

Veteran Teacher Tells Story Of Long Career

(This story was written by W. L. Winkler. It begins in 1894 and ends in 1950.)

I was born in a log cabin, which was sixteen by twenty feet and it was covered with three foot boards that were held in place by poles and heavy stones. The cracks were closed with red clay. The large fire place served as a means of cooking as well as heating. The floors were split out of large pine trees and planed to the best smoothness possible.

This home was one long mile back in the heavily wooded forest. Here my young mother, who was just eighteen years my senior, kept watch over her offspring as she listened to the howl of the timber wolf and the scream of the wild cat.

My father cleared the land and grew potatoes, corn, and cabbage. From eating this food and plenty of milk and butter, I and my brother and sister thrived nicely.

By the age of ten I had learned to read and write. I cannot recall how I learned to read, write, or figure. I entered school at Goose Neck. One's grades were determined by the reading book he could read best. In such a case I was given a fourth grade book, purchased from the local store. My mother paid for the book with the proceeds of butter and eggs, eggs being ten-cents a dozen and butter ten-cents a pound.

This reader was the pride and joy of my life. I would sit for hours at a time, beside the little tin lamp, reading its wonderful stories. It was a new field of inspiration. I often found myself asking the question, "could such wonderful things be true." I, like other boys, attended a part of the four months of school, which was paid for by the county.

In April, 1894, for some reason, I was all run down, but I still tried to plow in rocky land. Each day my nose would bleed so that I would have to stop my work



W. L. WINKLER

and go to the house to rest.

It was on one of those days that my father came and said to me, "You must go to the house because you are not able to do this work."

Pointing my finger, I arose from the plow beam and said, "I have made the last furrow I ever intend to make with this outfit."

Even though I was only seventeen, my decision was made to become a school teacher. I did not change my decision.

My first move was to walk the five miles to the county seat to make arrangements to go to Blue Level High School, which was to begin the first of May and to be taught by the County Superintendent.

I gave him my plans for becoming a teacher. Then after listening to my story, he said, "You go right on and get your clothes and books ready, and I will arrange a boarding place for you. You can pay the tuition of one dollar a month out of your school money." Then he told me that I had only one week to get ready for school.

My next move was to see if I could buy some clothes on credit, for how long I knew not. All night long I was a restless sleeper. Just what could I promise that I could pay for the clothes? Where could I go to buy the clothes with any assurance of paying for them? I finally decided to go to the large country store, which was three miles away and which was owned by Uncle Jack—God bless his memory! He never turned down a worthy cause or a worthy person.

Uncle Jack had known me all my life; so I braced myself for this ordeal of convincing him of my intention to become a teacher.

After giving him my plans in as sincere manner as possible, I rested my case. I can still see him now as he put both hands on the counter and bowed his head in silence, as he studied my plea. Suddenly his face became as though he had caught a vision of hope and inspiration. Then he said these words: "You know that we do not sell goods on a credit. If we did, we could never stay in business; but if you have made up your mind that you want to go to school and become a teacher you can have anything there is in this store."

As he said those words, any struggling mountain boy would take courage and rejoice in the fact that Uncle Jack really believed in him.

In making my selection of clothes, I was careful not to buy anything I could not use. This was my purchase: one close-bodied coat, one hat, one pair of socks and shoes, two shirts, two pocket handkerchiefs, and enough cloth to make two pairs of blue jeans. Since pants at the store were not sanforized, this gave me serious trouble later on.

When Uncle Jack made my bill out, it amounted to \$17.85. My! that was some purchase. I gave him a duobill as pay.

It took me a long time to carry this bundle the three miles back

home. During the remainder of the week, before I was to leave for school, my mother made blue jeans. In the tailoring she cut one pair two inches short. This led to some embarrassment later. However, they were beautiful pants to me.

During that week, my mother borrowed a valise and some books. In this valise my clothes and books were neatly packed and made ready for me to leave on Sunday morning.

On this beautiful Sunday morning, my brother saddled the old farm horse and handed me the heavily packed valise which contained all my worldly belongings, except the thirty-five cents that my mother gave me. My brother walked the eight miles to the Low River footlog, where I was to dismount, take my belongings and head out across the river to Mr. Elvany's, where I was to board during the summer.

On my way to this home I was met by one Eratras, who was a teacher but was back from high school to "freshen up," as he expressed it. After asking me some questions he said, "You look too thin and weak to carry that load. Let me have that valise and I will go back to Uncle Elvany's with you." This he did. And during the mile walk, a lasting friendship began and lasted until his death.

As we walked up the road, we came in sight of the house where I was to live. As I looked at the crowd of young people on the front porch my heart almost sank within me as I thought of the terrible ordeal of being introduced to this group of curiosity seekers. After it was all over and we sat down, I realized that something was wrong from the way they were all looking at me. Presently I casually looked down at my feet. My! imagine my consternation when I saw that I had put on the short legged pants. There I was with my pants legs six inches above the

Gruenther To Address Press



GEN. ALFRED GRUENTHER

General Alfred M. Gruenther, former supreme Allied commander in Europe, will address the annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association at Nags Head of June 20.

Announcement that the distinguished soldier and present president of the American Red Cross, will speak to North Carolina publishers and editors was made by Thomas L. Robinson, NCPA president.

General Gruenther will speak at an evening dinner meeting on the opening day of the convention. His subject will be "Some Aspects of our Security Program."

tops of my number ten shoes. How long I could stand that gazing was the question. Presently someone suggested that we stand around the organ and sing. This was quite a relief as those pants looked better when I was standing. Someone asked, "Do you sing?" I replied, "Yes, I sing bass." My strong voice was easily adjusted to bass. The song they selected was "Will there be any Stars in My Crown." I was not so sure whether I could win a star part or not. However, I turned my heavy bass voice loose. When we had finished this wonderful song, I received all sorts of compliments. One girl put her dainty little hand on my shoulder and electrified me to my toes as she said, "You are a wonderful bass singer." I had won at least one star.

My adjustment was soon to be interrupted by the supper bell. I can still hear that familiar voice, which in a few days became a welcome melody. How could I ever go through with this meal? After we were seated, the father bowed his head and proceeded to ask the blessing, which contained more real thankfulness than many sermons. As the serving of the meal proceeded, I gained enough (continued on page four)

GONDOLIERS TAKE PLACE OF CABBIES

Picturesque Venice, Art Of Florence, Cradle Of Renaissance Described

By JANE RIVERS Democrat Staff Writer

VENICE, ITALY.—There is only one Venice, and it is a city which embodies a unique charm and beauty. Rising from the waters are dozens of islands crowded with churches, palaces, and houses mirrored in 150 canals. The different sections of the city are linked by picturesque stone bridges and tiny alleyways. Venice's main street is the Grand Canal, and her cab driver is the gondolier. The intense traffic of a modern city moves on water, in striking contrast to the antique architecture.

In a gondola we wandered through the canals past the haunts and homes of the doges, beneath Lord Byron's Bridge of Sighs, and past the lovely home of Robert Browning. The gondoliers, wearing beribboned straw hats, snapped at one another in an Italian dialect as their crafts skimmed across the water. The sky and buildings were reflected in the

sea, and waves lapped against the steps and archways. Our first stop in Italy will be long remembered.

We left Venice for Florence, traveling through the fertile valley of the River Po. We passed through Bologna, the "City of Learning", at the foot of the Apennines. Here is the home of Europe's oldest university, founded in the 12th century. When we arrived in Florence, we found a city with a fascination of its very own. Uncontestedly the most beautiful city in Italy, Florence was the cradle of the Renaissance.

Here was produced the art of Dante, Michelangelo, Ceeline, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, and countless other geniuses. Every corner of the town has centuries of culture behind it, and almost every house has something to say or to show. The modern appearance of the streets is superficial—above the shop fronts still stand the austere walls of 15th century palaces or 13th century towers.

All the bridges over the Arno

River, save the Ponte Vecchio with its little shops, were destroyed by the retreating Germans. Reconstruction of the past few years, however, has made much progress.

The art work alone, in particular the beautiful statues by Michaelangelo, are worth coming thousands of miles to see. We stood in amazement at the perfect beauty which has been produced from gigantic slabs of solid marble by the patient hands of the masters. We visited the great Duomo, with its Baptist and Giotto's 14th century Campanile; the churches of Santa Maria Novella, Santa Trinita, San Marco and its museum; the Medici-Chapel; and the enchanting Boboli Gardens, designed in 1550 by Tribolo for Eleanor of Toledo.

No city in the world stands higher in the realms of artistic endeavor and accomplishment.

We will be in Rome in another two days, and then on to Sorrento and Naples.

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1956 FORD, Customline V8 4 door, gray, heater, white side walls.

1956 FORD 2 door, gray and ivory, heater, white side walls, clean.

1955 FORD 4 door, 2 tone gray, radio, heater, white side walls.

1955 CHEVROLET, Belair 4 door, blue, radio, heater, clean.

1954 CHEVROLET, Belair 2 door, 2 tone green, radio, heater, white side walls, 28,000 miles, clean.

1954 WILLYS 4 door Ace, 6 cylinder, overdrive, green and white.

1953 PLYMOUTH, Cranbrook 4 door, light green, Hydride, heater, white side walls.

1953 CHEVROLET 4 door, green and ivory, heater, one owner.

1954 FORD, Customline V8 2 door, light blue, heater, white side walls.

1954 PLYMOUTH, Belvedere 4 door, yellow and white, Hydride, radio, heater, clean.

1954 CHEVROLET, Belair 4 door, green and ivory, Powerglide, radio, heater.

1953 PLYMOUTH 4 door, light green, radio, heater, one owner.

1953 PLYMOUTH 4 door, two tone green, radio, heater, clean.

1953 CHEVROLET, Belair 2 door, blue and ivory, radio, heater, clean, white side walls.

1953 PLYMOUTH 4 door, light green, radio, heater.

1953 FORD 4 door, 2 tone gray, radio, heater, white side walls.

1952 CHEVROLET 4 door, blue, Powerglide, radio, heater, white side walls.

1950 PLYMOUTH Coupe, blue, radio, heater.

TRUCKS

1956 DODGE, Pickup one-half ton, light blue, heater, clean.

1956 DODGE, Pickup one-half ton, dark blue, heater.

1955 DODGE, Pickup one-half ton, green, heater.

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Appalachian Theatre

Sunday, June 9 at 3 and 9 o'clock

KETTLES ON OLD MACDONALD'S FARM: Starring Marjorie Main, Parker Fennelly (the new Pa Kettle), Gloria Talbott, John Smith.

After the Kettles move to a new farm, they learn that the owner of a nearby lumber company, Roy Barcroft, opposes the marriage of his daughter, Gloria Talbott, to John Smith because he believes that Gloria is too money-spoiled and will not make a good wife. Miss Main persuades Barcroft to let Gloria work the Kettle's old farm to prove she can take hardships. It is agreed and the Kettles become her chaperones. Smith needs money to buy a section of land and they all enter in the contests of a lumberman's outing and win all the cash prizes.

Also: MGM News

Monday, June 10

UNTAMED YOUTH: Starring Mamie Van Doren, John Russell, Lori Nelson, Don Burnett.



LORI NELSON

Eddie Cochran gives out with Elvis Presley movements.

Also: Society Dog Show—Cartoon.

Tuesday, June 11

THE BUSTER KEATON STORY (in VistaVision): Starring Donald O'Connor, Ann Blyth, Rhonda Fleming, Peter Lorre, Jackie Coogan.



ANN BLYTH

the new medium, but eventually has a comeback.

Wednesday, June 12

A FACE IN THE CROWD: Starring North Carolina's own Andy Griffith.

THE BIG LAND (in Warner Color): Starring Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Anthony Caruso



ALAN LADD

This picture is also the screen debut of nine-year-old David Ladd, son of Alan Ladd.

Also: Vista Vision Visits Gibraltar.

Friday, June 7

LAST OF THE BADMEN (in Deluxe Color and Cinemascope): Starring George Montgomery, James Best, Douglas Kennedy, Keith Larsen.

Backgrounded in a small Colorado town of the 1870's, the action concerns a search to identify and capture the man who heads a band of outlaws. When James Best is killed, news of his death reaches the Chicago headquarters of the Chandler Detective Agency, for which he had been an agent, investigating stage coach robberies. Another agent, George Montgomery, is sent to replace him. To gain the desired information, Montgomery is forced to serve as the unmasked front man in the robberies.

Also: Down Liberty Road and Bill Posters—Cartoon.

Saturday, June 8 at 1 and 3 o'clock

WYOMING RENEGADES (in Technicolor): Starring Phil Carey, Gene Evans, Martha Hyer, William Bishop.

Just released from his prison term for armed robbery, Carey refuses Evans' offer to rejoin his bandit gang. Carey's return to town is greeted with suspicion but with his sweet heart and new friend, Douglas Kennedy, he sets up a business. Discovering a bandit casing the bank, Carey warns the sheriff and the receipts are hidden in the jail, but the bandits learn of the switch and get the loot. Angry townspeople threaten to lynch Carey.

Also: Five Cartoons and a Comedy! !!

Saturday, June 8 at 7 and 9 o'clock

SECOND GREATEST SEX (in Cinemascope and Technicolor): Starring Jeanne Crain, George Nader, Kitty Kallen, Keith Andes, Mantle Van Doren, Bert Lahr.



JEANNE CRAIN

In 1890, the men of a Kansas pioneer town are battling with the men of two other townships over possession of official records while their lonely wives and girl friends work and wait. When the weary men return home, George Nader sets the date for his marriage to Jeanne Crain, but the latter is disgruntled when he leaves her on their wedding night to continue to fight with the other towns. To get even, the women barricade themselves in an abandoned fort and refuse to return to them until the warring parties sign a peace treaty.