

Post-Election Reflections

The election is now over and some good men have settled down to the job of conducting the affairs of the town for the next two years.

As this is written, we do not know, for a certainty, who will hold forth down at the city hall in the days ahead, but whichever four of the good men who were voted on are inducted, we shall look forward to a continuation of the sort of good government which has contributed so much to the growth of the community in the past.

At this distance we do not think that, generally speaking, enough heat has developed over the election to leave appreciable scars, and that the overwhelming majority of the people will settle down in a spirit of cooperation to help the new administration make a success from the word go.

The business of governing the city, as we have mentioned before, is a sacrificial

sort of thing. There is no appreciable monetary reward, and there is a vast amount of time consumed in trying to take care of the business of running a town, which is growing by leaps and bounds, with new civic problems being created almost daily.

So it behooves us to offer our congratulations to the people who are willing to undertake the governing job, and to go along with them in a spirit of helpfulness and friendliness as they strive to create for us a better place in which to live.

It is heartening that there are still many citizens of such patriotic tendencies that they are willing to take over this time-consuming, almost payless public service.

We hope and believe that our newly-elected officials will carry on acceptably in the days ahead, and contribute fully to the further development of our city.

Leading The Way
By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Greatest Act Is Performed Off Stage

THEY SHOT UP the Horn in the West theater plenty Saturday night, but no damage was done, because what it was they were using was cameras.

It was a great night for the flash bulb industry. Hugh Morton brought his Carolina Press Photographers Clinic over here to lay down a barrage of small arms fire from the parapets, while the heavy artillery was supplied by the Sylvania Corporation in the form of a couple of "mammoth flash shots," each one the equivalent of six thousand 60-watt household bulbs, according to Horn's head drum beater, Leo Derrick.

A lot of people were on hand for the event and to enjoy a show by Cecil Campbell's boys and the Jolly Sisters, but not enough to fill the 2400 seats. So after a certain amount of cajoling, they got 'em all to move to the center and one side section for the big picture.

Meanwhile, Ed Loessin, capable and hard-working Horn director, was lining up a scene from the play on stage. This was intermission, and they were going to take another big one at the end of the hillbilly show.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 17, 1897

On Friday of last week the 15-year-old son of Webster Davis, of Meat Camp, was caught under a falling tree and received injuries that may prove fatal.

Mr. W. C. Coffey has recently had a very fine headstone put to the head of his wife's grave. The stone was furnished and erected by Mr. Harris, of Hickory.

You cannot always tell whether your goods are all wool or mixed goods. It makes no difference if you use Putnam Fadeless Dyes. They color everything. Sold by J. A. Edmisten, Blowing Rock.

We are informed that Franklin and wife, who were charged with poisoning Fog Brown in Globe, have been sent to the penitentiary for 10 years each.

Times are hard—money scarce but Blackburn will give you more good goods for your money than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

Penley, who killed Clarke at Collettsville, a short time ago, had his preliminary trial before Judge Bellow, and was bound over to Lenoir Superior Court.

Mrs. J. M. Moretz was very unwell on last Sunday and Monday, but we are very much pleased to state that she is better.

Little Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Williams, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now slowly improving.

Simon Gragg, convicted of murder at the last term of the Lenoir court, has been taken to Newton jail.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 26, 1918

Alex Reed, who will be remembered by many of our older people, who left Watauga some 30 years ago, is now in from his Kansas home where he has succeeded well. Reed was born and reared in Boone, to early manhood, and was a playmate of ours in happy boyhood days, and oft have we felt the birchen rod in the hands of an irate parent as a penalty for leaving home without permission and idling along the streams in quest of fish or climbing these mountains—just anywhere, to be in his company. He was our ideal as a boy, and while a slight tinge of

"New go off stage, divide yourselves in half, and be ready to come back for the final shot." That's what he said.

Seemed a mite drastic, just to create the illusion of more people in the theater. But at least he should have had 'em do it on stage.

It would have been the greatest act since Mickey Rooney played Hamlet.

HOW TIMES DON'T CHANGE Dept.—"A real old timer remembers," says a writer, "when they solved the parking problem by driving another hitching post into the ground."

Only difference today, the hitching post is now a parking meter.

AND DON'T LOOK NOW, but we're about to be deprived of one of life's little triumphs. The feeling of satisfaction is far greater than the amount of money saved when one pulls into a parking place and finds some time left on the meter. But some soulless fiend has invented a photo-electric eye that raises the violation flag when the parked car leaves the space, so the next arrival can't free-load.

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life.

FLIP-TOP CAR—Within ten years, says an automotive engineer, cars will be only 52 inches high and will be entered by sliding roofs instead of doors.

Which will no doubt make it easier to lift the body from the wreckage.

Fifteen Years Ago

June 15, 1942

Large numbers of home canners are registering this week for allotments of sugar with which to take care of their fruits and vegetables during the current canning season, present allowances under the ration plan being one pound of sugar for each four quarts of finished food. An additional one pound of sugar per year will be allotted each person for preserves and jellies.

Mrs. Julia Abernethy, mother of Mrs. J. D. Rankin of Boone, was fatally injured Monday morning, when the car in which she was riding, and which was driven by a daughter, Mrs. Mc G. Anders, collided with a bus at a street intersection in Gastonia. Mrs. Anders died Tuesday in a Gastonia hospital, probably from the two severe scalp wounds suffered.

Funeral services for Edgar H. Tufts, head of the foundation which operates Lees-McRae junior college, Grace Hospital and the Grandfather Home for Children, all of Banner Elk, who died in the hospital early Monday, was conducted Tuesday afternoon in the Banner Elk Presbyterian Church.

An unusually heavy rainfall of several days' duration reached its crest in this area last Thursday and Friday afternoons, when practically as much rain fell in the immediate environs of Boone as was the case in the devastating flood of 1940.

SALUTE TO TARHEELIA . . . WITH LOVE

We've filled this corner from week to week with something like clock-like regularity, but on those rare occasions when we must leave our desk and look out over the country at least for a long week-end, it's sometimes a problem to dish up a column, while we're trying to attend to a hundred and one small things which we must always do before our leave-taking.

At such times we are glad for folks like Julian Scheer, of the Charlotte News, who recently wrote a column about North Carolina, and some of the things he likes about the land of the tar, the pitch, the peaches, the mills, the plains and mountains. . . . His remarks are fittin' right at this time when the tourists are beginning to show when we're trying to sell folks on the wholesomeness of Carolina, which is yet largely unspoiled, culturally at least, in the mad march of material progress. . . . So, since Mr. Scheer does his job so very well and since we are in a mortal bind, we're going to let him finish out for us. He says:

Nobody asked me . . . But . . . the things I like best about North Carolina include:

Names like Chunky Gal, Why-not, Saxapahaw. Ham gravy at Henry Franklin's near Linville Falls and barbecue from anywhere.

The glow of fires in tobacco barns. A hundred fishing holes in a hundred counties. Lighthouses on the coast.

The brilliance of mountain color in the fall. Sunrise over the Atlantic near Wilmington. Christmas lights in Charlotte. An air drop at Ft. Bragg.

Wide highways like US 29. Carnivals and fairs—anywhere. Blue windows on textile mills. Black bears in the Smokies.

High Point furniture. Chimes at Chapel Hill after a football game. Country schools and yellow buses.

Damp caverns like Linville. Stately architecture of Duke. Scottish plaids of Laurinburg. Impressive Fontana Dam.

Charlotte's Coliseum, Raleigh's Cow Palace. Monuments to Confederate soldiers. Tom Wolfe, Proff Koch, Hugh Lefler, Frank Graham, Olla Ray Boyd.

Red clay, green fields, orange sunsets. Tobacco fields, cotton harvest, strawberry patches. Shrimp and menhaden boats.

Hot sausage, persimmon pudding, homemade liquor. Arthur Smith, N. C. Symphony, Wake Forest drum majorettes. Winston-Salem, Asheville, Tryon, Elizabeth City.

Smell of cigarette plants, Cannon towels, Drexel tables, Jugtown.

Duke-Carolina football, semi-pro baseball, Dixie Classic basketball. Blowing Rock, Grandfather Mountain, Cape Hatteras, Lake James.

Pinehurst, Edenton, Mattamuskeet. Ava Gardner. The Houses of Biltmore, Marsh, Bellamy.

Sir Walter Hotel when General Assembly is in session. Square dancing, folk music. Crooked country roads. Picnic tables.

White frame churches. So This Is New York

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

At a birthday party for George G. Allen, venerable but chipper chairman of the Duke Endowment, I was impressed by the presence of a Yankee named Robert E. Lee Howe, and of a former Southerner named Alexander Hamilton Sands, genial vice chairman of the Endowment.

Just after World War II, I had an important matter to discuss with Department of the Army officials in Washington, so through a mutual friend, I got an appointment with Frank Pace, Jr., then Secretary of the Army. It was on a Saturday morning and Pace did not ordinarily make appointments on this day. So I appreciated his consideration, his friendliness and the way he handled the matter we discussed. It was not surprising, therefore, the other day when it was announced here that Frank Pace had just been made president of one of the nation's biggest manufacturing companies, with back-orders for some 2½ billion dollars worth of goods. He is not yet 45, is democratic and independent—and will go far.

Most unusual graduation present I have heard of was that asked for by a young high school senior here who had been rather expensive to his dad. The father came home and was met by the mother who smiled and said that their son was at last really learning to be economical. The father was delighted. "And what does he want for graduation?" he asked. The mother beamed. "It will only cost 75 cents," she said. "He just wants his own set of keys to the car."

An interesting place here is the Museum of the City of New York which is located at 5th Avenue and 104th Street. The last time I visited it, an exhibit of two rooms of the John D. Rockefeller home as it was in the 1880's proved to be an absorbing spectacle. Elegantly paneled and elaborately decorated in the Victorian motif of that day, the rooms looked somewhat inviting but do not compare with the modern comfort and usefulness of rooms in an ordinary house of today. An exhibit in a lighter vein was that of several doll houses of an earlier period, which must also have been from the homes of millionaires, for they had more accommodations—if miniature—than some homes for humans.

A burley Brown Irishman was up in court here charged with hitting a friend in the face. The judge looked at him sternly and said, "You call yourself a peace-loving man, yet you admit that

Gotham Gatherings: overheard: "Marriage was the first union to defy management" . . . twenty years ago, it took two people to carry \$10 worth of groceries. Today a child can do it" . . . "Two rival newspaper carriers had a bicycle collision. One was knocked speechless, the other spokeless" . . . "Our dear brother," said the minister preaching the funeral, "was not a dedicated Christian, but he was what you might call a respected sinner."

Politeness On Highway Asked

Col. James R. Smith, commander of the State Highway Patrol, this week advised Tar Heel motorists planning a vacation trip to other states to sharpen their driving and highway manners.

"People in the places you visit," Col. Smith said, "will judge North Carolina largely by your behavior. We're depending on you to give the right impression."

The patrol chief said that motorists will do a good public relations job if they remember that they are guests in other states and will observe the same courtesies they observe when they are guests in a friend's home.

"Remember," he said, "being a tourist gives you no special privileges. You are expected to obey all traffic laws and regulations and to behave courteously on the road."

The colonel advised motorists to observe the following points if they want to be welcome guests in other states:

- 1. Know and obey to the letter all traffic laws.
2. Remember courtesy pays off in safety. Be ready to yield the right of way or to make other concessions in the interest of safety.
3. The state through which you are traveling is happy to have you admire its scenery, historic sights, and public buildings—but not when you are driving. Pull off the road and stop for a good look.
4. No host loves a tipsy guest. Don't drive after you have been drinking.
5. Show the same concern for pedestrians you would expect other drivers to show you if you were walking.

General Store On Way Back

Old time merchants like M. B. Blackburn, R. M. Greene, and D. Jones Cottrell, had the right notion, it seems, in having everything in one spot—chewing gum and kerosene, hair ribbons and ammunition, piece goods and pickles, mowing machines, axle grease, sardines and dried apples. At least, modern merchandising is following their lead, even if the goods are being stocked and stored with more rhyme and reason. Commenting on this trend the Greenville (Miss.) Delta-Democrat-Times had this to say:

Everything goes in cycles, so they say, and a recent survey shows we are in the middle of a return from what was nostalgically termed "the good old days."

Remember the general store where you once could buy everything from a bustle to a ham hock, and old timers sat around on cracker barrels munching cheese and swapping yarns? Well, the general store disappeared and the "specialty" store became vogue, even in small towns where the old-time store was the mercantile center of the community.

But the general store idea gradually began

to come back—first in drug stores. After a while you could buy anything in a drug store from a bath mat to a cafe meal. Then the supermarkets began, first with a special counter for gadgets which included such items as skillets, egg separators and cheese slicers, then expanding into tablecloths, cosmetics and jewelry. (It is reported that drug stores, resenting this "invasion" of their domain countered by placing bread, pastry and other foods near their check-out counters.)

Today, a current survey shows, every fourth item sold in a supermarket cannot be eaten. Items now sold include shirts, umbrellas, dishes, dolls, bicycles, saws drills, ad infinitum. The goal of the supermarket, says one observer, is to arrange it so that mother can pick up diapers for baby, an end table for the living room and a dozen eggs that she came in to buy in the first place, before she leaves.

There's no cracker barrel or hoops of cheese in sight, of course; all is behind the gleaming glass or stacked on chrome-edged shelves, packaged for visual attraction that the strands of sausages and hooked rugs hung from the rafters never had in the old-time establishment, but however modern the presentation, it's still the old general store in principle.

Fishing

Henderson (Ky.) Gleaner and Journal.

Ladies have many erroneous ideas concerning men's leisure time activities, and length of a cock pheasant's crow from time. Psychologists incline to the belief there is a fundamental difference between the feminine and masculine approach to many problems. They say that a woman's nervous system is different from a man's. Of course, any husband and father could have told the psychologist and psychiatrists this; but it seems more authoritative if the "ist" boys run complex experiments and devise complicated charts to illustrate what everyone knows before they start.

Fishing is an apt illustration of divergent viewpoints. A woman judges fishing by the results in the creel. She doesn't understand that when Spring works along to a certain height, a man needs to go fishing. The fact that fishing requires fifty dollars worth of equipment and may result in a dollar's worth of fish is just a burden that a fisherman must carry.

Fishing isn't catching fish. Fishing is getting out of doors so that a man can

feel the sun and wind and the rain on his face. It is getting off by oneself on the edge of a meadow creek; it is following a clean-water, singing brook through a quiet woodland; it is sitting in a boat on a peaceful tree-circled pond.

Fishing is the chance to get away from the pressures of office and factory; it is a time to watch the sky and clouds, the red-winged blackbirds and a woodchuck poking in the clover patch. In beehives of population, one forgets the sound of a singing stream, the serenity and faith-restoring steadfastness of friendly trees, the green of new grass, the blue of violets' faces along the brook edge and the challenge we suppose the erroneous ideas will con-

woodland edge. Fishing gives a man a chance to get caught up with himself and when he comes home, a bit tired physically but refueled in heart and mind, he knows that a day's fishing has done something for him. And of course, there is always the chance that he will bring home a good one.