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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1961

Tour Of Homes

The ladies of St. Mary's of the Hills Church, Blowing Rock, have provided a delightful addition to the summer calendar of events in the annual Tour of Homes, which they sponsor in the interest of providing additional funds for church purposes.

Each season, a number of the summer residents of Blowing Rock have graciously consented to allow their homes to be used for this tour, which this year takes place next Friday, July 28, from noon until five o'clock.

Official drivers are provided, starting from the church, and the sponsoring ladies charge three dollars for the tour. Groups of ladies act as hosts at each home and refreshments are served by the sponsors at the Parish House.

This year the homes on view include: Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Lundean and Mrs. Worth Plyler, "West Glow," the

Daingerfield home on Linville Road.

Dr. and Mrs. M. S. Lazaron, "Seven Stories," Wonderland Trail.

Mrs. H. A. Easley, "Rock Cliff," Wonderland Trail.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Newton, "Silverstone," Pinnacle Avenue.

Those who enjoy these tours annually are impressed with the generosity of those who make their homes available to the group of church women, who in turn work diligently in making the tour successful, thus enhancing their church activities fund.

This year more people than formerly are expected to take advantage of viewing these lovely homes, while contributing to a good cause. Tickets have been made available at many public places in Blowing Rock, and may be secured in advance of the tour.

Parkway Observance

Of local interest is the news that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Blue Ridge Parkway is to be observed August 18, at Water Rock Knob, near the junction of the Parkway and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Appropriate ceremonies are being planned and the principal speaker will be the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udell.

Other dignitaries are expected, including Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges and Director Conrad Worth of the National Park Service.

We wish the ceremony might have taken place in the Blowing Rock-Boone vicinity, but we can understand the reasoning in selecting the site which is 8,000 feet above sea level, the highest point on the route, and which commands a spectacular view of the Great Smoky Mountains.

After a quarter century the Parkway is the most used facility in the National Park System and bears out the opinion of those who sponsored what used to be

called the Scenic Highway, notably Representative Bob Doughton, without whose tireless efforts the mountain top road might not have been constructed, certainly not for years to come.

And while the route was not constructed with notions of building up a particular part of the country—the Park Service of course views it as a national venture—Bob Doughton and others foresaw the tremendous advantage which would accrue to this region. Their judgment is borne out by the news that now parkway travel constitutes the biggest tourist asset of the area, over which 1,300,000 people traveled and made visits to towns along the way.

A lot of us will be present, no doubt, when the anniversary of the Parkway is observed. It has developed the tourist business in this area to a marked degree, and with the deluge of newspaper and magazine publicity which it has produced for the area, will continue to be a top-flight asset in our future development.

State Of Franklin

But for the Grit we'd fail to find out a lot of things, and one of them is that James Quilland, a Tennessee legislator, recently tried to get the State of Franklin re-established to make the fifty-first state. And needless to say, other Tennessee legislators put the quietus on the proposed legislation, but not before it drew a good many queries from over the country.

Although it isn't mentioned in a lot of the history books, the State of Franklin, it is recalled, had a brief but glorious existence.

Named for Benjamin Franklin, who became the symbol of thrift and hard work, it was located in what was then North Carolina's western territory, in a region which is now included in Tennessee.

The State seceded in 1784 and elected a Legislature and a Governor. Franklin asked for recognition from Congress, but it was blocked by North Carolina.

North Carolina declared the settlers in open rebellion against its authority.

The dispute raged for three years, approaching the point of bloodshed. After Franklin offered pardons to the rebellious mountaineers, Franklin drifted to his death. When the Governor's term expired, it is recalled, no one was elected to take his place.

Maybe the Legislature was prompted to try to re-establish the State because of a nostalgic interest in the days when tax-gathering was a little less positive procedure. In Franklin, it is said, one could pay his taxes in deer, beaver or raccoon skins; tobacco, rye whiskey, peach or apple brandy, and most other commodities, not to exclude coin of the realm.

Since most of the older generation of mountain men relied fairly heavily on corn liquor, and certain families were noted for their prowess with the sprouted grain mash, we wonder how come the fiery beverage wasn't favored by the tax collector. Maybe none was usually left for the tax man.

An Acceptable Test

(Greensboro News)

Governor Sanford made it quite clear at swearing-in ceremonies of his new 19-member State Highway Commission, composed largely of his close political associates, that "our first purpose is to build and maintain roads."

The Governor, evidently sensitive to growing comment about his political appointments, laid it on the line:

"This administration does not intend to stoop to pettiness in politics or any other undertaking. . . . We will be above reproach. No decision can be made on the basis of political performance or affiliation. Decisions must be made and will be made on the basis of what best will serve the growth and needs of our people. . . .

"I expect you to use your best judgment, honestly applied, in all circumstances. We may commit an error or two from time to time but I have far more confidence in the honest brain than in the unremitting formula of a computer. We will be fair to all, treating all alike, remembering our goal of economic growth."

The governor's responsibility from here on out is to see that the commission lives up to his high-sounding words. Roads and highways have to be paved with more than good intentions.

Here too the Governor set the test: "I believe government is to serve the purposes of the people. We will measure your accomplishments by this test."

The Big Leap Forward



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

July 25, 1901

Coffey Bros, lost a valuable horse last week by colic.

The blackberry crop, just now ripening, is the largest that has been known for years. The briars are bending under the weight of fruit.

Excuse us, but we must insist that our delinquents come to court prepared to settle their accounts.

News has reached us that young Mr. Madern, the eighteen-year-old son of Mr. John Madern of Trade, Tenn., suicided on last Sunday by shooting himself through the head with a shotgun. He had made different attempts to kill himself but they were always averted by those who kept watch over him, but unfortunately, at an unguarded moment, he succeeded in destroying his own life. He was buried on the following day near his home.

A. E. Moretz of Silverstone is getting in a fresh supply of groceries. The people have found that his prices are right.

Lawyer Frank A. Linney has been attending Jefferson court this week.

The ice cream supper that was served on the lawn at J. F. Hardin's on last Friday night was quite a success and much enjoyed by those present. It was gotten up for the benefit of the new Methodist church at Blowing Rock, and \$10 was realized.

Prof. S. J. Rogers will open school at Trade, Tenn., on the first Monday in August, and the prospect for a very successful term is most flattering.

Prof. and Mrs. R. M. Farthing have decided to take charge of Cove Creek Academy, and the first session under their management will begin on the first Monday in August.

While blasting at Sutherland last week, a Mr. Shelton was hit and instantly killed by a flying stone. The blasting was being done on the lands of Mr. Alex Boyer.

We are sorry to know that the mental condition of Mr. J. S. Mast of Cove Creek remains unimproved and it is feared that his mind is permanently impaired.

Fifteen Years Ago

July 27, 1922

Miss Margaret Linney is visiting relatives in Taylorsville and in Mooresville.

Message, Kenneth Linney and 'Bill' Lovill have returned from a short visit to Taylorsville.

Mr. Irvin Triplett, one of the pioneers of the county, died at his home in Elk township last week. He was 93 years of age.

Mr. W. R. Jurney, of Dade City, Fla., with his two sons, Howard and Ralph, and brother, Mr. Sam R. Jurney, of Olin, Iredell county, were week end visitors with their sister, Mrs. R. C. Rivers in Boone.

Arrangements for the re-opening of the Appalachian Theatre in the court house have been perfected, and the first picture under the new management will be thrown on the screen next Saturday night. See ad and bills.

Drs. H. B. Perry and R. K. Bingham operated on Miss Ruth Parlier for appendicitis at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pink Parlier, on New River last Monday. Glad to hear that the young lady is getting on nicely.

Peking.—Secretary Edwin Denby, of the American navy, narrowly escaped death here in an airplane accident. He was flying at a height of 4,000 feet over the Great Wall when the engine of the plane

stalled. The machine was demolished in landing, but Mr. Denby was uninjured.

Winston Journal. — Many will doubt that up to a few days ago there lived an American who was older than the United States, but it is positively asserted that John Shell, who died at Grassy Creek, Ky., the other day had records to prove that he was born in 1788, the year after the Constitution was adopted and the year the United States officially came into existence. Credulity is further strained by the statement that this old Kentuckian of 134 left a son, Albert, by his second wife, aged seven, as well as son, William, aged ninety.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

July 25, 1946

Mrs. Ben Miller suffered back injuries in a fall on the paving in front of the Appalachian Theatre Monday evening. She is a patient at Watauga Hospital.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hamby, Jr., at Watauga Hospital, Saturday, a daughter, who was named Pamela Jean Hamby.

R. E. Agle spent Tuesday in Greensboro where he was called to be with his brother, E. H. Agle, who has been critically ill.

Mrs. Horton Gragg sailed last Wednesday from San Francisco, Calif., aboard the Marine Jumper, for Okinawa, where she will join her husband, Lieut. Horton Gragg of the Army Air Corps, who is

stationed there.

Mrs. W. M. Matheson and children left Monday for Chicago to visit with relatives. They were accompanied by Miss Ann Smith who will visit there before going to Champaign, Ill., to spend some time with a sister, Mrs. Roy Johnson. They will be away for about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Greer and daughter, Sylvia, of Winston-Salem, were week end visitors with relatives in the community.

The Army is bringing 452 horses, representing "some of the finest blood lines in the world," to the United States from Germany, Austria and Italy, to be used to improve the breed of American horses.

General Eisenhower has asked for an Army of about 800,000 men for the next 15 to 20 years, compared with 188,000 in 1939. He has also asked Congress for legislation permitting the doubling of the officer personnel of the Regular Army from 25,000 to 50,000.

New York.—After buying a horse at an Army surplus horse auction sale, Neville Carpenter, a negro war veteran, rode into the Bronx. Becoming sleepy, he lay down for a nap in a park, tying a rope from a log of the horse to one of his own ankles. A bee stung the horse and when Carpenter awoke, he was being dragged across the park. His horizontal ride ended about 500 feet later when the rope broke. He was not seriously injured.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

It's terribly silly, of course, but if you want to have some fun with people along the highway, pretend that you're nodding sleepily over the steering wheel of your car as you're driving along.

I tried it the other day, coming back home from Charlotte. There was a group sitting in front of a filling station, and when they saw me apparently going to sleep, every last one of them jumped to his feet, ran out into the middle of the road and watched me as long as I was in sight.

I imagine that they were mightily disappointed when I didn't run into a ditch.

If all the policemen and their families in New York City moved into a town of their own, it would be a pretty large city. Three are approximately 19,000 cops in New York.

Everybody knows that fifty or sixty years ago North Carolina was famous for its tar, pitch and turpentine. Practically all our lives we've been saying "tar, pitch, and turpentine," in glib fashion, without paying any further attention to it.

Tommy Gresham brought me up on my heels last week when something was said about tar, pitch, and turpentine, and he asked: "What do you mean by 'pitch'?" "Why, pitch," we began; "pitch is er—Pitch-is—"

And then it suddenly occurred to us that we didn't have the slightest idea what pitch is. Tommy said he wasn't certain either, so we went back to the office and consulted Mr. Webster. Web says that "pitch is a viscous substance obtained as a residue in distilling coal tar, wood tar, etc., and occurs naturally as asphalt."

Ever wondered how the expression "Behind the eight-ball" originated?

From "The Department of Useless Information" of the Zebulon Record comes the following information:

"The term undoubtedly came from the game of 'Eight-ball Pool.' In this game, the player who pockets the eight-ball before all of the other balls are pocketed loses. Quite often the ball which must be played is 'behind the eight-ball'—that is, the eight-ball is in the line of fire and might be pocketed in the player's endeavor to play the proper ball. Thus, 'behind the eight-ball' means hard luck, to be unable to carry on, to have an untenable position."

Thad Eure, our Secretary of State, was telling me the other day that he was up in the western part of the state recently and had stopped at a filling station. An old fellow was settin' up against the side of the station busily engaged in chewing tobacco. Thad walked up to him, stuck out his hand and said, "Eure; from Raleigh."

The old gentleman looked him over carefully and then said, "No, I'm not, neither; I've been a-livin' here all my life."

Here's something rather interesting:

The first census was taken in 1790 and every ten years thereafter. In 1790, New York ranked fifth, in 1800, she ranked third, in 1810, second, and ever since then she has been ranked first.

Here's how North Carolina has stepped along since 1790: third, fourth, fourth, fourth, fifth, seventh, tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, sixteenth, sixteenth, fourteenth, twelfth, and tenth.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Around A Long Time . . . Gentle, Generous

Letcher Teague was one of the familiar figures around town for forty years and more. . . . He came here to establish one of the first taxicab businesses the city ever had, and was one of the first to provide service with "gear shift" cars, as opposed to the Model Ts, which had previously been used.

At different times, in fairly recent years, he had quit the taxi business for a while and operated gasoline stations, which invariably were places of outstanding cleanliness and painstaking service.

We were saddened the other day when Letcher died, and we ruminated upon the associations of close to half a century.

Letcher, like the rest of us, was heir to a good many weaknesses of the flesh, but as we look back we don't so much think of the debit side of his ledger as we do of a kind-hearted neighborly fellow, who always stood ready and willing to aid a fellow human being when the going got rough.

Of all the people we've known closely along the Street we don't recall a man who was inherently more polite, more gentlemanly and possessed of more liking for his neighbor than Letcher Teague. . . . His services and his automobiles and his sympathies were always in evidence when sickness and death struck among his friends, and he stood ready not only to give the coatless man his cloak but also to go with him the second mile. . . . If it were given to us to judge, we'd tilt the balances in favor of the guy who loved his neighbor, every time.

* * * *

Our Two Towns . . . Gap Is Closing

Boone and Blowing Rock used to be a long ten miles away, or it seemed long to those of us who've walked, bicycled, bugged and T-modeled over the old turnpike, and maybe even further apart in the matter of common concern and of common interests. . . . But now the situation is different.

Blowing Rock is building farther toward Boone every day, while Boone is reaching steadily and surely closer to our good neighbor to the south. . . . One new motel has been opened this side of Blowing Rock, another is in process of being built, the ski slope Blowing Rock is building is roughly between the two towns, and the Tweetsie Railroad, and the Mystery Hill attraction, as well as the new Automobile Museum are at the midway point. . . . Another new motel is to be built on the Blowing Rock road near the new golf course, two miles from Boone, and the day is nearer than one might think when the two towns will be virtually joined along a magnificent street eight miles long.

In the matter of common interests the two towns are even closer, and never have we known of so many bonds of understanding and of good will and of mutual helpfulness as now exist. They should be strengthened in every possible way, for after all Watauga county's two towns—the one the county seat and educational center; the other the peerless resort community—are moving ahead as never before. What helps one contributes to the welfare of the other. That such a fine area of good will exists hastens the development of the entire region.

* * * *

Friendly Mountains . . . Ode To The Hills

Among the famous people who have visited and who loved the Blue Ridge mountains was the late Mrs. Elizabeth Merriwether Gilmer, the original Dorothy Dix, and she wrote the following paragraph when asked for a description of the Carolina hills: "When God got through making the balance of the world He took all the beauties that He had left and lavished them upon the North Carolina mountains. Mile upon mile of towering peaks and rugged cliffs He piled against a turquoise sky until they reached their crescendo in Mount Mitchell. These He clothed with a verdure whose like is not to be seen anywhere else on earth and as if to add richness to richness and beauty to beauty He planted upon them a wealth of rhododendrons and azaleas and dogwoods that in their season make the mountains a carpet of pink and mauve velvety or a field of snow. He made rich valleys and all about He set crystal lakes. Most mountains are austere, hard and bare and awe-inspiring, but the North Carolina mountains are friendly, soft and lovable, and they creep into your heart so that once having known them they are always calling you to come back to them, and when you go you feel that you are going home."

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

I see by the papers where the new Postmaster General says the finances in his department is all out of whack. He is advising that we got to hike the rates another notch or two, maybe three. We been getting that song from ever Postmaster General. Democrat and Republican, for 40 year and the finances git worse and worse and the rates git higher and higher. About two more Postmaster Generals and it'll be cheaper to go see a feller than write him a letter.

I don't think finances is the only thing out of whack in this department. Fer instant, out here on the rural route I can mail a parcel post package weighing 70 pound, making the mail man haul it into town and git it off fer me. But if I haul it into town myself and weigh it at the window they won't take but 40 pound of parcel post. Don't ask me why. It's the post office Department that's crazy, not me.

I ain't saying they ain't some excuse fer it. Sometimes they is technical reasons fer things that don't meet the eye. A feller has to figger all the angles afore he can pass sound judgement on somepun. I recollect onct when a traveling salesman stopped at old Pa Sedgewick's house and ask him how fur it was to town. Pa

allowed as how it was 4 mile there and 6 mile back. When the salesman ask him how come it was more one way than the other, Pa told him he walked straighter going than he did coming home.

The Congress has been working on this problem of post office finances so long and getting no place that I figgered I better bring it up at the country store Saturday night. The thing hadn't been in committee more'n 10 minutes till the fellers had it solved.

Ed Doolittle said he was reading last week where our Government has spent \$86 billion on foreign aid in the last 15 year, averaging around \$5.7 billion a year. The post office is coming up short about two-thirds of one billion ever year, so Ed allowed as how we could pinch a little piece of that foreign aid off ever year and pay up the postal deficit. Zeke Grubb claimed that them countries like the Congo and Vietnam would never miss it, especially since the grafters git about half of it anyhow. Bug Hookum went so far as to favor pinching off a little extra and making all postal services free. He said this would please the constituents and make it nice fer them Congressman at election time.