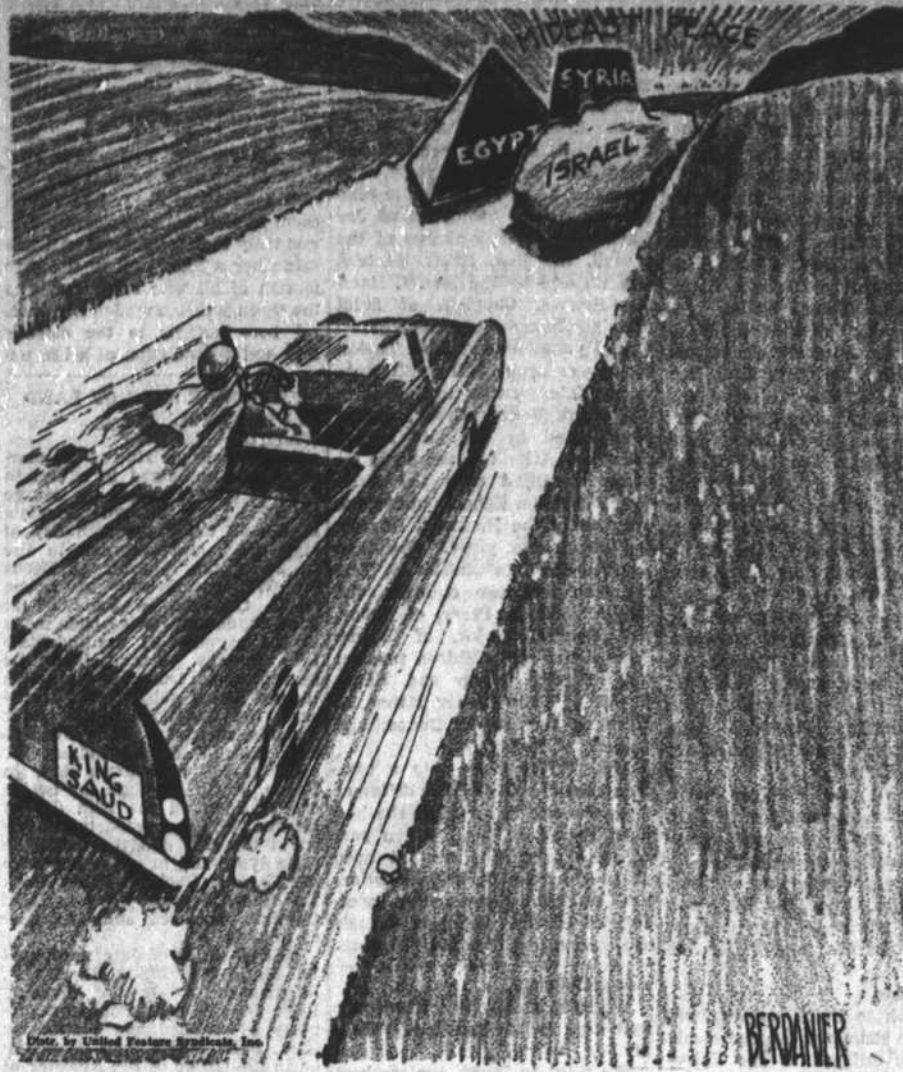
The back yard was a noisy place. It rang with the shouts of boys at play. The air was permeated with laughter and something of the merriment, the sparkle and

wholesomeness spilled over the fence and washed the entire neighborhood. The backyard was the boy's own world. It was an enchanted land ruled by a merry young monarch. It was only a few square yards of dirt and grass and sunshine, but it could be changed by magic into a big league baseball park, a battle field, King Arthur's court, or an African jungle.

But now all too often the yard is being sacrificed in the guise of artistic improvement. Landscaping has come in and the horse shoes have gone out. The board fence that watched over the boy's treasures is gone and the tree is no longer climbed. The back yard is a pretty place for tired adults to rest in deck chairs. And the boy meets his friends at the public park or asks them into the house to watch television.

HAZARDS

By Paul Berdanier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Brotherhood Is Mostly 'Relative'

THIS, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, is World Brotherhood Week, brother.

And even though the week is half gone, we can at least be half-brothers.

But there were no halfway measures in the small boy's interpretation of brotherhood in an incident that has become symbolic of the word.

You know the story. A man saw a little boy carrying a not-much-smaller one along the street, and said, "Say, sonny, that's quite a burden you have there, isn't it?"

Gazing up in wide-eyed surprise, the boy delivered his now-classic reply: "That ain't no burden, mister—that's my brother!"

ALTHOUGH GREAT STRIDES have been made in the last few years (too great, some think) toward the realization that men of all races and creeds are bound up in a common destiny and that the real problems of the world are those of human relations, brotherhood to

many is, shall we say, still a "relative" term.

BUT PROGRESS (or retrogression, according to the way you look at it) has been made. There was a book published in 1924 called "The World's Best Epigrams." It contained editorial quotes from the nation's leading newspapers, and here are a few samples from the section titled "Aliens":

"There are a little over 13 million alien-born residents of the United States, and they use 76 languages to curse American institutions." . . . "It is high time to see to it that our goose isn't cooked in the melting pot." . . . and "Home grown population is best."

There are many more such comments in this book published 33 years ago, all reflecting the same attitude of drawing the editorial skirts away from any and all immigrants.

BUT LET'S FACE IT, we're all immigrants, regardless of how many generations removed. Except the Indians. It is not too difficult to envision old Chief Squat-In-The-Sun peering from behind a rock as the first immigrants disembarked from the Mayflower, and grunting: "Ugh! Foreigners!"

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

February 18, 1897.

Capt. Coffey has returned from the south and reports a moderately successful trip.

Some thief lifted a ham of meat from the home of Mr. Nathan Horton last Friday night.

Rev. Mr. Stanford, the new preacher on this week, hopes to begin work on the new Methodist church building soon.

Mr. E. P. Chafin, of Morganton, a jeweler, has opened a shop at the residence of Mr. Nathan Horton, opposite the postoffice. Watch repairing a specialty.

Allen A. Holsclaw of Silverstone, is offering his property and stock of goods for sale as he expects to go to the railroad soon. Anyone wishing a good business location would do well to see him.

Prof. L. M. Farthing's school at Silverstone will close the 24th inst. with contest and public debate in the day and entertainment at night.

On Tuesday morning of this week Moses Eller of Cove Creek passed through on his way to South Carolina with a load of young sugar trees. He had 175 young trees on his wagon and said he had sold them for 75 cents each. They are to be set for shade trees. This is decidedly a new venture for Watauga and it seems a rather lucrative one.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

February 21, 1918.

Fifty thousand dollars worth of Watauga good road bonds are advertised in this issue.

Prof. Roy M. Brown and Mr. C. D. Taylor of Watauga's Good Roads Commission are off to Chapel Hill to attend a Good Roads Institute.

Some party or parties entered the premises of Mr. J. Young Love on Baird's Creek and carried away several bushels of corn and three joints of meat.

The School is sending small booklets, the Dew Drop, and other things of interest to all of our soldier boys whose addresses can be obtained.

Rev. Mr. Cross of Charlotte, a Baptist minister, has been in the village since Tuesday and will fill the pulpit, in the Baptist Church in Boone at 11 and at night next Sunday.

Our office was honored Monday by an enjoyable visit from our aged friend, Mr. Jonathan Miller, who will soon round out his 90th year.

Mr. James Murphy, engineer for the Boone's Fork Lumber Co., has been in this section this week, looking after some business for his company.

Corporal Edgar Hardin of Rutherford, who last summer volunteered in Battery E Field Artillery, and went to Camp Jackson for training, but was later transferred to Camp Sevier, is spending a ten day furlough with his mother and other relatives and friends in the county.

Fifteen Years Ago

February 19, 1942.

LeVerne Fox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Filmore Fox, has finished his training in the parachute battalion at Fort Benning, Ga., and has received his wings. He entered the service last June.

Mr. Charles Wright is in the Panama Canal Zone, where he is employed by the Government as field clerk on a huge defense highway project.

Coach Flucie Stewart, former Appalachian football mentor, suffered painful but not serious injuries Tuesday of last week in an automobile accident on the Greensboro-Winston-Salem highway.

Mr. Herman Wilcox, president of the Chamber of Commerce, is making some progress toward the establishment of an office of the Railway Express Agency in this city.

Rev. Wilbur C. Leach, and Mrs. Leach recently moved to Valle Crucis, where he will serve the Valle Crucis School and St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Boone as Rector.

Information from Cleveland, Ohio, tells of the recent death in that city of Sergeant Malcolm E. Sims, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Sims of Watauga county, at the age of 44 years.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

FEBRUARY . . . MONTH OF GREAT BIRTHDAYS

February, so-named from the Latin word Februo, to purify, commemorating the season of the year for the Roman ceremonies of purification, is noted for its four-week span, with an extra day tossed in for good measure every fourth or leap year. . . . Also, it's the time of the groundhog and his traditional shadow, of commemoration of St. Valentine, the priest who loved everybody, even his enemies, and was tortured and executed by Emperor Claudius. . . . And it's the birthday of a lot of other great men, notably Abraham Lincoln, who saved the Union and to whose rich bequest of wit and wisdom have been added about all the smart sayings of every other sage. . . . Then tomorrow, we celebrate the birthday of George Washington, who grew up on the Rappahannock, behaved like most other normal boys, and perhaps did not go through with the cherry tree thing, most of such tales being imagined by "Parson" Weems in his "Life of Washington." . . . Maybe he tossed the rock or the silver dollar across the River—we don't know.

"HAD ACQUISITIVE HABITS" . . . TRUMAN SAID

Former President Harry Truman is reported to have been asked on one occasion whether or not he thought Washington threw a dime or a dollar across the Potomac. . . . Truman is alleged to have replied: "It was not the Potomac, but the Rappahannock, and knowing something of the acquisitive habits of the Father of our country, I am inclined to believe that he didn't chance the loss of either a dime or a dollar on such a toss. . . . He likely sailed a rock across the stream."

HISTORIANS often more or less obscure the greatness of men with their tales which catch fire and hang on. . . . A soldier, statesman and patriot, George Washington was more. . . . A gentleman farmer who loved the land and brought forth the first concepts of modern agricultural practices. . . . He lived well and productively on his wide acres, brought plants, shrubs and trees from all parts of the world, was one of the first to grow pecans, and pioneered in the use of clover, rye and timothy to enrich the soil. . . . He practiced crop rotation at a time when there was no scarcity of new fields, and was perhaps our first farmer to raise mules. . . . Like farmers today, he had years of losses, but in good years his profits ran as high as \$15,000. . . . The other day, in reading something of the versatility of our First President, we found the following, under the caption of "Washington's Rules of Civility" which interested us. We haven't changed the spelling:

Associate yourself with Men of Good Quality if you Esteem your own Reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

Wear not your Cloths, foul, unript or Dusty but See they be Brush'd once evrey day at least and take heed that you approach not any uncleanness.

Be not hasty to believ flying reports to the Disparagment of any.

Shift not yourself in the Sight of others nor Gnaw your nails. Treat with men at fit Times about Business, and Whisper not in the Company of others.

Be not curious to know the Affairs of Others neither approach those who speak in private.

Eat not in the Streets, nor in ye House, out of Season.

Read no letters, Books or Papers in Company but when there is a necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave; come not near the Books or Writings or another so as to read them unless desired or give your opinion of them unask'd, also look not nigh when another is writing a Letter.

If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh or Yawn, do it not Loud but Privately; and speak not in your Yawning, but put your Handkerchief or hand before your face and turn aside.

Let your Discourse with men of Business be Short and Comprehensive.

Drink not nor talk with your mouth full neither Gaze about you while you are a Drinking.

Keep your Nails Clean and Short, also your Hands and Teeth Clean, yet without Shewing any great Concern for them.

In visiting the Sick do not presently play the Physician if you be not Knowing therein.

Speak not Evil of the absent for it is unjust.

If others talk at the table be attentive but talk not with Meat in your Mouth.

When you speak of God or his Attributes, let it be Seriously & with Reverence.

Honor & Obey your natural parents altho they be poor.

It might be added that Washington wrote these lines before he was sixteen.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

I've just been face to face with a hundred million dollars. Oh, it was only a nodding acquaintance and none of the stuff stuck to me, but just the sight itself was interesting, of course. It was in gold, and buried 80 feet beneath the pulsating surface of New York's fabulous downtown section—in the subterranean vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank, to be exact. The gold was in bars—and needless to say, iron bars separated it from gaping visitors. Harmless-looking little yellow gold bars all stacked up as neatly as stove wood, they were, but representing enough wealth to impress even King Saud.

In line with what this column has said many times, that the best things in New York are free, the tour through the great Federal Reserve Bank at 33 Liberty Street here is well worth your time, to say nothing of your money. In fact, it is your money and mine which is in there, although the obtaining of it is done in devious ways, as the polite representative who takes you around explains. One experiences not only a colorful sight but receives an informative lecture too. Do you realize,

for instance, that money, if it works well, must enter into every nook and cranny of our economy as it changes hands again and again? That all of us are involved in making money do its work, whether well or ill; that all of us therefore ought to know as much about it as possible, so that it works for us and not against us?

Money, above all, is a convenience which we cannot do without, unless we return to the old barter system. One of the things that has helped us handle money properly is our Federal Reserve System, now only 43 years old. And yet, as we made our way past steel doors ten feet thick and guards with gun-bulging holsters, we learned that more checks than cash pass through the 12 Federal Reserve banks in this country. We now have 40 million checking accounts containing 7 billion checks, the annual worth of which is more than two trillion dollars.

Another high sounding statement struck my attention: "Congress has given the Federal Reserve (Continued on page eight)"