

Opposed To Primaries

Adlai Stevenson, who hit the mat twice in his efforts to occupy the White House, comes out against the presidential primary, which he describes as almost a useless institution.

Former Governor Stevenson, many believe is still hankering after the chief magistracy, and if he is, doubtless could feel that his purposes on the dubious third term try could best be served through the traditional convention system, and we could easily share that belief.

In the broader aspect of the political situation, however, we've tended to the notion that the presidential primary is one of the most democratic of the democratic processes and maybe should be in vogue the country over.

The primary system, by and large, has worked well in the State of North Carolina, and despite the charges by some that the machine picked candidates always win, we'd point to the fact that the regulars have been successfully challenged time and again. Without the primary, Josiah William Bailey wouldn't have been in the running against Senator F. M. Simmons, Bob Reynolds would have gone down at first in his try against Cameron Morrison, and Kerr Scott would never have been Commissioner of Agriculture, much less Governor and United States Senator. In each instance mentioned the choice of the people got the nod. It would have been different without the primary.

Usually the fellow who wants to be rid of primaries finds the other system to his

advantage. Might not be the case with Adlai, whose peerless rhetoric has been heard across the land, without overwhelming acceptance. At any rate, he shouldn't mind being voted on in the primaries, if he's yet of a notion to go to the post again. We hope he changes his mind. It seems unlikely that he'd get the nod, anyway.

Ancient Justice

Court reform has come to be somewhat of an issue in North Carolina, and since it has, information that in early days a jury in England might spend several weeks reaching a verdict, is of interest to us.

An article in World Book Encyclopedia says that jurors in old England were shut up without food and drink until they reached a verdict. If they still failed to agree within a specified time, they were carted to a distant spot and flung into a ditch.

Such procedure resulted in some fast verdicts in the days when one could be hanged for any one of a hundred or so offenses. But often people called for jury duty became ill, claimed deafness or just disappeared.

In a case where the jurors had haggled, without food or ale for a couple of weeks, we'd say the scales of justice would be heavily weighed against the guy who'd appeared before the gray-wigged jurists. Maybe accounting for why so many dangled on the end of the string in those days of ruthless enforcement.

Farley Speaks Out

James A. Farley, noted for his political sagacity, and his uncanny ability in the crystal ball of party politics, and who's presently said to be eyeing the United States Senate, said this the other day at a Democratic audience in New York:

"As certainly as I reported to Governor Roosevelt in 1930, I report to you tonight that the call to our party is coming again from the nation."

And coming from Farley, of course this

Aint It So?

Women won't buy the chemise styles next spring, because no one wants to make the same mistake twice.

There's a pen on the market now that'll write through butter. We'd like to know who can afford both the pen and butter.

One difficulty about the French-Tunisian situation is that it's hard for men, especially Pfimlin and Bourguiba, to understand each other when they can't pronounce each other's names.

If money talks, why doesn't our say where it goes?

Two wrongs don't make a right, but they're usually fun.

Why?

(New York Times)

These are fine days for asking questions, whether we get answers or not. Questions about dandelions, for instance. Why is a dandelion? There is no answer, really. A dandelion just is, persistent, determined, ubiquitous. Livestock won't eat dandelions. Few insects trouble them. Birds don't consume them. One would think we could get along very well without dandelions. Instead, we have more and more and more of them. Why?

Why aren't there more strawberries? There used to be. Anyone who ever spent a childhood Summer in the country remembers how many wild strawberries there were, and how sweet their taste. Now one has to hunt for them. Daisies and buttercups grow in every meadow, and so does hawkweed, but there are only a few wild strawberries. Why?

Why aren't bluets really blue? They are white tinged with lilac or pale violet, and sometimes not even tinged. They are beautiful in an old pasture, but they aren't blue. And why doesn't plantain have a flower worth looking at? Botanically, of course, they don't need colorful flowers because they need no outside help with fertilization. But dandelions don't need outside help either, and look at the color they manage to display.

Why are flowers colorful at all? Insects are color-blind. Man isn't, and for that we are thankful. But most flowers depend on the insects for pollination, and the petals are supposed to help the insects in this mission. Why are violets purple, and why is mustard yellow, and why are apple blossoms pink and white? No one objects—far from it—but why?

While Governments Glare



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Three Riddles, But Only Two Answers

THE FAIRY TALE dwarf, Rumpelstiltskin, must have started the riddle business, when he told the queen she would have to guess his name before he would grant her wish.

And riddles have continued to confound, confuse, and fascinate people ever since.

A feature in a daily paper asks, "Who has the most money problems, men or women?" The answer says both, and gives the obvious reasons, but I contend women have the most money problems; first, because they have the most money (statistics), and second, well . . .

You remember the Two Black Crows photograph records, or are you still lying about your age? In one of them the first fellow says his folks had a lot of horses on their farm and they noticed that the black horses always ate more than the white ones.

"Why was that?" asked his friend. "Well, we tried every way to figure it out, and we finally decided it must be because we had more black horses than white horses."

Let's face it, men, the women have us outnumbered. (But is that bad?)

RIDDLE NUMBER TWO was revived by Jake Wade in his Sunday column in the Charlotte Observer. Three traveling salesmen checked into a hotel and the clerk said he would put them in the same room and charge them \$30 for it.

After the men had gone up to their room, the clerk's conscience began hurting him and he decided he had overcharged them and would knock the price down to \$25. So he handed the bellhop \$5 and told him to give it to the men as a refund.

Not being bothered by a conscience, the bellhop decided he would keep two bucks and give the salesmen only three. This he did, so the room actually cost the gents \$9 each, or \$27 in all. The bellhop only kept \$2, leaving one dollar unaccounted for, says the riddle.

The trick here is in the way it's stated, which assumes that you add the \$2 to the \$27. It should, of course, be subtracted—as should the bellhop from his job.

Which proves that figures don't lie, but liars often figure.

THE THIRD ONE is propounded by Carl Goerch in The State magazine. A detective died and went to heaven. St. Peter looked at his credentials and said, "So you're a detective. Are you a good one?"

"The best in the world," replied the detective. (How he got there?)

"Well," said St. Peter, "if you're so good, take a look at all these millions of people here and see if you can pick out Adam and Eve."

The detective looked around and immediately identified Adam and Eve. How did he do it?

Mr. Goerch does not give the answer, but says it is perfectly logical, and does not concern the type of clothing worn. You know how?

Personally, I suspect it has something to do with the questionable inference that there are millions of people up there.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 2, 1898

The pipe factory here is now in operation, and is giving employment to a number of hands.

Miss Lula Squires, of Lenoir, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. L. Nicholson, in Boone.

Attorney J. B. Council, of Jefferson, passed through town Sunday on his way to his father's at Villas.

Rev. Harrison Farthing preached a good sermon in the Baptist church in Boone last Sunday night.

John P. Hardin and J. C. Horton are off on a trip to Mitchell county in the interest of the Elkin Woolen Mills.

Miss Mary Cole Boyden, who has been attending Claremont College, at Hickory, N. C., has returned to her home in Boone.

Lumber is now being delivered with which to repair our side-walks, and we hope ere many days, the people can travel on them with some degree of safety.

On Monday evening this vicinity was visited by a most terrific storm of rain and hail. The ground was covered with hail stones, many of which were as large as marbles. The growing vegetation was badly cut by the stones.

There is said to be a discussion going on at Beech Creek church between Robertson and Miller on one side and Sherwood and Harman on the other on the question that the Campbellite church is a church according to the New Testament. We have no reports.

Sheriff Boyd, of Caldwell, gave Watauga another call last week, and, as usual, deposited a bird in the county cage. This time he brought one Watson, who is wanted by our authorities for abandonment. It does seem that our refugees from justice would learn to seek a safer and more genial clime than Caldwell, for Boyd will catch them every time.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 5, 1919

Dr. Anders took Miss Thekla Story to Johnson City, to be operated on for appendicitis, Monday, returning in the afternoon.

Work on the depot is now moving on nicely, and, the weather permitting, its completion will only be a matter of a very few weeks.

Private Tom Taylor who for the past 18 months has been stationed in China, returned to his home in Valle Crucis last Sunday. He was a pleasant

caller at this office Monday.

The opening of the Summer Term of the Appalachian Training School yesterday morning was very good indeed. 126, registering, with others arriving almost hourly.

Young Max Hodges, a public school student, had the misfortune to get an arm broken while playing ball last Friday. A bat slipping from the hand of a boy causing the painful accident. Dr. Anders set the limb and the boy is improving nicely.

Mr. W. E. Shipley was demonstrating a tractor propelled road machine on the streets of Boone Monday, and it does its work to a nicety and with a dispatch that is indeed hard to beat. If within the power of our Road Commission, it would be a grand idea to purchase one of these and put it on the fearfully neglected turn pike road leading from Boone to Blowing Rock, and other roads in county, to say nothing of the great amount of work it is capable of doing on the highway. A money-saver it appears to be in road construction.

Mr. Gurdie Barnes, a returning soldier, left Tuesday morning for West Virginia, in quest of employment, and just what he wants is what he ought to have, as he richly deserves it. Quite a number of the young people of the town attended a social function given at the home of Supt. T. W. Hampton, at Shulls Mills Monday night, and the "best time of the season" is how they express it when referring to the happy occasion.

Fifteen Years Ago

June 3, 1943

Jo Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Brinkley, spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Oscar Chappell in Mountain City, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Brown Jr., and children, Orlando and John Edgar, left Wednesday morning for a two week's visit to Myrtle Beach, S. C. Mrs. A. P. Van Dusen, her sons, Albert, Harold and daughter Carolyn, of Durham, arrived here Tuesday evening and have established their home for the summer in Daniel Boone Park.

Mrs. J. C. Goodnight and son Jimmie have returned home after spending two weeks visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Miller, at Lakeview, S. C. On their return to Boone they were accompanied by Mrs. Goodnight's brother, Mr. Ernest Miller.

Misses Frances and Mamlowe Teams spent Wednesday of last week visiting at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Roby Gragg of Lenoir.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Fishing Poles . . . Bamboo Still The Best

The plastics, the glass fibre, synthetic resins and the like have all but taken over the fishing pole business, according to a survey by an AP staff writer, who's quick to agree that despite the change in the materials which make for happiness along the mountain brooks, the bamboo poles are still the best.

The custom-crafted split bamboo rod was not only a work of art but an expert fly caster could swish a fly with greater accuracy with one of these feather weight rods than with any other kind . . . Fashioned in three or four joints, normally, with a couple of extra tips, they were made of numerous strips of bamboo, fitted together perfectly and wrapped with fine thread at intervals, with ferrules to guide the silken line . . . A painstaking man, like the late J. W. Bryan, could spend a day or so redoing one of these handsome rods, wrapping and tying the jointed bamboo with fine silk thread in red and green, shellacking and varnishing the whole until it looked like a brand new pole . . . One of these overhaul jobs was essential every few years when the dampness and the summerlong swishing had broken down the varnish and the thread . . . Mr. Bryan later gave way to a steel rod, and the line ran inside the slender cylinder, but it was heavy, and not nearly so adaptable to fly casting.

But turning again to the statement that wooden poles are the best, most of the mountain lads know that to be true from way back . . . A long willow switch, about the size and length formerly used by drivers of oxen, four or five feet of cotton string, a piece of hammered-out lead for a sinker, and a bent pin or a snelled hook fixed one for a job of trolling amongst the suckers in the springtime . . . And a sprout from the old dootsie bush, a line twisted from fine sewing thread and a hook trimmed with a bit of rooster feather, apt as not would work when a brook trout was lurking in the swift waters, and the lure was properly floated. Which reminds that more folks spend more money trying to land a fresh water fish than in any other sporting category . . . Unhappily, we've long since become too busy to spend time by the mountain brooks which used to shelter the sporty little fish . . . But everyone ought to go fishing once in a while, make a fly dance on the surface of the limpid waters, or have a session still-fishing where the pool is deep and the hornyheads tug mightily at the red-wormed hook . . . There's something about the time spent in the willows, the sun-warmed rocks or on the fallen log which overhangs the creek . . . it's there that sermons may be found, mature judgments formed, and a strong link with nature cemented . . . Sessions by the running waters may not make the skillet splutter, and fill the stomach of the fisherman, but they often bring solace to the soul of the man who's playing hookey from his business.

For Human Ills . . . Ask Those Waiting

A doctor's waiting room is about the best place in town to find out about all the miseries of the flesh and oftentimes to get a correct diagnosis. We've marveled how some folks can sit hours on end, waiting for the physician and listening to the endless tales of woe . . . One woman however didn't want to spend too much time in line and when the friendly man who entered the room told her her baby looked like it had measles, her face lighted. "That I know how to treat," she beamed, as she headed toward home.

Long Handing . . . By Pen And Pencil

Lots of times the fellow with the smallest business carries the most writing equipment—his pocket sometimes bulges with ballpoints, ordinary fountain pens, mechanical pencils and the old-time wooden versions, which supply such good whittling material . . . On the other hand the guy with a lot of business on his mind has no pen showing and reaches deep into a trousers pocket for a pencil stub, with which he calculates his financial status . . . There's no substitute for the sharpened cedar, so far as we're concerned when there's big business going on . . . Speaker Sam Rayburn knows this, and is said to give his immediate and personal attention to pencil-written letters . . . "I figure," said Mr. Sam, "that if a man writes me with a pencil, his problem is pretty important to him."

Uncle Pinkney . . .

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

We used to have just three kinds of business. It was good, or it was bad, or we was having a panic.

Now we got recessions, depressions, booms, high plateaus, low plateaus, and middle plateaus, just to name a few. It's hard for a country feller to know exactly what kind of fix he's in with all that going on.

Right now, for instant, the papers is saying we're having a slight recession. I reckon that means things is getting more plentiful and money sitting more ain't. Unless it gits too ain't, the situation might not be as bad as we think.

Back during the war when we was having one of them booms, when things was scarce and money plentiful, things was pretty bad. I remember going to town one day with Ed Doolittle to buy himself a pair of pants. I'll never forget seeing him coming down the street in his underwear. He not only didn't git no pants, but they was so scarce the feller in the store traded him out of the pair he had on.

When things wasn't so good, the one-pants feller could drive up to a pressing place, toot his horn and somebody would come out and git his pants, press 'em and be back in a jiffy. Right after the war, when we was having one of them "high plateau" things, the same pressing place had a busper, and when you finally did git in, you'd git throwed out

if you caused any undue commotion.

And it was a mighty big relief to the farmer needing help when we descended from the "high plateau" to the middle one. I'll never fergit when we made that change-over. I stopped a feller I knowed and asked him if he'd like to do some work fer me. He stood still until I got plum through talking to him afore he said "no" and walked off. Back in the "high plateau" days he wouldn't even have stopped to listen.

So I ain't too shore, Mister Editor, if this "slight recession" is going to be bad or good fer us.

I see where a feller from Chicago is so disgusted with the way Congress is running the country that he aims to try to cross Lake Superior over to Canada in a barrel. Somebody ought to give this feller a good talking to, appeal to his patriotism. In the first place, we're short on barrels in this country, and in the second place, he ought to stay here and take his medicine with the rest of us.

The bet's writers in the country, Mister Editor, ain't working on newspapers. They is working as press agents fer resort towns in Florida. I saw a picture of a bathing beauty in the paper Sunday, and under the picture they was just these words: "Brown, Bare, and Beautiful." Now that's what I call sharp-shooting with a typewriter.

Yours, truly,
Uncle Dan