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BY ROB RIVERS

Of Shrubs . . . And Blossoms

Sitting on the bench in front of the postoffice talking to a good friend, Dr. Alfred Mordecai of Winston-Salem. . . . A son of the late Dr. Mordecai, Dean of the Duke University (then Trinity College) Law School, Dr. Mordecai was retired from the Army Medical Corps some years ago with a Colonel's rating. . . . Members of the family formerly lived at Blowing Rock during the summers, Dr. Mordecai went to Forsyth when his army duties were through, but we wouldn't wonder if his heart remains in the high hazy hills.

DR. MORDECAI has an intense interest in the flora of this area and volunteers a column each week in the Blowing Rocket about the wild flowers of the area, which will be of great interest to the residents of the beautiful resort town and the folks of the entire region, as for that matter. . . . He finds it disquieting that so many people of the area and so many visitors haven't bothered to find out more about the many interesting blossoms which thrive in the woodlands and fields of this pleasant section, and at the same time he deplores the fact that so many varieties of shrubs have been hauled away to the extent that they are almost non-existent on privately-owned lands.

Rhododendron . . . An Example
The beauty of the rhododendron, particularly the sort that mountain men have always known as red laurel, has resulted in the undoing of this magnificent evergreen, says Dr. Mordecai. . . . They have been dug and hauled away to an alarming extent, he believes, and says this practice of buying up these plants from all and sundry has been going on for forty years, so that now most of the good displays are in Park areas or in the Parkway territory.

In France . . . They Have Them
Dr. Mordecai tells us an interesting story of a visit to France, where he became acquainted with a botanist named Andre and visited his nurseries somewhere out in the country from Paris. . . . He marveled at the magnificence of the rhododendron plants which were growing and blooming in rank profusion, and remarked that they were for all the world like the ones found in the North Carolina highlands. . . . The Frenchman related that his father had been employed by Gifford Pinchot, late Pennsylvania politician and forester, and also about the turn of the century helped map the vast gardens which are part of the George W. Vanderbilt estate at Asheville. . . . As a matter of fact, he added, his paternal ancestor had carried the first of the red rhododendron from Asheville to France in those days and from them had come all the plants the son had grown over the years. . . . As a matter of fact, Dr. Mordecai says, the French botanist actually had developed a thriving business growing these plants, and shipping them, "balled and burlapped" to the hungry markets for them in the United States.

Progress . . . Has Esthetic Penalty
We share Dr. Mordecai's concern over the dwindling of the red laurel plants in the area. . . . There are plenty of white and pink, but those in the business tell us the red is getting harder to come by. . . . And we can agree that the phenomenal growth of this community and of the whole tourist area, brings with it a saddening aspect, and the country is not beautiful like it was before the bulldozers came, and the building boom developed, and the wide roads were paved and there are few of the shady flower-rimmed dirt trails over which the fast horses trotted a long time ago. . . . But progress can't be restrained for love of the gorgeously beautiful things that the Master Gardener spilled along the crest of the ridge in the dawn of creation to bring such a profusion of color, and so much joy to those of us who've preferred to labor in the cooling summer seeps and in the swirling snows of winter, with love for both. . . . Happily, we can have two values. . . . The flawless beauty of the vaulted forests in the springtime, and the mushrooming growth and resulting economic well-being of our people. . . . That is as it should always be.

Fit . . . For Burying, That Is

Roy Thompson, columning in the Winston-Salem Journal, says:
Something blue . . . That's me. Despite all the skillful maneuvering I've done, I'm still hooked to go on the wagon train across the Blue Ridge from Ferguson to Boone beginning June 27. Herman Wilcox, a former friend of mine in Boone, has had something to do with this, and I would feel better if he had to walk it, too, but he says he's too busy. He's a big wheel in the Chamber of Commerce and says he can't get away long enough to make the trip—much as he'd like to. Herman says the three-day walk and two nights of sleeping on the ground will make me fit and make a man out of me. Yeah. . . . Make a dead man out of me. Fit? Fit for burying.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:
I see by the papers where a fellow named Edward Harriman that has charge of such matters for the Post Office Department has give permission to manufacturers to come out with some new models fer rural mail boxes. He recommends the new models open from the back side instead of the highway side so's the youngsters can fetch the mail without getting hit by cars. He didn't say how the rural mail carrier was going to stuff the mail in from the backside, but I reckon one of the Government agencies will solve this problem just as soon as they get a couple million "research" appropriation from the Congress fer this purpose.

Brother Harriman says the Government ain't setting no price standards on the new boxes and if a fellow wants to git himself some "status" in the community, he can have one made special, maybe gold-plated and costing \$1,000 or more. Personal, I'd prefer a barrel mounted on four cedar posts and opening from the bottom so's I could run the wheel-barr under it and handle my literature from them Government agencies all in one operation. I aim to write my Congressman a letter along these lines.

I been trying to figger out, Mister Editor, how much tax relief I'm going to git out of President Kennedy's plan fer cutting taxes. About the best I can figger right now is that it'll be like dropping a lump of sugar in a barrel of coffee. I ain't going to git enough relief to taste it. I saw where the feller said we ain't had no real tax relief in this country in 200 year, since our ancestors give the Boston Tea Party, and we ain't liable to git no more till the voters has a Washington Tea Party.

Well, Mister Editor, I hate to report it but the fellers at the country store Saturday night come out fer this social medicine. business. Ed Doolittle said if you take the long view of the thing, they ain't no way around it. Folks has got to have more medical care so's they can work longer fer tax purposes. Furthermore, Ed claims the kid of today is going to have to last a heap longer than his Pa did and be a heap stronger and able to pay more taxes.

Personal, Mister Editor, I voted agin the resolution. I'm agin social medicine or social anything. Ever time the Government gits into one of them social deals we have to send \$2 to Washington to git \$1 back. I'd even be agin social mail boxes, would rather buy my own barrel.

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY
(MacKnight Syndicate)

Teacher Shortage Abides

The 1963 crop of new teachers will reach a record total of 158,357, but there still will be a serious teacher shortage next autumn, the National Education Association said in Washington recently.
In its annual survey, the association said that about 40,000 of the new teachers will enter the armed forces, get married, or enter some other occupations rather than taking teaching jobs in schools. The remaining 118,000 represent only about 50 per cent of the 235,000 new teachers expected to be needed next September.
This year's graduate total of 158,357 is an increase of 11.3 per cent over the 142,343 teachers graduated in 1962.
On the brighter side the association reported an encouraging increase in the number of teachers in

the important fields of foreign languages, science, mathematics and the English language.
This data is of particular interest in Boone, where Appalachian College with its school of education, is devoted to the training of teachers, and where right now the summer school enrollment is establishing records.
With the improving pay scale of teachers in the South as well as across the country, it is felt that more and more youngsters will see the economic advantages offered, along with the satisfaction which should result from entering a profession which renders such a vital service to the system.
In turn, continuing shortages of teachers will further enhance the growth of Appalachian.

Circus Slashes Costs

Those who look with a sort of mellow nostalgia on the day when the circus came, with its stink of sizzling hamburgers, and of animals and of massed human beings on a hot summer afternoon, will be interested in knowing that due to a cost-cutting program, the big top has been prevented from fading completely into the mists of happy memories.
There are yet 35 indoor and outdoor circuses in the country and the greatest of these, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey, folded its tents in Pittsburgh in 1956 \$1,650,000 in debt. It opened again, but as a glorified Sullivan show in the metropolitan areas—cities which could provide huge indoor arenas. Operating costs were cut by more than half and the show kept managing.

Using similar cost-cutting techniques, other circuses still operate under canvas, according to the Wall Street Journal. The largest of these is the Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers Circus, which has abandoned the rails for motor trucks and uses machinery rather than men to set up the tents and the seating.
Maybe the latter will come to Boone sometime. But then there would be the problem of a site for the sprawling tents. The Muster Field, the Mattie Greene property, the R. M. Greene meadow, the old baseball diamond and a couple of sites which had been used on Blowing Rock road, are no longer available. Land fit for the circus is too valuable to remain unused until the big show comes.

Pedestrian Poses Problem

Pity the poor pedestrian. He's muttered at, cussed at, knocked down, side swiped.
He risks his neck, causes wrecks, cusses back, squeaks by and dies—sometimes.
His excuses for recklessness are "didn't see," crippled, aged, childish, impulsive. Whatever the alibi he suffers.
Bad weather, clogged traffic lanes, careless drivers, haste, darkness add to his woes.
And like it or not he's mostly to blame. He doesn't deserve the death sentence for his rashness—but he sometimes gets it.
In 1962, the Department of Motor

Vehicles tallied 265 pedestrian deaths in North Carolina.
There were 1859 injuries from auto-walker collisions ranging from bloody mangling to simple bruises.
Almost exactly half of those fatally injured met death by crossing streets between intersections—running into the street is a common euphemism.
As with a child, playing tag with a chum, darts into traffic . . . when a shopper, laden with parcels, starts across unmindful of cars . . . when a businessman, in haste, jaywalks to an appointment.
There are many ways to die—careless walking is one of them.

Congratulations On 75th Anniversary

(Lenoir News-Topic)
This is the seventy-fifth birthday of the Watauga Democrat, and they join in with Carolina Tercentenary to celebrate. Their official birthday will be this June, the very month that Boone and Watauga County celebrates "Daniel Boone Crosses the Blue Ridge."
In making the announcement, Herman W. Wilcox, Chairman of the Carolina Tercentenary Celebration, stated that they felt honored to have such a fine publication in the county, and real proud that "we can celebrate together."
For 74 years the Watauga Democrat, a weekly newspaper, has been a family affair with the Rivers family of Boone.
The paper, started in 1888 by J. F. Spainhour, was purchased in 1889 by the late R. C. Rivers, Sr., who gave up carpentry to spend 45 years as publisher of the Democrat. June, 1963, marks the 75th anniversary of the local paper.
The Democrat has been operated by one family probably longer than any other weekly newspaper in the state and possibly in the southeast.
Jim and Bob Rivers, Jr., sons of the late Mr. Rivers, "literally cut their teeth" in the backshop of the Democrat. Jim Rivers was associate publisher of the paper until 1935 when he accepted a position with the federal government in Washington.
R. C. Rivers, Jr., has been associated with the Democrat since 1907 and has been editor-publisher since 1933. With the exception of three years, Editor Rivers has worked at various positions with the paper since the age of six.
Over the years the Democrat has

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 11, 1903.
The corn is growing rapidly now, and the stand was never better.

Measles has put in appearance in the home of Prof. D. D. Dougherty.
Mrs. Wm. Blair is on a visit to her old home in Caldwell this week.

From the Lenoir papers we learn that Dr. J. L. Cottrell is in that town.

Capt. Lovill went to Lenoir on a business trip last Saturday.

Miss Nannie Rivers left Tuesday for Foscoe and Banner Elk where she will spend a few days visiting friends.

Messrs. J. C. and J. W. McGhee, are now in Jefferson and will press the work on the new brick church they have under contract as rapidly as possible.

Prof. Wiley H. Swift, of the Greensboro graded schools, was married to Miss Bagby, of High Point, on Wednesday of last week, and passed through town Saturday en route to his boyhood home on Cove Creek, where he and his accomplished bride will spend the summer.

Prof. B. B. Dougherty, Financial Agent for the Appalachian Training School, has a few words for you in this issue. They are on a subject in which we are all interested and demand our immediate attention.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 12, 1924.
Mr. Burt Godly of the plumbing crew at the A.T.S. returned Monday from a short visit to his home at Gate City, Va. Mr. McKelley Ayers made the trip with him by auto.

Miss Ida Wray Ferguson of Los Angeles, Cal. is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Leak Pease of the English Department of the Appalachian Training school. They are making their home with Mr. and Mrs. Austin South.

James C. Rivers of the Register, Brighton, Colorado, will leave tomorrow morning for his home. He will be accompanied by his father, R. C. Rivers who will spend a few weeks in Denver, Brighton and other points in the Rocky Mountain region.

Prof. Wright of the chair of mathematics in the A. T. S. left Sunday for Nashville, Tenn. where he will attend the summer school at Peabody Institute.

Fifteen Years Ago

June 10, 1948.
Dr. and Mrs. Roy M. Brown of Chapel Hill arrived late last week to spend the summer at their cabin on Route 1, Boone.

Mrs. W. O. Hoover of Towson, Maryland, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Cook and Mr. Cook this week.

Miss Ruth Farthing, instructor in the Concord High School, is spending the summer at her home in Boone.

Mrs. Carrie Adams and daughter Hazel have returned to their home here after spending the winter in Danville and Coshocton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lewis and daughter Alice of North Wilkesboro, and Miss Louise Lewis, Cove Creek, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rob Rivers.

Mr. Olen Clell Cook of Blowing Rock was awarded a Bachelor of Science degree at Wake Forest College's recent 114th annual commencement exercises.

Mrs. Mildred W. Eggers of Winston-Salem and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Watson of Deep Gap, were in Indianapolis over Memorial Day, attending the auto races there.

Mrs. Esther S. Boone and Miss Rebekah Boone were in Durham Monday, where they were present for the graduation exercises at Duke University. Mrs. Boone's son, John A. Boone, received a Bachelor of Arts degree at the finals.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Farthing from Fort Wayne, Indiana spent the past week with home folks. They were accompanied home by Miss Carrie Lee Farthing who will visit with them for a short while.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Haynes, Sr., and two grandchildren of Minden, La. are spending this week with their daughter Mrs. Jack Hodges and Mr. Hodges.

Mr. R. S. Bushnell and sons Rowell and Francis of DeLand, Florida, will arrive Wednesday to join Mrs. Bushnell at their summer home, Seventh Heaven, near Boone.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Perhaps one of the greatest telephone addicts in North Carolina is Lon Bolich of Winston-Salem. His letters are few and far between, his long distance calls prodigious. He calls them telegrams, and in his Winston-Salem home he has a gadget fixed so he can turn a switch and give you a busy signal all day and night, if he wants to. "That," says Lon, "is fo' eatin' purposes."

Speaking of telephones that reminds me of a little girl who answered a Raleigh phone when I called the other night. "Nope, Daddy's not here." "Well, let me speak to your mama. This is urgent. London is calling."
I thought that would make a big piece of excitement in the home. But did it? The little nine-year-old laid down the receiver, and I could hear her yelling:
"Mama! One of daddy's drunk friends is on the phone!"

Sometimes the busier a man is the more time he seems to have. Sticking to our telephone discussion, when James A. Gray was president of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., nine times out of ten he would answer his exchange number himself — no filtering through secretaries. But if you want to get some minor functionary, there usually is someone to intercept.

Nothing makes a man madder than to have some brisk secretary say: "Who's calling please?" and then after you give your name, say: "I'm sorry, he's busy." The inference, of course, is that he's busy because of the identity of the caller.

President Roosevelt and Eisenhower relaxed while reading detective stories. Many folks browse through the encyclopedia or the almanac for light reading. However, the favorite literature of the late Governor Gregg Cherry was the dictionary.

When he wanted to relax he turned to his unabridged and read the definitions. "Always think maybe I'll come across some good strong word to call somebody," he'd always say.

Incidentally, the governor bought all of the latest dictionaries as they were published just as someone else would buy the latest fiction.

Up until 1940 all the reference books on North Carolina listed Clingman's Dome in the Smokies as the second highest peak in North Carolina. A resurvey in that year showed that a little-known mountain in the Black Brothers range in Yancey County was second and Clingman's Dome was third.

Just for reference and to settle disputes in the future, here's the latest official standings: Mt. Mitchell, 6,684; South Peak of Black Brothers, 6,645; Clingman's Dome, 6,642; Mt. Guyot, 6,621; Clingman's Peak (in the Black Brothers range, and not to be confused with the Dome in the Smokies), 6,611; Balsam Cone, 6,611; Catal Peak, 6,609; Gibbs, 6,600; Buckley, 6,582; North Peak of Black Brothers, 6,558.

It is interesting to note that out of the ten highest places in North Carolina, four of them are in Yancey County.