

Bell To Be Judge

J. Spencer Bell, prominent Charlotte attorney and legislator, and outspoken advocate of court reform in the State, will be the new judge for the fourth circuit court of appeals, according to word coming from Washington, and it is presumed that the Senate will go along and confirm Mr. Bell.

Under the set procedure the recommendation goes to the White House, and then President Kennedy will submit a nomination to the U. S. Senate for confirmation.

The circuit court covers the five states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, and appointment to the court is regarded as a choice designation.

A veteran State legislator he has been active in the religious, business and civic

life of Mecklenburg and Charlotte.

Within the Democratic party in the State, all hands should be able to agree that Spencer Bell will wear the judicial robes with dignity and with honor to his country, and that he is eminently qualified for the high position.

It also indicates to a further degree how well North Carolina stands in with the National administration. Mr. Bell went to Los Angeles to support President Kennedy for the nomination, as did we, and ten more. So not only from the standpoint of his commanding ability but from the rules of party politics the way we were taught them at the feet of men now gone, Spencer Bell was the logical choice of the administration. We're glad he got the nod.

Blue Laws Return

It used to be considered a mortal sin around our ancestral household to toil on Sundays, and the matter of cutting a smidgen of stove wood for dinner sometimes was a matter for discontent on the part of our mom. In those gasolineless days there was little cause for mercantile establishments to be open on the sabbath, and the afternoons were given over to naps by the oldsters and foot excursions by the youngsters to Howard's Knob, Winkler's Creek, or some other point of scenic interest.

With the coming of the automobiles and the gas stations and the drug stores, it seemed essential to abandon the old notions against commercialization of Sunday, and there was a general relaxation of the so-called blue laws. It came to be the custom to help the ox out of the ditch, even when he'd been pushed a little to get him in the dilemma in the first place.

But now, we read, there's a trend developing back toward Sunday laws. But drug stores, eating establishments and service stations seem to enjoy a general immunity from the provisions of such enactments. Sunday movies also seem to have won public acceptance in most cases. But we'd think that fishing and other outdoor sports on Sunday will continue to be smiled upon.

We used to go up to the M. B. Blackburn store, once in a while, on a Sunday morning, to get some necessity which hadn't been provided earlier for the household, and we recall the dry humor of the proprietor, when he said, "Always come on Sunday, I'm not so busy then."

By and large, six days should be enough for business activity. But it's going to be hard to turn back the practices of a generation and enforce any sort of rigid blue law.

In Behalf Of The Goober

Senator Jordan says that plans are being made to wage an all-out campaign to get the Europeans in the habit of eating peanuts and peanut products.

There is every indication that peanuts could become a major food item in most of the European nations, and with the favorable economic situation that exists in most of Western Europe, there is almost unlimited opportunity to increase the dollar sales of peanuts in this area of the world. At the present time we are exporting, mostly in the form of oil, about 60 million pounds of peanuts a year and Senator Jordan believes that if proper emphasis is placed on peanut promotions, our total exports could double or treble in a very short time.

Senator Jordan adds: "There should also be a good opportunity for expanding the consumption of peanuts and peanut products in many of the underdeveloped countries of the world. To my knowledge, no real effort

has been made to move peanuts into export channels through Public Law 480, under which we sell surplus farm products to foreign nations for local currency. Since there is a substantial surplus of certain types of peanuts, there should be no reason why we could not utilize Public Law 480 as a vehicle to introduce peanuts to many areas of the world where we cannot sell them for dollars."

We are all for the building up of exports, particularly from our own State, but greater than that, the peace potential of peanuts should be considerable. Small wonder Europeans are traditionally in the stew, since they have never savored the goodness of a goober pea, warm from the roaster or nibbled a cracker neatly pasted with peanut butter. Goobers not only build up business. They contribute greatly to inner satisfaction and to a happy belief in the eternal goodness of things.

Lived A Fruitful Life

(Lenoir News-Topic)

"... but their priceless contributions will endure," wrote Millican Moore in a feature story in the Lenoir News-Topic 20 years ago this week.

The former editor and publisher of this newspaper was writing about the noble men who pioneered the schools in Caldwell county and especially those of the Globe community where he was born and reared. The interesting story, beautifully written, was published in the centennial edition of the News-Topic in observance of the 100th anniversary of the founding of this county.

It is fitting that we use Mr. Moore's expression because there is no question about the priceless contribution which he has made, not only in his adopted county of Iredell, but during his many years in his home-county of Caldwell.

It was also appropriate that Mr. Moore should contribute a historical feature for the Caldwell centennial edition be-

cause he and members of his family, and that of his wife's, the Steeles, have been prominent in the religious, educational, cultural, and community life of Caldwell county since prior to the Revolution. Their contributions have gone beyond the borders of this State in such influential educators and religious leaders as Hight C. Moore, for many years secretary of the Southern Baptist Sunday School Board and R. L. Moore, president of Mars Hill College for approximately 50 years, and there are many more.

Millican Moore was a dedicated newspaperman, school teacher, and Baptist lay-leader who made many valuable and enduring contributions to his community and State. It is with personal regret that we note his passing and extend sympathy to his devoted wife and their fine children.

Like Any Other Bank



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

September 19, 1901.

Mercury registered at 48 yesterday morning, and good fires are rather comfortable just now.

Friend Martin of the Lenoir News has announced that he has put in a new press and that the paper will be enlarged to a seven column folio.

On Wednesday of last week the boiler of a steam engine burst and seriously, if not fatally, injured Mr. Alfonso Ward, one of the sawmill operatives. The accident occurred on Laurel Creek, this county.

For Sale: 50,000 white pine shingles at our mill on Beech Creek at \$2 per thousand. A. B. and W. S. Harmon.

M. A. Teague, who was the lowest and successful bidder for the keeping of the county poor for a period of two years, has sold his right title and claim in said contract to F. M. Hodges for the consideration of a one-hoss wagon, valued at \$35.

On Wednesday evening of last week, while the Democrat was going through the press, telling of the hopeless condition of Mr. J. T. Winkler, death, with stealthy step, entered his home, while he was surrounded by loved ones and sympathizing relatives and friends.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

Mrs. John H. Nelms calls our attention to the fact that there's a perpetual Sabbath on this world of ours. She says that the Greeks observe Monday as the Sabbath day; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday; and the Christians, Sunday.

G. L. House, of Winterville, calls our attention to some unusual words that are in use down in his section of the state. A few of them we have heard of before, but there are two which are new. One is "snathing," meaning in a biased position; and another is "seraginy," meaning a quantity, or a whole lot of something.

Thomas W. Cates, of Burlington sends in a question: A squirrel found twenty-one ears of corn in a field and decided that he would carry them to his nest for the winter. If he carries three ears at a time and makes one trip a day, how many days before he'll have all the corn in his nest?

Naturally, upon having read that far, we immediately surmised that it would take the squirrel seven days to complete his task, but Mr. Cates says no; it would take him twenty-one days, because on each trip he carries his own two ears and one ear of corn.

Do you know how the word "cocktail" came into being?

During the American Revolutionary period it was the custom to stir a mixed drink with the feather from a rooster's tail; hence the name. I thought it had become a part of our vocabulary a lot more recently than that.

"Most any man," says the Whiteville News-Reporter, "can be an editor. All an editor has to do is

and claimed him as its victim. John was a broad minded, energetic and thrifty citizen and was much liked for his many enviable traits of character. He leaves a wife, six children and a host of friends to mourn his departure.

After the hopeful bulletins of the first few days, the news of President McKinley's death was almost as great a shock to the people as the report of his assassination.

It is worth mentioning that the only member of Congress who said anything unpleasant about the shooting of President McKinley was a Republican and not a Democrat—Mr. Wellington of Maryland.

The County Board of Education was in session on last Saturday, and apportioned the school fund of the county for 1901, which amounts to \$1.10 per capita, against \$1.15 last year.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 21, 1922.

C. A. Ellis of Johnson City, Tenn., was in town a few hours yesterday. He is now in the employ of the Reynolds Tobacco Co. County Agent John B. Steele has moved his family to Boone. They are occupying Pine Crest, the beautiful home of Mrs. Emma Moore.

to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks to a month and twelve months a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry. . . John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak, and fell, landing on his back porch. . . While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Sunday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square. . . Jim Frang, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corner."

An automobile passed us on the highway not long ago and above its state license tag was another plate inscribed "Benton Heights." That one had us stumped. So far as we knew, we never had heard of Benton Heights before, and we've found out that the dozen or more people whom we've asked about it since were in the same position that we were.

It's in Union County, adjoining Monroe, although it is a separate corporation. And it's a pretty fair-sized place, too, with a population of around 1,000.

Mr. J. W. Dailey is in the real estate business in Wilson. Not long ago he decided to have a new sign painted on the door of his office. He gave instructions to the sign painter and then went out to look at a piece of property.

When he returned to the office, the painter had finished his work and had left. The sign read: J. W. DAILEY REALTY CO. WILSON, N. C.

Mr. Dailey started to have it corrected, but finally decided to let it stay as it is. If real estate isn't a reality, what is it?

Mr. Ralph Winkler, the Firestone tire dealer, has installed a full line of cord and fabric truck tires, possibly the largest and most complete in the county, ranging in sizes from 30x4 to 40x8.

James Council, who has been engineering on the roads of Haywood county during vacation, has returned, and will leave for Chapel Hill the last of the week to take up his studies at the University. Fred Hodges, son of Ex-Sheriff John W. Hodges, will also enter the fall term at the University.

W. R. Lovell is taking a course of treatments at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Mr. J. Parks Gwaltney, of Charlotte, with his wife and brother, was a week end visitor to Boone.

Two crews of men and teams are now putting down a stone surface on the roads leading out of Boone. Mr. Roy Johnson, with his men, having recently completed the hard surface on the Boone Trail to the river bridge, where it intersects with the gravel road, is now at work on the Boone-Blowing Rock road, and is making splendid headway. Mr. Clements, another experienced road man, with a crew of men, trucks, etc., is on the Boone Trail going west with the top of the Rich Mountain as his objective this fall, and if he keeps up at his present rate, he is sure to make it. The road making program in Watauga looks encouraging.

The Farmers' County Picnic held last Thursday at Silverstone, was a very pretty success, owing largely to the untiring efforts put forth by our active county agent, Mr. John B. Steele.

Miss Anna Blair, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. McG. Anders, is off for Durham, where she will enter Trinity College.

Fifteen Years Ago

September 19, 1946.

Congressman Sam J. Ervin of Morganton, tenth district representative, has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the Democratic county convention which will be held at the courthouse next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Dr. W. J. Love, 74, died September 1 at the home at Sugar Grove, after an illness of several months. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock by Rev. R. J. Starling and Rev. W. C. Payne. Interment was in the family cemetery. Dr. Love, who was a son of the late James and Emmaline Pennington Love, received his education in Knoxville, Tenn. For many years he practiced his profession in Watauga and Avery counties. Ill health forced him to retire in 1936.

Crafts House, Watauga Industries, opened its doors Tuesday, September 10, for its annual fall program of weaving, under new management. Miss Elizabeth Lord, who for the past eight years was the capable director, has accepted a position with Berea College, Berea, Ky., as assistant professor of weaving. Mrs. Wm. J. Kelsey was unanimously appointed by the board to succeed Miss Lord.

Mrs. Margaret Bohnert of Miami, Fla., is spending two weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Joe Conderman, and Mr. Conderman.

Miss Christine Eggers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Eggers, has been named principal of the Tabernacle School, Vincentown, N. J.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Would Change Name . . . "Boone City" Maybe

Col. Clyde C. Miller, native Wataugan, who's been away most of the time for more than four decades, comes back to visit his folks every summer, and is building at the old home place, where doubtless he will be living before too long. . . . It's always good to see Col. Miller, who invariably stops by to pass the time of day. . . . He continues to express amazement at the progress of the town of Boone and suggests that it might add some prestige to call the place Boone City, rather than just Boone. . . . Could be. . . . Incidentally, Colonel Miller left his home in Watauga county in 1913 to attend the University of North Carolina, where he was graduated in the same class with U. S. Senator Sam Ervin. . . . He served in the first world war after graduation, and later lived in Cleveland and Dayton. . . . After Pearl Harbor he returned to the service and served through the second war, retiring as a full Colonel. . . . We are glad that signs are accumulating that the Colonel and Mrs. Miller are going to come back home.

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Good Salesman . . . Odds And Ends

Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges thinks what's the matter with the country is a dearth of salesmanship. . . . A thing happened in Boone which made us agree. . . . A well-groomed man on crutches came to town the other day, offering these little metal hammers, whose handles unscrew to provide sets of screwdrivers. . . . Mrs. Rivers has had one of these for a great many years, and wouldn't live without it. . . . She laid in a couple more for the daughters. . . . Some of the men in the composing room bought the handy gadgets, he supplied some of the public officials, retail merchants and men on the street, and perhaps disposed of a hundred or more during the day. . . . It was like the traditional selling of hot cakes. . . . It's possible that the hammer-screw-driver units are for sale at more than one of our stores, but the people didn't know it, and of course none of our stores knew there was an appreciable demand. . . . But the fact is, the folks wanted the ingenious little tools—wanted 'em bad—they only needed to hear of 'em.

George W. Main, who's taken the Watauga Democrat for thirty years, came by the other day and subscribed for his three children: George W. Jr., Rantoul, III.; Randel, Panama City, Fla.; Mrs. Herbert West, Durham. . . . The sons and daughter had never known a home without the Democrat so George supplied the need. Thanks.

Woodrow Roberts, a good gardener and fruit tree salesman, gives us a twin squash, two which grew together from the same stem.

Summer resident of the community drops by to say breathlessly she's just escaped being hit by an automobile. . . . "Never have I seen a city before where motorists made u-turns in the middle of a business block," she complained.

Emory Joines, with whom we've duffed around the golf course on many a happy day, and who's been hitting 'em especially good lately, we hear, says he broke a record on the Blowing Rock course the other day, when he hit a ball onto a load of cabbage speeding down highway 321. . . . The truck bore the markings of a produce dealer in South Carolina, and Emory says he's probably the only man around who's hit a ball which came to rest in Columbia.

Dr. I. G. Greer told us one time about hearing a rugged old mountain man testifying as to the character of a man who was being tried in Watauga Superior Court, in that far away day when hill men shot straight from the shoulder, so to speak, with words and bare knuckles too, if necessary. . . . The witness said the character of the defendant was good, that he'd known him all his life. . . . The Judge asked the witness by what he judged the character of a citizen. . . . The witness turned his furrowed face to the bench: "Your honor," he said, "I judge a man by the sort of liquor he makes."

One fisherman said to another, according to Alfred Adams, one of our foursome Sunday: "I caught a catfish that weighed 65 pounds. . . . 'I hooked one a lantern,'" said the other fisherman, "which I lost in the lake in 1917, and it was still burning." . . . First fisherman: "Tell you what. I'll cut 25 or 30 pounds off the weight of my catfish if you will blow out that danged lantern."

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where school houses in a heap of places is so crowded for space this year they're operating on two shifts. And the same piece says some of the schools in Chicago is serving breakfast in the school lunch rooms.

In one generation this country has come up with no-shift automobiles and two-shift schools. It looks to me like that people, somewhere along the line, is gitting progress all twisted up. Or maybe the crowded school situation come about on account of folks not being able to settle a argument between their conscience and their pocketbook. There ain't nothing that makes a feller any madder than fer his conscience to interrupt when his money is talking.

And me and my old lady got in an argument over this school breakfast item. When I was gitting what little schooling I got, I went to bed early so's I could get up early and help milk the cows, churn, and bring in the wood fer the day. Then I set down to a solid meal. Now they're fixing it so's the kids can stay out half the night and git some watered orange juice and a piece of toast.

My old lady says they take care of these things now with vitamins, that folks don't need the same eating habits they did in the old days. Could be. Mister Editor. Science has pervided so many substitutes for things that

it's gitting hard fer me to recollect what it was we needed in the first place.

Speaking of scientists, I see where our missile experts claim two miles is about as close to the target as we can be sure of with our long range shots. I don't think two miles will make much difference. We got so many of them foreign countries saying "Yankee Go Home" that we're bound to hit one right on the barrel-head ever time we shoot.

I see where the column writers is still discussing President Kennedy's health. That can work both ways. I never knowed a feller that had a operation or spent time in the hospital that didn't brag about it. Whenever he hears about another feller that has been in similar toils, he feels toward him like a long lost brother. A heap of folks that was Democrats shifted to Ike after he had his operation. And they say, for instant, that when Senator Kefauver was trying to git to the White House, he begun to slip when it was found out he hadn't never had no operation or been sick a day in his life.

Well, I see where the Census Bureau come out last week with some more figgers on various things they has put together from the 1960 census. I was interested in one item that said a million and a half Americans quit smoking from 1953 to 1960. I reckon this was only a small fraction of them that swore off.