

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

Published Every Thursday by  
RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY  
BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA

An Independent Weekly Newspaper  
Established in 1888 and published for 45 years by  
the late Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

R. C. RIVERS, JR. Publisher

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

In Watauga County		Outside Watauga County	
One Year	\$2.00	One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50	Six Months	1.75
Four Months	1.00	Four Months	1.25

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Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first objective should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive these papers and be capable of reading them."—Thomas Jefferson.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1953.

## "Top" Scenic Attraction

The trip up scenic Grandfather Mountain, over Hugh Morton's recently completed highway should be a "must" for visitors to this region as well as to the natives, who gave up trips to the rugged mountain, when they could no longer navigate the heavy climb on foot from McRae's or from the Linville Gap approach.

We went up the other day to take a look around for the first time since as a teen-ager we triumphed over the steep incline on a day-long excursion, and listened to the late train over the narrow gauge make its way up through the gap, en route to Boone. And recalling that laborious journey we remember how we wished we might have been reclining on one of Tweetsie's right comfortable seats, free from the long trudge back down to the Scotsman's, where the model T had been left.

But folks nowadays, thanks to Mr. Morton's ingenuity, can view the whole of this part of Carolina, from atop craggy old Grandfather just about as easy as they can take a journey out the Parkway to view the wide vistas. And those who don't mind the slight swaying get a big kick out of the walk across the swinging bridge between two sharp peaks of the mountain—a mile high trip to remember. The road is all right and is skirted by banks of red rhododendron, in hedge row fashion, almost as if they had been planted by the builders of the road. A short way inside the gate are ample picnic tables, while those who like their lunch on the crest of the most rugged mountain in Eastern America, can proceed to the summit.

At any rate, next time you take the family picnicking, consider Grandfather, if you like the unusual. Mr. Morton has made it possible for you to get a panoramic view of the Blue Ridge, without belaboring yourself, and has thus vastly contributed to the worth of the Boone-Blowing Rock-Linville area, as a summer tourist and recreational region.

## Hotel Will Reopen

The news that the Martin Cottage, popular Blowing Rock tourist hothouse, will reopen for at least part of the season, after a fire which did considerable damage to the property, will be welcomed by many people.

At first, news reports indicate, it was feared the hotel would not open this year, and that would have been the first time the Martin Cottage had failed to entertain guests for forty years.

Operated for many years by H. C. Martin, veteran Lenoir newspaperman, and Mrs. Martin, the property is now owned and operated by Mrs. Hal Martin. Known far and wide for its congenial atmosphere, good food and pleasant surroundings, Martin Cottage is widely popular with the people who come to the mountain top resort community for the summer.

We join the people of Blowing Rock in an expression of joy that the fire was no worse, and that after repairs have been made Martin Cottage will again take her important place in the summer life of Northwestern Carolina's most important summer resort center.

## DELUSIONS TO GRANDEUR

First Sergeant to Private—The afternoon off ... the afternoon off! What do you think you are—a human being?—Camp Lejeune Globe.

## TOO BAD

Said the doctor to the tattooed sailor: "I'm sorry, but I had to sink three ships to get to your appendix."—Heaving Line.

## CONSIDERATE NATURE

Nature seldom brings the first worm out on the same day that the first robin arrives.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Type Dreams

### Pop Plays Second Fiddle, As Usual, To Fair Sex

By "STRETCH" HOLLINS

A gift for Pappy  
Will make him happy—  
At least until  
He gets the bill!

So much for Pop, who's usually a pretty good egg, even if he does get a little hard boiled at times. And the old boy should be gifted as royally as possible on the day set aside in his honor, even though he has to pay for it, himself. It's the thought that counts, you know.

But practically everyone who attempts to turn out a column has at least one piece in his system about the fair sex, and the best thing to do, probably, is get it into print so he can forget about it. (The column, not the ladies.)

A psychologist comes right out in bold face type and says if we men understood how a woman's mind works, we'd lose interest in her. He advises the girls to keep us guessing so they'll keep us interested.

Now, that's what I call rank treachery right in our own ranks! The little darlings can already spot us six laps in the guessing sweepstakes and still keep the kaleidoscopic complexities of their cranial contortions a constant cause of complete and colossal confusion to the mediocre mentality of a mere man. If they really put their minds on their work, we might as well give up.

Somebody has said give a woman an inch and she'll try to park her car in it. Which recalls the story about the young lady who was maneuvering her car back and forth, half in and half out of a tight parking space. Along came a masterful male and gallantly asked if he could help. So she let him take the wheel, and with a few deft manipulations he soon had her car parked neatly at the curb.

"There you are," he said, smirking smugly, "nothing to it, when you know how."  
"Thank you," replied the girl with icy sweetness, "but I was trying to get OUT!" You can't win.

And if the woman driver ahead gives you one of those vague hand signals, you can be sure of only one thing—her window is open. You know only that she is going to slow down, stop, turn right, turn left, turn around, turn turtle, or turn handsprings. Unless, of course, she's just drying her nail polish.

She'll think you're an unfeeling brute if you don't give her candy and flowers occasionally. But when you do, she wonders what you've been up to.

We sometimes criticize her for talking too much, but thirty minutes of complete silence from her and a man will spend the rest of the day wondering what it was HE said.

When she's a girl she wants to be called a woman, and when she's a woman she wants to be called a girl.

But someone has truthfully said that for every woman who has made a fool out of a man, there's one who's made a man out of a fool.

And author Joseph Conrad said, "Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men."

So we'll just have to try to get along with them, it would seem, as no method has yet been devised to get along without them. And who wants to?

## They Say—

**BARRY BINGHAM**, Kentucky newspaper publisher: "The general objective of our efforts in the Far East is to see the myriad peoples of Asia emerge some day to full independence."

**LEVERETT SALTONSTALL**, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts: "We must maintain sure and friendly ties with the other free nations of the world."

**J. D. HULLINGER**, 92-year-old Iowa doctor: "I hope to live to see the year 2000."

**FRANK JARECKI**, Polish aviator, escaped from Poland: "The best cure against Communism is to live in the world it creates."

**SYNGMAN RHEE**, President, South Korean Republic: "Peace here is up to ourselves."

**ALEXANDER WILEY**, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin: "We did not 'go it alone' in the Nineteen-Forties and we are not going to 'go it alone' in the Nineteen-Fifties."

**D. KENNEDY**, medical officer, Fort Napier Hospital, South Africa: "Women in state affairs are like monkeys in a china shop."

**HARRY S. TRUMAN**, speaking on Memorial Day: "The men now fighting for liberty and freedom in the armed forces are just as great heroes as the men who fought with Washington at Valley Forge."

**OMAR N. BRADLEY**, General of the Army: "We need each other and we need all the honorable allies we can find."

## Borrowed Views

**AMERICAN PLACE NAMES**  
Presenting: Riddle, Ind.; Right Answer, Ark.

**DESCRIBED**  
Description of a cow followed by a couple of ducks: Milk and Quackers.—Log and Dope Sheet.

**THEY ARE**  
The times are out of joint, not joints.—Louisville Times.

**HE IS**  
A bachelor is a man who never Mrs. anything.—U. S. Coast Guard Magazine.

**IT DOES**  
Socially speaking, bridge helps many people to get across.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

**WHERE IT IS FOUND**  
Tobacco is found throughout the Southern United States and in an occasional store.—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

## Letter To The Editor

### Says Farmer Took Bribe

Mr. Editor: Would appreciate your publishing the enclosed which was written by Ross Valentine and appeared in the Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch recently.

J. N. ATKINS  
Shulls Mills, N. C.

(Enclosure)  
"Why shouldn't the government supply the farmer with lime, phosphate and other soil-conserving necessities free of charge?"

"Isn't it the duty of the government to conserve the soil on which 160,000,000 Americans depend for indispensable food and fiber?"

The farmers, or most of them at any rate, do not find it hard to swallow this sugar-coated propaganda.

It has a pleasant taste. It makes the farmer see himself in the role of the neglected benefactor, who, by accepting money or its equivalent from the public purse, is after all, only "taking what is coming to him."

But, as always, in cases where one receives "something for nothing," there's a catch in it.

True, the barb of the hook is skillfully concealed by the bait. But it's there, as the farmer would have found out to his sorrow if the Fair Deal administration had continued in office to accelerate Truman-Socialism.

The barbed hook can be detected only by putting the bait under the X-ray of common logic. Let's do that.

What is the basic premise behind the reasoning of those who preach tax-financed soil conservation?

The SOCIALIST PREMISE IS that the "soil" to which the farmer holds title (or in which he has

an equity) is, in reality not his, but land in which "we the people" (i. e. the government) hold a prior proprietary interest. Acceptance of that premise is presupposed by those who justify soil conservation payments for its preservation.

That, in case the farmer does not know it, or knowing, has not understood, is the opening wedge of communism.

The reasoning of the Marxists is that the soil, being essential to the production of the food, clothing and shelter indispensable to the millions, should be and, in effect is, the property of all the people, i. e. the state.

But this theory, in practice, means that "the government" (meaning the politicians and their bureaucrats) have the right to tell the farmer what to raise, how much to raise, and how to run his business. Being "the owners" of the land (or the owners' agents) the neo-New Dealers devoutly believed that this is sound ethics as well as sound economics.

Anyone who has read the "Brannan Survey" literature of 1951 (and I have), and who can read between the lines, must have realized that this "family farm survey" was intended to condition the farmer to acceptance of gradual, systematic control of agriculture by the Fair Deal bureaucrats.

**THOSE WHO POOH-POOH** THIS as a wild assumption must have forgotten that Mr. Truman actually did take over "the means of production" when he seized the steel mills, to force their owners and shareholders to pay the wage increases which he, Harry Truman, considered equitable. Fortunately, the Supreme Court slapped him down.

The nation's farms are more widely scattered, but they, too, could, over a period of time, have been virtually taken over under the cover of convenient emergencies.

I don't mean to say that the farms would actually have been seized. That would have meant revolution. But by placing the

farmer in their debt, through paternalistic largess based on the nation's proprietary interest, the government could, in time, have dictated to the farmer how to manage his land.

The individual farmer would still have held title, or equity, in his land, but the real owners, "the people" who would have told him how to run his farm, would have been "the government," i. e. the politicians and their bureaucrats.

In the Socialist lexicon this is known as "gradualism"—the slow, steady, almost imperceptible process by which the farm owners (who are a minority) would have been bribed into yielding

their managerial rights. In the eyes of the Communists and the Marxists, that would have been self-evident, irrefutable logic.

But once this had been consummated, all other industries would have followed suit. You may remember the CIO's and ADA's campaign, of some years ago, to "nationalize" the steel industry, the railroads, and other key industries as "essential to national security."

Now that you look back on it, you may realize how close we were to the end of freedom.

Is that what the farmer wants? I doubt it.

## SPIRIT CONTAGIOUS

Williamson, W. Va.—When all 40 employees of a Williamson supermarket left their jobs and marched to the Red Cross center to donate a pint of blood, fifteen customers caught their spirit and joined the parade. It was led by a navy recruiting unit sound truck and two fire trucks.

## PUTS SELF IN DOGHOUSE

Marion, Mass.—Fearing punishment for staying out late, August Correia, Jr., 6, crawled into the doghouse in his back yard, while Marion's police force and fifteen fire-fighters joined in a search for him. He explained he was "afraid to go home."

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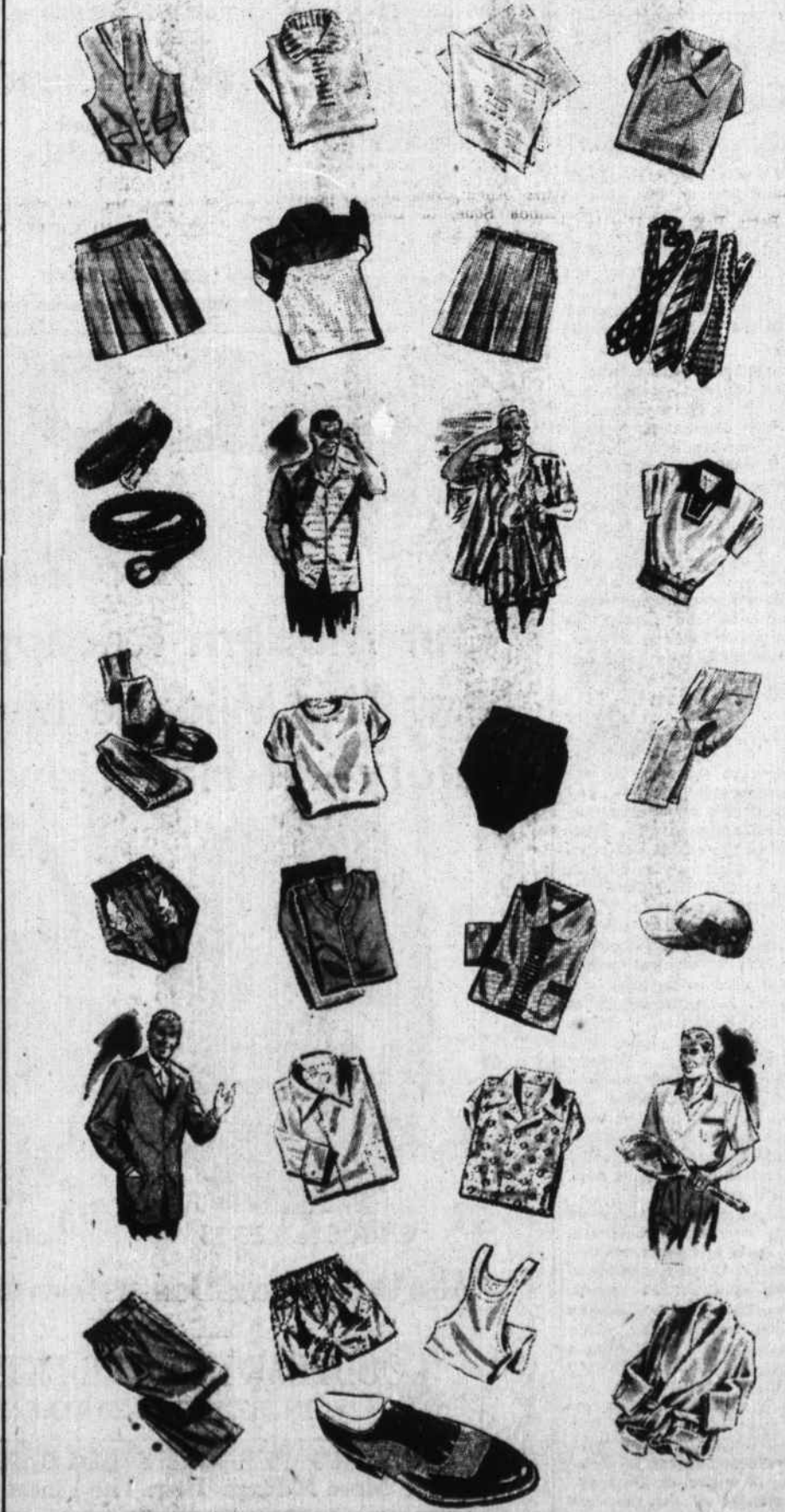
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