

# The Executive Changes His Mind

Governor Hodges has changed his notion about the teacher and state employee pay raise issue, and offers to "take the lead" in finding funds for larger salary hikes than those which he and the Budget Commission had formerly advocated.

This is good news indeed for those of us who'd championed the Executive as maybe the ablest man we'd seen in the Mansion for many terms, and bears out the axiom that wise men often change their minds, but that fools hold fast to their opinions.

The Governor said he was bowing to "short-term necessity" in abandoning the pay raise recommendations of 9.1 per cent for teachers and 8 per cent for other State workers. And while he didn't so state, of course the matter of public opinion entered strongly into his new decision, since obviously State employees need more than the 8 per cent, and our best teachers will continue to take jobs in other States if the increase given them is no more than 9.1 per cent.

We think that to offer the teachers less than the 19.3 per cent advocated by the State Board of Education and the teachers' organizations, would further dampen the incentive for entering the teaching field in Carolina, and cause many more to forsake their native sod for better opportunities in other areas.

So the way looks bright for the teaching

profession, and we are glad.

And we might add that we are doubly gratified that the Governor seems to have ditched the merit system proposal, which looked good on paper, but looked utterly foolish when the effects of its application were visualized.

As the zoot-suiter used to say, the Governor is again "cooking", and for sure. Now if he'll back up on his highway department proposal to decrease the commission to seven members and take away the right of the workers to take part in politics, he will be in even better shape, and maybe back to where he was when he started the new term.

To cut the commission from its present fourteen members would move the building and maintenance of roads further from the people, and we still like to have somebody in the neighborhood to talk to about roads. It makes for better feeling and for the betterment of the system which has done a uniformly good job through the years.

And we've never believed in Hatch acts or any other legislation which would hamper the political activities of any segment of the population. What we need is more interest, not less, in the political alignments which determine the course of the government.

## Dudley F. Greene

In the death of Dudley Farthing Greene the county has sustained the loss of one of her best citizens and most progressive leaders.

For more than thirty years Mr. Greene contributed his share to the religious development of his neighborhood and county as a Deacon in the Baptist Church and as an active worker in such other movements as could best serve the interests of this region.

Mr. Greene was born and reared on the farm, and spent his entire life as a farmer. When the Tennessee Valley Authority set up its system of test demonstration farms, he was one of the first chosen for this work. For years Mr. Greene was chairman of the TVA County Committee. Since its establishment in 1950, he had

been chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the Watauga Soil Conservation District.

In this way Mr. Greene became interested in replenishing the forests of the county, was one of the first to systematically plant trees to build up future timber reserves and became so widely known for this work that he was first in the State to be dubbed a "tree farmer."

In his devotion to his church, his neighborhood and his friends he was steadfast, and he cherished a love also for the land and its products. The growing of an extra blade or the flourishing of an added oak or pine tree were vital concerns of this splendid citizen.

He lived a life of wholesomeness and fruitfulness.

## She Taught Wisely

When the news of the death of Mrs. Annie Stanbury Clay reached us the other day our thoughts turned to other days, when tously-haired and unwilling, we sauntered to school to gather the foundation of our academic learning from her, and to hear her enunciate the enduring truths.

Then she taught all ages. Her later years were devoted to the third grade, and countless other children have responded to her understanding, her precepts and her examples. They share our personal loss in her leave-taking and our pleasant memories of her worthwhile endeavors.

"Miss Annie," as we called her in those distant days, was one of the most gifted

teachers known in this area. She devoted her life to instilling in children, not only the nuggets of English literature, the intricacies of arithmetic and the appreciation of the golden strands of the sonnets, but dwelt on right doing, proper deportment, correct thinking, moral perfection, and the Eternal Verity.

Few people have left so indelible an imprint for good on the lives of little people as Miss Annie and we are reminded of the words of Henry Brook Adams:

"A teacher affects eternity,

He can never tell where his influence stops."

## Scheidt Knows About Alice

(Charlotte Observer)

Pity Edward Scheidt.

He faces a General Assembly as a commissioner of motor vehicles intent upon strengthening the highway safety laws of North Carolina.

He immediately finds himself peppered by a flock of bills designed to weaken these laws.

A Representative says too many convictions in the courts are causing too many people to lose their driving licenses. He would leave to the discretion of judges decisions that now are mandatory with the Motor Vehicles Department.

A Senator says there are too few convictions. He would reduce the punishment for drunken driving in an effort to get more.

A second Senator says there's no sense in taking a man's license just because he happens to be caught speeding twice in a single year. A little fine would suffice.

There is inconsistency here. There is more than that there is danger.

All these proposals, whatever their authors say about them, are proposals to cripple the safety laws. They are designed to make things lighter when they should be made heavier.

Legislators should have no trouble deciding their fate if they ask themselves one question: Will they strengthen the laws or will they weaken them?

Meanwhile, attention is being diverted from such progressive steps as driver education in the high schools, compulsory mechanical inspection, use of unmarked cars by the Highway Patrol, stiffer laws on racing.

No wonder Ed Scheidt could remark last week:

"It's a little like Alice in Wonderland. You've got to run faster just to stay in the same place."

## THROW 'EM OUT!!!

By Paul Berdanier



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

So Who IS Getting Any Younger?

I FLUNKED the test miserably. Or passed with flying colors, as the saying goes. Depends upon how you look at it.

This fellow from Chicago had a piece in the Sunday paper which he said was "a little test to see if you're getting old." If you can identify the following phrases, he opined, you are. "You wanna buy a duck?" "Vas you dere, Charley?" "Hi ho, everybody." "I've regusted."

I could, easily. Without even frowning the brow. As the man said, they were some of the oral trademarks of the golden days of radio. (That was television without a picture, he explained for the younger generation, and everybody used to sit around the living room listening, just like they sit around today watching.)

Number one was, of course, Joe Penner; number two was Jack Pearl as Baron Munchausen; number three, Rudy Vallee; and number four, Andy (of Amos 'n').

He went on like that for some time, this fellow did, with me remembering everything he dredged up from the past and feeling older by the minute.

Then, toward the end, he made me feel a little younger—and glad I read the whole story.

There's a lesson in that, incidentally. You can get some pretty wrong impressions sometimes if you just read the headlines and the first two paragraphs. But anyway—

What it was that made me feel a little younger was this: "Radios were operated on batteries at first, children, and you had to be careful that the acid didn't spill onto the rug. . . . Loud speakers were a luxury. We listened through earphones. When company came you pulled the phones off the headset and each person listened through one of them."

That was going a little too far back, even for me. (And besides, there were never enough earphones for us kids to get one.)

HE RECALLED ANOTHER quaint custom from those days that I remember a little joke about. He said, "The man of the house would lose sleep late at night twisting the dials trying to bring in Pittsburgh or Catalina or Cleveland, and would triumphantly report his long-distance successes at work the next day."

Ready for the joke? Well, a fellow who had heard the gag would wait until some other fellow started bragging about pulling in a distant station on his li'l ol' radio, and then he'd let him have it: "That's nothin', pal. I just stuck my head out the window last night, and got Chile!" Chilly, see? (It was a gasser.)

## From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

The mud is drying up rapidly and the roads are getting in good condition.

E. H. Dougherty returned from the south on last Monday, having disposed of all his horses and mules.

Sheriff Calloway, his two sons, J. L. Hayes and probably others from Watauga are attending the McKinley Inauguration.

We have failed to note that friend Tom Sullivan of Vilas is off on a trip to New York, where he went in answer to a telegram received by him announcing the sudden death of his father.

Two more of those pedestrians known as Later Day Saints have made their appearance in Watauga. Let us say to our people, beware.

The lumber for the graveyard has been sawn and there are still some behind on their subscription, and the mill men want their money.

M. B. Blackburn was the highest bidder on the John Horton property at the sale on last Monday, and it was knocked off to him for \$315.

The commissioners have let the contract to R. F. Ragan to repair the roof of the jail.

Capt. Coffey is constructing a wagon way on a fine grade from Boone to his timbered lands on Snaggy. The road will be a mile or more in length. Since the Capt. built the Boone and Blowing Rock turapike he observes the importance of a good grade and will not depart from it.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

March 7, 1918.

Mr. N. N. Colvard, who has been doing carpenter work at Clinchfield, Va., for some time, is home on a visit.

Mr. Will Hodges, who has been working at the brick mason trade in Virginia for some time, is back for a visit.

Mr. Cole, highway engineer, arrived at the Critcher Hotel Tuesday evening and will begin work at once laying out our highway from Deep Gap to the Tennessee line.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

THE ADVENT OF MARCH . . . PORTENTS OF SPRING

March didn't roar in like the traditional lion nor skip tiptoe, balmy and lamblike onto the scene. . . . The beginning of the gusty month, and the period of spring's beginnings was like most other days we've had lately—fairly chill, some clouds and a speck of rain. . . . Oddly enough the pink was showing in the peach buds, and the forsythia, which had managed some blooms before Christmas, is producing more of the little golden-cupped flowers, while cattle are foregoing dry feed in their eagerness to get some of the fresh green shoots which have grown fairly plentiful during the recent warm weather. . . . The daffodils and/or jonquils are hand high and ready to bloom, there are tiny green shoots on the lilac twigs, all ready to be killed if winter comes again. . . . Spring is officially ushered in about March 20th, which about coincides with the vernal equinox—a period which has been known to be stormy. Gratifying, however, is the belief currently held by many that storms are no more frequent or severe on those dates than on other dates in March, and that the notion that there had to be an "equinoctial storm" dates back two hundred and more years to the seafaring men of the era.

THE BIG SNOWS . . . FAVOR MARCH

But in Watauga the big road-blocking knee-deep snows nearly always come in March. . . . Witness the terrific storm in the middle of March, 1936, when the highways were blocked, travelers stranded, and the entire region isolated. . . . Again, starting on March 2, 1942, we floundered through the last big snow we recall. . . . Something like 18 inches that time, and a full day without a motor vehicle along the street, and no mails or bus service at all. . . . And this might be the year for a golly-whopper. . . . Fifteen years is a long time between.

BLUM'S ALMANAC . . . HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

We are late this year getting our Blum's Almanac, and this accounts for the fact that when the lady called the other day we couldn't tell her right off where the sign ought to be to have her tooth pulled, but now we are able to report that the sign must be below the waist to have the best luck at the dentist's. . . . Among the other gems which we have gathered from the household book are:

Make sauer kraut on the increase of the moon or when the moon sign is turned up.

Shingle a house when the moon sign is turned down.

Kill hogs about a week after the moon falls.

Plant cucumbers first twins sign in May.

Plant beets dark nights of Fish in March.

Plant Irish potatoes dark nights in March.

Plant watermelons in signs of twins in May.

Plant corn in old moon for big ears.

Plant pumpkins in sign of scales.

Always plant beans in sign of the twins.

Besides the standard almanac information, the jokes, etc. Blum's give such advice as:

Instead of basting, fasten your hems with paper clips.

Patch worn pajamas with materials from the seldom-used pockets.

Marbles in the bottom of double boiler will knock when the water gets low.

Before starting knitting with two balls of wool, run the ends through paper straws to prevent tangles.

We are properly advised to speak to people, smile at people, be cordial, considerate, generous and kind and to "be fair in your criticism—remember your criticism is personal with you, and that doesn't always make it correct."

In its hundred and twenty-ninth year, Blum's Farmer's and Planter's Almanac is widely used as source of general information, humor, logic, and its advertisers tell how to cure calouses, get sober, dye your hair, grow flowers, reduce, add weight, get a husband or wife, grow hair, stop the fits, relieve the itch, kill fleas or remove warts.

## What Is A Teacher?

On Tuesday, January 22, 1957, the Honorable Jim Wright of Texas, a member of the United States House of Representatives, with permission of the Speaker of the House, placed in the "Congressional Record" a brief descriptive article written by Jane C. Butler, a Fort Worth teacher. "Miss Butler," said Congressman Wright, "is a remarkable person with a ready wit and an amazing insight."

Miss Butler offered apologies to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company under whose sponsorship similar definitive material has been published. Here is the essay:

What Is a Teacher? Between the innocence of infancy and the dignity of maturity, our children fall under the influence of a group of people called teachers.

Teachers come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors. They have various interests, hobbies, religions, and beliefs, but they share one creed: To help each child to reach the highest possible degree of personal development.

The teacher is a composite. A teacher must have the energy of a harnessed volcano, the efficiency of an adding machine, the memory of an elephant, the understanding of a psychiatrist, the wisdom of Solomon, the tenacity of a spider, the patience of a turtle trying to cross the freeway in rush-hour traffic, the decisiveness of a general, the diplomacy of an ambassador, and the financial acumen of a Wall Street wizard. She must remember always that she teaches by word but mostly by precept and example.

A teacher may possess beauty, or grace, or skill; but most certainly she must possess love, a deep abiding love of, and respect for, children individually and en masse. She must love your little girl who has the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the slyness of a fox, and the mysterious mind of a woman.

She must also cherish your little boy who is inconsiderate, bothersome, an intruding bundle of noise with the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of an atom bomb, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, and the enthusiasm of a firecracker.

A teacher must teach many things: reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, music, art, health. She must also manage during her 6½ hours to teach manners and morals to children whose parents have despaired of the task during their 17½ hours.

A teacher is Truth with chalk dust in its hair, Beauty with an aching back, Wisdom searching for bubblegum, the Hope of the future with papers to grade.

A teacher must possess many abilities. She must not mind explaining for the 10th time the intricacies of two-place multiplication to the whole class, then explaining it again to the one child who wasn't listening. She must learn to judge between encouraging and pushing a child. She must sense what decisions to make and which must be made by the child.

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