

The Watauga Democrat ESTABLISHED 1888

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Boone Has No Beauty?

Sometimes we wonder just what outsiders think of Boone—its people, its buildings and surroundings. Do they find everything in accordance with their wishes, or do they go away wondering why this and that haven't been done?

"You people should put on a beautification program in Boone, featuring just the native trees and shrubs, and improving the streets. One or two persons I spoke to of Boone remarked that it has no beauty of its own."

Miss Prentice is right. The Creator did a lot for Boone. lofty mountain peaks form an emerald background in all directions; crystal streams traverse its boundaries; wild flowers and flowering shrubs grow in profusion round about, and invigorating breezes play hide-and-seek through mighty oak, poplar, chestnut and hemlock trees.

A few years ago Boone Civitan Club undertook a beautification program. A large number of rhododendron bushes were planted along Main Street, interspersed with small pines and hemlocks.

If this town is to become a resort, its citizens will have to get busy and straighten things up. A man should have as much pride in his town as he has in his own property.

The City Election

For a good many days now the victory of Anton Cernak over "Big Bill" Thompson in the Chicago mayoralty race has been taking a good deal of the time of political conversationalists in Boone, and now that it appears the affairs of the "Windy City" have been pretty thoroughly settled, it is highly fitting that the citizens hereabout lend a bit of attention to the task of finding some suitable men and electing them on May 5th as a governing board of this little city.

It is time, however, to wake up to the situation. Boone is in debt, is overhanded, and has been for a long time. However, by abandoning all street extension work, and expansion of utilities, the present city council has enabled itself, by close application to business, to meet the payments on the bonds as they come due.

"He is not only out, but he is dishonored. He is deserted by his friends. He is permanently marked by the evidences of his character and conduct. His health is impaired by his ways of life and he leaves office and goes from the city the most discredited man who ever held place in it."

most economical ambitions, and with the good of the city at heart, it is easy to visualize a receivership. This is not said with an idea of striking a pessimistic note, but is merely a statement of some of the unpleasant facts.

A Real Poet

Spring always brings with it a full contingent of promising poets, and the present season is no exception. The babbling brook, the budding fruit trees, the tang of new plowed ground and the greening landscape glowing with new life awakens in the sentimentally inclined a desire to express in verse the pent up emotions which burst forth at the dawn of summer.

A poem, entitled "Memory," which was written by Miss Bowlin some time ago, follows:

Ab, Memory, what have you there Now locked within your sacred walls? It is some thoughts of happiness That from the past your keeper calls!

Yes, now they come and crowd my mind With words and deeds of yesterday And I am glad, I view them all, Then one by one they glide away.

But is there not some bitterness Within the cup of memory? Yet that is best, for then we know How sweet the sweet can really be.

Ab, Memory, we have no choice To take or leave thee, for thou art With us always, a blessing great And yet a curse within our heart.

Thou art to blame for raving men, Thou art to praise for sweet content; Thou art the foe of all mankind, Thou art a friend the Master sent.

Thou art the bush that ever yields The prickly thorn, the fragrant rose, The knife that cuts, the salve that heals;

I know the joy that thou canst bring; A soothing balm that comforts me; But, too, I know the poignant hurt That lingers on because of thee.

Poor Old Bill

Bill Thompson was beaten early last week for Mayor of Chicago. The Chicago Tribune had fought "Big Bill" during his campaign. And after the election was over, this normally Republican paper proceeded to rub it in.

"William Hale Thompson was defeated Tuesday after a campaign which he alone made disgraceful. The election was an ejection, a dirty job, but Chicago has washed itself and put on clean clothes."

Thompson recognized the Tribune as his chief enemy. The Tribune was glad to earn that opinion. It certainly tried to do so. It has taken the fight to him on every occasion during the long and deplorable course of his administration. It is unpleasant business to eject a skunk, but some one has to do it.

"For Chicago Thompson has meant filth, corruption, obscenity, idioecy and bankruptcy. He has given the city an international reputation for moronic buffoonery, barbaric crime, triphast hoodlum, unchecked graft and a dejected citizenship. He nearly ruined the property and completely destroyed the pride of the city. He made Chicago a byword for the collapse of American civilization. In his attempt to continue this he excelled himself as a liar and defamer of character. He's out."

"Love-making is just like it always was."

"How do you know?" "I've been reading about a Greek maiden who sat up and listened to a lyre all night."

"The Way of Life"

By BRUCE BARTON

TOO MUCH BELLYACHING

I shall be criticized for the title of this editorial, but it is a good old Elizabethan phrase and there is no other which expresses so forcibly the thing I have in mind.

Let me illustrate with a story. I stood in line one night at the ticket window in Providence, waiting to take up the lower berth which I had reserved to New York. In front of me was a man who had come up from Chatham on Cape Cod, having telegraphed for a reservation from there. Through a mistake on the part of the Chatham operator the telegram had gone to Boston instead of to Providence.

"This is atrocious," he exclaimed. "Give me a telegraph blank. I am going to wire that operator in Chatham and tell him what I think of him."

To which the station agent answered very sanely: "What good will that do? You're mad already. What's the use of getting two men mad?"

Every hour of every day a certain number of things happen which just should not happen, but do. To err is human.

When I became a magazine editor years ago a very wise editor said to me: "You are about to make a sad discovery. You are about to learn that there are no efficient people in the world."

He went on to prophesy that writers would consistently misinterpret my instructions about articles and that artists would insist on drawing their pictures all wrong.

To a certain extent the prophecy was fulfilled; but, having been warned in advance, I managed to get along without losing my temper or increasing my blood-pressure much.

If you expect perfection from people your whole life is a series of disappointments, grumblings and complaints. If, on the contrary, you pitch your expectations low, taking folks as the inefficient creatures which they are, you are frequently surprised by having them perform better than you had hoped.

Too many of us are like that man in Providence, who probably "bellyached" to everybody he met the next day, saying that he was tired because a fool operator in Chatham had caused him to sleep in an upper berth. Doubtless he went home and "bellyached" to his wife; and he may still be telling the sad story, for all I know.

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

OVERWEIGHT

A good many people seem in perfect health, feel no distress, and yet realize that they are carrying around a lot of ballast that does them no good. It isn't a very alluring prospect, when a fellow gets into the sixties, with from fifty to a hundred pounds of adipose tucked under his skin, for which he has not the remotest use.

Just to be brief, two major causes of overweight will be considered here: Lack of exercise, and overeating of starches. Formerly I would have mentioned glutony; but I have seen many people over-fat, who were really very sparse eaters. Of course heavy fluid drinking with meals will facilitate absorption and have considerable to do with bodily weight.

I ask such patients to limit or cut out drinking with meals, and some have reduced much by strictly following directions. I direct my fat patients to limit STARCHES in the dietary; "one starch—not four," is a good rule to remember. On most well-provisioned tables will be found, one or two varieties of bread; maybe one or two styles of potatoes; a bowl of tempting Lima beans, or worse, "baked beans." Then incidentally we may find rice pudding, fritters, cake, pies, —all carriers of STARCH. And each tempts the palate mightily.

These starches tax the liver; what the liver cannot care for properly is stowed away somewhere, making the badly weight slowly creep upward. The liver is a peaceful organ and will bear more than its share of insult for a long time; but when it does make a kick, something is the matter! It is so easy to overload on starch; it is such an important food, and so peaceable in its performance, that its victims do not come down till late in the game, and then—seriously. One starch at a meal, and not four, is a mighty good rule to observe if you are fat.

That the Americans eat too much is too well known to be repeated; and too much starch is a major offense.

Mrs. Borden-House—When do you actors at the theatre draw your pay?

Mr. Hamlet—I am not an actor at the theatre, madam. I'm a prompter there.

Mrs. Borden-House—Well, you'll have to be prompter here, too, or find another boarding house.

Worse Than War

By Albert T. Reid

DEATHS FROM AUTOMOBILES IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE WAR, 264,449. OR MORE THAN 5 TIMES THE NUMBER WE LOST IN THE WAR!



Helps Along the Road

THE MORNING BREAKS

Beyond the war-clouds and the red-dened ways,

I see the Promise of the Coming days!

I see His sun arise, new charged with grace,

Earth's tears to dry and all her woes afface!

Christ lives! Christ loves! Christ rules!

No more shall Might, Though leagued with all the Forces of the Night,

Ride over Ridgit! No more shall Wrong,

The world's gross agonies prolong.— Who waits His Time shall surely see The triumph of His Chastity—

When without let, or bar, or stay, The coming of His Perfect Day

Shall sweep the powers of Night away—

And Faith, replumed for nobler flight

And Hope, aglow with radiance bright,

And Love, in loveliness bedight,

Shall greet the morning light!

—John Oxenham in "All's Well."

A BREEZE IN THE MIND

One has only to sit down in the woods or the fields, or by the shore of the river or the lake, and nearby everything of interest will come round to him—the birds, the animals, the insects; and presently, after his eye has got accustomed to the place, and to the light and shade, he will probably see some plant or flower, that he has sought in vain, and that is a pleasant surprise to him. So, on a large scale, the student and lover of nature has this advantage over people who read up and down the world seeking some novelty or excitement; he has only to stay at home and see the procession pass.

St. Pierre well says that a sense of the power and mystery of nature shall spring up as fully in one's heart after he has made the circuit of his own field as after returning from a voyage around the world. . . . The great trouble is for Mohammed to know when the mountain really comes to him. Sometimes a rabbit or a jay or a warbler brings the woods to my door. A loon on the river, and the Canada lakes are here; the seagulls and the fish hawk bring the sea; the call of the wild gander at night, what does it suggest? And the eagle flapping by, or floating ariong on a raft of ice, does not he bring the mountain. One spring five swans flew above my barn in single file, going northward—an express train bound for Labrador. It was a more exhilarating sight than if I had seen them in their native haunts. They made a breeze in my mind, like a noble passage in a poem.—John Burroughs.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Fannie Townsend, this is to notify all persons having claims against estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned within twelve months from date, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please come forward and make settlement.

This April 14, 1931. MRS. ZETTIE CLARK, Administrator.

Sossamon's Sayings

By LEROY SOSSAMON

THE DISCOVERER

Into the jungles of a lost Poet land I journeyed one rare summer day

And the treasures I found on every hand

I fain would have carried away, There were treasures of splendor, archaic art,

And fabulous riches untold; There were castles of fancy that thrill the heart,

And a million gems unfold.

It was truly a lost jungle city, Built by Muses in ages of old,—

From the buildings down to a ditty That I couldn't make out what it told.

There wonders to divert the fancies, And I wandered to heart's content,

Guided on by the dim fairy lances— But knowing not what it all meant.

Then a cool breeze gently caressed me,

And apple blossoms fell on my brow;

I awoke, lying still, neath the old apple tree,

While its leaves gave a knowing bow.

But the treasure of the magic city That I had looked into my heart

Was not to be roused; not a ditty From its vault could I impart.

It is true I had brought back treasure,

But in the city I had left the key—

And with no locksmith my task to measure,

My discovery appeased only me. It is true a land I discovered

Where mortal feet seldom tread; But no cairn I left, the path is covered,

And my inspired guide is dead.

THERE ARE THE FACTS. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

8 Negroes Who Attacked White Girls Get Chair

Scottsboro, Ala.—Eight negroes, ranging in age from 16 to 20 years, Friday were sentenced to die in the electric chair at Kilby Prison on Friday, July 10, for an attack on two white girl hoboes aboard a freight train March 24.

The negroes showed no emotion as Judge J. A. Hawkins pronounced sentence. Attorneys here said they believed passing death sentences on eight persons for the same offense on the same day was without parallel in the history of the nation.

A mistrial was ordered for the ninth negro, Roy Wright, 14, of Chattanooga, after a jury deliberating nineteen hours was unable to reach agreement as to punishment.

The negroes sentenced to death were Charlie Weems and Oakie Powell, Atlanta; Eugene Williams, Andy Wright, Clarence Norris and Heywood Patterson, all of Chattanooga; Olen Montgomery, Monroe, Ga., and Willie Robertson, Columbus, Ga.

Stephen Roddy, Chattanooga, chief of defense counsel, entered a motion for a new trial for Heywood Patterson, which automatically stays his sentence.

OLDEST FORD DRIVER



J. M. Crow, 89, of Ethel, Miss., the oldest Ford driver in Mississippi, traversed the historic old Natchez Trace in a covered wagon eighty-seven years ago.

As rugged today at 89 as the age in American history he so picturesquely typifies, J. M. Crow of Ethel, Miss., is the oldest Ford driver in Mississippi and one of the oldest in the United States.

When as a babe of two years he rode with his parents in one of a train of 30 covered wagons out of Cobb county, Georgia, into Mississippi, the old Natchez Trace followed by the brave little band was still infested by the swashbuckling ruffians whose bloody outrages gave that era its place in this country's history as "the outlaw years."

One of his vivid memories is hearing, as a boy of six, the news of General Scott's victorious assault on the heights of Chapultepec which ended the Mexican War in 1847, and his proudest memory is of honorable service as a Confederate soldier during the Civil War. When the southern cause collapsed, Crow was compelled to trudge 400 miles on foot to the old homestead at Ethel where he settled down to rear a family.

In the intervening years he has seen the lumbering stagecoach give way to the fleet automobile and the comfortable motorbus, the soggy gumbo and rough corduroy roads of his childhood to the wide, paved roads of today, and although he was long past middle age before the modern automobile became commonplace he is as enthusiastic a driver as youngsters who can boast less than one-quarter of his years. Five generations of Crow's family are frequently seen together in his Model A Ford, the second of its type Crow has owned and driven.