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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, JULY 12, 1956

Galax Finds New Use

No doubt Charlie Wilcox, who deals in them by the millions, knew about it all along, but we just learned that one of the uses of galax leaves is as a garnish for fruit cups.

We gathered this bit of information from the woman's portion of the Winston-Salem Journal. Long used by florists, we learn that the Longchamps restaurants in New York City use striking window displays made of fresh fruits and vegetables and surrounded by the leaves.

The Journal states that a secret process helps the leaves to retain their leathery texture and natural color, thereby increasing their decorative value.

The leaves, which so far as we know, grow only in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, have been an important factor in the economy of the

hills, so far back as the memory of man runneth. Far back beyond the wartime economy and the inflationary periods which brought high cash incomes to the people of the hills, the gathering of galax was one of the few ways in which many families could provide for their needs. Still there is a wide demand for the leaves, and people continue to gather them and sell them to dealers throughout the hill country. The occupation of finding the galax, sorting it out according to whether the color is bronze or green, used to be generally referred to as "gallacking."

Anyway the demand grows for the leaves as new uses are found for the native greenery of the hills, and the product, together with that derived from roots and herbs, fetches in a good deal of money to our people.

Slow Down And Live Campaign

We Americans have a high regard for speed. The fact that we make things faster and distribute them faster than other nations has a great deal to do with our economic strength. In sports we like fast moving games. For most of us life is geared to a pretty fast tempo.

But there's a place for everything—including speed. And the staggering toll of traffic deaths, plus the fact that speed is involved in a majority of them, makes it plain that speed has no place on the highway.

It's rather interesting to note that safety authorities are concerned with more than just exceeding the speed limit. They list failure to give the right of way, passing without caution, driving too fast for road, traffic and weather conditions, and following the car ahead too closely as symptomatic of the "in a hurry" complex that

causes accidents.

That "in a hurry" complex is the target of the Slow Down and Live campaign on the highways of North Carolina this summer.

The sponsoring Governor's Traffic Safety Council believes that if this message can be implanted in the minds of drivers everywhere it can effect a reduction in the traffic toll.

Of course, it's always difficult to say exactly why an accident didn't happen.

But certainly the frightening highway death and injury toll commands the support of everyone in this national effort to keep speed in its proper place.

This newspaper accepts Slow Down and Live as its slogan for the highways.

If our readers want to follow suit—then welcome to the club!

Flour-Sack Drawers

(Henry Belk in Goldsboro News-Argus)

The modern generation of small boys knows nothing of flour-sack drawers. But to the most of us men of middle age, the subject is one of intimate acquaintance.

When Colonel Luthern Barbour wrote his statement of candidacy for the Durham Board of Aldermen last Spring, he recalled his childhood. Listed along with his other personalized information was the fact that when he was a boy he wore flour-sack drawers. The staid Durham Morning Herald printed this fact without a smile. Maybe that sort of approach was what the popular mind wanted, for Colonel Barbour was duly elected.

When I was a boy and swam of a lazy Summer day in Richardson's creek at Lee's Mill, I undressed, along with the other boys, in an isolated spot on the bank. It was a mile or so from any house, and none of us knew the fastidiousness of a bathing suit. My regular Summer undergarment was drawers made from Level Best flour sacks. Mama made them from sacks she saved after she had emptied the flour in baking hot biscuits three times a day.

Always I tried to sneak off to one side and get out of my clothing quickly lest the other boys laugh at my flour-sack drawers. From the vantage point of the years I wonder why I was so frightened at this, for most of the others must have had flour-sack drawers also. And maybe it was necessary for my development. The desire for a cooling swim was greater and overcame my timidity at showing my flour-sack garment. It was good for me that I learned to do what must be done even in the face of disconcerting situation.

Today the good ladies make most attractive dresses out of feed sacks. The smart feed merchants distribute their products in multi-colored sacks which are intended to serve for dresses when emptied.

In the day before the colored feed bags came into being, Smith Douglas Fertilizer works packed its products in 200 pound

white bags. These became a favorite for making into trousers. Most good farm housewives bleached out the fertilizer markings on the backs before they made them into pants.

But not so those who made up the white trousers for Logan Mazingo. He was a non-conformist and cared not. One pair of pants from the sacks made for him carried the words "200 pounds net" right across the seat. There is a valuable lesson here. If mankind generally could escape the fear of what the other fellow might think or say, as Logan Mazingo did, we would be in a way for more progress.

Lead May Be Shaky

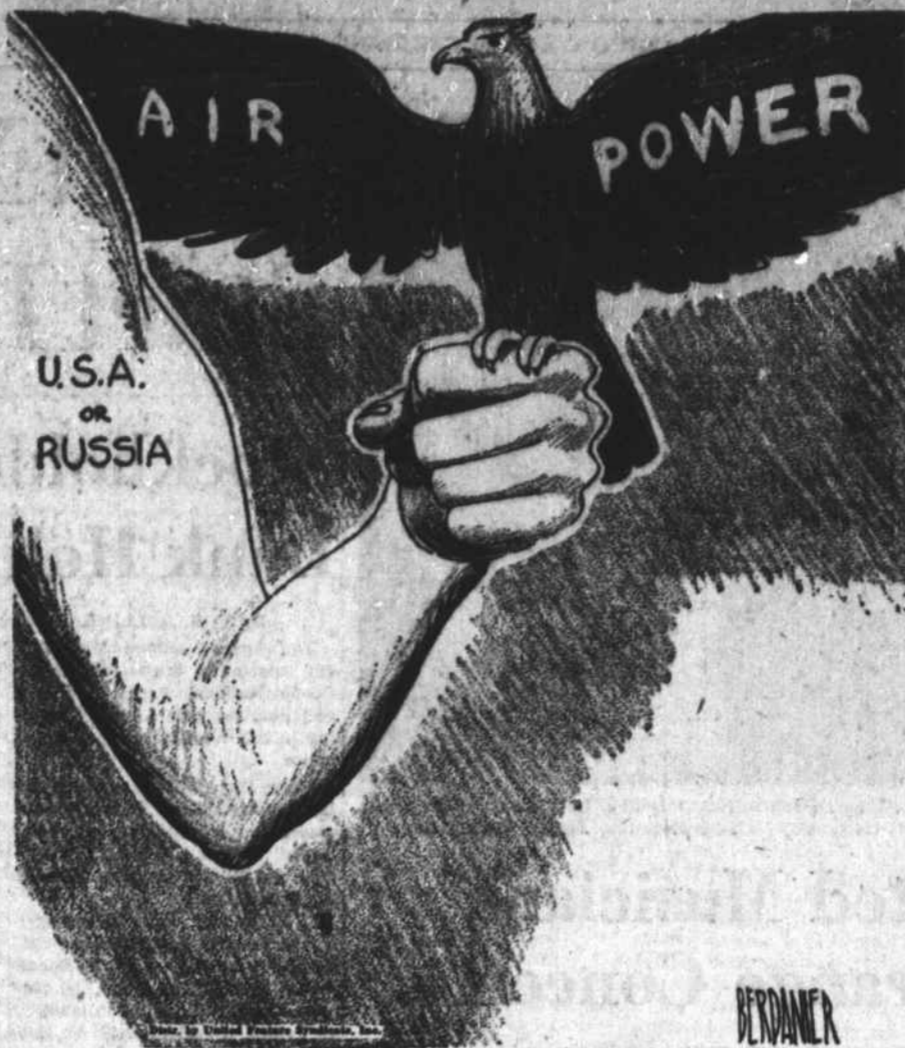
Adlai Stevenson tops the list of Democratic Presidential hopefuls and we can share the belief that if everything goes along as it has been since the California primary, the man from Illinois will get a second try for the top spot.

However, the slips which are liable to come twixt the cup and the lip are many, and one can't ever sell the bigtime professional politicians short—especially those who follow along with former President Truman, with Averill Harriman, Mennen Williams and the rest, who are not especially sold on Stevenson.

Adlai will go into the balloting far and away ahead of the nearest rival, and that is good a lot of the time. However, a suggestion from the precincts is that Lyndon Johnson and others from the South who find the prospect of another Stevenson run more tolerable than a race by Harriman or another, should throw their votes behind Adlai on the first ballot. If, on the other hand, they toy with the favorite son pastime for a round or so, they're leaving the field in good shape for the old pros, captained by Harry Truman, to snatch the ball.

WHO HAS IT?

By Paul Berdanier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Rock 'n' Roll? It'll Blow Over

The self-appointed guardians of public morals are kicking up quite a ruckus about this rock'n'roll beat the kids call music these days.

A radio station in Lumberton is reported to have banned it following protests from city officials who claimed it was a bad influence on teenage listeners. (The station denied the report, pending reaction of commercial sponsors.)

The hassle rages in all quarters, pro and con, creating about the biggest temp-est in a teapot that has been stirred up in a coon's age.

Seems high time we recognize these things for what they are—fads, phases, diversions—and not necessarily a way of life.

It's a bit difficult to detect any "moral" difference between rockroll and jazz, swing, or boogie-woogie, all of which you and I took in stride, and eventually outgrew—without suffering permanent damage to our moral fibre.

It has been well said that the biggest thing wrong with the younger generation is that some of us don't belong to it any more.

True, there have been reports of fights, even riots, at rockroll shows with the music named

as the culprit. But isn't that giving a lil' ol' music beat credit for more power than it possesses? Differences of opinion leading to blows have occurred and will continue to occur in all walks of life and in many places, including the halls of Congress. So why suddenly point the finger at junior's taste in music as the cause of it all?

And as for bans, edicts, and scathing attacks, they'll only pour gasoline on the flame. Forbidden-fruit has been a prolific whetter of appetites since the world began.

Why, for instance, does a small boy climb a neighbor's tree and steal green apples that give him a tummyache, go into a field and swipe a watermelon which he could get deliciously cold at home, and sneak behind the barn or down an alley to smoke his first cigarette?

Is it because he is fond of green apples, likes his watermelon hot, and has an uncontrollable craving for tobacco? Of course not. He does these things mostly because they have been forbidden by his elders.

A country storekeeper was once playing checkers with a crony in the shade of the big oak tree out back, when a boy came and told him there was a customer in the store. He replied, "Well, let's just be quiet for a few minutes, and maybe he'll go away!"

If you don't happen to like rockroll, best thing to do is ignore it. It'll blow over.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

July 9, 1896.

There was a Sunday School organized at the Baptist Church last Sunday.

Married on the 4th inst, at the residence of D. B. Dougherty, John Ayers and Sallie Day, Esq. Dougherty said the ceremony.

Owing to the rain and continued cold weather the crowd of summer boarders at Blowing Rock is still very small.

There is no scarcity of provisions in the county. Corn is selling at 40 cents per bushel in some parts of the county, bacon at 8 cents per pound, and everything else at the same low rate.

The shingles are being delivered to cover the Methodist Church and the committee of ladies appointed to get the money with which to paint it is getting on reasonably well making collections.

Messrs Will and Clay Journey left Friday of last week for Washington, D. C., where they will attend the Christian Endeavor Convention.

The Democrat has often called the attention of the stockholders to the condition of the Boone and Blowing Rock telegraph line. Our people put several hundred dollars into this enterprise and should see that it is not destroyed. The wire is being cut from the poles and carried away by the load.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

July 12, 1917.

Mrs. O. L. Hardin, of Asheville, with her two little children, is at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Little in Boone for a few weeks.

The second term of the summer school at A. T. S. opened Tuesday with a splendid attendance. Prof. Dougherty says that the prospects for a good term are flattering.

Two members of Watauga's Good Roads Commission, Messrs. W. W. Stringfellow and Roy M. Brown, attended the Good Roads meeting held in Asheville Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Prof. J. W. Downum is acting as freight agent for the A. T. S. at Lenoir during his vacation.

Fifteen Years Ago

July 10, 1941.

Edward B. Mast, former city police chief, assumed the duties of county tax collector Monday, succeeding Avery W. Greene, who has held the office for the past year and a half.

David P. Mast of Sugar Grove, former principal of Appalachian High School, was selected as county superintendent of public welfare at a meeting of the welfare board held Monday afternoon. He will succeed Miss Marguerite Miller, who resigned recently to accept a similar position in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Clare P. Simpson, NYA area youth personnel interviewer, requests that all those interested in securing NYA employment, call at the NYA office in the courthouse on Mondays and Fridays.

The opening and dedication of Blowing Rock's new country club served as an incentive for the resort's largest crowd within recent years as patrons from almost every state along the Atlantic seaboard gathered in the resort town last Friday evening to join in the festivities.

Dr. Frank Brown, head of the department of English at Duke University, is spending the summer at Blowing Rock.

Ed Norris, aged about 55 years, native citizen of the Meat Camp community, of Watauga county, was killed Thursday evening of last week at 7 o'clock as he and members of his family journeyed to a religious gathering near the home at Aminot, Va., and an aged man by the name of Allizer and two of his sons are being held on murder charges growing out of the fatal shooting.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

LIKES BLOWING ROCK . . . AND BOONE

Jack Bell, datelines his "Town Crier" column in the Miami, Fla., Herald from Blowing Rock, where he's been summer-visiting for many years. . . . He likes the high hills, the pleasant vistas, the winding roads, and the mountain people, and often writes of his tours through these parts and the impressions he gains from mixing with the citizens.

Mr. Bell writes as follows:
The accent's on motels, hotels, curio shops, restaurants. Folders tell of superlative recreation—fishing, hiking, golf, dancing, swimming, theater, whatnot. I've just read the Blowing Rock Chamber of Commerce brochure.

Much as I love Blowing Rock, favorite of all the glorious summer wonderlands, I see things listed here that I've been unable to find in 20 years.

But everybody's not geared toward tourist attractions. Take, for an instance, the annual Grandfather Mountain Sing, which for 31 years has been held on the fourth Sunday in June—all the live-long day.

Take a Saturday in the nice, quiet little mountain town of Boone.

Take any winding side road, and see every home, no matter how tumble-down, embedded in flowers.

Perhaps 40,000 people heard at least part of the Grandfather Mountain Sing Sunday. Some were tourists, but the vast majority were mountain folks who've deep-rooted religious beliefs and love their own music.

I don't know of a religious gathering in the nation so large, and sincerely appreciated as this one.

ALL JOIN

Ministers from various sections of North Carolina, congressmen, senators, governors; famous musical groups from radio and TV; mountain choirs and quartets and string bands—and at times the huge throng sitting or standing in the big meadow at the foot of Grandfather, sing in unison. Even the weather man cooperates. In 31 years nothing more than one 100-minute shower has marred the day.

Dan'l Boone, not Davy Crockett, was king of the wild frontier as America started moving west. Dan'l tramped "quite a fur piece" around these parts, lived here and there—so long as he could keep away from people—and never even thought of founding a town.

But here is Boone, sittin' in the valley surrounded by out-of-doors, there's a good teachers college, Appalachian. There's a beautiful outdoor hillside theater, locale for the summer historical play Horn in the West. There are good stores along one long street, and a few down side streets to the south. You can't go far, north; it's mountain.

And there are farmers, the people who make this and any other nation. Saturday morning they come to town, hundreds upon hundreds of families; men, women, children, babes in arms and babes yet to be born. All day long they wander through the stores, stopping to talk to neighbors, they may not have seen in months. The older men gather in groups along the street to talk crops, politics and tell tales.

THEY LIKE YOU

Boone shops are well stocked with the things the farmer needs; here and there items for the college students. Even the tourist teen-agers can get their dungarees, bobby sox, lipstick and colorful shirts.

I like Boone especially because its people are friendly. Clerks are courteous and helpful. You can pick up a conversation with a total stranger anytime. And there seem to be less inhibitions than in other mountain towns.

It's normal to see youngsters sauntering around sucking on popsicles.

But in Boone it's normal to see a gaunt mountain farmer spit out his cud of tobacco or snuff, buy a popsicle and go munching along.

I dorn't know whether western North Carolina has better roads per capita than any spot in the nation. I think so. The state road department, plus the magnificent Skyline Parkway the national government built from Asheville to Virginia, made travel a pure joy.

And the most interesting drives—along rather narrow but well paved side roads—will bring scenic pictures you miss on main roads. Maggie's Happy Valley always was there, but surveyors seeking the best route from Waynesville to Cherokee Soco Gap, brought it into national prominence.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

This summer is a good time to visit New York City. It is having a festival especially designed for the out-of-towners and aimed to show them that no place excels Gotham as a holiday center. Individual events range from baseball to Bach and all lines of activity are represented. More than a thousand items are officially listed by the city as part of the celebration, and the mayor is putting his main summer efforts on making the festival a success. Sports, music, art, theatres, movies, children's activities, flower shows, radio and television, sightseeing are only a few of the things to take part in. This is not a chamber of commerce plug but the best thing of all is just seeing the Big City itself.

A statistical company here reminds us that there are 162 million Americans who are not members of the Communist party; that 37 million married couples who will stay married this year; and 162 million of our people will not die of cancer or heart attack. This may not make headline news, but nevertheless is considered of importance.

Preachers, artists and teachers are the lowest paid professional people in the country, a survey shows. Median income for the parson is \$3,412 a year, with artists and teachers averaging \$2,900. Bus drivers get \$3,116, blacksmiths, \$2,701, bookkeepers, \$2,847, accountants and auditors, \$4,002, architects, \$5,560 and physicians, \$6,115.

A story is told here of the farmer who interviewed a hired man and asked his faults. "Well," said the man, "the last fellow I worked for said I was awful hard to wake up during a hard storm at night." The farmer hired him, and two weeks later, a heavy wind storm hit the area. Instantly, the farmer arose and went to awaken the hired hand so they could check the stock and equipment. But the man would not wake up. Finally the farmer went out alone. To his amazement, he found the barn doors securely fastened, the hay stack tightly anchored, the lumber pile heavily weighted down. Suddenly a light dawned on the farmer. Now he knew why the hired man slept so soundly through it all.

George K. Rose, vice-president of the Chase National Bank, reminds me that every year, 35-40,000 young people set up companies, lease quarters to Junior Achievement Centers supported by business organizations and issue stock. They elect their own boards and officers, manufacture products, provide services and sell them. If

(Continued on page six.)