

New Air Speed

Only a few years ago they said it couldn't be done—that flying was too much against the natural laws to be successfully consummated by man.

Gravity, resistance of the air, plus "it was fixed so's only the birds could do it," were cited as reasons why man had just as well quit toying with the notion of sailing around in the ether.

But, like all prophets of the status quo, these were wrong, and just how wrong is shown in the fact that a test pilot has recently flown a rocket plane faster than any human has ever moved before—2,150 miles per hour.

Joe Walker rocketed to this unbelievable speed in a shallow two-mile dive from 78,000 feet, and dropped down for a safe landing on the miles-long saltbed runways of Edwards Air Force Base, California.

Man's quest of getting there faster, it would seem, has just about reached its apex. In his first effort to get off his feet, he perhaps rode a beast, later a crude sled helped, but when his tools and his genius finally resulted in his slicing slabs from the ends of a log,

boring a hole near the center and fashioning a crude wagon, he was on the way.

The machine age has been geared to the wheel. The motor car, the airplane, the trains, all date back to the invention of the wheel.

We used to hear a lot in the old days of express trains which managed a mile a minute, and when automobiles were devised which could go that fast where road conditions permitted, we thought we had reached the acme in transportation. Later one could travel 100 miles an hour in a plywood, canvass-covered airplane and aviation-minded men were saying we could some day travel with the sun across the country. In making 2,150 per hour, pilot Walker has shown that the age of speed is yet in its beginning, and thus the size of the world has been so constricted that we can't get away from world-wide problems, and their lethal dangers.

But man has always looked toward the horizon and wanted to go. Out of his dreams came powered travel and a new world of pleasure and of peril.

Death Toll Runs High

Watauga had more than her share of violent deaths within the past few days.

Three lost their lives when a citizen slew two, and then ended his own life, to bring sorrow in their neighborhood and in the county at large.

We extend our sympathies to these people who have been so sorely afflicted.

Two residents of Welcome were killed when their car was struck by a gravel truck which had evidently gone out of control near the Wilkes county line, being the first fatal highway accident in the county for more than a year.

It is particularly sad that these visitors to the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains became casualties of the age of speed.

Man's inhumanity to man, however, is never so plainly seen as when violence stalks peaceful neighborhoods, when a man strikes down his neighbor, or when there is tangled metal and

broken bodies on the pavement. In other words such occurrences seem to bring uncommon excitement and almost joy to some people.

A man of the cloth who had stopped were the travelers were killed, and offered the rites of his faith, marveled at the curiosity which attended the gruesome accident. Motorists stopped and tried to get pictures of the bodies—for what, it would be hard to say, and lingered when it was apparent they could offer no aid.

The recounting of the violent deaths which occur, and for which we are grieved, are part and parcel of the news of the county and must be faithfully reported, but the evident relish with which so many people delve into the gory details of these tragic events, reveals a sinister quirk in human nature.

Profit From The Civil War

We've had a notion that the Civil War should be concluded, and that the wearing of replicas of the grap caps of the Legions of Lee and the waving of Confederate flags have done little for us in the councils of the political parties. May have hurt.

This is not to say that we are any less Southern in many basic beliefs than were our ancestors, or that we have strayed away from some of the fundamental teachings. It's just that the Civil War didn't pay off and won't now.

Or that is what we thought until the business of collecting Civil War relics came into being.

Appropriately enough the business of hunting relics on old battlefields started in Richmond, when N. E. Warriner one day found a cannon ball, and thus was born a new industry out of the misery and travail of our country's most vicious baptism of blood and tears.

Like prospecting for metals, relic hunting is already competitive, we learn, and those who engage in the activity are

without honor, Mr. Warriner says.

As in the days of the fabulous finds of gold and silver in the old west, if one tells of where he found something which was left by a bluecoat or a Johnny Reb nearly a hundred years ago, others in the business will strip his "hot spot" down to the bedrock.

Minnie balls, uniform buckles, buttons, swords, pistols, cannon balls, and the supreme treasure—cannon, are being sought.

Natives of Dixie will be pleased to know that a Confederate buckle brings \$65, compared to \$2.50 for a Union buckle.

Richmond is the relic hunter's capital, since many battles of the Civil War were fought nearby. However, the newest collecting fad will spread and apt as not somebody will come up with some of the leavings of General Stoneman's foray into Boone and environs one of these days, to enhance local history and provide collector's items.

Trees

(Asheville Citizen)

It is apparent, looking around you and comparing what you see with what you remember about past years, that trees are indeed a part of vanishing Americana.

The forests are still there, true, but what we're talking about are just plain, garden variety residential trees—the kind that shade an over-heated lawn-mower or that shed leaves for you to rake in October.

It seems that a lot of folks, when they get a lot for a new house, launch into—or let themselves get talked into—

having the trees knocked down right away.

We grant it's easier, and we wouldn't stand four-square for building a house so that a tree rises to its lofty grandeur right through the living room. But our contention is that a little extra planning will save most of 'em for you and your kids to enjoy.

It's hard to put a price on a full-grown tree. You can buy a replacement but only time can bring it into its own. And goodness knows, we're all running short of time.

Poor Start At Being His Own Boss



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

August 9, 1906.

Mercury registered at 92 in the shade at the Blackburn House yesterday.

Aunt Laura Lenoir, one of our aged and best colored women, died in Boone a few days ago.

Attorney E. S. Coffey is pushing the work on his new residence, and when completed, it is said, will be the best in the county.

Mr. O. J. Hawkins of Caldwell is erecting a neat residence near the Academy building.

Dr. M. C. Boyden, dentist, of Baltimore, will be in Boone on the 10th inst. Dental work respectfully solicited.

The school opened here Monday with flattering prospects, there being a larger attendance than was expected. There are now about 15 boarders in. Good.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gentry of Jefferson are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Nathan Horton.

Judge Councill will open his first term of court at Smithfield, Johnson county, on the last Monday in this month.

From the Tennessee Tomahawk: Robert C. Rivers, editor and proprietor of the Watauga Democrat, Published in Boone, N. C. was in the city Wednesday and gave us a business call. We found him to be a sociable and pleasant gentleman and it is due him to say that he is getting out a splendid country paper notwithstanding his Democracy.

Hon. J. F. Spainhour of Morganton, who was elected to the Legislature from Burke county by a majority of 376 votes, was in town Monday and Tuesday.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

August 11, 1921

The schools of the county are now practically all in session, and County Superintendent Smith Hagan says the attendance is unusually fine.

The Boone Fork Lumber Co. put a crew of hands to work in the trackage of their lumber road from near the Winkler siding, back of the Rich Mountain Tuesday. They are getting everything in readiness for the re-starting of the big operation at Shulls Mills which Mr. Gilley hopes will not be farther in the future than ten days or two weeks.

Mr. M. E. Towson of Lynchburg, Va. and Mr. N. C. Parsons of Abingdon, both Knights of the grip, were among our merchants Saturday, soliciting orders for their respective houses. They were of the opinion that Boone was fuller of activities in many lines than any small town they had visited. In fact, Mr. Towson suggested that the name of this metropolis be changed to Boom Town.

A cut of approximately 50 per cent in the price of all candy from gumdrops to bonbons was announced by a chain candy store company, following a general agitation against high prices of these and other commodities.

Last Monday the directors of the Peoples Bank & Trust Co. held a meeting in the bank building, the main idea of the meeting being to transact business looking to the erection of their new brick building on the Lovill corner. It is hoped the building can be occupied by late fall or early winter.

Fifteen Years Ago

August 9, 1945.

A special meeting of Watauga Post American Legion will be held at the Legion hut Friday evening at 8:30 for the purpose of initiating plans for the construction of a war memorial, honoring those who have served their country from this county in both world wars, it is announced by Commander H. S. Steelman. Mr. Steelman asks that the Lions Club, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association, ministers of the county, members of women's clubs and any other organization interested be present for the meeting.

An administrative conference for the teachers of the county is to be held in the auditorium of Appalachian High School Wednesday, August 15 at 9:30 a. m. It is stated by County Superintendent S. F. Horton. Dr. Henry Highsmith and Miss Hattie S. Parrott of the division of instructional service will direct the conference.

Mr. J. Paul Winkler, who has recently resided at Newport News, Va. has purchased an interest in the Watauga Insurance Agency here, and is now in the office to render a more complete service to the patrons of the concern.

Pfc. Paul T. Swift of Beech Creek, was killed in action in France on July 19, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Swift have been advised by the office of the Adjutant General of the Army.

It Seems To Me..

By RACHEL RIVERS

Because it is late summer, and the nights are beginning to cool off somewhat, you may find yourself seated beside a blazing campfire, laughing with your friends over a cup of coffee. If you do, then you may amble into the age-old habit of communicating mysterious, weird stories—just to add to the depth of a moody moonlit darkness. And so I told my tale—one which I cannot verify:

About eleven years ago at a University, an experiment was being run to determine whether or not four of the top mediums (those who can call spirits into the present, good or evil) in the country could produce the Headless Horseman, a legend once told that inspired George Washington Irving to pen, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

It is understood to those of the "spirits" ways that the pig is an evil animal, an animal of the Devil, and mostly because it is said in the Bible.

The men were seated in a room much like a bank vault. The walls were of metal four feet thick. Inside the walls were white and a table and four chairs were placed there for convenience's sake.

The mediums were to have one and one-half hours and then the doors would be opened to see what had happened. From the outside, nothing could be heard for even the ventilating system was sound proofed.

When the given time expired, the huge door was opened. The walls were covered with hoof prints, the sound of a galloping horse was heard, the stench of a pig was unbelievable, and the four mediums lay there trampled to death by a horse.

We poured the coffee out, mounted our horses, and went home.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

Ronald Mumford, hotel man who is now a big shot in the Robert Meyer hotels, was at one time president of the corporation which operates the Governor Clinton Hotel in New York.

I was in New York some time ago while Roland was there; so I went around to pay him a visit.

"I'd like to see Mr. Mumford please," I told one of the young ladies in the outer office.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Mumford is in an important conference and won't be out for about an hour."

"I don't believe I can wait that long. Just tell him I dropped in, will you please?"

"What is the name?"

"Hodges. I'm Governor of North Carolina."

The young lady gasped. Two or three other ladies, sitting in the immediate vicinity, swung around in their chairs and stared.

"Just a moment, Governor," said the first one. "I'll tell Mr. Mumford you are here."

She dashed into an office close by. The door was open and I could hear Mumford's voice plainly.

"Who did you say?" The Governor of North Carolina? . . . The Governor, hell! It's either Elvey Thomas, George White, or Carl Goerch. Whichever one it is, tell him to sit down and I'll be out in just a minute."

The girl delivered the message with a hurt expression upon her countenance.

Mr. S. G. Winstead is a well known resident of Roxboro. Used to be mayor of the town. Mr. Win-

AFTER ANOTHER

stead attended old Trinity (now Duke) College.

He is the father of eight children. When the first child was ready to enter college, Mr. Winstead said: "What college do you prefer?" And the answer was "Carolina."

So he went to Carolina. When the second child got ready to go to college, Mr. Winstead asked the same question, and again the answer was "Carolina."

Mr. Winstead sighed, but he acquiesced.

The same thing happened with the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh children. All of them went to Carolina. And last week the eighth child graduated—also at Carolina.

Of course, Mr. Winstead is mighty proud of his eight children, but he also is still mighty proud of Trinity and Duke also.

General Albert Cox, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Raleigh, returned recently from a trip overseas. He spent some time in London and found that the people in that city were greatly interested in dog races. There are a number of tracks in and around London.

Albert attended one of the races. He didn't know anything about the dogs, but when he looked at his program, he saw that one of them was named "White's Creamery."

Albert thought of his old friend, George L. H. White in Raleigh. He immediately placed a bet on "White's Creamery" for sentimental reasons. The dog won in a walk, and Albert took in a nice little winking.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

About A Spreading Tree . . . They Speculated

When the work of grading the Rivers corner got under way some time back, preparatory to the construction of a market thereon; there was a good deal of speculation up and down the street as to whether we'd let the huge sugar maple, which has been a landmark for generations, go the way of all the other old trees along the Street, and be carted away to the city dump for its deadened trunk and limbs to rot away in the sunshine and the rains and the snows of the multiplying years. . . . And when tree removal stopped short of the maple, and a circular brick well was erected to keep the dirt away from the aged trunk, a lot of people came by to sav how glad they are that the tree will continue to deal kindly with the traveler in the heat of summer, and battle for its life against winter's gales. . . . And never is there a day that doesn't bring inquiries as to how old the tree is, who planted it, and reckon how long it will last.

About the year 1867, the late Bob Rivers, then six years old, was playing, he said, with some colored boys on a hillside, when one of his playmates pulled up a tiny maple seedling. . . . It was brought to the Rivers home, where Doctor J. G. Rivers promised the lads to help them set it out. . . . Being busy, however, the tree laid in the creek for a week or so, before young Bob watched his daddy plant the sapling in the damp rich soil near what used to be called middle branch. . . . So the age of the old tree, from the time the winged seed sprouted, is running close to the century mark.

In its growing days there was plenty of room, and nothing was done to prevent the spread of its limbs in all directions. . . . Crowded by buildings, and paving, it has lost some of its limbs through the years, but still is a magnificent tree, with prospects of being around for a long time. . . . When the Democrat office stood below street level under the shade of the maple, it was a gathering place in summertime for those who came to confer with Bob Rivers about civic matters, about an ad in the paper, or about politics, and Senators, Governors, Congressmen, Sheriffs, Representatives, county officials and Justices of the Peace, of all political persuasions have stopped under its kindly branches to settle the problems of the county, State and nation. . . . It was big and strong when the first automobile chugged uncertainly along the street, and when the Wrights made their first flight down at Kitty Hawk. . . . It sheltered the jaded beasts when the carriages and the fringed surries brought the wealthy to the county in another century, and was experiencing a lusty growth in the days of reconstruction when the South, while not diving, wasn't gaining much in its race for survival.

We're happy that when there was talk around town that the old tree was going, most folks vowed we'd never stand for the abolition of such a magnificent contribution to the beauty of this section of the Street. . . . and they were right. . . . So the maple will be here right along, leaning a mite away from the prevailing wind like it always did, but still in fair vigor.

The last of the Street's huge locusts which stood on the corner of the same lot had to go. . . . Ravaged by age, hollow and with a shaky hold on the soil, it couldn't be saved.

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Other Noted Trees . . . Some Remain

We recall other trees, like the Daniel Boone Oak, which if living would be right in Faculty Street between the Bus Station and the football stadium. . . . Local post card racks used to include one with a lithograph of the old oak.

The buckhorn tree which stood near the home of Mrs. A. E. Hamby has long since been cut down. . . . It was named because of a deer antler which had been fastened to its trunk and which had been swallowed by the growing wood.

The old maple on Blowing Rock Road near the present south entrance to the College campus used to mark the city limits on that side of town.

The old Moretz oak on Queen Street near where the old Masonic Hall stood, vet stands. Hollow and burned out, it still comes forth in full foliage, like an old man, making a game try when he knows his time is near.

All the big cherry trees which used to line the street are gone. . . . The aspen on the court house lot grew from a riding switch stuck in the ground by the late John W. Hodges when he was high sheriff more than half a century ago.

Uncle Pinkney

(McKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

Fer years the mail man has been stuffing his box full of pamphlets, circulars, and junk from the farm agencies, agriculture departments and other folks that thinks a farmer or rancher ain't got nothing to do but read. I've had to git me a bigger mail box twice in the last 20 years to handle this stuff and it looks like the last one I got is getting too small. But I ain't investing in another one. I'm going to leave the mail man a note and tell him to pile the surplus up alongside the post and put a big rock on it. I don't want it blowing over on my neighbor and maybe poisoning his stock.

But anyhow, in one of them pamphlets I got last week it was announced that elephants was getting scarce. The piece said that in a few more year the elephant, like the American buffalo, would be about gone. Just what elephants has got to do with agriculture, I ain't shore, but it's nice fer them agriculture folks to warn us about it.

We was talking about it at the country store Saturday night and all the fellers was mighty grateful to the Government fer notifying us about the matter. One feller said it made him feel like paying up his back taxes so they could keep gitting out them pamphlets. Ed Doolittle allowed as how they wasn't nothing that at-

tracted attention at the circus like a elephant. Fer instant, said Ed, when a half-naked girl was riding a elephant they'd be at least a dozen out of 5,000 that would look at the elephant. But put the same girl on a white horse and they wouldn't be one in the 5,000 that could tell you two minutes later what color the horse was. Elephants is going to be missed and all the fellers agreed that this item from the agriculture folks was mighty important news.

From elephants the fellers naturally got to talking about the hot weather. Zeke Grubb said it got so hot at his place here awhile back that the scare crow he'd put out left the corn field to set in the shade. He allowed as how next summer he aimed to rig up his scare crow in a bathing suit. Nobody gits ahead of Ed Doolittle in these matters, so Ed had to tell us about the time when he was a boy it got so hot they had a square rainbow on account of it gitting warped from the heat. I left on that one, figuring that sooner or later the fellers would git to lying.

I see where a Englishman that was visiting us when Congress was in session has wrote that he was shocked at how little dignity they had. He ain't saw nothing till he catches one of 'em back home telling about his record.