

## Good Improvement

The Boone community cemetery, hedged in for years by hemlocks and pines, choke cherries and the like, is now enclosed by a new woven-metal fence, its posts set deep in concrete, and designed to last for generations.

This improvement is due to the action of the town council in making available the cash for this worthy civic project. The city fathers are due the thanks of the people of the town, particularly of those who have a personal interest in the cemetery for their generosity in this regard. Russell D. Hodges, chairman of the cemetery committee, is also due thanks for his help in getting the fence erected.

Originally set aside by the Council family for the use of all the people of the community, the Boone cemetery has been operated all through the years without the sale of plots in its crowded borders. Up-

keep had been by public subscription until late years when the city took over the job of mowing the grass. When Mountlawn Memorial Park was opened and lots made available, the Boone cemetery was closed to any new families. With the new fence and all, the plot is now in the best shape it has been in years. Some grave-stones need resetting and the place will be in first class condition.

Boone cemetery contains the remains of the founders of the community, and of many others who came along to contribute their share to its development. Its value as an historical spot is becoming greater year after year. That the premises are to be secure in the future, and that the grass is to be kept cut at city expense, is a source of pride to those interested in the plot.

## Homecoming

Homecoming festivities which take place at Appalachian State Teachers College, have come to be one of the high spots of the autumn season for the alumni of the institution and for the county and townspeople in general.

We look forward to the gay parade, with a half dozen bands, the colorful floats and the fellowship with the throngs along the curbs as the gay marchers proceed along the street. Then there's the kick of the football, the cheers of the stands, and half-time ceremonies which mean so much to those who've come back to their Alma Mater, and to others, who've never attended classes here, but who love the institution for all it has accomplished.

The class meetings, the gatherings of the old-timers, the reminiscing and the fellowship are all enjoyable parts of the homecoming day program which reaches its climax with the gay dance Saturday

evening. Homecoming crowds are growing larger and larger as the years go by. Prosperous conditions, and fast travel enable former students to go great distances for the week end, and still get back home in time for some resting on Sunday afternoon before the start of another week's work.

Folks along the street ways look forward to the gaiety of homecoming, to the meeting of old friends who studied here in the days gone by, to seeing members of faculties of other days and enjoying the many festivities.

The town welcomes the homecoming visitors, and is glad that when they converge on the campus they will find the college growing, with the prospect that within a decade the student population will have been doubled. The Alumni will find satisfaction in this.

## End Of Rail Travel

In a dozen years railroads of the United States are apt to stop running all passenger trains, except those used by commuters in the vicinity of the great centers of population.

Long-journey travelers are expected to go by airplane, some by bus and some by private automobile, while the railroads carry only mail and freight.

Anyway, these are the conclusions of an official government study of railroad-ing, made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission and reported in Grit.

Railroad men have told us, however, that it's not so much the bus and the airplanes as the private automobiles which have sounded the death knell for the chooches. Rail travel has been on the decline for over ten years and inter-city passenger trains just can't last.

This is sad news for railroad devotees, for those who've done a lot of grinding over the country on smoky, cinder-strewn coaches and in the green dim environs of

the Pullman sleeping car. There's a fascination about railroading—about going to sleep in Salisbury and waking up in Washington, or dozing at Harriman and greeting morning at Cincinnati; of breakfasting in a spotless diner, or sipping cool drinks in a club car with good company while the wheels click merrily over the rail joints.

But, the same thing that took the local trains out of business is red-penciling the schedules of the cross-country lines, namely lack of speed. Railroads have consistently adhered to forty mile schedules in an airplane age. We've always leaned to the notion that a return to mass transportation of individuals would solve parking problems in many centers of population. Small light trains and fast schedules could make it impractical for many folks to take the car to town. We don't know. But pretty soon, it seems, if you want to course down a polished rail, you're gonna have to rely solely on Tweetsie.

## Quiz Programs

(Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle)

It looks as though the epoch of the quiz programs with their unusual contestants and fabulous rewards, which have provided a steady fare of TV entertainment for several years, is coming to an end.

First there was the backstage hassle over a game known as "Dotto," as a result of which the program had an extremely short life. Then similar arguments caused "The \$64,000 Challenge" to lose its sponsor.

Much of this came about because of disgruntled contestants. But it confirmed what thousands of people had long suspected—that many of these programs are somewhat doctored in the interests of maximum drama and entertainment.

There always was some leeway, it seems, to get rid of a contestant who might turn out to be unwanted, or to help along the

success of one whose popular appeal was in the ascendancy.

Thus it was something like a present-day TV wrestling match, on a higher level and with cash awards of dazzling size. These in themselves were enough to keep an audience coming back to see who'd get rich in this Land of Easy Street that the quiz programs had created.

And many of these same thousands had a feeling all along that it was more than a little ridiculous to be passing out huge sums in this way.

Anyway, those who had hoped to become rich and famous by memorizing baseball record books, or by a similar process in some other category, may have to reconcile themselves to the old-fashioned pre-TV-quiz notion of working for a living.



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### That Old Feeling On New Cars

SHOWROOMS OF AUTO dealers have taken on a new elegance with the advent of the 1959 models, and dealers seem to radiate a special pride in displaying them.

First showing of new cars has always been a high spot for me, even when, as is usually the case, I am not able to be in the market for one of them. It is comparable to the first game of the football season and the first day of spring.

A psychiatrist would no doubt diagnose the case as wishful thinking, born of a frustration complex which had its inception in early childhood when I had my little heart set on dazzling all the kids in the block with the latest thing in kiddie cars, but being the youngest in a family of fourteen was so far down the list that by the time my father got to my name I was in high school and never got over it.

Our hypothetical head shrinker, of course, wouldn't bother to clutter up his scientific intellect with any minor details, such as finding out if I was an only child, had kiddie cars to burn, and got so sick of using the silly little things as a means of locomotion that I jolly well did shove one into the fire now and then.

AND WHEN I SEE a jalopy of ancient vintage wheezing by on its way to the nearest car clinic, or standing in delapidated dignity in some junk-

yard, I can't help thinking of the forgotten glory that was hers when she first hit the showroom. Boy, she was something, then!—every whit as new and smart as the 1959 job you looked at today.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I sometimes look at a streamlined, souped-up, futuristic shiner that just rolled off the assembly line and envision how forlorn and outdated it will be a few years hence, replaced by an even faster, slicker, more beautiful child of some designer's brain.

Ah, well—time, as someone has so aptly stated, marches on.

AUTOMOTIVE ADAM AND EVE?—In the year 1886, it is said there were only two automobiles in Kansas City—but one day they managed to have a head-on collision!

WORLD SERIES POST MORTEM—Words they had to eat: Leo Durocher, former Dodger and Giant manager: "Milwaukee will take this one in four straight." Lew Burdette, Braves pitcher who beat the Yankees three times in last year's Series: "I wish we had those Yankees in our league." Fred Haney, Braves manager: "Lew can do it again."

Best quips—Same Lew Burdette, when asked what he hit for his home run in the second game: "A long ball." Gil McDougald, Yank second baseman, on the do-or-die sixth game: "I was as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs!"

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

October 20, 1898.

Mrs. Sarah Crowder has been right ill for several days and remains not much improved.

Assistant District Attorney Spencer Blackburn will speak at Shulls Mills next Monday and at other points in the county later on.

Last Monday at Banner Elk marked the opening of the county canvass in Watauga. The candidates, or most of them, both political parties, were on hand, and the best of feelings seemed to prevail.

Reports say that the campaign between Spainhour and Harshaw for Solicitor is funny and spicy and causes a lot of merriment.

The Indian uprising in Minnesota is about quelled and peace is made again. Uncle Sam will now furnish bacon and bread to the Indians as usual until they want to kill a few more white people.

General Fitzhugh Lee will be the first to land on western Cuba at Havana by November 1.

Special dispatches from Jackson, Miss., say that yellow fever is gaining headway in that State and Louisiana, and that Governor MacLaurin and State officials have deserted the capital.

Instructions have been sent to the United States Military Commission in Cuba, fixing December 1 as the date when Spanish control over the islands must cease. The commissioners have notified the Spaniards that all ports and customs receipts, and the management of municipal affairs will pass into the hands of the American military commander on the island.

There is much sympathy expressed for Mrs. McKinley, who left Washington for Canton, Ohio, Saturday night to attend the funeral of her brother, who was killed, supposedly by a jealous woman, Friday evening.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

October 16, 1919.

Mr. Joseph Dougherty, well known in Watauga, died at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., last Thursday of blood poison.

Bingham Brothers have moved their mercantile business from Adams to Vilas, and are now located in the building owned by Mr. Jack Smith.

Capt. Allison is here, superintending the construction of a siding leading from the lumber yards of the Carolina Hardwood Co., via the wholesale grocery to depot street.

There is no road in the county that needs improvement worse than the one leading from Vilas to Valle Crucis, and it is hoped that the good roads commission will see its way clear to

do something about it before work is suspended.

Mr. J. C. Mast of Sugar Grove is in town Tuesday. He intends to move to his Maryland farm by the first of the year, but thinks of making a business trip there, with a number of others, who will look over the farm market in that fertile region.

Dr. Dula of Lenoir was in town Monday and told the Democrat that all Watauga lacked of having a visit from an airplane was a suitable place to land this side of the ridge. He had contracted with the aviator to make the flight, and the two ascended to an altitude of 2,000 feet out from Lenoir, and Mr. Aviator decided after a look of this section through his glasses, that he would not take the risk, and returned to Lenoir, where he had been making flights for the Caldwell County Fair.

Mr. John W. Hodges has purchased a lot near the depot from Mr. W. L. Bryan, and will erect a large building thereon to accommodate his increasing wholesale feed and grain business.

Mr. John W. Greene of Valle Crucis has moved into the Mrs. Lizzie McGhee old home, recently purchased.

### Fifteen Years Ago

October 21, 1943

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Agle of Kingsport, Tenn., announce the birth of a son, James Heath, on Wednesday, October 13, at City Hospital, Gastonia.

Mrs. Joseph Conderman, a summer resident of Boone, left Friday for her home in Miami, Fla. Mrs. Conderman remarked that each fall, the day after she closed her home here and left for sunnier climes, it snowed—and true to tradition, Saturday brought quite a trace of snow to the mountains.

The new library at the high school is now being used by the students and faculty. It has been made part of the study hall and class room. A work room and a conference room adjoin the main reading room. The rooms are equipped with light adjustable shelves. The walls are a soft green. A new librarian's desk has just arrived and a card catalog has been ordered.

By furnishing black walnut logs that can be made into gunstocks to carry the fight to Hitler and Hirohito, Western North Carolina farmers have found a new way to contribute to the war effort.

Considerable work has already been done in the Critcher building near the Democrat office, looking to the installation of a hosiery plant for the Baker-Comack Co., of Burlington, which will serve to train workers till the big new building can be completed.

### Friendliness . . . Comments By Visitors

Boone is rapidly becoming known as the friendly town. . . It hasn't always been so, and the files of the Democrat and the speeches of the civic leaders have been filled with entreaties to the folks to show a little more concern for the stranger within the gate—for his happiness and for his appraisal of this beautiful vaulted region. . . We are happy that there is the cherry smile, the cordial greeting and the pleasant word on every hand when our visitors come to the hills. . . And they're taking note of the friendliness and the courtesies and the kindness of Boone people. . . We often get letters commenting on this civic quality, the last coming from Mount Airy. . . Although written in the first person, the letter is signed by Cleo, Pam and Pat Taylor. . . We're glad they like our town and we like the letter they sent to us addressed "Dear People of Boone," which follows:

"Over the past week I was a visitor in your city. Being away from home and not knowing too many people, caused me to notice your citizens more. . . I came up with Miss Jean Cook for the NCEA meeting. While she was at the meeting I spent the day up town. . . My first stop was at a Gulf Station. The friendliness they showed us made us feel good. My next stop was to park on your Main Street, and I couldn't get the meter to work. While I was wondering what to do a policeman came up and fixed the meter and gave us two hours free time. . . As I started to leave, a man in a truck was courteous enough to wait and let me back out. . . Maybe these are small deeds and wouldn't have been noticed by lots of people, but to me, a visitor, they meant a lot, and made me hope that someday I may have the privilege of coming back again."

We hope so too and appreciate your kind words. And since we've generally become known as the friendliest town, we hope that before many more years we'll also be known as the cleanest community in the State. . . Cleanliness and courtesy are twin civic attractions, or virtues.

### The Fall Colors . . . And Some Things We Hear

Cool nights and continued dry weather perhaps hastened the coloring of the leaves and the bright displays of hedgerow and forest were gorgeous during the week end. . . The colors should get better during the current week as the autumn hues approach their peak. . . The people, generally, especially those who operate tourist facilities, are hoping for at least two more good week ends of fall travel.

We've seen a lot of people during the last few days who're having a lot of fun on the highway overlooks, and on the sylvan paths, now covered lightly with gold and crimson, fit for the feet of the Queen. We've been interested in some of the comments we've heard as we've helped gaze from high points into the oceans of hills, wrapped in crazy quilts of fantastic gaiety:

"Are the leaves always this color?" asked the fellow who was backdropped by all the shades of the spectrum.

"Does the wind blow every day like this?" queried the fellow with the thin breeze-out locks.

"Where's the Colorama I've been reading about in the papers from the hills?" asked the studious looking fellow, who was practically swamped in the brilliance of the leaves, who added, "I don't see so much in it, but the kids wanted to come, and I drug along."

Another fellow allowed as how "With all the reds and the russets I'm seeing down in that valley, the oaks are needing cutting. A lot of money could be made right there."

But most of the folks are awed with the majesty of the hills in the fall, and the grandeur of the views from the promontories, and the peaks, down the winding creek bottoms and across the crag-rimmed draws, and wish they might gaze forever on the beauties of the flaming fronds.

There was an old man who stood on the Parkway overlook near Blowing Rock and gazed long over the bright hills, lined up row on row, till they were lost in the distance. . . He drank in the beauty of each painted leaf, of each wispy cloud which fingered a summit, and of each gray cliff which stuck through the panorama of brightness and of beauty. . . He propped himself against an auto and looked again, as a mariner might on the sea for sails, and spoke, not to the bystander, but to the great vault of the universe: "Such couldn't come 'cept from the boundless love and the power and the canvas and the paint pots of our blessed Lord."

## Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where Congressman Carroll Kearns of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill to put the Star Spangled Banner in the key of A flat so folks won't stumble over them high notes near the end.

I'm in favor of anything that'll help the Star Spangled Banner git back in good standing in this country. We got kids in school today that can sing all five verses of Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" that ain't never heard of the Star Spangled Banner.

As usual, they referred the Kearns bill to a congressional committee. That means it'll cost the taxpayers about \$10,000, whether we git it settled in A flat or F sharp. The committee will ask a handful of government clerks to make a report on the matter. The report will run to about 200 pages and cost about \$10,000, which is about par for the congressional report course.

Abe Lincoln asked his secretary onet to find out something about a saddle horse advertised for sale in the papers. Six weeks later he got a 150-page report on the horse. After reading the first two paragraphs, Abe throwed the report in the wastebasket and called for his secretary. He told him that fer all he knowed, the horse could be dead by now, and furthermore he

just wanted to know the good and bad points about the horse, not a report on how many hairs in the horse's tail.

And I see where they're still agitating that business about higher pay fer teachers. I consider myself a living example of the product of low paid teachers. I'm in favor of raising a teacher's pay high enough that they won't be no more ignorant folks like me in the next generation.

But I think it's about time them politicians git back on the farmer platform again. When I was a young man no candidate could git in office unless he run on a platform of relief fer the farmer. It never helped the farmer none, but it made him feel important. I been feeling mighty neglected here of late since the politicians is all running after the school vote. The next candidate that gits my vote has got to have a plank in his platform calling fer bigger and better relief fer the farmer.

One other item in the papers caught my fancy this week. Some automobile manufacturer from Detroit says the automobile has been a "great moral force" in this country. I can't figger that one out. Maybe it stopped horse stealing, but aside from that I can't see nothing its done fer morals.

Yours truly,  
UNCLE PINKNEY