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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 without 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, JULY 6, 1961

Sunday Fishing

Fishing on Sundays used to be looked on in this section as definitely wrong, and we couldn't quite understand in our bent-pin days of angling why we couldn't send the wriggling worms diving into the pools on the seventh day—after all it didn't seem like work to us—more like fun.

But it was frowned on, and some ordered the Sunday fishing poles, with the real short joints which could be broken down into a small package, so short that those who saw one going fishing, wouldn't likely think he was carrying a rod.

But happily for those who like to wet a fly, customs have changed, and now the streams are lined on Sunday afternoons, and mornings too, with those who are relaxing from the stresses of the long week and enjoying the beauties of the great outdoors.

Henry Belk, of the Goldsboro News Argus, recently had the subject of Sun-

day fishing going and out of the discussions which followed we quote the following:

"Fishing to some is a religious experience. It is a time for thought and meditation. It is a time for self-examination, for looking into one's soul. On the quiet river bank, knee deep in the pounding surf, or looking lazily to sea where the porpoises play, the ships go down and the wind whispers, what place can bring one closer to the great Force, the Creator, and leave one humbled with the heavens, which declare the glory of God or the firmament which showeth his handiwork?"

When the Fourth of July comes around, and we see a visitor inquiring for fishing waters, we peg the guy as being a good 'un, and we're glad the customs have changed so that he can find repose and refreshment amongst the willows and the blossoms, even on a Sunday.

Another Tweetsie Line

Those who love the Tweetsie Railway for sentimental reasons, and those of us who are intrigued by the major impact the little train has had on the tourist industry in the immediate area are interested that President Grover Robbins has just put into operation another of these fun-ride railroads at Gatlinburg, Tenn.

According to Harry Robbins, who quit the Postmastership at Blowing Rock to give full time to the Tweetsie operation, initial runs of the Gatlinburg train have met with good success, and there is to be an official opening of the enterprise late in the month at which time it is expected that the Governors of North Carolina and of Tennessee will be present, along with some of the important television personalities.

According to Harry, the new railway is similar to the Tweetsie operation, except perhaps in a more expansive form, and has virtually the same sort

of appeal.

The Robbins brothers have handled well the promotional inclinations and the civic urge they inherited from their father, the late Grover Robbins, Sr., who among many other things, developed the Rock itself so as to make it accessible and practical for tourist visitation. He developed the Yonahlossee Theatre, among other enterprises, and now his sons are operating the railroad, restaurants, and a well-equipped amusement park for the kiddies who come to Blowing Rock.

It is a happy thing for the Blowing Rock, Boone and Linville areas, that all these ventures of popular public appeal were developed.

The Robbinses, father and sons, have wrought mightily for the expansion of the tourist industry here. We congratulate them on their enterprise, and shall wish for them continuing successes in succeeding ventures.

Red Pressures

How the Soviet Union segregates its African students and uses them for propaganda purposes is revealed by Everest Mulekezi, now a student at Washington State University, in the July Reader's Digest.

In an article, "I Was a 'Student' at Moscow State," Mulekezi tells how the Russians lured him to Moscow State University from his native Uganda with a six-year scholarship plus 900 rubles (\$225) a month for living expenses and additional allowances for clothing and an annual eight-week vacation.

Once he arrived, however, Mulekezi found there were strings.

"Government propagandists," he writes, "haunted the dormitories, soliciting our photographs for export, asking for tape-recorded statements which they broadcast back to our countries. Every course was laced with indoctrination. Professors invariably phrased their questions to ascertain whether our reactions to communism were indifferent

or sympathetic; on the answers depended our grades and treatment."

When authorities tried to bind the Africans into a communist-dominated Afro-Arab League, Mulekezi and others formed their own All Black African Students Union. Quickly they suffered further. Once-friendly Russian students shunned them; those who remained friendly had to meet them secretly. Unpleasant incidents followed; several times Africans were attacked by their Red "hosts."

In 1960 Mulekezi and other Africans decided to leave Moscow. Mulekezi was given a scholarship to Washington State University, where he is now enrolled.

"I was one of the lucky ones," he says. "Today, a hundred or more Africans are floating around Europe, impoverished and discouraged. They had the courage to get out of Moscow State University, but they have hunted in vain for free countries that would accord them another educational opportunity."

Latter-Day Fable About Camel

(Winston-Salem Twin City Sentinel)

As best anybody can calculate, old Aesop has been dead now for about 1,500 years. But his fables are as pertinent as they ever were—mainly, we guess, because the foibles of human nature which he punctured are about the same as they always were. It's only the circumstances that change.

Take the camel, for example. For centuries the camel has been king of the desert—as necessary to the Arab world as a horse is to Matt Dillon. With his capacity to go without water and protect himself from sand, we was God's gift to desert travel, and he knew it. Consequently, he didn't bother to try to win friends. He didn't have to.

But now comes the news that his days on the desert throne are numbered.

Airplanes and air-conditioned trucks and trailers are invading his domain. They can go faster than he can, and they're a whole lot easier to get along with. Pretty soon, it's being predicted, the once mighty camel is going to be useful for little more than supplying the hair for coats. And the sad part is that nobody is going to be sorry to see the haughty rascal fall.

The Aesopian moral to all this is, of course, as plain as the hump on a camel's back: It's not sensible to think you're indispensable.

What Salome Asks For



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago
July 4, 1901.

Glad to see L. N. Perkins, of Lenoir, in town this week.

Some peddlers who have been traveling and playing their trade in the county for some weeks under license issued by the Sheriff for \$30, without being counter-signed by the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners, were arraigned before the Board on Monday and required to pay an additional \$30 each for the privilege of peddling. The boys rather "kicked" on the raise, but we are told they paid it all the same.

(Advertisement)
The University of N. C., the head of the State Educational System. Academic Department, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy. Eighty-five scholarships. Free tuition to teachers and minister's sons. Loans for the needy. 327 students. 43 instructors. New dormitories, water works, central heating system. \$120,000 spent in improvements in 1900 and 1901. Fall term begins September 9, 1901. Address, F. P. Venable, President, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Presiding Elder Smith, of Hickory, preached to his flock here on Saturday and Sunday.

It is a pleasure to us to state that we were misinformed last week as to the death of John McGinnis at the hands of Negro, Furgeson. He was most critically hurt, his skull being broken in at one place, and burst for about four inches around the back of the head. He, it is said, regardless of this horrible condition, is improving, and it is thought by his physicians that there is some chance for his recovery. He has been rational all the while, and his nerve and great will power have doubtless done much to avert death.

Attorney Frank A. Linney has moved his office to a room in the old hotel building, formerly owned by Mr. W. L. Bryan.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago
July 6, 1922.

Mrs. John Stanbury, who has been very ill for some time, is, we are sorry to learn, still very ill, although she may be slightly better.

All the members of Watauga Lodge, 273, are invited to be present at the next regular communication to be held in the Masonic hall tomorrow, (Friday) night. Work in the Master's degree.

A new visitor arrived in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Huggins last Friday night. Mother and son are doing well. "If strong lungs be a qualification for the ministry, he is well fitted," says the reverend gentleman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hartzog returned from Bristol Friday, where they attended the funeral of Mr. Hartzog's step father, Mrs. James Arnold.

Mr. W. Green town marshal, and Mr. J. D. Council captured a rather simulative still within three miles of Boone last Friday, but, small as it was, it was getting down to business all right. It is a copper army coffee pot of about 20 gallon capacity, and the worm is of the same material. After the officers had discovered the little plant hidden away under a shelving rock, they secreted themselves to await results. Soon the owner,

R. B. Hodges by name, arrived on the scene and was taken into custody. He, with his outfit, was brought to the county jail. Quite a lot of beer was destroyed. Hodges was released on bail Friday.

The Fourth came a rainin' and it continued until well in the afternoon, but despite the steady downpour, to give a conservative estimate, there were from four to five thousand people in town, and a wetter, more good humored and quiet crowd, was never in any town. With a large and nery police force appointed by the town council to keep order on Independence Day, not a single case was brought before the mayor. Boone and Watauga are all right, and the visitors were as well entertained as conditions would allow.

Fifteen Years Ago
July 4, 1946.

Rev. Edwin F. Troutman of Boone, Lutheran pastor, has just received a handsome plaque, bearing the signatures of President Truman and Basil O'Conner, national Red Cross Chairman, given "in recognition of meritorious personal service performed in behalf of the nation, her armed forces, and suffering humanity in the Second World War."

The widely-heralded tests of the atom bomb made in the far Pacific Sunday, played second fiddle to the death of the OPA in local conversations this week, and

the opinions concerning the demise of the price-fixing authority were many and varied, while the explosion of the atom bomb failed to lift an eyebrow.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Greer are spending the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Smith in Roanoke, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Joines and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hayworth are spending a few days at Myrtle Beach, S. C.

Miss Fannie Dougherty and Mr. Arthur Dougherty have moved to Lenoir temporarily where Arthur has secured employment with the city schools.

Dr. J. B. Hagaman and family are spending the week with relatives at points in Virginia. During Doctor Hagaman's absence, his practice is being taken care of by Dr. Len D. Hagaman.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Beach of Seattle, Wash., have arrived for a visit with home folks in Boone and in the county. Mr. Beach left Boone in 1907, and last visited his home town in 1924. He is a brother to Messrs Willard and Tom Beach of the city.

Mrs. Glenn Davis, and sons, Billie and Jimmie, of Akron, Ohio, are spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis at Sherwood, and with relatives in Boone.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hubbard, Jr., of Asheville, were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Dotson.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

The post office department does a remarkable job at times delivering mail that is peculiarly addressed. For example, Bill Keizah of Southport, North Carolina, once received a letter from the London Life Insurance Company's office at St. Catharines, Ontario. The letter was addressed: W. B. Keizah, Cape Fear, South Carolina, U. S. A., but it reached W. B. Keizah at Southport, North Carolina, U. S. A. without any delay.

And then, too, there's the case of Ella Anderson, who for a number of years was nurse at the home of Mrs. Cooper (Mary Drewry) of Raleigh. The letter was mailed in Scotland and was addressed like this:

Miss Ella Anderson
c-o Mrs. John Drewry
Hayes Barton,
North Carolina.
It was received O. K.

Dr. Horace Palmer, of Littleton, sent a letter to Thomas Cofir, of Littleton, addressed as follows:

Thomas Cofir
Littleton, N. C.
R. F. D. Aurelian Springs, near Anderson's Cross Roads, 1000 yards east on Edward Liffie's sons farm.
It got there O. K.

The following news item from the Raleigh Register, dated February 9, 1863, came to my attention the other day. Certainly there was no comparison between the 1863 Legislature and the 1961 General Assembly which just recently adjourned. This is what the item said:

In taking leave of this "Conservative" legislature, we believe we express the gral sentiment when we pray never to see the like assembled again within the walls of the Capitol. They were by far the weakest body of men ever entrusted with representative duties and the session was characterized by an embittered spirit which we never saw equalled in the most excited party times under the old government.

Among my acquaintances and friends in North Carolina are:

Mr. Pew
Mr. Pou
Mr. Pugh
Mr. Pough

In a cemetery in Raleigh are two tombstones over the graves of former members of the General Assembly. They are alongside each other.

One of them contains this inscription:
Gen. Frederick Grist
State Senator
Beaufort County
Dec. 1, 1834, 44 yrs. old

And the other is inscribed as follows:
Ephraim Mann
State Senator
Tyrrell County
Dec. 1, 1834, 34 yrs. old

In those days when very little was known of embalming, and when it required several days to travel from Raleigh to points in the eastern part of the state, it was impossible to move bodies any great distance. So when these two distinguished men died while serving in the Legislature, they were interred in Raleigh.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

The First Car in Boone . . . It Was Barringer's

When Osmond Barringer, Charlotte man, "with a long string of business firsts," died the other day, we recalled that he drove the first automobile ever to reach Blowing Rock and Boone. . . . It was September 21, 1908, when the motor car chugged up the street, made a turn at the Blackburn store, and went on back south. . . . As a little child we stood with the other youngsters in wide-eyed glee while the vehicle with no horses made its way along the dry dirt road. . . . And there was talk for days of the horseless wonder, and the mountain men palmed their long beards and vowed automobiles would never amount to anything—"something for the rich to mess with." . . . Bob Rivers, the first, didn't play up the coming of the first motor car with any amount of enthusiasm, but an item appeared, which said:

"An automobile, the first one that was ever in the village, was an attraction on our streets Monday. The machine, occupied by five persons, came from Charlotte to Blowing Rock Sunday in nine hours, and was detained quite a while on the way by an injured tire. Their spin over the Boone and Blowing Rock turnpike must have been splendid as the road was never in finer condition."

It wasn't that we'd had an automobile in town, but the fact that the road was in good shape that seemed to appeal to our daddy, who was a pioneer exponent of good roads, even in the days when no thought had been given to motor cars. . . . But the event stuck in the minds of the youngsters, and a lithographed post card was sold here for years showing the automobile driven as far as possible up the big stone outcropping from which the town of Blowing Rock got its name. . . . And the name Osmond Barringer, which failed to make the Democrat, was etched indelibly in our mind, along with those of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Zeb Vance, and later Barney Oldfield, the cigar-smoking automobile racer, and there was sadness in our corner the other day when he went away. . . . It was a lot more than the death of a man we never knew. . . . It was the passing away of a shining hero of our childhood.

* * * *

White-Winged Robin . . . Still Around

Two years ago, Prof. George L. Sawyer, with whom we often confer on matters of birddom, noted a robin near the postoffice with white-fringed wings. . . . Last year he saw the bird a couple of times, and this year it came to see him, and lingered on his lawn for perhaps fifteen minutes. . . . Or it is reasonable to suppose it was the same bird, since in all his life of observing birds he has never seen a redbreast similarly marked. . . . It's visit to the man who'd watched it, perhaps shows that even a songbird likes to be noticed.

* * * *

Appreciated Visitors . . . Long Acquaintance

Among the newspapermen to attend the opening performance of the Horn and to enjoy the hospitality of the Chamber of Commerce and a number of business institutions was Al Resch, friend from way back, who newspapers ably down at Siler City. . . . Al and Mrs. Resch made a bee line to the Democrat office when they came to town, and we had a happy time with the "visiting firemen." . . . Publisher Resch used to visit with Bob Rivers the first more than thirty years ago, and was glad to see the old maple tree under which they exchanged notions in a less hurried day, still standing, even if the old print shop it shaded gave way to progress.

* * * *

In The Piano . . . Squirmying Rat Trap

Will Hopkins, who's been tuning pianos for 47 years, was working on an instrument at the Mountain View Baptist Church on Stony Fork the other day, and found a three-foot blacksnake, lying on the inside portion of the keyboard. . . . He and Jud Goulds brought the reptile to town. . . . Will says that mice often manage to enter pianos, and since blacksnakes thrive on the rodents, this instrument had a built-in rat trap, the second one he's found in his long experience.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Some of the fellers at the country store Saturday night brung up this item of crows and the national corn shucking that was discussed a few weeks back.

One old feller allowed as how maybe we was being a little too unfriendly with the crows. He said he could recollect his Grandpa saying once that crows was exceeding the farmer in prosperity. That was right after the Civil War when crows was outnumbering the farmer about 50 to 1. His Grandpa was living in Georgia at the time and he claimed that on account of the Yankees had stole all the silverware, it was the crows that showed the farmers how to eat corn on the cob. His Grandpa claimed this was a new invention and a big help to the farmers in them days.

In return for this favor, said his Grandpa, the farmer allowed the crows to have part of the corn. Race relations was real good.

Then come hard times and the Government started claiming part of the corn. Ever since then, claims this feller, the crows and the farmers has been fighting fer what's left. The farmers has now got the crows outnumbered about 10 to 1 and this has about starved the crows out. He says that unless Congress makes a distress area out of some of the cornfields, they ain't going to be any crows left by the time Bobby Kennedy runs fer President in

1968. He is in favor of not being too hard on the crows.

Zeke Grubb said he'd been thinking about that plan to have the Senator from Iowa or the Senator from Indiana to set at the head corn pile at this national corn shucking and he's afraid it'll cause hard feeling in other sections of the country. In these states, says Zeke, corn is mostly thrown to the hogs, and in the South, fer instants, it is raised mostly to eat and drink.

Clem Webster allowed as how the safe thing to do was to git some neutral feller like General MacArthur to set at the head corn pile. Clem said that if the good General would accept the invitation he would personal present him with some gifts at the ceremonies. Clem said he'd whittle him a shucking peg and a corn-stalk flute that would play up to Ch'arp, and take a little straw and weave him a bonnet from corn shucks.

The General is well knowned far his corn-cob pipes and Ed Doolittle said he'd whittle him one from a white cob, use a heating iron on it and git the stem from a cane stalk down on the creek. Ed said he'd make it so prity the General would fergit he was mad at Harry Truman.

We'd appreciate it, Mister Editor, if you'd sound out the General on our proposition.

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY