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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1957

Catch The Drag Racers

Thirty youngsters were picked up in Union county the other day for drag racing, and a newspaper account of the happening states that the arrests climaxed several weeks of quiet observation by State patrolmen.

However, the one thing that caught our eye in the news dispatch, were the words, "residents of the Fairview area aided officers in breaking up the races."

And that's right in line with what a Highway patrolman told us the other day. He said that citizens would have to lend a bit of cooperation before the officers could hope to break up the racing in Watauga county, which is apt to cause more trouble as more and more of the youth of the area, anxious for some fun, join in the hazardous pastime.

The officer pointed out that there are two highway patrolmen in Watauga county, with six thousand automobiles to ride herd on. The racers find it a lot easier to keep tabs on the two patrolmen, than for the latter to keep tabs on the thousands of motorists, many of whom take part in the racing at two or three different spots.

With the highway toll mounting in most areas, with the racing mania just hitting its stride, it certainly does behoove the people who live along the road where these racers operate to get with the State and local officers to the end that the practice may be effectively curbed.

Those who hate to tell on the racers, should consider that maybe aiding in getting them caught, could easily enough save the lives of some of the hot-rodders.

End Of Stormy Career

When Senator McCarthy died, those of us who'd found occasion to disagree to a greater or less degree with the conduct of the fiery solon from Wisconsin, true to human nature, hav reexamined our position and reassessed the career of one of the most colorful figures to raise his voice on capital hill during the current century.

When the Senator's crusade against Communism had served its political purpose to a large degree, many of his former friends in top government positions turned their guns on McCarthy—his investigations were taking in too much territory, and there was every indication that the wrong ox might someday be gored.

But Senator Joe, with a courage perhaps sharpened by Marine Corps combat, couldn't be satisfied with anything less than some sort of victory, and his fight went on, until he was rendered impotent in his crusade against the Red menace.

Never has the futility of party politics as a career been more fully demonstrated

than in the undoing of this fellow, who had perhaps as much courage as any man we've seen in modern times, and maybe something more than the usual degree of ability. When his activities no longer served the best interests of those who'd espoused him they quit him cold, and his voice was silenced.

We've had occasion to disagree violently with the man from Wisconsin. Most everybody else has at some time. But it should be said to his undying credit that he was willing to carry the fight against Communism right on down the line, regardless of which political party might have suffered.

And many of those who couldn't abide his gloves-off method of conducting his inquiries, somehow feel less secure, now that no one in the Senate is spearheading any attack against the influences which are forcing the draining of our economy in a huge defense establishment.

A Good Mayor

Like Boone. Blowing Rock has a good Mayor—that's what the folks up there tell us—and they demonstrated their approval of his administration Tuesday by electing him, without even having an opposition candidate's name on the ticket.

Which speaks well for Mayor Hardin! The business of being Mayor in Blowing Rock, even to a greater extent than in Boone, maybe, is a hard job. Not only is the official faced with the leadership of the council and of the business aspects of the government, but at the same time, is up against the job of being a full-time public relations agent for his community. In Blowing Rock, where the tourist industry is all-important, it is a high compliment to Mayor Hardin that he gets along so well with everybody that he has no opposition at the ballot box.

As this is written we don't know which three of the seven good citizens will compose the Board of Commissioners, but whoever it is, it is certain that there will be a continuation of sound and progressive government in Blowing Rock, to the end

that the community will keep on growing and prospering.

Congratulations

The Winn-Dixie Stores are celebrating their 38th anniversary, calling to mind that the manager of their local store started his career with the old Carolina Stores, the first so-called chain grocery to operate in Watauga county.

At that time some of the folks here thought that chain stores were a bad thing for the country, but that notion was quickly dispelled, following the introduction of better merchandising of food, and now that other chains have joined the initial store, which is now Winn-Dixie, they are all doing well, and the town they have helped to develop is supporting a number of independent grocery stores, which are doing thriving businesses.

We congratulate Winn-Dixie Stores and Mr. Greer on their birthday, and on their contribution to the welfare of the community and county. We wish for them continuing good fortune.

Spaghetti Eater's Dilemma

(Changing Times) The thing that makes spaghetti baffling to eat is its length.

Novices confronted by their first plate of the serpentine strings (the name is the Italian plural of spaghetti, which is the diminutive of spago, meaning "cord"), are likely to view the prospect of devouring it with despair.

Getting the ends of a few strands into the mouth and slurping the spaghetti from the plate is obviously noisy and messy. For one thing, the sauce splashes, especially as the last few inches of spaghetti whip out of sight through the pursed lips.

Holding the strands high on a fork above the face and lowering the ends into the mouth presents other complications. The sauce is likely to drip—either over you or over the tablecloth. Besides, the head must be tilted back at an uncomfortable 90 degree angle, and, if your hand wavers in the dangling process, you are sure to lever the spaghetti into your eye or curl it up on your chin.

Beginners soon learn that the only practical method of eating spaghetti is to press a fork full of it against the hollow of a large spoon and wind it into a wad. The danger here is that the wad, while manageable, may become too big

to be readily chewable. With practice, however, even the tyro will quickly learn how many strings will roll into a ball of just the right size.

Amy and Emily The difficulty is that this procedure is frowned on in some sections of society. Amy Vanderbilt's "Complete Book of Etiquette" endorses the spoon method as "the only satisfying way" to eat real Italian spaghetti, but Emily Post declares that this "is correct neither here nor in Italy, where only peasants use a spoon."

"A few pieces," says this latter authority, "are held against the plate with a fork, which is then twisted to wrap the spaghetti. If necessary, this can be done against the curve of the plate, which will substitute for a spoon."

Pressed for a decision, the Italian embassy in Washington gives the nod to Miss Post, although it admits that often in Italy one may see dippers using a spoon with the spaghetti and obviously enjoying themselves.

Most Americans use the spoon method, so if that's your style, you'll have plenty of company. The only thing that really disturbs a restaurateur is to see a customer chopping his spaghetti into inch long pieces with knife and fork.



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

An Old Sayin' of Mother's

THOSE WHO ARE privileged to wear a red flower on Mother's Day can count one more blessing in this life than the rest of us.

But memories are priceless, and even occurrences that seemed unpleasant at the time became part and parcel of our hallowed remembrance of the one who gave us life and attempted to guide us through our formative years.

There is one trait that has characterized each succeeding generation of small boys, and it is doubtful that any great improvement has been, or will be, wrought in this respect. That trait is an almost universal abhorrence of soap and water.

A yellowed clipping containing a few lines of verse, found in an old file, immortalizes a period relating thereto in the childhood of most men. I do not know when or where it was first published, or the author, but he called it "An Old Sayin' of Mother's," and it went like this:

The older that a body gits, The better, seems to me He reckolets the folks and jokes An' things that used to be; Like t'other night, whilst settin' there An' rompin' through the years, An' driftn' on the back'urds way.

I swan, I heerd my mother say: "Go wash yer neck an' ears!"

It took me back fer forty years, An' I's a boy again, With same dislike fer water that Was natural to me then; I seemed to feel my speerit rise, An' feel my boyish tears A-rollin' down in same ol' way, Like when my mother used to say: "Go wash yer neck an' ears!"

Clean neck an' ears, you reckolect, Was purty nigh disgrace— There wa'n't no sense in washin', 'cept Perhaps a body's face! We used to think that mas was made To add to boyish keers, An' stand around in bossin' way When boys was tiredest, an' say: "Go wash yer neck an' ears!"

An' yit I'll warrant that tonight You'd like to go to bed In same ol' room with locust bloom A-droopin' overhead On shingle roof, an' hold yer breath With all yer boyish fears, An' hear yer mother softly creep Upstairs an' ask ye, "Gone to sleep?— Did y' wash yer neck an' ears?"

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

May 13, 1897.

Some very fine mountain trout have been caught by our town boys.

Calvin Shell and family have moved to the old Methodist parsonage.

Dr. Wilbar and family left town yesterday for Elk Park, where they will make their future home.

The colored people are making an earnest effort to complete their church here.

Miss Maggie and Master Stewart Coffey are on a visit to Mountain City, Tenn. They will attend the closing exercises of Capt. Faucett's school.

On Friday, June 11th, there will be a Demorest medal contest, a public debate on temperance and a picnic combined at Elk Knob Academy.

We learn that Luther Farthing will assist Prof. Jones the next term of school at Sutherland Seminary.

Our fellow citizen, Mr. J. A. Edmisten of Blowing Rock, has again shown his progressiveness by securing the agency for Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Monday, June 14th, will be day of much interest to the good people of Meat Camp Township. On that day will be held the local option election, which will decide whether or not the liquor traffic shall be continued in that township.

On last Saturday Mr. Lawrence Coffey of John's River was given the contract to erect a telephone line from Boone to Blowing Rock, and he proposes to have it in operation by June 1st.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

May 7, 1818.

Prof. and Mrs. Stedman left Tuesday for their home in Wayne county, where they will spend the time on their farm until the fall term of A. T. S. opens.

Mr. J. S. Robinson of Sands, an aged and

respected citizen, after a brief illness, died at his home on Wednesday of last week, and the remains were buried near the home the following day.

At the meeting of the stockholders of the Boone and Blowing Rock turnpike company, held in Boone last Monday the following officers were elected: John Lantz, President; Joe S. Winkler, secretary-treasurer; T. F. Greer, J. W. Farthing, John W. Hodges, and Mr. H. McD Little, directors. After the 1916 fresnet, when the road was literally swept away, the stockholders were forced to borrow a considerable sum of money, to rebuild the bridges and grade, and while there has not been much work done on the road since, the treasurer's report of last Monday, showed that the indebtedness had all been paid, with a small amount left to the credit of the road—no dividends, of course, being declared. With the present officers, unhampered by debt, we can confidently expect some telling work will be done on the road this summer.

At their meeting on Monday the county commissioners sold \$50,000 of the \$200,000 road bonds to C. W. McNear & Co., of Chicago. The bonds were sold at 6 per cent for a premium of \$100. The Road Commission is preparing to begin work on the trunk road from the Wilkes line to the Tennessee line.

Fifteen Years Ago

May 14, 1942.

The registration of motorists for gasoline ration cards got under way in Watauga county Tuesday morning and will continue through Thursday, teachers being in charge of issuing the purchase permits at eight centrally located high and elementary schools in the county.

Mrs. Eunice Josephine Blair, 57, wife of A. D. Blair of the Hodges Gap section, died Saturday afternoon, May 8, following a prolonged illness. The funeral was held Monday at 2:30 with Dr. E. K. McLarty in charge, assisted by Dr. J. D. Rankin. Burial was in the Boone cemetery.

The Rev. Dr. Albert P. VanDusen, aged 59 years, Dryden, N. Y., died unexpectedly at the home Tuesday from coronary thrombosis. Dr. VanDusen was well known in Watauga county where he had frequently visited. His widow is the former Miss Chloe Lewis of the Cove Creek section.

AIRPORT ON MOUNTAIN TOP . . . MAYBE SO

Mrs. Claude Miller of Vero Beach, Fla., sends us the following clipping from Jack Bell's column in the Miami Herald:

"H. W. Horton, who calls Arthur Vining Davis a young squirt, is asking me to help him finance an airport on the mountain top just north of Boone, N. C. Y'see Horton's a native of that area, who for many years has been living in Miami from October to April.

"And here he is looking into the future. 'Just think, there's no landin' field for 50 miles in any direction,' he says, 'and pretty soon—say 30 years—Blowing Rock and Boone will be grown together. So I got Clyde Eggers (state representative) to give us the land. He owns the whole mountain.'

"There's not end to optimism," Mr. Bell concludes.

Mrs. Miller adds: "This guy needn't be so smart. . . . They'll probably do it, then all the Florida folk will flock up there to escape the Florida heat, come summer."

NOT SO FANTASTIC . . . COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING

And before we got through with Mrs. Miller's letter, in comes Mr. Horton, who sees a vital need for landing facilities here. . . . He's in touch with Eddie Rickenbacher on the logic of his proposal. . . . Located almost on a straight line between Chicago and Florida, Tater Hill would be fine to let off mountain tourists. . . . And as Mrs. Miller says, "they'll probably do it." . . . We might add that doing the big jobs has been characteristic of Boone and Watauga for many years. . . . We recall when Mr. Horton chug-chugged up the mountain in the old-time high-wheeled, solid-tired International gas buggy, and vowed we were going to have to have a good road to North Wilkesboro and into Winston Salem. . . . And we voted bonds and built our share, and nobody had more to do with the promotion of the Boone Trail Highway than H. W. Horton, and his brother, Jont Horton. . . . We'd add that the need for a big road, for automobiles, way back then, through the county, seemed less than the present need for an airport. . . . Airplanes are plentiful and relatively safe now—automobiles hadn't grown up when Mr. Horton and others were pushing the good roads program.

ALONG THE MOTORWAYS . . . SPRINGTIME VISITORS

Sunday traffic along the main highways was heavier than common, as lowlanders came to view the advent of springtime. . . . while the day was chilly enough to require home heating, the view from the mountaintop was good, with the varying shades of nature's new vestments providing fresh new color on every hand. . . . Visitation season in the hills ought to include more of the springtime as well as of the autumn.

STAMPS IN ROLLS . . . ODDS AND ENDS

Wanted a couple of sheets of stamps, and Mrs. Nell Linney, always courteous and helpful, proposed that we try a couple of the new stamp rolls. . . . They are a great convenience and we much prefer them to the sheets. . . . Incidentally the postage meters are doing away with a lot of the stamp licking. . . . Band Director Perry Watson and his associates present the spring concert Thursday evening. . . . The youngsters, all the way from the beginners groups, through the High School Band, did remarkably well, reflecting high credit on their teachers, as well as upon themselves. . . . Some of the residents of the Mabel neighborhood, whose postoffice has been done away with, remind that the Democrat reached that neighborhood the day it was printed 68 years ago. . . . Now it takes until the next day. . . . U-turners in the middle of the block claim right of way over those trying to back away from the curb. . . . Our former good neighbor, Charles Boone, brightens the day with this note: "I honestly think 'King Street' is the best column I have ever read." . . . State Senator C. V. Henkel, who grew up spending his summers at Blowing Rock, tells us he'll be there through the season this year—for the first time in a decade. . . . Business has kept CV away from the hills in the recent years.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Deborah Kerr, "first lady of Hollywood," who many think should have won the Academy Award, has a happy home with a son and daughter and thinks that too many parents are not "on spanking terms with their children." She cites many American teachers as agreeing with her that responsibility as well as freedom should be taught youngsters. "When my daughter, Melanie, was six, she had a tantrum," says Deborah, "because I would not allow her to go to the movies. She spat on the rug. Whereupon, I gave her a sound paddling. It did her good and she has never given me that kind of trouble since."

cut" toupee which is really hard to detect. These, of course, must be worn by younger performers. It has been well-known for a long time that Binx Crosby wears a wig. So do Charles Boyer, Jack Benny and George Jessel. Sammy Kaye has a series of matching toupees, all alike, except that the length of the hair is slightly different. Seeing him over a period of weeks, his fair thus appears to be actually growing.

General MacArthur, now a regular New Yorker, does not wear a wig but combs his hair across the balding spot. He believes that "Youth is not a time of life but a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and sunble knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. . . . Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

With the passing of time and hair, toupees have become more and more part of many a Broadway and movie actor's make-up. Newest bogat for the receding hairline is the "butch" or "crew

What is probably America's favorite dessert, ice cream, has reached the hundredth birthday of its existence. First started in Baltimore, its plants soon spread to here and then all over the coun- (Continued on page seven)