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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, SEPTEMBER 15, 1955

A Note On Savings Bonds

(Guest Editorial by Hamilton Owens.)

In times like these, when nearly every one has a job and a car and an electric refrigerator and a television set, when wages are going up and the future looks rosier than it has looked in a generation, some of us are likely to get into the "easy come, easy go" frame of mind.

It is a joyous frame of mind but hardly a prudent one. It is true the outlook is for a continuance of good times. It is true that most of us will manage somehow to pay off the debts we have accumulated during these days of easy credit.

But—and there is always a but.

In the old days, there used to be a saying, "Keep something in the sock." In more genteel circles, its form was "Lay something aside for a rainy day." However you decide to say it, it is good advice.

The best sock of all is a United States Savings Bond. Of course, it is patriotic to buy savings bonds. Everybody knows that. Savings bonds are a brake on inflation. They help to keep the value of money stable. They don't hold out the hope of glittering rewards, like some of the common stocks we have heard of. They aren't for gamblers who are looking for a lot of fast bucks. Rather, they are for the man who is thinking ahead, thinking about his wife and his family and the uncertainties of the future.

Savings bonds are a hedge against most foreseeable hardships. If, as we all hope,

the economy of the country remains stable, they sit there in your desk or in your safe-deposit box, piling up compound interest for years to come. If, because of unwise economic policies, there should come a recession or even a depression, the savings bonds would be the salvation of the man who owned them. Stocks go down at such times; even real property, like farms and houses, declines in value because few have the money to buy it. But savings bonds stand firm, gathering their interest every year. If the value of other things goes down, the buying power of Government bonds goes up. Ask Dad, he knows.

And, if Dad is wise, he knows that when the time comes for the children to go away to school or college, it is pleasant to go to the bank and cash a few savings bonds to pay for them. He knows that if ill-fortune strikes—say a big hospital bill, or an accident—it is a great comfort to know that the bonds are there, in the old sock if you like.

A man we know began buying savings bonds on a small scale back in the early forties. As his income improved, he increased his investment in the payroll savings plan. Before he knew it he had several thousand dollars—enough for the down payment on a pretty house in the suburbs and some left over to buy into a business run by a trusted friend. Today, he is sitting pretty, if anyone is.

Walking Is Aid To Health

The average American tourist's view of America is the 30 feet flanking the highway he can see from the window of his automobile.

One person who deplors the fact that sightseers are seeing fewer sights than ever before is Dr. William M. Scholl, famous foot authority. Dr. Scholl's mission in life is to encourage people to take better care of their feet, and incidentally, to reintroduce Americans to the old fashioned walk as a means of finding health and happiness.

"America is on the go, all right," says Dr. Scholl. "This summer and fall 35 million people will be on the highways going somewhere on vacation, but most Americans go so fast they see little or nothing except a white line down the center of the road and the rear ends of other automobiles. And when they're not whizzing along at 60 miles an hour or more, they're tied up in traffic jams."

Dr. Scholl thinks people should plan shorter trips and spend half the time on walking tours.

"Obviously you'll see much more on foot than through a tinted windshield," he says. "Whenever you see an interesting spot, stop, get out of your car and walk around. That way you can contemplate and appreciate your surroundings, and form a visual, lasting impression of the place you have visited."

"I recently was listening to an acquaintance tell about a vacation trip to the West Coast," Dr. Scholl says. "All he could talk about was the fast time he made."

"What really stuck in my mind was the statement, 'of course, I'd have gotten there quicker, but the mountains slowed me down considerably'."

"And he wasn't referring to the majestic mountains, the beautiful sunsets, or the breath-catching views... he was complaining because he couldn't drive as fast as he liked."

And we can agree with the noted foot authority that proper exercise, through the use of the feet, does, in fact, promote generally sound bodies.

Taxpayers Are Getting A Break

(Jake Wade in Chapel Hill Weekly)

Taxpayers got a break in the appointment of Dr. William H. (Bill) Plemmons as president of Appalachian State Teachers College, a state-supported institution which has always been in able hands.

His Chapel Hill colleagues will tell you that Bill Plemmons will be a worthy successor to B. B. Dougherty, who retired in June after 50 years as president and founder.

And Dr. Dougherty was a good one, with a special and famed facility for obtaining first class appropriations from the legislature to keep building and maintaining his fine school.

Bill Plemmons may not be quite the magician in Raleigh that his predecessor was, but he will do all right. He is an extremely personable man, mirror-smooth, easy to know, and very able. He will make a fine neighbor to the people in Boone, in addition to running that college with

dexterity. Dr. Plemmons comes out of the right school at the University of North Carolina—Education—where he has been a highly regarded teacher and administrator. Appalachian is getting a man who is primarily interested in the teaching profession, and that is as it should be.

Following the announcement of the appointment, high University officials, including Chancellor Robert House and Acting President Harris Purks, sent their congratulations to Dr. Plemmons, who has been on leave this summer on a teaching assignment in Colorado. At the same time they pointed out the great loss his transfer will mean to the University and college community.

One fellow townsman especially pleased was Dr. Ike Greer, celebrated educator and Baptist layman, who comes from the Appalachian country and has a deep interest in the state school there.

WHAT?—AGAIN?

By Paul Berdanier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Corn on the Cob

CRAZY, MIXED-UP WORDS—Our words are getting more complicated all the time. And I don't mean "antidiseestablishmentarianism," which is an oldie, and a cinch when you break it down. Then all you gotta know is what the heck "mentarianism" means.

But just as it was getting easy to distinguish between segregation and integration without furrowing the brow, along comes a headline saying, "South Still Undesegregated." Furrows again.

You have no trouble, you say? Okay, quick now, without thinking it over: Are you ever been, an antidesegregationist?

FAMOUS FEMMES—A lady doctor recently started to make a study of the "1,000 most famous women in all history." But when she got to 863 she ran out of famous women.

No comment.

FANCY FUSELAGE—The next supersonic fighter plane will have what they call a "Marilyn Monroe" design. It is also sometimes called

the "Coke-bottle shape." Funny, but somehow I'd never thought of La Monroe bearing any resemblance to a Coke bottle.

STRICTLY EDUCATIONAL—It is learned from John Parris, who roams the mountains for the Asheville Citizen, that Watauga County, formed in 1849, was not named for an Indian tribe, as some historians argue, but for a Creek word meaning "Broken Waters." (Just thought you'd like to know, in case you didn't.)

SCANTIER SKETCHES—Hear the 1956 autos will have lower bodies, with upswep rear fenders and price tags. . . . A barber in Naples, Italy, says he will challenge the California barber who claims he can shave a man in 17 seconds without ruining his features. Any volunteers? . . . There are 53,600,000 telephones in the 48. No wonder it's so easy to get a wrong number. There are 53 million, 599 of 'em. . . . Sen. Sparkman (D-Ala.) says "the political glamour has worn off Eisenhower." (He hopes.) . . . **THE BREAKING POINT**—Another Senator, on "business" abroad, finds there is "no unemployment in Russia." Well, we have places like that, too. (Sing Sing, San Quentin, Alcatraz. . . .)

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

September 12, 1895

Coffey brothers are having a new porch put on the front of their hotel and store building.

Mr. George H. Brown of Poga has a poplar tree cut that contains 10,145 feet of marketable timber.

The colored people in Boone are to be commended for the efforts they are making to erect a nice church. They have the frame up.

Solicitor Spainhour spent a part of last week at home. He has purchased a bicycle, and the most of his leisure time was spent in learning to ride the stubborn steed. He promises, however, to make an expert wheelman.

The School at Sutherland Seminary, we are informed, is on a boom. There are now near 100 in attendance, and more are expected.

News reaches us that the Cranberry Iron & Coal Co., at Cranberry, is making preparations to resume work at once.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 14, 1914.

The registration book for Boone township has been lost, and as a result, all the voters who registered in 1914 will be bound to re-register if they wish to vote in the November elections.

The first passenger train on the VC Railway to arrive at Elkland since the heavy freshet in July, pulled into that station Monday afternoon, which will greatly facilitate our mails and other business.

Mr. William Hodges of Elk Township, a Confederate veteran, now 84 years old, and a witness in court here, walked from his home, a distance of 11 miles, Monday, arriving here before court was called at 9 o'clock.

Sheriff Moody and one of his deputies, Mr. Allen Miller, captured another illicit distillery Saturday night, this one coming out of the Sampson section. This one makes 14 distilleries Sheriff Moody has captured during his term of office.

Fifteen Years Ago

September 13, 1940.

The Linville River Railway company has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to abandon its entire 31.5 mile line from Cranberry to Boone.

Wendell L. Wilkie will make a motor trip

across North Carolina in mid-October, probably speaking in Gastonia and Raleigh.

The appointment of Mrs. Grace S. Bingham as acting postmaster at Sherwood was announced Friday by the postoffice department. Mrs. Bingham was recommended for appointment by Representative Robert L. Doughton. She succeeds her father, Mr. W. F. Sherwood.

With freshman orientation and classification out of the way, Appalachian opened registration for upperclassmen Tuesday and at press time today counted a total of 725 enrolled. Total registration will probably be around 1,000 or 1,100.

Mayors and other leading representatives of the first district of the Western North Carolina Communities Association, met here Friday in the Junior Order Hall to discuss matters of cooperative interest and lay plans regarding the advertising program of the Association. . . .

The Unsecret Service

(Tracks Magazine)

One of those small tropic republics which dots on gaudy military apparel hired an American tailor to restyle its uniforms. Among the ensembles suggested by the republic's chief of staff to the tailor was one with a green jacket, blue trousers, red boots and a canary yellow visored cap.

The tailor blinked. "I take it this uniform is for the personal guard of el presidente?" he asked.

"Oh, not at all, senor," the chief of staff explained. "This one is for the secret service."

Old-Fashioned

(Minneapolis Tribune)

There's an old-fashioned type in every neighborhood—still wears sleeve garters, uses a hand lawnmower and watches wrestling on TV.

Toothful Statement

(Better Farming)

Following recess, the teacher called one of her pupils aside. "Johnny," she said, "I was happy to see you down on your hands and knees playing marbles with the new boy."

"We weren't playing marbles," replied Johnny proudly. "We had a fight and I was helping him pick up his teeth!"

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

NEW PAINT IN HALL OF JUSTICE

The county commissioners are having the courtroom repainted, so that the place will appear ship shape when Superior Court convenes next week. . . . The courthouse, erected in 1904, and one of the last of the old home-made clay-brick buildings along the street, has seen better days, and requires increasingly large outlays for upkeep, besides the routine painting. . . . Built by a contractor named Cooper, similar structures were erected in Jefferson, Lenoir, Wilkesboro, and later when Avery county was formed, in Newland. . . . They were as alike as could be. . . . The red brick used in the Boone building were made of clay taken from the bank about where the jail now stands, and were placed in the walls right out of the kiln. . . . Just east of the courthouse is its predecessor, constructed after the fire in the seventies. . . . The comb roof was removed years ago, and a flat top provided. . . . The construction of a new courthouse wouldn't be an issue which the people would cherish, we believe, at this time, but the old one is coming to be more and more of a problem as the years pass on.

TRAGEDY TOUCHES THE MOUNTAIN RIM

The possibility that the Chicago chemist, whose putrid body was found in Kentucky, was actually killed in the vicinity of Blowing Rock, has caused a mild wave of comment here, but raises nothing like the interest which used to generate when there was a shooting on the local scene. . . . Anyway, by the time this is printed, it is likely that murder warrants will have been issued for the Milwaukee man and woman who are believed to have taken the aged man for a ride and confiscated his auto. . . . The place of death, of course, must be established before the site of the trial can be pointed out.

THE LETHAL CHAIR . . . DO YOU RECKON?

And some of the folks who still think of capital punishment in terms of thirteen steps and a knotted rope, suspended from the superstructure of a scaffold, have asked, "Reckon will they hang 'em?" . . . And this brings to mind the fact that a Watauga county man has never been executed so far as we know. A couple of times, perhaps—in the cases of Clarence Potter and William Baldwin—doom was pronounced by the presiding Judge, later to be upset on appeals. . . . William R. Lovill, known as one of the area's foremost defense attorneys, always pleaded mightily against death sentences, both in the courthouse and in private conversations. . . . The eloquent barrister said that hanging was "catching." That is, if a jury found a man guilty of first degree murder and he was hanged, it would be much easier for succeeding courts to demand the supreme penalty. . . . And we recall Ed Miller's remarks: "Law, law, son, hangin' plumb ruins a man. . . . Yes, sir, I've seen it tried three times."

TOO MANY JUVENILES

The Junior Woman's Club is rendering a good service in the sponsoring of a kindergarten, we congratulate them . . . and mean nothing sinister by recalling the time, a few years ago, when little Richard Agle was being sent unwillingly down to the kindergarten. . . . He laid down as his final argument: "There's too many younguns down there . . . they bovver me!"

CAMP QUITS THE FORCE

Howard Camp, Boone police officer, who checked the parking meters here with rare diligence, but who was liked by the people, has resigned and will take work with the enforcement division of the Wildlife Commission. . . . Meantime, Chief Richardson returns to the department, and officer W. R. Cottrell succeeds Camp in the traffic detail. . . . We have known of no more diligent or conscientious officer than Camp, and he'll no doubt be successful in his new work.

Letters to the Editor

Aid for Insomnia

In looking over the editorial page of the Democrat of the 8th inst., I was attracted by the article on "Advice on Sleep," always an interesting subject, since we spend almost half of our life in that mysterious land.

This calls to mind an article recently published in the Winston-Salem Journal, by a professor in the University of North Carolina, whose name I do not recall.

I was impressed at the time by his suggestion of a rather simple remedy to induce that much desired and often elusive sleep so necessary to health and comfort in life.

He suggested that you take down one of your books, one that is light in subject matter and dull and uninteresting and proceed to read and you will soon find yourself slipping off into dreamland.

This strikes me as being, perhaps, one of the best sleep inducers suggested up to this time.

It has an added feature, perhaps, greater than the first—the dope feature. It would create a use for a great majority of books now being published and sold in great numbers, that have no earthly good except to put folks to sleep.

SMITH HAGAMAN.

Valle Crucis Teacher

Writes for Magazine

I am offering the following article for publication in the Democrat.

Mrs. Laura Church, seventh grade teacher in the Valle Crucis Elementary School, has written an article appearing in the current September issue of the North Carolina Education Association Journal.

The article, entitled "Children's Day," is a humorous description of the day's happenings in a busy classroom.

MARY MAST.

Valle Crucis, N. C.

Washington Comments

Washington.—The huge German (West German) delegation in Moscow is providing Russians in the capital with more excitement than any other diplomatic event in years.

The Russians hold a high regard for Germans, especially for free Germans. Not a few Reds remember the Russian surrender to Germany in 1917 and the invasion, twenty-four years later, by Hitler's armies. That last invasion almost whipped Russia, again, and had Hitler not been fighting England, suppressing France and carrying on operations or occupations in the Balkans and North Africa, probably would have.

Thus the Russians have reason to fear—or respect—German expansion.

The large delegation which is now conducting negotiations in Moscow, and which arrived—in part—in a special train, complete

(Continued on page eight)