

New War On Speeders

Capt. Lewis, of the State Highway Patrol, and some of his men were in Boone the other day, and gave us a look at the new Abell traffic camera, which dates the well-known whammy in pegging down the motorists who are determined to drive like they want to, regardless of the safety of others.

The new equipment photographs the car being trailed, the hour and date, the speed of the vehicle, along with the license plate identification. And there's no good defense from the gadget.

Capt. Lewis says that speed is still the number one offender on the highways and the greatest killer of them all. The Patrol

is determined to do something about it, and the new camera looks like the answer.

Now if something could be done about the sightseers drifting along the traffic lanes at 25 or 30 miles per hour, pointing out the places of interest along the way to a friend, it would also help. We do this sort of thing ourselves sometimes, and if one happens to wobble over the center line while loafing on the pavement, he's apt to be in a bad spot when he meets someone really going somewhere.

Anyway, it is heartening to know that the Highway Patrol is unrelenting in its efforts to make the highways safer for all of us. We're for them.

Working Together

For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the area, Carolina mountains tourists interests are working together to attract more and more visitors to the hills.

Boone and Blowing Rock have been getting along together in fine fashion. There is evidence of cooperative action on every hand, and now from Asheville comes word that the hub of the Blue Ridge Tourist region is promoting the entire mountain area—not just the southwestern end of the State.

The Chamber of Commerce in Asheville, in a recent press release, being sent far and wide over the country, not only extols the attractions of the so-called "Land of the Sky," but features Horn in the West, Blowing Rock and Tweetsie, along with generous treatment of Grandfather Mountain, Linville Caverns, and other points of interest in the Boone-Blowing Rock, Linville scenic triangle area.

This is good news, and Northwestern North Carolina is bound to reap a tourist harvest from the Asheville promotion. It follows that the Blowing Rock area will, in turn, help the southwest and itself too, by promoting the entire area.

In this day of high speed roads, and rapid transportation, folks don't stay in one resort overly long, like they did when it took days to get to the mountain top from a distance of two or three hundred miles. Many vacationists now cover hundreds of miles in a week or two week period. Such folks, when they come to Boone are apt to mosey on down the Parkway to the Asheville country, meeting those who are traveling north from Buncombe's capital.

Continued complete cooperation and good will, such as now exists, between Carolina's several mountain resort areas, is going to help everybody—a lot.

"Fallacy Of The Road"

Statistics are often dull but there is one traffic statistic that intrigues us. Stated simply it is: In 60 per cent of the fatal traffic accidents in North Carolina last year, one or more driver violations were reported.

In almost any issue of this paper you are likely to find an "accident" story. It might read something like this: "Two persons were killed and another seriously injured in a two-car collision last night. . . ."

You read through looking for familiar names and then go to another story without further thought. These "accident" stories have become a standard part of the newspaper not unlike the news pages, comic strips and sports results.

If you do give it a second thought, or if a friend is involved in a mishap, you feel helpless and humble as you wonder what unusual quirks of fate created the conditions which led to the "accident."

Perhaps you are wondering why the word "accidents" has been in quotation marks here. It's because the word is a misnomer for the terrifying smash-up and collisions that occur every day on our highways.

Remember the statistic—in well over half of the fatal traffic accidents a driver

violation was reported. How many of these crashes would have occurred had there been no violations committed? No one can know. But one can certainly say that the number would have been far less than it was.

A fatalistic attitude about traffic accidents only serves to complicate the traffic problem. Traffic safety authorities have been hammering at this fallacy for years. "Accidents do not happen," they have been saying, "they are caused!"

We suspect that the "what will happen, will happen" attitude is really a rationalization by selfish and lazy people—lazy physically, intellectually and morally. It is easier to say "no one can prevent an accident if it is going to happen," and thus justify all unsafe and illegal driving practices, than it is to bend every effort to prevent accidents.

Throughout our land religious and civic forces are organizing a "moral mobilization" for traffic safety. Its aim is to make the Bible as much a guide for motorists as the driver's rule book.

Unless the moral and intellectual climate of the road is strengthened we will go on wantonly killing innocents and kidding ourselves that we are without blame.

"You Can't Hold Back The Dawn"

Christianity's achievements, so often taken for granted in the modern world, are summarized in "You Can't Hold Back The Dawn," an Easter message of hope and courage by Dr. Clarence W. Hall in the April Reader's Digest.

"Christianity," he writes, "is primarily a religion of the dawn—a religion that addresses itself not to the dead past and its failures but to the vibrant future and its potentials."

Do you think this faith has been a failure? he asks. Look at a few achievements: It has fought and won over slavery.

It has shaken the systems of caste and class, and helped us toward whatever religious, social and political liberty we enjoy today.

It gave sanctuary to education in the dark ages when culture otherwise would

have died. It has gone into every field of human distress. It has brought prison reforms. It has built hospitals, orphanages, asylums.

It has given the laboring man dignity, elevated womanhood, abolished infanticide. It is everlastingly at war with every power that rides roughshod over human rights.

Dr. Hall takes the title of his message from the conversation of a Christian Arab with whom he talked while waiting restlessly to attend a sunrise Easter service in Bethlehem.

"Never fear, my friend," said the man. "The day will come. You can't hold back the dawn."

Dr. Hall is a former executive editor of the Christian Herald. He lives in Cos Cob, Connecticut.



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

In The Knife & Fork League, A New Entry

HEAVY ON THE GRAVY, Gertrude, and the same all around!

That could be the slogan of Boone's latest "meet 'n' eat" club, of which there are many. But the members of this one rate some sort of award for sheer honesty and forthrightness, because eating is the only accomplishment they lay any claims to. This may even be unique.

They eat thick, white gravy, mostly, it seems. Some towns are just naturally afflicted with "clubitis." They hold luncheon meetings, dinner meetings, and between-meals-coffee-meetings (the latter usually being for committees who must report their recommendations to the luncheon or dinner meeting.) They'll even hold a breakfast meeting if the lunch and dinner schedule gets crowded.

The end result of all this could be the elimination of the kitchen from the home of the future. Just join enough clubs and you don't have to eat at home at all.

BUT TO GET BACK to the subject at hand,

this new club is unique, as hinted, in that it makes no pretense of promoting industry, enticing tourists, booming city beautification, or sponsoring the preservation of anything at all, except maybe a man-sized appetite.

The bond that holds its members together, the basis for their esprit de corps, is a mutual fondness for white gravy. They call it "sawmill gravy" and their organization (what else?) "The Sawmill Gravy Club."

Oh yes, they're organized, all right. With a Ph.D., no less, as president. This would be Dr. J. T. C. Wright, professor of mathematics at Appalachian College, who is the only officer. They don't even need a treasurer, as there are no dues, no fees, no fines, and everybody picks up his own check.

They all happen to eat lunch together at J. W. Williams' Gateway Restaurant, says Dr. Wright. Other members, "sawmill gravy" lovers all, are Ernest Sims, George Moretz, Dallas Hodges, Albert Mullins, Archie Carroll, Raymond Jones, Ralph Stanberry, George Flowers, Lee Cox, and Joe Todd.

HE DIDN'T SAY whether or not the membership is closed, but I wouldn't qualify, anyway. I'm a red gravy man, myself.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

April 1, 1897.

Work has begun on the new Methodist Church, and the building will be pushed to completion as soon as possible.

Capt. Coffey and son Stuart returned last week from Caldwell and Burke with a nice drove of young cattle.

Mr. J. P. Taylor of Elk Park, gave our office a call yesterday and said that the famous Blowing Rock Hotel would be open for guests this year early in May.

Mr. Walter Gentry and Miss Bessie Hill, both of Jefferson, were married one day last week.

We are sorry to hear that the town of Zionville has been afflicted with a fearful scourge of typhoid fever. Dr. Roby Blackburn and family, three of the family of A. Roten and four of the family of Mr. Thomas Greer are, and have been, afflicted.

General Wade Hampton is reported to be very sick at Washington. The General is suffering with his wounded leg, and is near eighty years of age.

The W. J. Bryan stock is daily increasing in numbers. It is considered that Bryan is stronger today than he was last November.

Corbett's father wagered and lost his livery stable on the fight.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

April 4, 1918.

Superintendent B. B. Dougherty and Professors Brown and Hartog of the Training School attended the closing exercises of the Cone school Friday evening. . . . In this school Mr. Cone supplements the county funds and the school runs eight months. . . .

Richard Searer, colored, died at the home of Rile Horton on the Winkler farm Monday.

Work on the railroad is progressing nicely—in fact, the chief construction boss, Mr. Ramey, is highly pleased with what has been done. The team force is now on the Winkler lands, and Mr. Wagner is anxious to procure all the teams possible to rush the grading on to Boone just as

soon as possible. . . .

Mr. Will Hayes and family left for the West only a few days ago, and on last Monday Mr. Walter Carroll and family left for Dillon, Mont.

Mrs. Bettie Hodges, relict of the late Holland Hodges, after a long illness, quietly passed to her reward at her home west of the village on Monday and the remains were laid to rest in the Hines graveyard the following afternoon. . . .

Mr. Minton, the faithful janitor at the Training School, was sick the greater part of last week.

The people of Blowing Rock have planned to meet at the Baptist Church next Saturday for the purpose of praying for the soldiers. . . .

Fifteen Years Ago

April 2, 1942.

Funeral services were held at the Rumble Memorial Presbyterian Church, Blowing Rock, Monday afternoon for Mr. W. L. Holshouser, pioneer merchant and citizen of Blowing Rock. Mr. Holshouser died Sunday afternoon after three weeks of illness. . . . He was stricken while on his way to church. . . .

Mr. L. Bynum McNeill, aged 72 years, former resident of Boone, died at his home in the Rich Mountain section Monday evening of a heart ailment.

Rev. W. R. Bradshaw of Hickory, retired Baptist minister, widely known throughout this area, died in a Hickory hospital last Wednesday, following a long illness. . . .

Great Lakes, Ill.—Charles T. Zimmerman, 37, of Boone, has enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and is now undergoing recruit training at the U. S. Naval Training Station here.

Rev. Paul Townsend, former Methodist minister in Boone, who is now a chaplain in the Navy, spoke briefly in chapel Tuesday. He is on leave awaiting orders to report for active-duty aboard ship.

Thought for the Week

From a worldly point of view, there is no mistake so great as that of being always right.—Samuel Butler.

CHECKERS . . . MAN'S LAST CITADEL

We have been in agreement that generally speaking women are cagier than men, and can truck along with the New York Times that they rate higher in efficiency, graciousness and charm than men. . . . It is also the opinion of the Times, says the Raleigh News & Observer, that women are not so hot at the game of checkers. . . . And since checkers has been good columning material heretofore, and since it plays a vital part in the scheme of living along the street, we are interested in the dominance of men in the field of checkers and take the following from the News & Observer, which gives some of the whys and wherefores of checker playing as between men and women:

"In order to be really adept at a game, you need time, dedication and availability. The absorbing and fascinating game of checkers had its incubus in the old time bar-room and in the country store. Women didn't go to the saloons, and they went to the county stores and the general stores ostensibly to make definite purchases and to depart with all dispatch. . . . The game was simply not available.

AND MEN ARE LAZIER . . . PERHAPS

"Too, men are probably inherently lazier than women, and men are probably given more to reflection. A woman can arrange her household affairs so that she may give an afternoon over to bridge, but she can't take an entire day from her binding duties to sit around a general store all day pondering subtle moves ten minutes in advance. . . . And the average woman is too fidgety to give the intricate game the complete concentration that success requires.

THE SLIDING BUTTONS . . . THEY DOMINATE ONE

"The game is not to be played furtively," the Times and/or the News and Observer continues, "in interludes between icing a cake, mopping a floor, or talking over a telephone. Like love, it is all-consuming. It is a domineering master, exacting a toll of many assiduous hours. It goes on and on, and it despises conversation and turns up its nose at refreshments. Even the spectators act as if they were silent mourners at a funeral. . . . Since women got the vote they have got everything from long pants to hangovers. Checkers is one remaining imperishable citadel for men. We doubt that the atomic age alters the situation one whit."

JUST THE SAME it would be fun to see the wives of

the checker players down the street try a hand at the game. . . . In deference to the distinguished commentators we wouldn't lay all our money on the rugged male champions of the squared-off board, if women were included in the competition. . . . And all would agree that the fairer sex would fancy-up the game. . . . The nail kegs and home-made boards would give way, no doubt, to a precisely-designed and lacquered board and to comfortable chairs. . . . And apt as not there would be bowls of nuts and other nibbling material available, a perking coffee pot nearby, and a break once in a while to catch up with the happenings. The feminine touch would brighten the game no end, we'd say, and toughen the competition too, apt as not.

ON THE HIGHWAY . . . THE DEER TRIP GINGERLY

Near Linville the other day, we noted two does and a spike-horn buck, saucily loping along on the shoulder of the highway, not caring too much for the stream of cars traveling both ways, and gracefully leaping into the woods, apparently by choice rather than from fright. Until the Department of Conservation and Development began the deer re-stocking program here a few years ago, it had been perhaps a hundred years since a white-tailed deer could be seen in this area. Now they are commonplace, while there are doubtless more bears in Western North Carolina than when Harrison Aldridge shot and trapped the bruins by the dozen.

THE DEMOCRAT . . . SAYS HE READ THE FIRST ONE

A. C. Miller, 79, tells the Democrat that as a small boy, he read the first copy of the Watauga Democrat printed. . . . D. B. Dougherty, late one of the publishers of the first edition to the home of Mr. Miller's parents at Beech Creek, while he was in the neighborhood, optioning some mining properties. . . . Mr. W. R. Miller subscribed for the paper, which has been in the family ever since.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Mrs. Harriet Brock, an attractive, youngish lady, sat in the Rainbow Room, 65 floors above 5th Avenue, and looked out over the city at twilight. It was a beautiful sight, the scene below being a myriad of soft shadows and checkered lights which blinked and brightened as the evening came on, fusing into the colorful panorama of nighttime in Manhattan. But all was not bright to Mrs. Brock. Her eye rested on a street intersection far down, where a small hotel is located, and a lump came into her throat. Here, a few years ago, her husband, a valorous FBI agent, was shot down from behind by a vicious criminal. Memories of him were now dim but still poignant. He wanted her to be brave too. She fingered a picture in her pocketbook, then took another look at it. Shown were her two stalwart sons and standing proudly between them was J. Edgar Hoover who understood and appreciated. Again her world seemed bright.

She was saying goodbye to a caller who had been especially curious about the family affairs of her hostess all evening, and just as the visitor got to the door, she asked what was the income of the husband of the house. Smiling sweetly, the hostess replied, "If you'll forgive me for not answering that, I'll forgive you for asking it."

A man here did what every Madison Avenue executive he was working for secretly dreamed of doing—swaps his gray flannel suit for a checkered flannel shirt and head back to the boondocks to get away from it all. His wife was an especially good cook. Together they would run a country inn, enjoy the skiing, the mountains, and the quiet. But things didn't quite work out that way. They went but the man's reputation overtook him and again he was besieged with orders for his art work. He built a studio on the wing of his house, did his work there, and New York executives started coming up for the week-ends, but paying for the room and board and refreshing country atmosphere, as well as the art work. Now the man can take things easier, mainly fix his own answer to an impertinent question.

With all that is being written about the "hostess with the mostest," it is believed that a local woman has the record for a soft answer to an impertinent question. (Continued on page seven)