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"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.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1966

The Master Craftsman

Dean Bingham, pioneer Boone business man and a cunning worker in the woods of his native forests, has gone away.

Dean was one of the first in this section to realize that blacksmiths could not be depended upon to take care of automobiles, and took academic training in Kansas City in auto mechanics, opening one of the first modern garages in Boone. Later he was a partner with David Greene in Greene and Bingham, local music store, and later the forerunner of a second drug store. His ingenuity helped found the Wodcraft Novelty Co.

Dean Bingham could bring out the dull beauty in a black walnut board, and develop the reddish sheen of the wild cherry

like on one else. His faithful reproductions of period furniture were eagerly sought, and his handiwork would have been envied by the ancient masters of the chisel and mallet, the lathe and the varnish pot.

Dean worked with a patience which only a craftsman can possess, and he was equally patient, understanding and helpful in his associations with his fellowmen. The beauty of his creations in maple, mahogany, in ash and in oak will live on, like the flawless character of the man who manned the cutting tools, and rubbed the burnish onto the glasslike surfaces. He sought perfection in his work, but found a greater treasure in the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors.

Some Of Our Tourist Needs

Governor Hodges, in keynoting the return of Tweetsie to her native hill country, called attention to some of the things that North Carolina can do to increase her popularity among those who make up her tourist population.

The first, the executive said is good food. And we would hasten to agree that people who travel are influenced largely by the kind of food which is available in a given area and will travel many miles out of the way to partake of a delicious luncheon or dinner. On our jaunts into the interior of North Carolina, we find it fairly hard to come by a good meal, unless one has advance advices from Carl Goerch, Bill Sharpe or some other eminent judge of Tar Heel fare.

Comfort and hospitality are listed by the Governor as having important bearings on the tourist trade. In this, we believe Boone is rather well ahead of most sec-

tions of the state, and as for friendliness, it leaves little to be desired. Time was when mountain men were suspicious of all outsiders, and there was an element of disdain and gruffness. Now there is an increasingly warm welcome for the stranger within the proverbial gate, and visitors here from other areas invariably call attention to the courtesy and cordiality of the Wataugans they meet.

Last, Governor Hodges lists cleanliness, and he'll find no argument in this area. Nothing is more valuable to a town or country than uniform cleanliness. Visitors won't tarry in a dirty, unkempt community.

"All of us are tourists," the Governor said, "regardless of who we are or where we go," and added that every tourist expects to find something enjoyable when he goes touring. And that's where civic responsibility meets its test.

CROP Aids The Hungry

"Heartwarming statements of gratitude to the American people for CROP food gifts continue to come from countries throughout the world," stated the Rev. Ralph Jacks, North Carolina CROP director, this week.

Alain Rocourt, assistant minister of the Methodist Church, Southern District of Haiti, writes that seed donated by CROP contributors reached hurricane devastated areas of Haiti in time for the planting season. "The rice and beans are especially welcome. Most of these have been already planted and from what I hear they are growing up nicely. The seeds have been distributed to small farmers who have been most grateful." The shipment included 30,000 lbs. maize seed, 13,500 lbs. rice, 30,000 lbs. bean seed, 5,611 lbs. vegetable seed and 9,980 lbs. sulphur. The seeds were enough to plant a total of over 4,000 acres.

A National Christian Council representative writes from flood stricken India: "When the waters receded the people went back to their villages only to find their crops washed away and in many instances

they could find nothing that could tell them where their mud huts stood.

"The government had rushed grain to the spot, but with so much sickness due to the exposure many were unable to take solid foods. Then—came the milk powder from the National Christian Council of India. What a blessing!

"We worked day and night getting the drums to the most needed spots. Then to the schools and other places. Drums were carried on the backs of men where even a bull-cart could not travel.

"Having little food the children were naturally hungry and they ate the dry milk powder greedily and loved it. Weeks later when I returned to these same villages I marvelled as I found the children had put on weight. I have been told over and over that if it had not been for the milk powder many of the babies would have died."

This relief program is one of the finest undertakings of the Council of Churches and should have expanded support in every area of the State.

Should Be Uniform System

Daylight saving time is now in effect in a number of the States in the East and Midwest, and here in the Southland where time is constant the year round, there is some confusion on the part of travelers, as well as tv-sitters.

Wonder if daylight saving time is the same sort of thing they used to call "fast time" as opposed to "sun time?" We don't know but it does seem that a daylight saving time system could be sold maybe to the whole country.

Back during the war years, daylight saving time, or war time, seemed to work all right. We don't remember hearing any complaints.

We would welcome a change which would allow one to go to work earlier, quit quicker and have most of the long torrid summer afternoons to ourselves. This would be a particularly desirable system here in Watauga, where the summers are indescribably beautiful but of such short duration one doesn't like to miss a ray of the sunshine.

Devilish Question

Washington Post

A Republican Representative (Ohio), asks the Democratic question of the week: "Are they really going to call on Old Harry to raise Old Ned?"

By Paul Berdancier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Between—And After—The Quotation Marks

VIVE LE SHAKESPEARE!—I'm sorta glad the guy who has been trying to prove for the past twenty years that old Will Shakespeare was a "literary faker living on somebody else's wits" — namely, Christopher Marlowe's — has thus far failed to debunk the immortal Bard of Avon.

Cold, hard facts, fresh heroes, and new, enlightened tenets are marks, no doubt, of progress. But somehow it seems that some of our time-honored legends, both real and imaginary—like Shakespeare, Santa Claus, Babe Ruth's 60 homers in a season, and the belief that a sufficient number of votes will transform a politician into a statesman overnight—should remain unchallenged. Leave us the illusions we live by!

IKE VS. LUCY—The GOP plan to tailor their 1966 campaign to fit their candidate just might backfire a little. In buying up "substantial half-hour TV periods from mid-September up to election day at peak viewing times," wonder if they've thought about how many voters they might antagonize by usurping the time of their favorite programs?

It could lay the Gleason-Como battle in the shade—"I Like Ike" versus "I Love Lucy!" (P.S.—The same goes for the Democrats and their "equal time" demands.)

AD INFINITUM—"A proposed strike by the Screen Writers' union next month would tie up all TV commercials," states an item.

You mean they were thinking of changing them?

CONFOOSIN' BUT NOT AMOOSIN'—It's statements like this in news stories that leave me wondering wha' happen: "The faculty advisor to the student council had backed the council in its protest last December against a ban on contests involving Milford High teams and those from integrated schools. The appeal was denied."

I defy anybody to figure out who won that one without a scorecard!

POLITICAL BAFFLEGAB — A Republican writer states that "either Kefauver or Harriman could give Ike a rough time."

What he really means is that Stevenson is the one he fears the most.

DIAMOND DUST—Speaking of Babe Ruth, a sports writer tells of a former ball player's proud possession, an autographed picture of the player with the Babe, and says, "He wouldn't sell it for a million bucks." Oh no? Just try him. . . . If enough sports writers and announcers, say enough times that a certain baseball player is underrated—pretty soon they've got him overrated.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

May 25, 1896.

Miss Bina, daughter of Judge L. L. Greene, who has been at the State Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro, has returned.

We have been granted by Governor Carr a special term of court which will convene on Monday, July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Horton left last Friday for a visit to friends and relatives in Wilkes and Ashe counties. They will probably return the last of this week.

Since our last issue there is little change for the better in our old friend Joshua Winkler. He is very weak and his condition is considered critical.

Mr. Walter L. Jones, son of Capt. W. D. Jones of Caldwell, died at his home on the Yadkin last Saturday and was buried on Sunday.

On last Thursday at four p. m. the baby boy Ralph, who had brightened and gladdened the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Rivers for two and a half years, became ill, and died after a night of suffering.

The wolen factories, through their agents, are exchanging yarn, blankets, and cloth for the farmers' wool. Wool is worth 25 cents a pound.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

May 24, 1927.

Miss Lucy Hardin, a student at the Greensboro College for Women, is at home for her summer vacation.

June 5 is registration day for the army. If you are between the ages of 21 and 30 it would be well for you to fasten this date in your mind.

By ROB RIVERS

GARDEN PLANTS . . . HAVE BEEN HIS CAREER

James Lyons, who a short time ago celebrated his eighty-third birthday, doesn't know how many garden plants he's sold, but undoubtedly the number would run into the untold hundreds of thousands, maybe millions. . . . Twenty-seven years ago he started out selling plants down on the old Episcopal church corner (King and Appalachian Streets) and has been there ever since. Most of the time he has occupied the frail remains of one of the ancient buses which provided the first highway passenger service in these parts. . . . The new owner of the lot, Estel Wagner, plans some sort of building program on the lot, and Mr. Lyons has moved up to the front of the old Pastime Theatre building, where he's offering his wares as of old. . . . Mr. Lyons used to "dabble" in produce some in the winter time, but of late years he has stuck with his tomato, pepper, cabbage and other kinds of plants. . . . His represents one of the older businesses of the town, and his unique establishment on Appalachian Street has been widely patronized by gardeners and farmers. . . . The pioneer citizen says he's made no plans to quit . . . and the people with the green thumbs are glad.

THE EARLY HOURS . . . WITHOUT BIFOCALS

Our subconscious evidently registered our belief in a system of fast time, so's one could start out early and get everything done, in time to enjoy some afternoon sunshine. . . . We'd snatched the sleep from our eyes, eaten a hasty breakfast, all the while "mouthing" at our last born, lest she be late for school. . . . At last we had her in the fliiver and down the street we sped. . . . At the elementary school we noticed there were no other students. . . . We looked at the watch, sans eye-glasses, and figured all was well. . . . Down in front of the High School there were no cars nor people. . . . "That's all right," we mused, "if they want to run a little late," and back to the Democrat office, where nobody had shown up for work. . . . "Well, they're generally here," we pondered, as we adjusted our bifocals and histed our legs to the desk leaf to read the morning paper. . . . After a few more minutes of quietude we took another look at the watch. . . . It was 7:15!

IN THE POSTAL SERVICE . . . IMPROVEMENTS

City mail carriers in Boone have laid aside the shoulder pouches, under which they leaned for so many tortuous years, and are now hauling their letters and papers and magazines, to say nothing of the catalogs, by way of a new two-wheeler rubber tired buggy with the hand handle. . . . The little carts come complete with cover for rainy days, and seem to be a great convenience to the hard-working postmen. . . . Other innovations in the service are ball point pens, and red, white and blue letter boxes, to take the place of the olive hued ones. . . . However, we don't have any of the talking boxes, which are in vogue in the larger centers, and which bring a "thank you" and such information as the patron may desire.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . RANDOM THOUGHTS

The steam shovel, always beloved by sidewalk crowds, labored just opposite the Democrat office the other day, and we had a grandstand seat for the first time in our lives. . . . We think there's something wrong with a man who doesn't like one of these modern dirt-moving operations, especially when he doesn't have to drape himself over a temporary two-by-four barrier. . . . The Queens Apartments, transformed from the old J. M. Moretz house, showing up well, since some of the trees were removed. . . . Mrs. J. E. Holshouser and Peck did a good job of rebuilding—the structure is beautiful and adds greatly to the appearance of this part of the town. . . . Sign in Carolyn's Flower Shop says: "If you like hard work, you can have a heck of a good time around this place." . . . And we liked the one they used to have down at Belk's in John Conway's time: "Work hard for eight hours and don't worry; in time you may become the boss, work sixteen hours and do all the worrying."

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

During the past few days, I have been making a little survey among typical New Yorkers, from taxi drivers to bank presidents, about the forthcoming election. The results are interesting if not surprising. Ninety per cent of those questioned, regardless of party, believe President Eisenhower will be reelected. Most of them don't like Nixon, however, and fear he eventually will be President. One doctor said the staff at his hospital felt Ike should not run again. On the other side, Stevenson still has the edge but Kefauver is coming up strong and a lot of those interviewed say they wish our system were so that nominations would be made by the people and not controlled at political conventions.

Gotham Gatherings: this city has 20,000 cops and 30,000 cab drivers. The police commissioner regards the cabbies as sort of additional police, so he personally sends commendations for their help to his department. . . . Book of the Month Club celebrating its 30th anniversary says it has sent out 142 million books, more than are in all U. S. libraries.

Caps are back again. Many of them now appear on New York streets after an absence, except on cab drivers, of a quarter of a century. When I was a boy, wearing a cap was just the thing. Then as the movies began using caps as symbols for hoodlums, they gradually disappeared. Of course many of the new types, some imported from England where men continued to wear them, have slim, skull-cap lines and long bills that look like that of a duck. But anyway, you're no longer gazed at as a gangster when you wear a cap.

Teresa Brewer has the reputation of being a religious person as well as a popular singer. She said that religion had not hurt her career in show business, but on the other hand had helped her through many rough spots. Another unusual characteristic: she does her own shopping for groceries. "I'm probably the only singer who signs autographs on boxes of cereal, cans of peas and wrapping paper," she says.

A rapidly spreading forest fire is threatening Newland, county seat of Avery county, it is reported by the State Forest Service.

The State Utilities Commission yesterday gave the Northwest Carolina Utilities, Inc., of Blowing Rock, permission to sell its property in Ashe, Alleghany, Wilkes, Watauga and Caldwell counties to the Blue Ridge Electric Membership Corporation of Lenoir for \$170,000.

Taking the initiative in a movement, pressing because of the opening of the Blue Ridge Parkway, Blowing Rock has established a planning and advisory committee to coordinate the needs of the town with the demands of the summer vacationers. Mayor Grover C. Robbins is chairman of the organization. . . . Dropped into a store on 48th Street and found it so full of customers that some finally left because they could not get waited on. This variety store was clearly the most popular place in the block. On the counters were stand-

(Continued on page six.)