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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 with out 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, MAY 28, 1959

**It's A Good Notion**

The Southern Appalachian Historical Association, in making a move toward the establishment of a mountain museum on the grounds where Horn in the West is produced, is proposing a project which should certainly enhance the historical background of the county. At the same time, such an enterprise could be counted upon to be a stable and persistent drawing card for tourists.

We shall hope that the bill introduced by Representative Edmisten which would appropriate \$25,000 in State funds to provide at least a good solid nucleus for the museum, will pass, and that work may be started without undue delay on the Association project.

It will be recalled that during during the Centennial celebration held in 1949, a vast amount of antique garments, furniture and implements of the old days showed up, which indicates that there is

still time, perhaps, to assemble the sort of things needed in a permanent-type museum.

Of course, those who go in for antiques, and the dealers, are constantly on the move gathering up the stuff with which our forefathers carved out of the wilderness a civilization, and provided food and raiment for their families. It is quite likely, however, that much of the more valued equipment which would depict the earlier days in the county, and which would not be sold on the antiques market, would be given freely to the museum for safe-keeping and for its value to the historical movement here.

We know of no other way in which a clearer look into the background of our culture could be supplied, than through a museum of authenticity.

**Memorial Day**

While the South was fighting to free itself from the Union, its women were planting the beginnings of one of the most reverent national holidays of the U. S.—Memorial Day.

The nation was still torn by the Civil War when Southern women began to honor the dead from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line by scattering flowers on their graves.

According to research experts with The World Book Encyclopedia, the women of Columbus, Miss., decorated the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers in 1863. Two years later, Mrs. Sue Landon Vaughn, a descendant of John Adams, second president of the U. S., led some women in strewing flowers at a military cemetery in Vicksburg, Miss. As the custom spread, General John

A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was persuaded to set a uniform date on which to honor the Union dead. In 1868, Logan issued a general order to all Grand Army posts, setting aside May 30th "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country."

The first celebrations in the North exalted the Union armies for their victory over the South. But the theme of victor and vanquished gradually disappeared.

As the U. S. passed through the Spanish-American War, the World Wars and the Korean War, Memorial Day became a tribute to the nation and to all those who have died for it.

**Protection By Immunization**

During the eighteenth century, smallpox killed sixty million Europeans, according to the publication, "Drug Topics." Yet in the year 1956 there was not a single fatality in the United States from the age-old plague.

Such comparative figures have become familiar and recurring yardsticks by which to measure our dramatic battle against disease—perhaps the most gratifying scientific story of our time. And, while a legitimate source of comfort, they are no reason to become complacent or to relax our guard. For, as The Health News Institute points out, "epidemic" may be a relative term, but an epidemic is still an epidemic.

For example, a soldier returning from

the Far East in 1946 came down with smallpox en route to Seattle. He was isolated, but the disease spread nonetheless, and the final count was 28 cases and eight deaths.

In our new world of jet-propelled travel and shrunken distances, says the Health News Institute, we need more than ever before to protect ourselves with the immunizing procedures which the age of drugs provides.

Or, in the words of Dr. Carl C. Dauer, of the U. S. Public Health Service: "These (two) cases show very clearly why rigid requirements for vaccination are justified, for protection not only of the traveler but also of the public."

**Most Dangerous Profession**

(Frank G. Jennings in the Saturday Review)

Teaching is the most dangerous profession. It deals with our children, the most precious of our natural resources. It refines them into brave and wonderful adults or it grossly degrades them into dull, over-aged adolescents. Its results color, mold, and determine the shape of our nation and the character of our people.

If our teachers lack luster, fewer of their charges will be as bright as they might have been. If our teachers are cowards, they will teach their cowardice.

If teachers are not responsible citizens, they will produce political idiots. If teachers become the tools of any pressure group, rather than the prime artisans of a creative society, then we will all shrink into a nation of domesticated, two-legged cattle.

If teachers do not earn and keep the status and respect which their profession requires, their role will be captured by the practical, committed, dedicated members of the industrial and commercial communities, who can train people very well, but who cannot afford the expense of the humane adventure.

Thus, teaching must forever live in creative danger, but teachers must hold onto the protective warnings of these terrifying ifs, lest these warnings become irremovable realities.

It is our great good fortune that in most of

the schools in this country many pupils are met by a person for whom the magic of real respect and true love can quickly develop. This is so whether that teacher faces a kindergarten of five-year-olds or a seminar of graduate students.

The child learns many things quickly and permanently. Throughout childhood he is learning to read its signs and the portents, learning its firm, unshifting name and the volatile, shifting symbols, learning to listen and to know and to understand, learning to act less on impulse and more with purpose. And of course it is true that he begins to learn this at home.

The true teacher joyfully accepts the call of strange tomorrows, finds security and immortality in the healthy, happy, and intelligent citizens he has helped to shape.

When we read about the strikes, dynamitings, murders and drunken drivers in the state we sometimes wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh shouldn't have had more strict immigration laws.

A Mt. Olive physician was robbed of \$2,300 from his "everyday wallet." We'd certainly like to look into his Sunday purse.

**'Just Probing'**



**SCIENCE DOES ITS BIT TOO LATE**

**Once Gin Generated Judgments**

By BILLY ARTHUR  
 Science has made possible a gadget—the drunkometer—which relieves the judge and jury of responsibility in determining how tight or tipsy an individual might have been on occasion. But science may be 60-odd years late.

That long back the Monroe Enquirer commented on a judge too drunk to hold Union County court: "Our people prefer the old fashioned way of opening court rather than this new fangled way of opening it with a corkscrew." One month later the Enquirer endeavored to square things with the judge by saying: "His honor, Judge W. L. Norwood, is conducting court this week in a manner satisfactory to our people. He has been sober."

In other words, the drunkometer could have nothing more than the newspaper did. That jurist was like a lot of folks who think that buying one pint is like purchasing one sock. Or, that the shortest distance between two pints is a straight shot.

I knew a fellow whom the doctor told to cut his drinking in half. So he cut out chasers.

The late T. D. Warren of New Bern was once asked whether he ever took a drink. "If the question is for information, no," he replied. "But if it's an invitation, yes."

Mr. Warren held the philosophy of Isaac Ervin Avery of the Charl-

otte Observer that "the principal objection to whiskey is that it makes blamed fools out of people who don't drink it."

And when prohibitionists caused Charlotte bars to be closed at 9 p.m. instead of 11 p.m., Avery wrote: "An 11 o'clock thirst has been gauged to 9 o'clock. That is the bare difference."

Some folks made certain they were in on every free round. The Whitakers correspondent for the Farmer and Merchant reported in 1883 that "Prof. D. K. T. has run him a telephone line from his drug store to the Planters Saloon for convenience."

And if the professor's wife had had her toddy, she would have been as the modern mother with her. As she put her daughter to bed, the daughter said, "Mommy, you've been using papa's perfume, again."

No use trying to escape. She was caught. Like the young Wilson man, according to the Rocky Mount Reporter, who "bid his sweetheart good night because he said he was going to prayer meeting. He was discovered later trying to get a heavy lamp post in his lap. It took two policemen to rescue the lamp post."

Newspapers didn't hesitate to speak of their and other communities wherein the wine that cheers was sold. In 1906 The Greensboro

Industrial News commented: "When Asheville with open saloons and Raleigh with a dispensary that dishes out the sorriest likker you might want to taste were ignored and Greensboro was chosen for the state Democratic convention, it means the world is growing better or the jug train from Danville has promised to be on time."

Neither did individuals hesitate to break into print. W. B. Rodman wrote for the Charlotte Observer in 1910 a parody on Attorney C. W. Tillet's articles of his trip abroad. One of the paragraphs went like this:

"Then we went to Rome . . . We had cathedrals for breakfast, original mosaics for dinner and ruins for supper. Not a drop of whiskey in the whole dodgasted town! Just sour wine that pickled your stomach and went right to your disposition. I remember thinking that if I ever got home I'd just buy a barrel of Old Kentucky and make a highball in the bathtub, and get in."

But, why do people imbibe? Maybe the Wilmington Chronicle and N. C. Advertiser had the answer July 31, 1905, when it offered five reasons:

"Good, wine, a friend, or being dry; or left we should be by and by—or any other reason why!"

**SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES**

**From Early Democrat Files**

**Sixty Years Ago**  
 May 25, 1899.  
 Mr. M. B. Blackburn will add several rooms to his hotel during the summer.  
 Miss Verta, daughter of A. S. Adams, is teaching an excellent school at Cove Creek this summer.  
 Prof Francum commenced a ten months term of school at Foscoe on last Monday.  
 B. J. Council, Jr. is having the lumber delivered to put an addition to his residence.  
 Messrs Elisha Herman and A. M. Trivett left yesterday to attend the closing exercises of Taylorsville College.  
 Mrs. C. C. Vannoy, wife of Rudacill Vannoy died at her home on New River Monday, after a lingering illness with consumption.  
 The commencement exercises of Skyland Institute at Blowing Rock will come off on May 30th and June 1st and 2nd.  
 Dr. C. J. Parlier, who has been successfully practicing medicine in our village for the past four years, has moved to Blowing Rock and taken board at the Watauga Hotel.  
 Mr. Moses H. Cone is having a road built through his lands at Blowing Rock and will be near 15 miles in length, following the highest ground on the Flat Top. The road is being constructed for driving purposes only.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Stringfellow of Anniston, Ala. have returned to Blowing Rock for the summer, and are having some improvements made on their house.  
 Brown, Horton & McBride and others are making the farmers of this and adjoining counties smile by paying them good prices for their fat lambs that will soon be ready for the market.

**Thirty-Nine Years Ago**  
 May 27, 1920.  
 Mr. Oscar L. Hardin, secretary to the Good Roads Commission has resigned, the same to take effect June 1.  
 Married on Wednesday of last week Mr. Jesse M. Day to Miss Della Mae Bateman. Mr. Day is a ministerial student at Mars Hill College, while his accomplished bride is a teacher in the Valle Crucis Industrial School.  
 Messrs E. S. Coffey, W. R. Gragg, F. P. Jennings, and R. C. Rivers, Boone Shriners, left yesterday for Greensboro, where they will attend the ceremonial session of Oasis Temple, which is now on in that city. Messrs C. A. Ellis, C. G. Crumley, Zach Greene and S. F. Horton went also to be initiated into the rites of the Mystic Shrine.  
 Mrs. J. S. Culler, after an illness of only one week with pneumonia, died at her home on Zionville RFD Friday. Mrs. Culler was a sister of Mr. A. W. Beach of Boone.  
 The county commencement for the seventh grade public school pupils will not be held on the 29th of May as previously arranged, but on a date to be announced later.  
 Mr. H. Grady Farthing, who for the past five years, save the time he spent in the trenches, has been holding a lucrative position with a mercantile establishment in Newport News, Va. has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Farthing, and will remain permanently, taking charge of the large farm.  
 Messrs David Greene and Dean Bingham, of the Edison phonograph shop in Boone, are off this week to Richmond, Va. in the interest of their business.

**Fifteen Years Ago**  
 May 25, 1944.  
 Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Winkler of Spring Hope have returned to their farm near Shulls Mills for the summer. Mr. Winkler has recently been elected for the fourteenth time as principal of the Spring Hope School in Nash county.  
 Staff Sergeant John E. Guy, son of Mrs. Myrtle M. Parks of Reese, Watauga county, has been reported missing in action in the European theatre of operations, according to a statement issued by the War Department Sunday.  
 At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Thursday evening, Mr. Bus Crowell of the Belk-White Company was elected secretary of the organization, succeeding Wade E. Brown, who left Monday to assume his duties as lieutenant in the navy. Regret was expressed by the Chamber in losing its efficient secretary, and Mr. Brown was given a rising vote of thanks for his excellent service to the organization during the past years. President H. W. Wilcox expressed personal appreciation for his service.  
 Preservation of Grandfather Mountain, comprising more than 1200 acres in North Carolina's Blue Ridge country, is being urged by the board of trustees of the National Park Association.  
 The House late yesterday passed the GI bill of rights, and over-all veterans' benefit measure, after rejecting an amendment that would have prohibited unions from requiring that veterans hold a union card to work in a closed shop.  
 Rev. Hoke H. Ritchie of Salisbury has been assigned to the Mount Pleasant-Mt. Zion Lutheran Parish, Boone.

**KING STREET**

By ROB RIVERS

**Sugar In Cornbread . . . Notion Born Of Satan**

Those of us who've had a healthy respect for the corn when it's golden in the ear, and for the pone and the puppies, and the grits, and for the bourbon, and who've penned our lines to the waving blades and the tepee-like shocks, rimmed with punkins, can always abide another column from the grass-roots, whence the hearty grain must come. . . . From John G. Bragaw of the State Magazine, through Allan M. Trout of the Louisville Courier-Journal, comes Henry Watterson's notions about the putting of sugar in cornbread. . . . "Marse Henry," Mr. Trout writes, "was past eighty when he shook the dew-drops from his mane and roared like the lion in Hepsidam."

. . . And this is what he said:

"Cornbread in sugar is an idea born of the devil, planted in New England and sent south by our enemies. It is threatening the life of cornbread right in the land of its birth.

"It makes men trifling and women frivolous. It is responsible for most of the murders, suicides and divorces. It weakens the brain, infuriates the liver, and makes people pot-bellied. It makes the nose shiny and the skin purple.

"It drives husbands downtown of nights. It creates an appetite for moonshine. It emboldens man to refuse his wife's request for money. But for sugar in cornbread there would be no war, no flies or mosquitoes, no aunts or roaches, no IWW, no Republican party.

"New England may know how to bake beans. They say the cider in Maine is a good substitute for whisky. It must be admitted that in Boston the punkin pie is no slouch.

"But cornbread? That requires all George Bailey says, and a pair of old black hands to boot and a red bandana handkerchief and an old black mamma's voice—rich, mellow and devotional—singing: 'How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord!'" . . .

And we'd be among the first to say that as was usual, Marse Henry had something, and would offer quick agreement that there is little to add to his dissertation except "the thanks of the mighty congregation of Cornfeds throughout the South."

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**You're Dodging Safety . . . If You're Bedded Down**

We'd held to the notion that the last word in safety came to a person when he was home in bed—tucked away neat undried sheets, resting body and spirit agin another day. . . . He's in the middle of his castle, he is, and can shoot to kill and get by with it if he's invaded. . . . But now comes a California State Health official with a campaign to keep more folks out of bed. . . . Dr. Breslow concedes that the use of a bed long enough to give the body adequate nightly rest is good, but under the "kivver" lurks a host of dangers for the human organism. . . . Nearly every part of the body, he says, is subject to some detrimental process associated with reclining, and the longer folks stay in bed the harder it is to get them out, he adds. . . . He cites the warning of a British physician that the bed should be regarded with as much dread as the grave. . . . Dr. Asher in the British Medical Journal says that the maintenance of the body in a horizontal position allows the accumulation of secretion in the lungs, encouraging the onset of pneumonia, that legs idled by long bed rest can develop blood clots, and that muscles and joints can deteriorate if long in bed.

We'd been right much of a stickler for the restful precincts provided by the old poster bed. . . . But come to think of it, most folks make their last motion, tugging with a wasted hand at the offending covers, and are eventually released into the eternal shadows from twixt the sheets.

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**Fatigue . . . And The Choppin' Block**

When's one's weighted down with the burdens of the day, and the heat of the summer and is "dog tared" he may react in a lot of ways. . . . Some recline, drink coffee or Coke, maybe take an aspirin, while others nurse a highball before supper. . . . A few years ago, it wasn't uncommon for a pooped pop to yell: "Boys, let's cut some wood, and draw some water while we're resting a spell."

**Uncle Pinkney**

(McKnight Syndicate)

**HIS PALAVERIN'S**

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see where England wants us to let 'em have some squirrels for their parks in London. This could bring on international complications, might be a job for the United Nations. Do they want 'em to lend lease or do they aim to pay us cash on the barrel head? This could git to be a global squirrel situation, and we might find it necessary to come to the aid of all under-squirreled nations. Does the present administration have a definite squirrel policy?

Estes Kefauver is shore to fight the squirrel deal with England. He's not interested in nothing but the conskin supply and would probably ask for a Senate investigation if we sent squirrels to England. This would bring the State Department into the squabble. They would contend that the squirrel angle could very well git over into the rabbit angle, and from there it might involve the world supply of cabbage. That would bring the Agriculture Department into the thing.

But most of them Congressmen we sent to Washington would contend that if the free world is short on squirrels, we should come to their aid. When a feller git to be a Congressman he gits overcome with the giving spirit. But I figger we're supplying the world with everthing else so why not throw in a few squirrels?

We had a real good session at

the country store Saturday night. One young feller said he was born on credit and he aimed to be buried on credit. In that one sentence he summed up the modern deficit finance system better'n a Congressman could do in 12 pages in the Congressional Record.

And one feller was accusing Ed Doolittle of holding the lantern for his wife to chop some wood the other night. Ed said he must have took him fer somebody else on account of him being too much of a gentleman to let his wife chop wood after dark. But Ed did allow as how they was having a little scandal in his family. He said the teacher told his grandson he was too skinny and he ought to drink more milk. The boy told the teacher he couldn't git no increase in his milk rations on account of there not being enough now fer the hogs. The boy was just joking but the teacher took it serious and notified the welfare department. Ed says the neighborhood has been full of uplifters all week investigating the matter and figgers they'll arrest the hogs afore it's over.

I see where the Queen of Holland says the Dutch was depending on the United States. It'd be a fair question to ask the good Queen if she knows anybody on earth today that ain't.

Yours truly,  
 UNCLE PINK