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Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"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, JUNE 18, 1959

## Golf Course Opened

When the Boone golf course was unofficially opened the other day it was fitting that Wade E. Brown, president of Boone Developments, Inc., had the honor of being the first to tee off on the fine new course.

We say this for the reason that Wade has busied himself day by day for more than a year, laying aside his normal work to assume over all direction of the planning and the grading, the seeding and the business management of the huge development.

While he has been ably assisted by Major Thomas as secretary, and by the other board members consisting of W. R. Winkler, Dr. L. H. Owsley, Dr. C. Ray Lawrence, Glenn Wallace Wilcox, Dr. W. H. Plemmons, F. M. Payne, Howard Cottrell, Estel Wagner, Jerry Coe and James E. Broyhill, Wade has "carried the ball" as to the actual management of the construction project.

The people of the community and county rallied with their financial support to supply the funds with which

the initial work was done, and some from other sections joined in as stockholders, and all of these are to be commended for making the project possible.

But Wade, who has had a notable career of public service, as Senator and Representative, as member of the General Board of Baptist State Convention, as trustee at Appalachian and Wake Forest, and Chairman of the Board of Deacons of the Boone Baptist Church, has never done harder work than at the golf course, where his jeep could be seen, bumping over hill and dale in fair weather and foul, as he labored toward the fulfillment of a community dream.

We commend him for his enterprise, and salute all those who've had a part in any way in the golf course development. It's going to make a tremendous contribution to the economic growth and well-being of the community and area roundabout—maybe the greatest since Boone became the educational center of Western Carolina.

## To Have New Ministers

The ministerial circle in Boone is being broken by the departure of three pastors.

The Rev. George A. Arthur, scholarly and personable pastor of the Advent Christian Church, left some time ago for Aurora College, Ill., a denominational institution where he is heading the alumni organization and doing other work. He had led his church fruitfully.

Announcement is made that the Rev. L. H. Hollingsworth, pastor of the Boone Baptist Church, has also been called by a church college, and he will become the first full time chaplain at Wake Forest. During Mr. Hollingsworth's popular tenure his church has made remarkable gains here, and he has endeared himself to his congregation.

The Bishop has moved Rev. Mr. Lowman from the Methodist Church in Boone to Belmont. During his ministry an ed-

ucational building was erected and other church progress noted. It is a tribute to him that the congregation had asked for him to stay the fifth year, something unusual at the local church.

Each of these fine gentlemen has contributed loyally to his church and to the community and its organizations and its betterment.

We have often noted the quality of the Christian leadership in the community and the popularity of those who have served all the local churches.

While we would predict that other capable men will fill the posts being vacated, and that they will be quite as highly esteemed, it is with a note of sadness that the community faces the departure of the three eminent gentlemen who have labored so long in our midst. We shall wish for them the very best as they look to other fields of endeavor.

## Officials Are Approved

Mayor Winkler, and Aldermen H. J. Cottrell, Grady Tugman and Wayne Richardson, have again been approved by the voters of the city and are entering upon another term of office, to continue in charge of the affairs of a rapidly growing community.

It is uncommon that a group of officials receives the unanimous endorsement of their party's convention, and then goes on to be accorded an election triumph without the opposition party even bothering to field a ticket.

This constitutes a great compliment to these gentlemen.

We've been among those who've contended that, taken as a whole, a good job has been done by our officials. While we haven't leaned to any sort of doctrine of indispensability, and as a matter of fact have never been able to agree fully

with any administration, we offer our expressions of appreciation to Mayor Winkler and the aldermen for their continued, unselfish and patriotic service to the community, and for their diligence in doing what appeared best for the folks.

The matter of serving down at city hall is almost wholly a thing of self-sacrifice. The salaries paid are more in the nature of token offerings, and do not in any measure compensate these men for the time and effort they put to managing the affairs of the city.

We congratulate them on their good works, and on the favor they have found at the hands of the voters. We shall wish for them a continuing record of good government and of sound approach to the problems of a thriving city.

## And Stay Tuned, Folks

(Chicago Tribune)

Much of our personal association with television has come from an adjoining room. We can't see the screen, but can hear every bit of the sound. Except for a few periods on Sundays, this is what we are likely to hear:

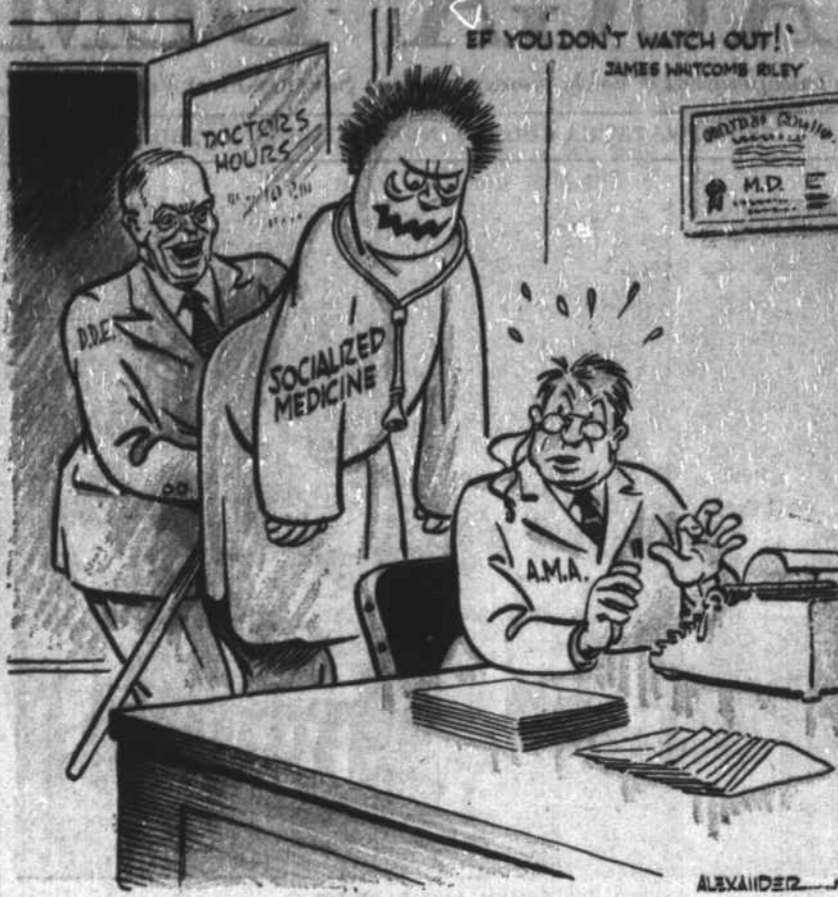
Sound of a horse neighing. Gallop-gallop. Silence. Squeaking door. Suspense music. Silence. "Howdy, Marshal, lookin' fer someone?" "Not any more, I ain't." Silence. Sound of scuffling. Bang-bang. Thud. Groan. Gallop-gallop. Silence. Shriek. Horse neighs. Running footsteps. Female voice: "Giddyap, Spot, we got a job to do!" Gallop-gallop. Gurgling. "Doesn't that make you thirsty, folks..."

Broadcasters tell us they are providing the sort of program that the people want, and we have no statistics with which to dispute them. But surely, the

American people are not so obsessed with mayhem, shooting, and other types of violence that they won't look at anything else. We can't believe that they are any more addicted to this than they have been to any of the briefer fads which have swept the country.

These fads have been cited as proof that Americans move in an unthinking, homogeneous, "over-directed" mass. But the speed with which each has been forgotten encourages the hope that we have not reached this state of totalitarian mentality. As long as television saturates us with monotonous repetition, spewed forth from New York and Hollywood, it does us an injustice and risks becoming a passing fad itself. This would be a shame, considering its possibilities.

## 'An' The Gobble-uns 'Ll Git You—



"I'M FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW," HE SAYS

## Glossary Of Legislative Jargon

Now that the 1959 session of the General Assembly is nearing a close, it is well that the public be apprised of what the formal salutations, ritual, and phrases actually mean when used by the members.

Some of the legislators and I have made available this handy glossary and compendium which will be useful to those attending or reading of the closing days:

Liberal—One who votes for an increased appropriation.

Conservative—One who votes against any new tax.

Economy minded member—A liberal conservative.

After thought—A tardy sense of prudence that prompts a member to shut his mouth just about the time he puts his foot in it.

Committee—A body of men that keeps minutes and wastes hours; or, many minds without a single thought.

Echo—The only thing that can beat the Speaker out of the last word.

Friend—One who has the same enemies as you.

For what purpose does the gentleman rise?—Oh, no, not another speech.

Some folks who want to be heard on this matter—Some folks with the gift of gab and grab.

I hesitate to speak on this matter—Like hell I do.

I hesitate to speak again on this matter—I really botched it up the first time, but I like the sound of my voice.

I want to go on record—See I'm for the "Little fellow."

I had no intention to speak on this matter—See "I hesitate to speak on this matter."

I shall be brief—Bait to keep the suckers in their seats.

If we don't pass this bill now, we'll be here till July 4—If you stubborn idiots had agreed with me in the first place we would have been home now.

Leader—A member with knives in his back.

Let me leave this thought with you—I don't know what else to do with it. Maybe you do.

Let's cut the cloth to fit the pattern—Let's kill all appropriations but mine.

Let's make the pattern fit the cloth—Let's tax everyone but me.

My friend and colleague—That

buzzard who's always wrong.

On behalf of the taxpayers—See "I'm for the little fellow."

Put the bill in proper language—Let's tangle it up so that it'll affect no one.

Some other tax—That which no one has discovered and which no one will vote for when found.

The committee gave this matter careful consideration—We can't remember why we made this report, but it seemed a good idea at the time.

The very able presentation—That boring speech.

The able member from—That so-and-so who talks on every bill.

This is one of the most important measures to come before this body—If I don't get it through, I can't be reelected.

To recommend—Come on, try again, fellows. You can do better.

To reconsider—A procedural device to permit members to vote on both sides of the same question.

I'm for the little fellow—(a) I intend to seek renomination; (b) I'm running for Governor; (c) I will be a candidate for Congress.

## SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

### From Early Democrat Files

#### Sixty Years Ago

June 15, 1899

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Long returned Monday from a visit to Ashe county.

Wanted: 100 laborers to work on the grade near Blowing Rock at 75 cents and \$1 per day.

Moretz and Farthing are pushing work on their new store house and hope to have it complete soon.

W. B. Council, who has been on a business trip to Mitchell county, has returned and reports that the new railroad has been completed to Montezuma.

Rev. J. M. Deaton of Hickory is spending a few days in the mountains. He will preach at the Lutheran Church on Mead Camp Sunday.

The Sunday School will be organized in the Baptist Church in Boone on next Sunday morning. An invitation is extended to all who desire to attend.

After weary months of suffering, Mrs. Noah Brookshire, whose serious illness we have mentioned from time to time, died at her home on New River Tuesday morning.

The hands were warned again to work on the streets and sidewalks in Boone Friday and Saturday and Street Supervisor Blackburn asks us to say that all hands who are behind on the work will be dealt with as the law directs at once.

Just as we go to press we receive the startling news that the smallpox is spreading at an alarming rate in Lenoir, and that one negro suspect has broken quarantine at Freedman and others were trying to make their escape. This is alarming news and the chances are that it will be brought to our county by negroes fleeing from the disease in other sections.

Elvis Presley has a bad case of tonsillitis. Now, if he can contract a permanent case of arthritis, well...

#### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 17, 1920

The Good Roads Commission and the Board of County Commissioners will meet in joint session in the courthouse today. The object of the meeting is to try to devise some plan, agreeable to both bodies and the public at large, to raise some money with which to resume active work on the roads of the county. It is an evident fact that unless something can be done to raise more money, our expenditure of \$200,000 is largely a loss, as we have practically no finished road in the county.

Miss Ruth Tate of Greensboro, a landscape artist of ability, is here for study and work during the summer, and as a side line has opened a tea room in the office recently vacated by J. W. Bryan, next door to the Watauga County Bank.

We open our forms for the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Russell Hodges of Boone and Miss Paye Greer of Mabel, the ceremony being performed at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Greer, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. J. M. Mulligan, who is now doing excavation work for the new million dollar hotel in Winston-Salem, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Mulligan was the first construction superintendent on Watauga's good roads.

Chairman Frank A. Linney returned from Chicago Monday where he attended the Republican National Convention. Frank failed to see the man of his choice landed, but thinks the nominee, Senator Harding, is all right.

Jeweler J. W. Bryan has moved from the E. S. Coffey office into the grand jury room, where he will remain until he can erect an office of his own.

The Watauga Motor Co., is just completing their handsome Ford garage in Boone, and the same will be open to the public within the next few days.

#### Fifteen Years Ago

June 15, 1944

Corporal Clyde Sterle, 28 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Sterle of Blue Ridge township, was killed in action in New Guinea on May 23, according to a brief message received by Mr. and Mrs. Sterle from the War Department.

The Lions Club, the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants Association met with the American Legion Tuesday evening to cooperate with the Veterans' organizations in working out details for the Fourth of July celebration to be held in Boone.

The fifth war loan got underway Monday morning and W. D. Farthing, chairman of the local war savings staff, has set up an active organization to conduct a vigorous drive to raise the county's overall bond quota of \$143,000, which is \$17,000 more than was required locally during the fourth war loan.

Mr. Russell Gantt of Zionville has received word that his brother, Pvt. Howard Gantt, was killed in action May 17 in Italy. There is no further information available.

Mr. Charles L. Keerans, who has been right seriously ill at his home here, was taken to Watauga Hospital Sunday, where it is said his condition is practically unchanged.

An increase in the allotments of sugar to restaurants, hotels, lunch rooms, large boarding houses, schools and in-plant feeding facilities which do their own baking, has been announced by L. W. Driscoll, district director of the OPA at Charlotte.

The Winston-Salem district office of defense transportation has warned householders throughout the nation to fill their coal bins during the summer months if they wish to be certain of having a supply when winter comes.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### Municipal Laws . . . As They Used To Be

The city election this week prompted us to look back a few years in the Democrat for news of the city government a long time ago. . . . Sixty-eight years ago, May 14, 1891, the Democrat carried a list of the ordinances in effect in the community, which apt as not are still in force, if the old books are extant.

D. B. Dougherty, father of the Dougherty brothers, who founded Appalachian College, was the Mayor of the town, having succeeded W. L. Bryan, who was the very first Mayor, and who held the position again and again down through the years. . . . I. W. Thomas, J. F. Spainhour and R. C. Rivers, Sr., were the members of the Board of Aldermen. . . . Mayor Dougherty was editor of the Democrat at that time, I. W. Thomas, we have understood, was a Baptist minister, J. F. Spainhour founded and published the Democrat for the first year of its existence and was later district Superior Court Solicitor. . . . R. C. Rivers was the veteran Democrat publisher, and son of Dr. James G. Rivers, a member of the city's first board of aldermen. . . . Anyway, these officials, elected without opposition, as is the case this week, had the laws of the city published, so that all and sundry might know if they were running afoul and whether or not they were headed straight for the calaboose.

### The Selling Of Corn . . . Frowned Upon

In those simple days when corn likker and apple brandy were stilled along the branches in the town, and considered more or less vital condiments, and when the jug and the demijohn were rated by many as necessary as the flour barrel, and the meal sack and the salted joint, the city fathers looked with mild disfavor on the biting liquid. . . . They aimed an act at those who were wont to "sell or give away spirituous or malt liquors or any intoxicating drinks within the town." . . . But they didn't exactly scowl at the practice, since a fine of only five dollars was provided. . . . For those found drunk within the village a fine of three dollars was to be exacted and costs.

### The Streets . . . Worked By Free Labor

These officials of the long ago held office when citizens were required to work for free on the streets and the sidewalks of the town, that is they came in the 18 to 45 year age group. . . . The plank sidewalks required considerable upkeep, and the mud holes in the dirt streets had to be filled now and again with field stone, so the wagons wouldn't mire in the mud. . . . The "hands" were "warned out" and required to bring a shovel, pick or other implement and work ten days of each year. . . . All peddlers had to be licensed by the Mayor and pay five dollars a day to sell their wares. . . . It was unlawful to ride or drive on the sidewalks or hitch animals to the shade trees or plank fences under pain of one dollar fine. . . . A like amount was levied against those who damaged signs or street lamps.

The officials were of the notion to keep the town clean, and had sanitary laws covering the care of pig stys and privies. . . . It was also provided that all sorts of garbage, filth or offal be burned. . . . And even in comparatively recent years that was done cheerfully by the householders. . . .

### Stock And Geese . . . Had To Be Penned

The officials in early-day Boone looked askance at stock and geese when they were running at large. . . . It was provided that all creatures of hair or feather be impounded by the Marshal, and be released only on the payment of 25 cents each for horses and cattle and 10 cents each for sheep, hogs, goats and geese and cost for feeding the same. . . . In case the Marshal was still left with the animals and fowls after three days, it was provided that the property be advertised for ten days and sold at public outcry to pay the fines and costs.

A fine of \$5 (no costs) was provided for the use of boisterous or profane language, or for engaging in an affray or fight. . . . One couldn't get by with discharging firearms, "unless as is necessary in butchering."

These are some of the laws the Mayor and Aldermen called attention to when they took office three score and eight years ago. And while Boone didn't amount to much in those days, in so far as population was concerned, there were doubtless headaches enough for the pioneer citizens who tended to the business, same as there is for the men who resumed their seats at city hall Tuesday.

## Uncle Pinkney

(McKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR

I see by the papers where one of them Government agencies in Washington has been paying \$6 a bushel for dirt to fill in the foundation on a building project. With our Congressmen always being so overcome with the giving spirit, it's all about the same to them, potatoes, apples, corn, wheat, dirt or anything, they figger about \$6 a bushel is a fair price.

And in the same paper I see where Westbrook Pegler says we got more dirt in Washington than in any capital in the world. We'll take Pegler's word for it. He's dug up enough dirt in his time to know when he sees it. But with it being so plentiful in Washington, I think \$6 a bushel is a little high.

And speaking of Government projects in Washington, I see where they still got a few souvenir bricks for sale from the time they remodeled the old White House. I ain't going to buy one, because I don't choose to pay for one twice. I figger the one I ain't got cost me about \$10 in taxes.

I got a heap of sympathy for this fellow I was reading about in Utah. He says things is gitting so

high he can't afford to eat and git medical attention at the same time, not if he pays as he goes. And this fellow from Utah seems to be a very unusual citizen or account of him preferring to pay as he goes. He says he's been suffering with tonsillitis fer year and has decided to have 'em cut out. But he's having 'em cut out one at a time so he'll be able to pay as he goes. The people of Utah ought to send this fellow to Congress, maybe elect him President.

The experts is beginning to make guesses and prediction about the 1960 census. One expert claims it's going to be very alarming the way the census will show wimmen outnumbering the men in this country. I don't see nothing alarming about wimmen outnumbering the men. My o' lady, fer instant, has been outnumbering me two to one fer years.

All the newspapers, Mist Editor, seems agreed on a thing, that the country is enjoying prosperity the likes of whif this nation has never saw. O' writer was asking where was a wolf that used to camp at the door. I'll grant him that the w (Continued on page five)