

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1961

Election Next Tuesday

The city election which traditionally is held on off years and by special enactment occurs in Boone in June, will be held next Tuesday.

Only one incumbent is offering for office on the Democratic slate, Mayor Howard Cottrell, who doesn't feel he has the time for the top spot, but who accepted the nomination of his party to go back to his old job on the Board of Aldermen.

Senator Gordon H. Winkler resigned as Mayor to take up his work in the Legislature which is still holding forth, and Dr. Wayne Richardson and Mr. Grady Tugman did not stand for re-nomination.

Attorney Wade E. Brown, who has never held city office, but who has served in the House and Senate, heads the ticket for Mayor, and Messrs Harry Hamilton and Con Yates finish out the Board.

All these men are able and patriotic, else they wouldn't be willing to assume

the responsibilities of running the affairs of the city, which does require a good deal of time, a fair amount of worry, we understand, and of course the criticism which invariably goes with any elective office.

The Republicans haven't fielded a ticket, so there hasn't been the element of personal competitive campaigning, and except for the unlikely and futile organization of some sort of write-in effort, the election will hinge on some voter going down to city hall and marking a ballot.

Since neither money nor appreciable prestige is at stake in the holding of city office, since a fairly high degree of patriotism and civic responsibility is needed to go on the ticket, it appears to us that the least the voters should do is to come out in appreciable numbers and give these men a solid vote of confidence, and to show them that their willingness to perform a fairly thankless task is appreciated.

Summer Term Opens

It is a happy thing to note the opening of summer school down at the college and to join in extending a welcome to the teachers who are converging on the campus.

During these few days between the commencement for the regular term and the opening of the first summer term, things are slow along the Street. One can tell that school's out by the absence of the crowds of collegians and the diminished traffic in the public places of the community.

In the churches, and in every organization, in every business activity the absence of the faculty and students can be quickly noted, not alone from an economic standpoint but from the loss of the good fellowship which has traditionally prevailed between the members of the college community and of the town.

Summer school is a pleasant experience for many of the teachers who take advantage of the facilities offered at Appalachian, in a section literally 'air

conditioned by nature. Away from the hustle and bustle of the larger cities, the student can have the twin experience of enjoying vacationing during pleasant cool evenings, while taking advantage of the peerless educational advantages offered on the campus.

As usual, enrollment is expected to reach or surpass previous records. As the fame of the college spreads throughout the country, and the delight of the summer seasons in the blue hills is related in educational circles, more and more people continue to register at Appalachian.

The building program at the College is going forward as rapidly as seasonal showers permit, and our understanding is that the growth of the college will continue in exact proportion to the growth of its physical plant. There seems to be no end to its growth potential. Happily for all concerned, the State sees this, and the current expansion program is expected to continue for a long time.

Vacation Edition

The State Magazine, which has filled such an important mission in promoting the State, her many industries and tourist attractions, issued its annual vacation guide last week.

The edition is particularly interesting here in view of the fact that a considerable space is devoted to Watauga county.

A list of the attractions in Blowing Rock and Boone is spelled out, including the Rock itself, Tweetsie Railroad, and pioneer village, swimming, riding, golf in both towns, Cone Memorial Park with fishing lakes, riding trails and crafts center in the Moses H. Cone old mansion.

Note is taken of Price Memorial Dam on the Parkway, its fishing advantages and camping sites.

Rich Mountain, Tater Hill lake, Flat Top Mountain, Howard's Knob, Daniel Boone Scout Trail, Antique Auto Museum, and stocked trout lake next to

Blowing Rock Country Club are pointed out.

Mention is made of the numerous scenic drives in the county, of Watauga Industries, Blowing Rock Crafts Shop, riding facilities and fishing in the various streams and lakes of the area.

Picnic sites are pointed out, roadside parks mentioned, and places where picnic lunches may be secured.

Among the annual events listed are Horn in the West, Field Day and Pet Show at Blowing Rock, Blowing Rock Homes Tour, Blowing Rock Horse Show, Grandfather Homes Day and the National Antiques Fair at Blowing Rock.

The State has been an important publication in many ways, but particularly in letting North Carolinians know more about their own State. Its circulation has spread over the country and people in other regions are taking advantage of the attractions the State points out in Carolina.

The Bubble Reputation

(Greensboro News)

In a capital commencement speech at Chapel Hill, North Carolina-born Editor Lenoir Chambers of Norfolk made one among many good points that bears emphasis. It will not do, he suggested, for any Southern university or school system at any time, to congratulate itself on merely leading a pack when the standards of the pack itself may be lagging or deficient.

The idea on which Mr. Chambers casts doubt has a particularly tenuous grip on North Carolina, which often boasts that it "leads the South" in this or that. It was Dr. Einstein who suggested the vanity of riding in the front wagon of a train that is many hours off schedule.

To Mr. Chambers' thought, perhaps another could be added in extension. Almost any academic rating system has its hazards. Most yardsticks are warped in some way, and certainly they are arbitrary. There is more and more pressure in American education to conform to vague norms without any searching look at the validity of those norms.

Pin an abstract word like "excellence" on

those standards and universities and colleges will stumble all over themselves grouping behind the banner. If the racing form mentality is bad for any educational system, it is doubly bad when the standards for horseflesh are set regionally and even nationally—and not by the great traditions.

Standards for good schools may be helped by standards laid down by the Council for Basic Education or the National Education Association or regional bodies of universities and colleges. But the real standards were set a long time ago by the wandering scholars who founded the oldest Western universities.

The true standard is the distinction of the mind which is produced by the system—and sometimes not all the labs and degrees assure such distinction.

Fundamentally, there would seem to be one

"Admiral! Spare That Ship!"



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 20, 1901.
Professor B. B. Dougherty left yesterday morning on a business trip to Tennessee.

Sorry to learn that Adolphus W. Penley, is very unwell. He is one of our oldest landmarks, and we hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Rambo are still in town. Their little son, Justin, has measles, and they will remain here until he is able to be moved.

Fried H. A. Deal, of Amantia, was in town this week, and said the roads up Cove Creek are now worked out and in fairly good condition.

Reg. May has a new boarder at his home, a little daughter.

Many of the cottagers and a number of summer boarders have arrived at Blowing Rock, and the prospects are good for a large crowd later on.

The stock law, we are told, is being ruthlessly violated by a majority of the people in Mitchell county. In our opinion, a harvest of indictments will be the result.

The Children's Day Service at White Springs last Sunday was well attended, but, we are told, a considerable fuss arose among some young men on the grounds during services that created quite a raffle of excitement. We have none of the particulars, who the young men are or what was the nature of the fuss, but at religious worship is the wrong place for brawls and we hope the good people

ple of that community will see that they are as severely punished by law as the magnitude of their crime demands.

Strawberries are ripening. Mr. M. H. Cone of Blowing Rock, is, we are told, shipping corn to Lenoir, having it hauled down the mountain and is selling it to the laboring people at absolute cost. This is indeed a praise worthy act of that wealthy, yet charitable gentleman.

There will be an Old Fellow's picnic at Vilas on July the 4th. Some good speakers will be present, a good dinner will be served and an enjoyable time is expected.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 22, 1922.
Mr. Edgar Payne, son of Mrs. J. M. Payne, of Boone, was married to Miss Blanche, the cultured and popular daughter of Mrs. John C. Brown, of Route 1, last Saturday night. The marriage was solemnized at the Baptist parsonage, the Rev. F. M. Huggins performing the ceremony. Many congratulations to the happy couple.

Mr. T. J. (Uncle Tom) Sullivan, who has been suffering for some time with a badly diseased eye, had it removed entirely, at the offices of Dr. Peavler in Bristol, last Monday. No man has more friends in Watauga than he, all of whom would be glad indeed to hear of his speedy recovery, and a safe return to his home.

Miss Annie Stanbury, teacher at Wilson, has arrived at her home in Boone, and will remain here during her summer vacation.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

D. D. Topping, an attorney in Belhaven, says that he ran across a nine-dollar bill the other day.

It was issued by the Bank of Wilmington and was dated September 10, 1888. Mr. Topping found it in an old trunk belonging to his deceased mother. The note recites that "The Bank of Wilmington, North Carolina, will pay to the bearer on demand Nine Dollars (\$9.00)." It was signed by S. Stewart, Cashier, and John McRae, President.

Mr. Topping wants to know whether we have ever heard of a nine-dollar bill before. We have not.

Christian Girl, of Florida, registered at the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh last Monday night. However, Girl isn't a girl; he's a man. And we don't know whether he's a Christian or not, either. Come to think of it, we don't know much about him except that his name is Christian Girl.

Alex Andrews sends in a contribution which recently appeared in a New Mexico paper:

"Would you be so kind as to insert the following in your local and phoned column:
"Lost the eph phom my type-writer. Please return reward phor

return oph same as I phind it very unhandy and phor that matter a little undignified trying to make out without it.

Phrank Phuller."

There's a gentleman in Sanford—we'd better not mention his name—who is always getting endorsements from everyone in town for everything that turns up.

If there's a vacancy on the school board, he immediately proceeds to solicit endorsements for the job. If he sees a chance of landing some political job, he gets as many endorsements as time will permit. It's the same with practically everything else.

Some time ago, some of his friends got together and called him up.

"Sorry you got left out," they told him.

"Left out? What do you mean?"

"We just read in the papers about the election."

"What election?"

"The new Pope."

"What do I care about the election of the new Pope?"

"Why," said his friends, "do you mean to tell us that you didn't solicit endorsements for that job, too?"

He hung up on 'em.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Picnics . . . Watermelons And Things

Picnic time has descended on the hill country and the convenient little tables along the highways are being occupied, as householders carry their families to the lofted areas for the coolness and for the fun of eating out. . . . Some don't bother with the conventional tables, and eat from the tail gate of station wagons, or spread their lunches right on the ground, amongst the ants, which add a tangy taste when they sneak into a soggy sandwich.

Sometimes we note the differences of judgment in regard to the choosing of a place to spread the contents of the baskets and boxes. . . . In our picnicking days we leaned to a cool spot where some water trickled from beneath the floor of the forest and where we used to chance the slight danger of a reptile or two, to escape the sunny discomforts of the wide open areas. . . . Some, however, eat their sandwiches and chicken, their deviled eggs and pickles and pies and the like right in the hot sun, which maybe after all seems cool to them in comparison to the torrid temperatures of the lower country.

We've never known a child who didn't like a picnic, or a cookout, and in our time of hunting and fishing, we could always enjoy a skimpy lunch better along a stream or beside a great tree on a hilltop, than a sumptuous banquet in proper surroundings. . . . And quite often the youngsters would settle for a watermelon, carried to some secluded nook and haggled with a dull knife or sometimes cracked open by smashing it against a rock.

And speaking of watermelons, a merchant told us the other day that he could leave his watermelons outside all night, without the loss of a single one, even though it was common knowledge or should be, that the big juicy melons weren't taken inside. . . . And while we've inclined to the belief that we came from a more restrained generation, something has changed mightily when a youngster loses his regard for watermelons. . . . We are told that most anything else would stand a chance of getting gone, that it wouldn't do to leave a can of beer (if the stores handled it), a crate of chasers or anything of that sort—that they would probably be taken. . . . And another fellow said, "The folks who park on the street near my place at night, will throw beer cans and bottles all around, but snatch a watermelon—it wouldn't even occur to those who do their socializing in an automobile to do that."

Before the markets brought every sort of food to the town in great profusion, and before the motor trucks made the products of the farms available quickly to every hamlet in the country, the kids in Boone eagerly watched for the "watermelon wagons," which didn't look different from other big wagons, except the driver always stopped where the kids were playing in the road and told them of the juiciness of his load, so that the word would get out in the neighborhood.

These purveyors of tasty delight didn't show up frequently, and often the melons were half ripe or had been on the road too long, but in either case they were devoured right down to the rind, which, sometimes the mothers were persuaded to convert into spicy pickles for use in wintertime, to remind one of the bright red goodness that it imprisoned in the warmth of the last summer's ripening sun. . . . One's zest for watermelons diminishes through the years, but we always feel better when they come around. . . . Occasionally we get the sticky sweet juice on our chin in a melon break when we all gather around in the composing room. . . . It's fun, sometimes, to carve a chili melon, and it forms a sugary connection with the sweetness of less hurried days, when the wait for a creaking wagon to cross the Ridge sometimes appeared to be endless.

Moose Club . . . Site Selected

The Moose lodge has optioned land for the construction of club facilities, and indications are that the building will be erected without undue delay. . . . A little over two acres have been secured from H. Neal Blair, near his beautiful country home, and it lies across Deerfield Road from the number three fairway and green on the Boone golf course—an ideal spot for the needed facility.

Pumpkin . . . Keeps A Long Time

We enjoyed some delicious pumpkin pie Saturday, which is not unusual, save for the fact that it was made from a fresh pumpkin which had kept perfectly since last fall. . . . Mr. W. L. Stanberry thoughtfully provided the golden condiment for the pie filling and we fully enjoyed his generosity.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I was telling the fellows at the country store Saturday night about what that column writer said it was costing the world to git ready for war. Ed Doolittle allowed as how maybe we better try one more time to set down with them Russians at the Summit.

Zeke Grubb was agin it, said he couldn't figger how it would do any good. Zeke said he was reading a piece last week showing that since we recognized Russia in 1933, Russia has broke 61 of the 88 agreements they has made with us. And Bug Hookum said he saw where Herbert Hoover claimed that when Stalin come to power he made treaties with 34 countries and in 1939 broke ever one of them.

I don't know what decision President Kennedy will make in this matter, but it was agreed at our session Saturday night that we'll never git anywhere setting down at the Summit table with them bandits. Clem Webster just about hit it on the barrel head when he said the only noise they respect is the hum of our missiles. It's a sad

thought, Mister Editor, but it looks like all we can do is fer us to put our trust in the Almighty and keep our missile factories running on three shifts.

Maybe them Zoomites that founded that new religious order at Rockport near Boston has the right idea. If I recollect the story in the papers correct, feller named Goldie was electe the Zoom, and his followers lives by a code he set up. The plan to stay underground until 1962, as that is the time the figger those space missiles will destroy civilization. Then the plan to come out and start model civilization. The Zoo says their new civilization will be without fear, hate, violence or want. Now I don't take stock in their plans for a model civilization. It wouldn't be more two year afore the Zoomites would be fighting amongst the selves to elect a new Zoom, murder the old one. But what peals to me is that underground cellar the papers said they built. I have writ the head Zo fer some literature. I may moving to Rockport soon.