

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1948.

GOLDEN GLEAMS Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs 22: 6.

A child tells in the street what its father and mother say at home.—The Talmud.

Teach your child to hold his tongue; he'll learn fast enough to speak.—Benjamin Franklin.

If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.—Thomas Paine.

The child is the father of the man.—William Wordsworth.

A spoiled child never loves its mother.—Henry Taylor.

KING STREET (Continued from page 1)

entils prices has passed, and the price will be down from now on in... Others vow that the heaving will draw a new high dollar price next year.

Democrats open headquarters on South Street as campaign goes into critical period.

25 local Democrats go to Salisbury to participate in the ninth District rally, and do honor to Congressman Doughton, who deserves the honors bestowed upon him.

Followers are optimistic over the reports gathered in Salisbury and see a hard fought but successful campaign coming up.

BOOM OR BUST AHEAD? The economists have not been able to agree about the probable trend of business affairs in the United States, being divided between those who think the boom will soon burst and others who suggest that there is no reason for anyone to expect a depression.

Nearly all of the experts hedge by suggesting a leveling off process in the early future. Some even say that it is under way and add that there is no reason to expect prices to drop back anywhere near former levels.

Others point out that every boom is followed by a depression and that the longer the boom and the higher the escant the sharper and more severe the consequent depression.

We do not know what is ahead for the nation as a whole but there is the chance that smart individuals will not suffer. The means to avoid severe losses lies in reasonable retrenchment, lessened buying and debt-paying as fast as possible.

If any individual makes up his mind to follow this line there is little reason to expect him to get seriously hurt. He might lose a few speculative profits, but he will likely score a decided long-term gain.

GANGSTERS AGAIN? The beating of three union organizers and seven pickets in the garment-making district of New York leads to fear that there might be a resurgence of racketeering in the industry.

The City's law enforcement agencies went into action, assigning twelve extra detectives and fifty patrolmen to the scene and gave assurance to the union leaders that the law would stamp out "strong-arm methods."

While some people may think that the resurgence of racketeering in the garment industry is a matter that concerns the City of New York alone, the fight being made to prevent a resurgence of

"Pro and Con"



gangsterism is important to every American. If strong-arm tactics succeed in New York, they will be tried elsewhere.

NO SOVIET BOMB—YET! Amid the rumors as to Russian production of atomic bombs, it is interesting to call attention to the statement of General A. G. L. McNaughton, of Canada, who declares that "despite feverish Russian attempts to produce a bomb," the United States, Britain and Canada have leadership in atomic energy developments.

General McNaughton says there is no excuse now for hysteria and adds that the democratic nations have perhaps five years "in which to try to reach a system on international atomic control before a time for hysteria really arrives."

Occasionally some woman or girl writes me that her rex doesn't have as many opportunities as men. No? Well, if these readers will study the lives of successful people, they will find that both men and women make their own opportunities.

And here's a girl who did just that. Katherine Hyde, Castaic, California, had a handicap. Could find no place to live. Wasn't wanted anywhere. A Great Dane dog! Naturally landladies didn't warm up to this handsome animal. Too big, too bulky, too awkward, and always hungry. A little dog, maybe, but not a Great Dane!

But Katherine loved her dog with all the fervor of a dog lover. And the beautiful hulk of animal loved her. She couldn't give him up, although it took just about all she earned at the Lockheed plant to support him and herself.

Then she got an idea! She had supported her Great Dane for a long time. Now she would let him support her. She would breed Great Danes and sell them. Most anyone with a big yard wants a Great Dane. In a short time there were five beautiful little Great Danes, whose father was the international champion, Riese Von Loheland. After a while there were more. So she bought a ranch—at the above address, which is at the top of a mountain. In addition, she rented 12,000 acres of range land in the Angeles national forest.

To date, her dogs have won something like 150 prizes, and there is no difficulty in getting good prices for them. Don Ameche has one; so has Janet Gaynor and William Bendix and Bud Abbot, among many others.

Does she breed, give a start in life, and forget? No indeed. Katherine loves her dogs. When she sees her child start out on his own. But fortunately, she knows that those who buy her dogs, do so because they love them. So everything is all right. Katherine says if she found that someone was mistreating a dog of hers, she would gladly buy it back.

Do you want to know how much money she had to start in business ten years ago? Just \$50. Now, do you think that success comes to those who have opportunities handed to them? Is there something in your life which you could turn to a commercial advantage? Something you love to work with? Don't

"JUNIOR" A Short-Short Story By Chas. A. Stearns

John Quintus Wylie, Jr., diligently wrought the masterpiece of confectionery until it became a thing of beauty. In went two extra pecans. Sigrid Jones was watching him. He hoped she would make a mental note of those two extra pecans. There was the crowning spiral of whipped cream, and finally the diadem of a maraschino cherry. It was truly a sundae among delightful concoctions.

Silently he prayed that Mr. Pembroke would not speak to him until Sigrid Jones had finished his artistry and gone her way. Sigrid, by popular census, might not have been voted the most wonderful creature in Centerville, but in John's mind there remained no question of that truth.

The bell on the screen-door jangled and a fat man glided in. He over-flowed from one of the red leatherette fountain stools and beamed at John until wrinkles appeared on either side of his mouth. "You must be Wylie," he said.

John Quintus, Jr., was overwhelmed. Almost he became that fat man's slave. No one, not even in his fondest day-dreams, had ever addressed him as "Wylie." He stammered "Why sure. I mean—yes sir!"

The man extended a pudgy fist. "I'm Ryan, manager of the new Consolidated Drugs down the street. Glad to know you, Wylie."

"Folks hearabouts say you're the best jerk in town," said Ryan. "I ain't had no complaints from Mr. Pembroke," gasped John Wylie, trying to avoid Sigrid's gaze and bask in the glory of it at the same time.

A tiny mouse-like man peeped from the door of the prescription department and called in a foghorn voice. "Junior!"

John felt his heart and soul sink far down past the hem of his apron, the hot, red feeling sweep up his neck and face. For just a moment he wished that he owned the power of teleportation, that could whisk him away to some desert isle. He started slowly toward the rear of the store. Mr. Ryan grabbed his arm. "Listen, Wylie, drop around to my place this evening. We'll talk things over. Bet I can pay you twice as much as this fellow—all modern equipment, too."

"I don't know," said John unsteadily. "It wouldn't be fair to Mr. Pembroke. I don't b'ieve. Help is mighty hard to get these days."

"Better think it over, son," whispered the fat man, leaning over confidentially. "Some day there'll be just one drug store in this here town—mine."

"I better go now," said John. Ryan released his arm. "Drop around any time, Wylie."

When John returned to the fountain, Sigrid and Mr. Ryan were gone. The pharmacy was empty except for himself, and of course Mr. Pembroke, who stood near the display window absent-mindedly polishing his spectacles. John felt that now was the time to assert himself. There wasn't much chance; he'd fought the same battle at home and lost it. It was difficult to begin.

start with anything you don't love.

"Mr. Pembroke—" "Yes, Junior, what is it?" "I got a favor to ask of you, Mr. Pembroke, a kind of big favor."

Mr. Pembroke held his glasses up to the light to look for dust on them. He said slowly, "Sure, Junior, I heard you and Ryan talking. And I want to say it's mighty white of you to stick by me just now. You want a little more money, and it ain't unreasonable of you."

"It's not that, Mr. Pembroke," said John distractedly. "Oh?" said Mr. Pembroke, looking over his glasses. "Well, anything at all, Junior. You know that."

"It's that name," said John. "I wish you'd call me something else besides 'Junior,' Mr. Pembroke."

"But they call you that at home, don't they?" "Sure, but at school, Sigrid—the fellows call me, 'John'; I like that better."

"Well, I don't know," said the puzzled Mr. Pembroke. "Your dad's name is John, too, ain't it? Might be a little confusing."

"How about 'Wylie,' then?" Mr. Pembroke whistled. "Sure, he said, all agape. 'Wylie.' He began to polish his spectacles, rapidly. "Anything you say, Junior."

That was two hours before smoke began to billow from the back room of Pembroke Drugs. A detailed account of the of the damage done by the fire was given in the HERALD next day. And John Wylie, Jr., was a hero! Everyone in Jackson county knew exactly how he had saved old Pembroke's life when the druggist rushed back into that holocaust after his money. Mr. Pembroke was exceedingly proud of him, for he told all the customers that first week that he was back in business. "Junior Wylie is just like a son to me." And they said, "So this is Junior Wylie!" But the crowning blow came when Sigrid Jones appeared next day and marveled at his appellation, "Junior." She thought it very amusing.

There wasn't any use in reasoning with Mr. Pembroke. On Saturday John felt guilty about the bonus he received, but his course was firmly planned. He said, "I guess this is the last week I'll be working for you, Mr. Pembroke."

Mr. Pembroke was astounded, and said so.

John Quintus, Jr., squeezed the crumpled bills in his hands. "It's this way, Mr. Pembroke. I—that is, I kind of decided to work for Mr. Ryan down the street."

Mr. Pembroke took off his glasses and polished them again, looking intently at a dirty bottle by John's feet. "I sure hate to lose you, Junior," he said. "But I ain't got no call to complain; I ain't paid you what you're worth, ever."

No, no!" cried John, in an agony of remorse. "It ain't that. Please don't think it's that, Mr. Pembroke."

Mr. Pembroke felt a nameless hurt somewhere in his old bones. Suddenly he had an idea. He hobbled out of the pharmacy, along the street, sucking in his breath painfully, yet triumphantly. "Hey!" he called, "Hey, John Quintus Wylie!"

Survey shows increase in home sewing in last year.

Washington Notes

SENATE A gain of four seats will give the Democratic Party control of the Senate which now stands: 51 Republicans; 45 Democrats. Both parties are vigorously seeking to assure control but the general opinion is that the Democrats have an excellent chance to win the seats they need for control.

WINTER Snow, ice, cold and mud are factors to be considered in connection with the winter operations of the airlift to Berlin. Nevertheless, unless the Russians take action that will block the use of the air lanes, the British and American aviators are expected to deliver sufficient supplies to keep the Western areas of the capital operating.

TAXES It is difficult to see where there is much chance for tax reduction. Armament spending is increasing, aid to Europe will continue and there isn't any chance to economize on interest payments. Money being spent for veterans will continue to be a big item in the budget.

SPENDING In connection with Government spending it is well to realize that fixed costs account for a large per cent of the budget. These include: \$5,000,000,000 for interest; \$15,000,000,000 for prearranged at least \$5,000,000,000 for foreign assistance and probably \$2,000,000,000 for farm price-supports.

CREDIT CURBS Federal control of installment buying is expected to put the skids under the premium prices for used cars and put late model cars beyond the reach of many families because, to buy a car selling for, say, \$1,800, the purchaser must pay \$600 down and \$80 a month for 18 months. Monthly payments alone would take a fourth of the income of a \$3,840-a-year family, not taking into consideration the cost of operating the automobile.

Wildcat Vets To Hold Reunion

Veterans of the 81st Wildcat Division of World Wars 1 and 2 and their ladies, will meet in a National reunion and celebration of their Thirtieth Anniversary in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22 nd, 23rd, and 24th, with the Read House as headquarters.

Now is the time to make plans for getting the spray equipment and materials which will be needed next spring.

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HOLDS TO DEERS ANTLERS

Jarretstown, Pa.—While standing alone at a bus stop Theresa Rowe, who operates the switchboard at a country club, saw a deer approach out of a thick fog, lower its head and charge her. Grasping the animal's antlers, the young woman screamed for help. Joseph Weller, a farmhand, heard her cries and ran to the scene. The deer fled as he approached. Miss Rowe suffered a number of cuts and bruises.

DEER ON MAIN STREET

Nanuet, N. Y.—Three does and a fawn wandered onto the main thoroughfare recently, became excited, smashed a couple of windows and headed for the woods again. One doe jumped through a plate glass window of a barbershop and jumped right out. Another doe ran into the backroom of a garage and then dived through an 18 by 20-inch window.

EXHAUST KILLS BOY

Horsham, Pa.—Norman Colbourn, 9, was riding to his home in Horsham from Ocean City, N. J., with five other persons. Carbon monoxide fumes seeped into the car and Norman was overcome by the fumes. He died and his 3-year-old sister, Mary Ann, was overcome but will recover. None of the other passengers were affected.

Tampa, Fla.—L. E. Hicks, 30-year-old locomotive engineer, was killed in a train wreck recently at the same spot where his father, also a locomotive engineer, was killed similarly 23 years ago. His northbound passenger train rammied a standing freight train, when the switch had not been turned after the freight went into the siding to let the passenger train pass.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Cheboygan, Mich.—Sympathetic neighbors all joined together and presented Mrs. Carl Carlson, who lost her husband, her home and a son in one tragic week, with a new home, completely furnished, even to a radio, and an insurance policy. Two days after Mrs. Carlson's husband died, her home burned and her four-year-old boy perished in the flames.

EASTERN STAR

The regular meeting of Eastern Star will be held Monday night, October 11, at 7:30. Mrs. Daphne Mackie, district deputy Worthy Matron, of Old Fort, will pay her official visit, and all members are urged to be present.

RELATED BLOSSOMS

Mr. Russell Hampton of Blowing Rock, R. F. D. 1, brings to the Democrat a bunch of cherry blossoms gathered from a tree on his place on the first day of October. Occasional apple and pear blooms have shown up in the area recently.

University of Pittsburgh gets \$13,600,000 from Mellon trust.

New export license on "forger-proof paper" announced.

U. S. deficit slashed as outlay drops despite reduced receipts.

France withdraws state-supplied bodyguards of de Gaulle.

Arms program, will bring cut in consumer goods output.

Eisenhower says free economy is free country foundation.

Commercial hatcheries in the State produced 1,530,000 chicks during August.

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