

## Horn To Blow Again

Friday marks the opening of Horn in the West, Boone's outdoor drama, marking the official opening of the summer season in this vicinity.

For nine years the drama has been staged with varying successes. For the most of the time it has been a losing venture in the matter of dollars and cents, but business people of the town and area believe it is worth keeping, profit or no, and an improved version of the Kermit Hunter play is expected to draw improved patronage this year.

The State has come through with some funds, notes are signed and the remainder of the loss, if any, is guaranteed by the signors, and the drama of the days of Daniel Boone and the Indians and the British has come to be a local institution, one that the folks wouldn't want to do without at all.

And it has brought considerable publicity to this section. Most folks who go places for fun have heard of the Horn,

and have told their friends and there is a hard core of patronage which returns year after year, always reveling in the colorful story of the fight of the colonists for a freedom from the crown.

Bill Ross, who's directing again this year, believes that the production will be better than ever, a cast has been chosen, rehearsals have gone well, we understand, and we can well share the belief that an improved version of the drama will greet the opening nighters.

Meantime, we'd say that those who have labored year after year in the cause of the civic venture are due a good deal of praise, but more than good words, they'd likely appreciate the people of the county—those who haven't been at all, and those who've been absent for a while—coming out and enjoying the drama, and thus helping to perpetuate it as an integral and increasingly fruitful part of the summer program in the Holiday Highlands.

## The Next Governor

Terry Sanford came through with flying colors in the second primary for the Democratic nomination for Governor of a State in which nomination has been tantamount to election for sixty years, surprising even some of his most ardent supporters with the size of his victory.

In winning by a commanding majority over Dr. Lake, Sanford demonstrated not only the popularity of his program for the State, but his capacity to wage a thorough-going campaign and to sell not only his program but himself to the people. In the process of the campaign he revealed himself to be more the honest, progressive, able and conscientious candidate than the reckless spender which he had been dubbed by his opponent.

Without discounting the abilities of Dr. Lake, he drove many voters to Terry Sanford—people who sincerely believed the former college professor would create racial disturbances without end in a state which has been able to proceed

with its educational processes without appreciable discord between the people. Normally a great many of the Sanford votes would have gone to the more conservative candidate had it not been for the danger of creating an explosive situation in a State where the white and colored people have lived in an atmosphere of friendship and understanding perhaps unequalled in any State in the country. This, coupled with the strong appeal of Sanford's educational program made enough and to spare.

And those of us who went along with Terry Sanford feel that he will be a good Governor—even perhaps a great one. We feel that he will move forward along progressive lines, not only for those who teach and who are taught, but for every segment of the population of the State. We see in his election a heightened progress for the State which has been doing good right along. He's needed to consolidate and expand the gains which have been made.

## Safety For The Fourth

To say that traffic accidents are a disgrace to North Carolina is to underestimate the case. They are scandalous! And in a majority of the cases they are entirely unnecessary. More care, more alertness, more respect for the rights of others would wipe out the greatest number of accidents. Particularly inexcusable are the accidents which grow out of inadequate vehicle maintenance.

Tar Heel motorists won't tolerate a mechanical inspection program, so unsafe cars go on crashing and banging into one another unchecked. Just how many of these accidents are caused by poor maintenance can never be statistically established because often the cars involved are so badly smashed up pre-existing repair needs cannot be determined.

Despite this fact records of the North Carolina Department of Motor Vehicles show a significant number of vehicles involved in death-dealing smash ups have one or more unsafe conditions.

Very often such conditions can be

present in an apparently normal car. In many cases auto owners never suspect the need for repairs—until it's too late.

Obviously, the only way a driver can be sure his care is in safe operating condition is to check and double check.

Vacation time is at hand. But you can be dead sure that death will take no vacation. Look at last year's mid summer traffic record: in June 78 fatalities, in July 98 fatalities, in August 105 fatalities!

Before a vacation trip it's an easy matter for any driver to check his car for surface danger points. Excessive tire wear, loss of braking efficiency, lights improperly aimed or burned out, and other obvious faults can easily be detected.

"Check your car, check accidents!" is a pretty short sentence. But this summer it's the only answer to one important part of the traffic accident picture.

## Deadline

(Texaco Bulletin)

At one time it was the custom of guards of prisoners of war to draw a line on the ground to indicate the area in which the prisoners could move around. If any of them, daringly or forgetfully, stepped over the line he was killed on the spot. The line quickly earned the appropriate name, "deadline."

In business the term means getting something done within a prescribed time. In safety the parallel is too close for comfort. Step over the "safety deadline" and you're in just as much trouble as the prisoners of war once were. Accidents are as deadly as sniping soldiers.

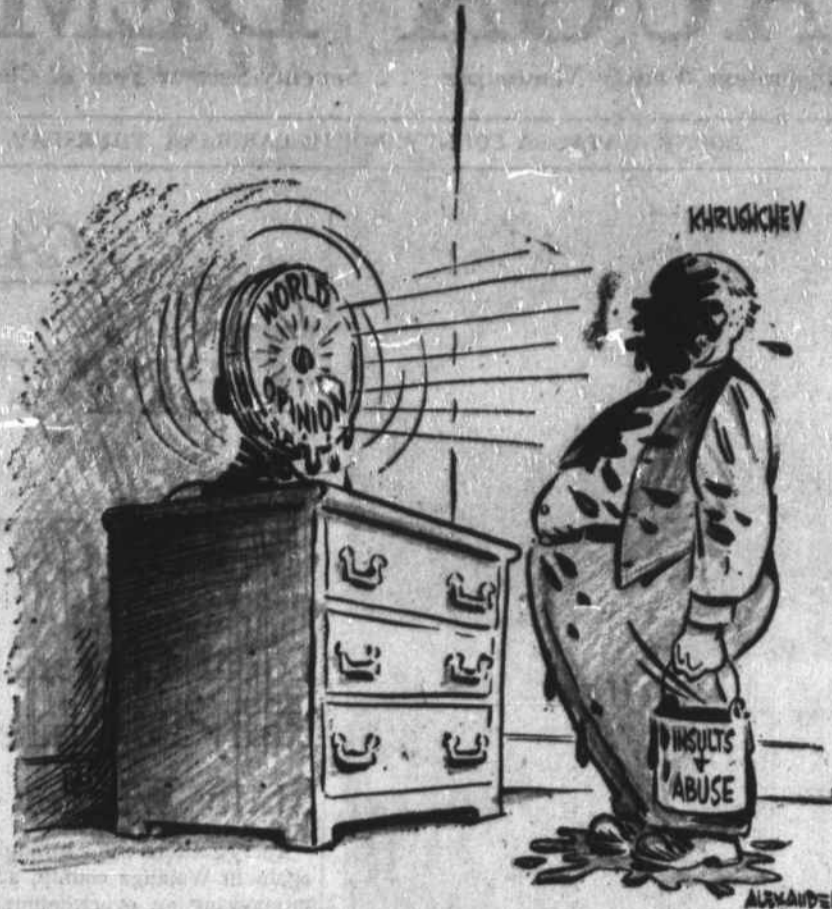
There's one big difference between the

original deadline in the prison camps and the safety deadline. The first was an actual line. You could see it. You knew just how far you could go.

A safety deadline is invisible and uncertain . . . maybe we can get by with an unsafe practice . . . one time . . . but the line is real, even though it lurks unseen around us.

One day we step over it . . . and an accident slaps us down just like that. Maybe he gets one man, maybe a group of men. Maybe it'll happen tomorrow, maybe next year. But tempt that deadline and he'll have his day!

## Learning About Mud-Slinging



### SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

June 21, 1890

Wednesday a 70-year-old citizen of North Iredell county sent to town to get a tombstone for his wife's grave. By the same messenger he sent also for a license to get himself a new wife.

Our streets are in great need of work and they should be put in good shape as soon as possible.

J. C. Brown of Sands has some Southdown ewes for which he has been offered \$8.00 per head.

Some beautiful improvements were made in front of the Methodist Church here last week, putting in gravel walks, stone steps, etc.

Mr. C. C. Glenn of Nevada, Mo. has joined his family who has been here for some time and thinks of locating permanently in either North Carolina or Tennessee.

The subscription for the completion of our school building is growing nicely but we still need help. Lend us a helping hand in this time of need and it will be one of the best investments of your life.

On last Thursday night Hon. E. W. Pou, by special invitation, delivered a speech in the courthouse before the White Supremacy Club. His remarks were much enjoyed and to take them all together, they constituted one of the best speeches of the campaign. It was delivered in a mild, gentlemanly manner, but his words were well chosen and to the point, giving the revenue doodlers many heavy shots.

Hon. W. B. Council and lady are spending a few days this week at Morehead City.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 30, 1921.

The long distance phone office has been moved from the R. M. Greene store to central, at Mrs. Toppings'.

Dr. Roy Butler, of Butler, Tenn. is spending a few days at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Sprules.

Greene and Bingham have just had installed in their handsome place of business a rather expensive and modern soda fountain, a mechanic from Atlanta, Ga. sent here for that purpose, setting it up and putting it to work the first of the week.

The Peoples Bank & Trust Co. has purchased the E. F. Lovill corner and will erect thereon a modern banking and office building, work to begin thereon in the near future.

Our townsman, Hon. F. A. Linney, is to be congratulated upon his successful fight for the Attorneyship of the Western District of North Carolina.

Barber Bill Hodges of Shulls Mills is now occupying the shop vacated by Mr. Cook when he removed to the R. M. Greene building.

Mr. T. Hill Farthing of Butler, Tenn. has been in Boone for several days looking over the business field, and the indications are that in the near future he will be located permanently in Boone, conducting a live mercantile business.

Mr. J. L. Glenn, who recently purchased the Will Carter home one mile west of the village has moved his family there to take advantage of our school facilities.

## Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

Several weeks ago a group of us were talking about our past governors and someone wondered who was lieutenant governor during Bickett's administration. That caused us some trouble. So we started with the present administration and went backwards naming governors and lieutenant governors. See how well you can do with the list.

- 1 Hodges .....
- 2 Umstead .....
- 3 Scott .....
- 4 Broughton .....
- 5 Cherry .....
- 6 Hoey .....
- 7 Ehringhaus .....
- 8 Gardner .....
- 9 McLean .....
- 10 Morrison .....
- 11 Bickett .....
- 12 Craig .....

A man from Beaufort County recently went up to Norfolk and got himself a job on some kind of a hurry-up building contract. He was told that the nature of the job required every workman to be present every day; that if he had to be absent because of sickness or any other reason, it would mean that someone else would have to be hired in his place.

The man got sick. He felt mighty bad, and he was afraid that he was going to be worse. So he hopped into his automobile just as soon as he was through for the day and drove home to Beaufort County. When he got there, he went to bed.

Did he lose his job? Not by a long shot. He had a twin brother and he sent the fat-

### AFTER ANOTHER

ter up to Norfolk. The foreman never knew the difference and at the end of three days, the first man was able to resume his regular work, and his twin went back home to the farm.

That's all there was to it.

We know a lady whose son died about a year ago. She was devoted to him. When he passed away, she didn't spend a lot of money in building an imposing monument of stone to his memory. Not at all. She is following an entirely different system.

Whenever a call is made upon her for a donation to some worthwhile cause, she responds to that call by making a donation and enclosing a card therewith, setting forth the fact that "this is being done in memory of my son."

We've heard of a lot of memorials, but to our way of thinking this is one of the finest that ever has been called to our attention.

There are four words that we can think of with which no other words in the English language will rhyme. They are: wolf, month, window and silver. (And don't try to rhyme golf with wolf, or pilfer with silver.)

I mentioned the above some time ago and got this response from Kenneth Burgwyn of Wilmington:

You say in the English language there is no rhyme for "month." I tried and failed a hundred times. But got it the hundred-and-one.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### Of Summertime . . . And The River

One doesn't usually associate the mountain top region with beautiful rivers of waters churning down their rocky courses, lazily along through daisy-splashed meadows, eventually to join other streams and rush through the great turbines to power the wheels in the factories, to ease the burdens of the home and farm and to pace the progress of the country.

Misses Agnes Rawls and Bernice Chastian, who've spent "twelve wonderful summers in Boone," and who will spend this summer in Jacksonville, Fla., send us a clipping from the Florida Times-Union, wherein Helen Wilcox Marshall, in her column, "Incidentally," captures the song of the river. . . . Since it's midsummer, vacation-time, and busy days, columns don't always come easy, and we're going to snitch this, and know our readers will share our enjoyment of what the Florida writer has to say about the Watauga River, and the storied hills through which it roars, ripples, or flows gently through greenish clear pools:

Guess where we are? We're sitting on a rock, a more or less oval rock about 50 x 50 feet, out-jutting into the Watauga River, in Watauga County, N. C. We should be painting pictures instead of writing, only we can't paint, alas.

But even paint couldn't capture the ruffled roar of this limpid clear water as it flows quietly at first along a straight stretch, only rippling occasionally around stones and boulders, until it trips over a down-slide of polished rock and roars into a rapids.

A breeze comes down off of the mountain over the way, but in the sun on our rock it is warm and we have discarded our sweater.

Along the banks, poplars, maples, oaks, rhododendron, laurel and beech are massed in a green screen and it seems as remote from civilization as the days when the Indians pow-wowed in these parts.

At night we have slept in a cabin on a hill, made of hand hewn logs 2 feet wide and 18 inches thick as neatly dovetailed at the corners as a fine piece of furniture and chinked in between these ancient boards is cement. The sounds in the night here are those of the river boiling down the mountain and the lonesome bay of a hound dog after a fox in the hills.

The early morning sounds are the lowing of cattle on the hillside across the water, the cheerful song of Indigo-Buntings nesting up by the hickory tree and frying bacon.

It's a good life, and when we make a rare trek out of this paradise passing along a mountain country road the natives smile and wave a greeting as if we really belonged here.

We have picked wild forget-me-nots by our river, the tiny flowers as delicately blue as can be, and we have picked wild cherries until our hands are stained purple and when we wander through a wood, we stop to munch a wild strawberry here and there or admire a fine stand of shiny, green galax leaves.

But we think it's the river we love the best of all. It's inspiring to look up from our rock and see the foot hills merging into higher peaks, but it's even more rewarding to glance up our river and watch it glide along for a spell, then turn into a waterfall over the boulders and twist and foam until it reaches a level spot and turns momentarily into a still mill pond before churning off again.

Way up the river layers and layers of rock formation jut out in craggy grandeur, overhung here and there by trees, but always dominating the scene. In places the water is dark and deep, in others shallow and rock paved with the sun turning the water to various shades of green and brown.

Some great and long ago earth upheaval caused this majesty and we stood in awe before a tremendous boulder held almost upright by one ground stone, the size of a watermelon. The stone is split and we suppose some day it will break and the huge rock above it will crash down and change the course of the water, but never stop its flow.

It will be here when we aren't, but we're thankful we've been privileged to see it.

## Uncle Pinkney

(McKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR

I was reading where it took Jefferson 18 days to write the Declaration of Independence. But in them days we had statesmen that was thinking of the next generation. Today we got mostly politicians that is thinking about the next election and voters that is thinking about what their old lady is going to have for supper.

I see where the American Institute of Babers has recommended that the hole in the doughnut be reduced from 7-8 of an inch to 3-8 of an inch. That's the first break the eating public has got in several year. And it's worthy of note that it didn't come from the Congress.

And I was looking at some pictures in one of them slick magazines showing night gowns that the women can use the next day for street clothes. You wear 'em to bed at night and the next day wear 'em to the grocery store. That might be alright for them city wimmen but if my old lady would ever wear that contraption she calls a night gown to the grocery store they'd either lock her up or lock up the grocery store. Maybe both.

While it ain't world-shaking news, since I'm mentioning my old lady, I might report that her and them wimmen in her circle at the church is having another squabble. Ever since I've known that bunch they've fought among themselves six days a week and praised the Lord together on Sunday. This time it's over some of 'em wanting to put a kitchen in the church basement and some

being again it. I don't know which side my old lady is on and I shore ain't gitting her started by asking her. But from what I hear tell, a heap of churches has now got kitchens. Maybe that's the reason I ain't heard in the last few years that old saying "pore as a church mouse." With all them kitchens, I reckon a church mouse is now as fat and sassy as the rest of 'em.

On the international front, I see where a Russian in East Germany claims that Russia invented the steam engine. Sounds reasonable. I was brung up to believe Fulton invented it, but the Russians shore invented hot air, and steam comes from hot air. From that point it would be easy to hook a engine to it. Any day now, them Russians is going to invent a beer that foams from the bottom.

I see where the Kremlin is sending out instructions to teach public speakers in some of their slave countries how to pernoce Khrushchev's name with just the right accent and reverence. I don't imagine ole Khrushchev will ever hang nobody for misperouncing his name so long as the speaker bends his knee and bows low enough when he says it.

Yours truly,  
Uncle Pink

NIXON'S CAMPAIGN STAFF

In a hotel suite almost as hard to find as Vice President Nixon when he wants to hide out, his campaign staff has bloomed into a highly personal organization for the 1960 Presidential campaign.