

Tells Of Trip In Panama

Dear Mr. Rivers:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter which was sent originally by my brother, James Norris, to my mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Norris.

James is employed by Civil Service as a wage and hour classifier in the Canal Zone. The letter describes a recent trip he made into the interior of Panama with his wife, the former Margaret Pope, and three sons, Kevin, Ken, and Bryce.

Yours truly,
Essie Norris Hayes
(Mrs. Commie E.)

North Wilkesboro, N. C.
March 2, 1961

(Enclosure)

We left for Boquete at 2:30 on Friday, December 30. Boquete is approximately 320 miles from Balboa, C. Z. and almost, but not quite, the farthest extremity on our link of the Pan-American Highway. It is not too far from the Costa Rican border.

For about 100 miles, we drove on good hard surfaced roads. Our destination for Friday night was Santiago, so we took our time and stopped whenever we felt like it. We spotted a little restaurant along the way that looked all right, so we stopped over and found the food to be quite good.

Starting again, we struck a 20-mile stretch of gravel road, not too rough, but quite dusty. We arrived in Santiago about 9:00 p.m., having travelled about 145 miles. (Within a matter of months the hard surfaced highway will have been completed to this point.) Santiago is a town of about 40,000 typically old-time Latin Americans (not a very attractive place). However, we had heard that there was a satisfactory hotel there and found it to be so. After our ride, we had no difficulty in falling asleep.

The next morning we started on the last lap of our trip. The road was rougher than we expected. Once we almost turned back, but suddenly came upon a stretch of asphalt which put us in better spirits. This lasted about 15 miles. The rest of the road, for a long way at least, is a 20 to 30-mile-an-hour road. There are some stretches of fine gravel, but for all too much of the way, the "gravel" tends to be about the size of hens' eggs. The stones kept bumping and thumping again't the bottom of the car. We were very glad that we had resisted the temptation to try to make the whole 320 miles in one day.

Driving through the little town of Remedios on a short strip of asphalt, I failed to see a large rock in the road and struck it with my rear tire. There was no apparent damage, but I drove very carefully the next few miles. Sure enough, we began to feel a thump-thump and found that there was a huge blister on the tire, just ready to pop. We eased along for about half a mile looking for a shady place to change the tire.

Luckily, we were able to find a nice shade tree. Nearby was a little farm house with a sort of tool shed adjoining. We found it to be the residence of a Senor Hernandez and family. To make a long story short, they were as nice a family as you would ever want to meet. Senor Hernandez insisted on changing the tire, although we were well equipped to do so without help. In the meantime, the Senora and the children made Margaret and the kids comfortable. There was a grown daughter who spoke a little English, so with our Spanish and her English we managed to communicate adequately. Before we left, they insisted on loading us up with oranges. It was worth losing the tire (not too good a one) to meet these people.

Finally, we reached hard surfaced road again about 20 miles from David and it was smooth sailing from there on. David is an up and coming town of 30-40,000. Here you can see growth and progress in the number of new and modern buildings under construction. We arrived there in the middle of the afternoon and stopped for a while. We were then only 24 miles from our destination.

It was a pleasant drive on to Boquete. The rise in altitude is attained so gradually that it is surprising to come upon the little valley nestled among steep hills. Although not too high up, the climate is reminiscent of Boone in the summertime.

We had heard that the Panamonte Hotel was the best place to stay, although there are others that cater to the tourist quite satisfactorily. On arriving there we found that the place was not officially open until the next day. However, they agreed to put us up as the rooms were ready.

Guiding light of the Panamonte is Mrs. Elliott, a Swedish lady. Mrs. Elliott proved to be a motherly sort, very gracious and quite intelligent. We also found the Panamonte to be quite a high class establishment and priced accordingly. Still, we are satisfied that we got our money's worth. Emphasis is on comfort rather than lux-

ury, plain rather than fancy victuals. The food was very well prepared, the beds were extremely comfortable, and the air conditioning was provided by Mother Nature.

I could get rather carried away in describing the surroundings. Picture, if you can, a climate and soil suitable for growing fine oranges, grapefruit, and the profusely blooming flowers typical of the sub-tropics and equally suitable for growing many of the vegetables and plants found in temperate climates. Picture a bubbling mountain stream flowing by with old fashioned bridges spanning it at intervals. Add to this a quiet, colorful little town which, except for a few modern "conveniences" has probably not changed too much in the past 50 years. Actually, this last is a misstatement, since these people didn't have motorbuses, electricity, or Coca-Cola fifty years ago. But one feels that the tempo and philosophy haven't changed much over the years. There is poverty here as elsewhere in Panama, but somehow it doesn't seem too stark in this setting. At least, I can't imagine there being hunger here.

Obviously, from the foregoing description, Boquete is as much a state of mind as an actual, physical place. One arrives here after a long, hot journey with half-formed impressions of flower-scented, cool mountain streams, and all evidences of nature's abundance and opens his eyes to find the picture so nearly complete that the mind tends to bridge the few short gaps between the actual and the ideal.



JUNIOR SCIENCE WINNERS.—Top exhibitors for the junior divisions of the Northwest District Science Fair here Friday were, front row, left to right: Jack Huss, George Wells, Linda Masten, Nancy Young; back row: Neal Simmons, Pat Blevins, Larry Pitman, Mike Pitman, and Terry Hines.

About Your Home

Often you hear young women say they hate housework. This is usually the result of poor planning more than anything else.

In the first place, running a home is not complete satisfaction to most of us, but there are times when we think we simply don't have time for any outside interests. This is always a mistake and is perhaps the most common reason, whether the person concerned realizes it or not, for house-keeping boredom.

If it is not possible for you to be away from the home for an hour or so each day, don't become discouraged. You can do any number of interesting things right in the home that will help you to express yourself and do away with boredom.

Try writing, painting or gardening. I have a friend who has a map of Europe, the United States and China thumbtacked over the sink. She enjoys studying this as she pares potatoes or washes the dishes. This is a good idea, for actually you need only the basement of your brain to do routine tasks.

If necessary, rearrange the house for greater working ease. Uncluttered organization and convenient arrangement make keeping house much easier and more pleasant. Plan meals that do away with time-consuming dishes. Use more quick dishes made with prepared mixes canned and frozen food.

there, leaving the next morning. We crossed the "border" into the Canal Zone at about 1:00 p.m.

Although time and space do not permit a description of all our contacts with people along the way, we were glad to have had the opportunity to learn what we had often suspected: the further one travels from Panama City and the Canal Zone, the more one meets with a proud, independent, and hospitable people. Many stretches of the road, now unpaved, are being hard surfaced, so that in not too many months we may be able to make the trip in comfort.

Why not chart the following day's activities the night before? Plan the meals, the house work, and family activities. Encourage the children and husband to lay out their clothes for the next day to cut down on the morning scramble.

Why not have your own salad garden this summer? This is an especially good idea for the family with limited space in which to grow a garden. Also, a salad garden can be colorful and attractive as well as productive.

Start your garden as early in the spring as the ground can be worked by digging the bed well and fertilizing it.

Twelve inches back from the edge plant parsley and chive seeds. Parsley seed is slow to germinate and should be kept damp and covered with old boards or pieces of burlap until the seedlings appear. Thin the parsley plants to five inches apart.

A foot behind the parsley and chives plant a row of white onions. The sets should be planted two to three inches apart are half-an-inch deep.

The central part of the border is reserved for lettuce. The seed can be planted in March in a seedbed or cold frame and transplanted when the seedlings are three inches tall.

Tomatoes are an important part of a spring salad and should be grown if you have the space. Well-treated plants bear a harvest out of all proportion to the room they take up. Stake each plant to a heavy, six foot stake. Tie the plant loosely to the stake as needed, removing most of the new growths, leaving only two or three side branches to develop and bear.

When you are sure the ground has warmed up for good, plant a row of old-fashion dwarf nasturtium seeds along the very front of the salad garden. The leaves and stems will be a delightful addition to your summer salads.

Many Youngsters Profit By Attending Summer School

By JOHN COREY

Summer school used to be catch-up time for pupils who for one reason or another dropped behind in studies during the regular year. It still is, to some extent, but there's a trend toward gearing the summer session to an entirely different student—the brighter one.

At many places across the country anxious-to-learn youngsters jump at opportunities to take non-required advanced courses during the hot summer months when they could be taking vacations.

The students do this for no other reason, apparently, than to stretch their minds. What's more, they pay for the privilege, which may shock some critics who say youth have gone soft and lazy.

Besides the main outcome of aiding students to learn more, summer school offers certain good by-products:

—School plants and facilities which generally lie idle during July and August are employed to good purpose.

—Experienced teachers can work at their chosen profession on a year-round basis.

—New teaching methods and course materials can be tried and tested in experimental fashion.

—Opportunity to observe and participate in summer school classes provides inexperienced teachers with valuable orientation before regular sessions start in September.

Under leadership of Superintendent Francis V. Lloyd, Jr., the schools of Clayton, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, began a pioneer summer session for superior students two years ago.

In the first year, 229 selected students with an average IQ of 136 (very high) attended the summer school, called the Mark Twain Summer Institute. They came from 63 different schools in metropolitan St. Louis.

The youngsters ranged in grades from 8th to 12th, but most were 11th and 12th graders.

They studied courses which offered the possibility of advanced placement in college. Many colleges today participate in the Advanced Placement Program of the College Entrance Examination Board.

The Mark Twain Summer Institute offers English composition, Russian, German, political philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, and biology. (Greek was dropped be-

cause of lack of student interest.) Each pupil enrolls in one course. The cost was \$40 the first year but is now \$50. Classes meet from 9 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. Only highly qualified teachers are employed.

Observers of the Mark Twain Summer Institute, which begins its third year in June, note that the St. Louis area students:

—Demonstrate interest and ability in approaching really difficult materials.

—Quite often carry discussions over beyond classroom time.

—Maintain close, informal contact with teachers, who are considered guides and advisers rather than disciplinarians.

—Enjoy the intellectual stimulation of working at an advanced level—even during six weeks of their vacation time.

—Attend with apparently no other motive than interest in extending their range of knowledge.

School officials and patrons elsewhere who are interested in knowing more about the Clayton approach to summer school for superior students may write Superintendent Francis V. Lloyd, Jr., School District of Clayton, 7530 Maryland Ave., Clayton 5, Mo.

ELVIS'S HUBCAPS FOUND

Nashville, Tenn.—Two of the four missing hubcaps of Elvis Presley's car have been found on the bedroom wall of an admiring teen-age girl, police said.

The hubcaps were taken from Presley's car recently while it was parked at a Nashville recording studio.

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