

# "Live and Let Live"

Cows graze peacefully in a nearby pasture, the swimming pool is drained carefully for the winter, the mother of three sits inside her house finishing a quilt - all watched over from the yellow eyes of the three dinosaurs in the front yard of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weaver.

"Why, of course you can look at the dinosaurs," Mrs. Weaver says, answering the door with a thimble still on her finger. "We're right proud of them."

The dinosaurs - actually concrete molds of the giant, extinct reptiles - have often brought Mrs. Weaver to the door to talk to incredulous visitors since she and her husband bought them about ten years ago and placed them in their front yard in the Flint Hill Community.

People seem to have trouble believing what they've just seen - one ten-foot model and two five-foot models of dinosaurs painted bright green. "One fellow saw them at night and went back to tell his friends," Mrs. Weaver says, "and they all said, 'Oh, you just must have been drinking.' He brought them back the next day so they could



## "I heard a thump!"

—Mrs. Carl Weaver

see for themselves."

The Weavers bought the green monsters from the inheritor of an amusement track near Chimney Rock. At the time the couple sold concrete garden fixtures, and they decided to br-

ing the concrete creatures home to join the bird baths, fountains, and concrete fawn in front of their eight-room house.

"Some people may not want us to have them here, but we've had a lot of fun with them," Mrs. Weaver says. "Children seem to

enjoy them so much, so we try to have a live-and-let-live attitude."

Apparently some who saw the dinosaurs liked them so well they wanted to take them home. There have been two apparent attempts to steal the dinosaurs, both stymied it appears by the heavy weight of the models.

"Easter about a year ago I was in bed reading," Mrs. Weaver recalls, "when I heard a thump! thump! At first I thought it was just the furnace starting, but then I heard the dog start barking and I looked outside. Both of the little ones were turned over like someone had tried to carry them off."

One of the "little" ones - that is, under ten feet - suffered the indignity of a broken tail fin when turned over. Its mouth still gaps open in a grin, however, a toothy smile at least a foot wide.

The Weavers no longer sell concrete fixtures, but did the 20-plus feet of concrete dinosaur satisfy their desire to collect concrete statues? Not exactly.

"Sometimes I tell Carl, let's just go look, and just see what's available..."



Above, one of the three dinosaurs owned by the Weavers gazes over pastureland at Flint Hill. Above at center a smaller dinosaur still has a grin of sorts despite a tail fin broken during an apparent attempted robbery.

# The Foothills View

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BOILING SPRINGS NC

## Shelby Workshops

Counseling and Guidance Associates has scheduled the following workshops for January.

Monday, January 10: Getting To Know Yourself, 12:00-1:00 p.m., \$10.00.

Tuesday, January 11: Handmade Gift Items, 10:00 a.m., \$5.00 plus material fees.

Wednesday, January 12: Stress Management, 12:00-1:00 p.m., \$10.00.

Thursday, January 13: Secretaries and Administrative Assistants, Lunchtime Seminar, 12:00-1:00 p.m., \$10.00.

Friday, January 14: Financial Family Planning Seminar, Free Consultations.

Monday, January 10: How To Talk So Children Will Listen, 7:00 p.m., Day Care Workers and Teacher Certification credit, 3 hours. Kindergarten through grade 4. \$8.00 per session.

Wednesday, January 12: How To Talk So Children Will Listen And How To Listen So Children Will Talk. Teacher certification credit-3 hours. K-4. \$8.00 per session. 3:30 p.m.

To register, call 487-8421.

## Sign Of Patience



Richard Blanton, a Boiling Springs sign painter, carefully fills in the letter of each word as he moves left to right toward completion of this job at Davis Photography in Boil-

ing Springs. Blanton says he traces each letter before painting it on the glass. He has worked at the trade about four years, he says.

## Funeral For Suratt Here

For about 25 years Ray W. Suratt was busy meeting people as he drove a route truck for the Cleveland Sandwich Company and operated restaurants here and at South Carolina. Many of those people came to his funeral Tuesday at Boiling Springs Baptist in what a church official called "one of the biggest crowds" he had seen there.

Suratt, 68, died Sunday at Cleveland Memorial Hospital. He was buried at Cleveland Memorial Park following services at Boiling Springs.

"He was a steady, consistent man," recalled his minister, Rex. Max Linnens. "Never a moody

man, he seemed always in control, always friendly."

A native of Cherokee County, South Carolina, Suratt was the son of the late John Licious and Mamie Vinette Suratt. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II.

He is survived by his wife, Nell Greene Suratt; two daughters; Mrs. Bobbie Beam of Shelby and Miss Martha Suratt of the home; four brothers: J.L. Suratt of Boiling Springs, Conrad Suratt of Gaffney, S.C., J.E. Suratt of Cliffside, and Jack Blanton of Charlotte; and two sisters: Mrs. Lucille Blanton of Kings Mountain and Mrs. J.B. McCraw of Gaffney, S.C.

## Who's Who In Evolution

A recent national survey of 1348 "opinion leaders," representing the sciences, business, the arts, and many other fields, shows 73% saying they agree more with evolution as an explanation of the origin of life and 13% saying they prefer "creationism" as an explanation.

While those who believe in evolution outnumber those who believe in creationism by nearly a 6-to-1 margin, most evolutionists surveyed say they believe in either a personal God or some sort of spirit or life force.

Four in 10 (40%) of these leading citizens say they believe in a personal God (that is, a God who observes one's actions and judges people), while 34% believe in "some sort of spirit or life force." Another 6% fall into the category of agnostics and indicate that they "don't really know what to think," while 14% can be considered atheists, indicating they "really don't think there is any sort of spirit, God, or life force."

Evolution theorists believe the earth is billions of years old and that life forms developed

gradually over millions of years. To support their views, they cite evidence gathered during the last two centuries from geology, paleontology, molecular biology, and other scientific disciplines.

Those believing in creationism, on the other hand, generally hold that the earth and most life forms came into existence suddenly at some time within the last 10,000 years, resulting from an act of God.

Following is the question asked of the opinion leaders, selected at random from the latest edition of Marquis's WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA:

As you know, there has been a renewed debate between those who believe in the theory of evolution and those who believe in the theory of creationism. Do you agree more with the theory of evolution or more with the theory of creationism?

Here are the national findings:

EVOLUTION VS. CREATIONISM	Percentage
Evolution	73%
Creationism	13%
Undecided/both	14%
<b>Total</b>	<b>100%</b>

## Melon Bites The Dust

(Editor's note: the View's Dec. 16 edition carried the request of reader Maynard Philbeck for information on an early polebean seed that perhaps has been hybridized out of existence; the seed, believed to have been brought on the Mayflower, was last noticed recently in North Carolina and Philbeck asked for anyone who had saved the seed to write him. Another seed saver - and hunter - is Allen Lacy, a writer for the Wall Street Journal, whose column on his hunt for the Jenny Lind melon is reprinted below.)

Last summer "Jenny Lind" disappeared, perhaps forever—not the 19th century Swedish soprano, but a muskmelon named for her in her heyday. My Jenny Linda was an "heirloom vegetable," a cultivar whose survival depends on people saving its seeds each summer, since it isn't produced commercially or listed in any standard garden-seed catalog that I know of. Until last year, a handful of farmers in my area did save the seed so they could sell this exceptionally flavorful melon during

its fleeting season of perfection, the first two weeks of August.

Jenny Lind was no beauty. Its fruit bordered on the grotesque, considering the misshapen turban—a large, lumpy protuberance—on the blossom end. My private name for it was Quasimodo, for it brought to mind Charles Laughton in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" much more than The Swedish Nightingale. But the trip into the country to buy a bushel was always worthwhile, and a bushel never lasted very long. The spicy sweetness of its luscious pale green flesh was unmatched by any other melon.

But this year I couldn't find Jenny Lind. At one roadside stand after another someone pointed out a new hybrid melon as its replacement. The farmers in my area have been badly misinformed. The melons they are growing now are so flavorless that they might have been picked before they were ripe and shipped here from thousands of miles away. I wish, too late, that last year I have saved seeds from Jenny Lind to grow on my own.

Maybe some holdout farmer

somewhere, properly skeptical about the common superstition that newer is always better, still grows my favorite of all melons. But even if it hasn't utterly vanished, its survival at best is precarious. And its disappearance in my own area is more than a personal disappointment.

The fate of Jenny Lind is merely one instance of a far-reaching problem which some critics of present practices and tendencies in the world's agriculture find alarming and dangerous—the loss of genetic diversity in our major food crops.

The problem is fairly recent. As late as the end of World War II, the production of seed for food was decentralized and richly varied. In the U.S., as in many other countries, hundreds of private firms sold seed, much of it produced on their own farms, of cultivated strains they had developed. Most of these firms were owned by families (Burpre, Harris, Park and so on) that handed down control from one generation to the next, according to the fortunes of time and mortality.

All of these houses offered a

dizzying variety of vegetable seeds. Most were purebred strains rather than F1 hybrids, meaning that gardeners could save seeds one year and plant them the next with little difference in the crop. Furthermore, many small growers saved their own, purely local varieties every year as treasures to be passed down from parents to children. As a result, the pool of genetic material for such food crops as beans and corn and squash was broad and deep. To vary the metaphor, the result, though unplanned, was extremely prudent: many eggs in many baskets.

Today a good many plant scientists are getting edgy about the probability that we now have far too few eggs in far too few baskets, that the gene pool on which we ultimately depend for our sustenance is endangered. The old stereotype of botanists as carefree, gentle, and untroubled souls with a passion for collecting and classifying plants for storage in a herbarium doesn't hold these days. A lot of botanists have worried looks, feel a sense of urgency about

## View On Holiday

Due to staff vacations, the Foothills View will not be published next week, Jan. 13.

The View will resume publication the following week.