

## Burley Boom Seen

Those who have wondered what would have happened to the local farm economy if the burley tobacco industry hadn't sprung up locally, will be further heartened to know that as the sale of filter tips grows, so grows the market for burley weed.

Burley, which amounts to about 25% of U. S. tobacco production, is heavier-bodied and carries a more authoritative flavor than the paler flue-cured leaf. Cigarette makers have found that the flavor from the mild, bright leaf can hardly penetrate the filter in the popular filter tips, so they're mixing in more of the stronger leaf so's a satisfactory taste may emerge from the filter.

As a consequence the demand for burley is going up along with the sales of the filter cigarettes, and the price for the weed is soaring too. In fact, a correspondent to the Wall Street Journal says that a shortage of burley is likely to ensue if the sale of the new filters continues to mount.

Prices of weed in Boone and elsewhere have hit new highs. Many averages are reported in the mid-sixties, or 30% above the Federal price support level. And the price pattern has changed, we learn, and the tops and the bottom leaves bringing pretty close to the same price in many instances.

## Giving And Getting

A child born the same day the March of Dimes officially came into being would be one day less than 19 years old as the 1957 campaign for polio funds opened January 2.

In that relatively brief span a way of preventing polio—the Salk vaccine—has been made possible by the generosity of the American people, and in a little more than the last year and a half of this time

## Tardy Tax Listing

Mr. Ivy Wilson, the county tax supervisor, wonders why it is that folks don't want to list their property for taxes, according to the statute and in the time set forth.

We've wondered too, why it is that so many, even those of us who live almost in the shadow of the courthouse, wait till the last minute to list, or expect the officials to carry forward the last year's figures without our showing up at all.

After all, it's the law that property be listed during January, and Mr. Wilson and the other officials would greatly appreciate the taxpayers taking care of this duty. It would ease the official work a good deal, and at the same time citizens would have one more chore worked off when the first of the month comes.

## How To Hang Trousers

(Winston-Salem Sentinel)

Morris A. Breen of Fulton, N. Y., may have filled a great void in the life of the male by inventing a way to hang trousers up by the waist.

There has been considerable research along this line, but the failures have been nearly 100 per cent. The old wire clothes hanger has always been the best excuse a man had for not hanging up his pants. First you have to get the cuffs together in the left hand, then you let the waist of the breeches fall quickly from the right hand so as not to spill everything from the pockets. Next you thread the two legs through the wire, then you hold the hanger under your chin while you get the creases just right at the fold—an impossible task of course. After everything is finished you find that those things in the pockets are so heavy they pull the pants off the hanger.

The more recent type clamp hanger that fits on the cuffs is fairly common, but this is no improvement over hanging your pants by the cuffs from the top dresser drawer. In fact, the dresser drawer is

A report from Lexington says "demand is so heavy on the auction floor that auctioneers are, in effect, rationing tobacco to cigarette company buyers. Some warehouse executives admit ordering their auctioneers to engage in this practice."

So good is the burley sales structure right now that there is feeling in the industry that the acreage cutback should be relaxed during the 1957 growing season. But the majority of the growers are urging the Agriculture Department to leave the quota system unchanged, it is said.

Anyway, the burley market continues to aid the local farm economy, and the news that even brighter days are ahead for the burley grower is satisfying.

## A Good Citizen

In the death of J. L. Qualls the city loses her most venerable retired retail merchant and one of her best and most progressive citizens.

As a builder of one of the important business blocks in the shopping district, as a leader in religious and civic affairs, and as a forthright and generous gentleman, Mr. Qualls contributed in large proportion to the general welfare of the community and of her people.

over 43 million children have been vaccinated.

But the irony is that the teenager mentioned above probably reached his 19th birthday still unvaccinated. For the truth is that considerably less than half of the nation's teenagers have taken advantage of the Salk vaccine.

No invention of science can force people to avail themselves of the blessed protection of the polio vaccine—only a vigorous, cooperative educational program can extend a true umbrella of protection over America's youngsters and young adults. And, for another thing, no method now known can fully undo the ravages caused by polio of the past, and, for that matter, of the present.

We must give to the 1957 March of Dimes to supply fuel for the work that still needs to be done—the research, the patients who still desperately need our aid, the specialized training of badly needed polio experts; and we must get ourselves and our families fully protected against polio with three properly spaced shots of Salk vaccine.

Let's finish the polio job this January by giving generously and by getting vaccinated. Let's finish the job the way it was started—together. Give to the March of Dimes—get vaccinated.

usually much easier to find than the hanger. Of course, a dresser used for a hanger isn't much good for anything else.

There is also something on the market called a valet rack, ranging from \$12 upward. This is a wooden frame over which you drape your pants—again having gotten the cuffs together and seen that the crease is right at the fold. You can also hang a coat over the pants. In fact, you can hang so many things on it that a pair of pants can easily get lost for a week. Aside from that, the contraption doesn't serve any purpose that a good heavy high-backed chair won't serve.

Mr. Breen's new hanger, according to reports, is designed so the pants can be hung from the waist, the same way they are worn. There is no risk of losing things out of the pockets, no bother about creases, no danger of the pants sliding off to the floor. The invention should make Mr. Breen wealthy and save this country many valuable man hours that could better be used for sleeping.

## WHO'LL CONTROL HIM?

By Paul Berdanier



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### The Business There's No Business Like

PEOPLE WHO ARE bitten by the acting bug often sentence themselves paradoxically to a life of privation and obscurity—the antithesis of the fame and riches to which they aspire.

Driven by an insatiable hunger for public recognition of their talent and personality, many become the victims of their own over-assessment of these attributes. It is doubtful that anyone ever embarked upon an acting career who did not see visions of eventual stardom and adoration. Show business does not attract those who are content with mediocrity, but thousands are forced, either by circumstances or their own limitations, to settle for it.

Many are lured along the greasepaint trail as the quickest road to easy money. But this concept repeatedly has been labeled a fallacy by those who have traveled the road. Hard work, heartbreak, and frequent unemployment characterize the career of the Thespian, they maintain. And there aren't enough "big breaks" to go around.

Even those who have attained the top rung are often unhappy. "People want to know," Jackie Gleason is quoted as saying, "why I take on more and more things, why I make my life so difficult. Well, I remember how I used to walk down Sixth Avenue and nobody recognized

me or said hello to me—and I walked real slow. Now everybody knows me."

"A star can enchant millions," said Walter Winchell, "intensify emotions and amass great treasures without gaining essential emotional comfort. An unknown strolling in the park frequently has a deeper sense of serenity than the famous who inhabit the peaks of golden mountains."

IT'S OPEN SEASON for making cracks about old movies being shown on television. Last Saturday I saw a Ken Maynard western in which a very young-looking Gene Autry and a slim and handsome Smiley Burnette merely fronted a string band playing for the ranch house dance. Their names were not even mentioned.

Some of those TV movies are so old they must have been made by 18th Century-Fox!

SOURCE MATERIAL—Researchers for the movie, "The Ten Commandments," studied over 2,000 reference books, reports a Hollywood columnist.

He neglected to mention whether one of them happened to be the Book of Exodus.

"WE GET THE IDEA that Hollywood's the place where fools rush in where angels fear to tread," paraphrases Billy Arthur on the movie-land brand of matrimony.

Yeah. Much "I do" amount nothing, huh?

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

January 14, 1897.

J. L. Hayes and J. C. Ray are off on a trip to Raleigh. They attended the inauguration of the Governor on the 12th.

Died at her home at the Grandfather Hotel last Sunday, Mrs. Irvin Calloway. Lagrippe is said to have been the cause of her death.

We are indeed sorry to state that Col. John F. Morphew of Marion, whose serious illness we mentioned in our last issue, died at his home last Friday. . . . He was reared in Watauga and Ashe counties where most of his relatives now live.

The great absorbing question that overshadows everything of a public nature in North Carolina is the election of a United States Senator, whether it will be Jeter Pritchard or someone else. We are still disposed to bet on Pritchard. The signs of the times indicate that fusion between the Populist and Republicans is still very much alive. The silver sentiment cuts no figure where office and boodle present themselves. There is no doubt of Pritchard's success.

Capt. Coffey will leave soon for South Carolina to join T. F. Coffey, who is already there with horses and mules.

Dr. Brooks of Ashe county got his dwelling burned a few days ago.

Mr. Jeff Davis, is, we are glad to say, slowly improving from fever.

Pork seems to be more plentiful than usual, but is selling very low.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

January 16, 1918.

The ice on the dam at the power plant is reported to be three feet thick and almost or quite as thick on the pond near the gymnasium in Boone.

Many of the wells in different parts of the village are practically dry, owing to the scarcity of rain of late.

Rev. J. Horton Atkins and family of Foscoe will leave the latter part of this week for New York, where they will remain for a month or more. Mr. Richard Gragg and daughter, Miss Mary

Anna, left last week for Lenoir, Mr. Gragg having sold his holdings here to W. D. Farthing.

Rev. M. L. Carpenter, the beloved pastor of the Lutheran Churches on this charge for a number of years, died at his old home in Lincoln county yesterday after many months of suffering with cancer of the face. . . .

Our daily mail from Boone to Lenoir which has been somewhat disturbed for the past few weeks, by stopping off at Blowing Rock over night and coming down the next morning, has again been put on its former schedule. It now leaves Boone at 7:30 a. m. and returns some time at night. It is quite an undertaking for the contractor.

The State Food Administration has let contracts for the printing of 400,000 home instruction cards to be distributed to each household in the State. . . . The card calls for a porkless day each week in addition to meatless and wheatless days, and for a meatless and wheatless meal each day. Mr. Hoover, on one side of the card, frankly and impressively presents the food situation as it is.

### Fifteen Years Ago

January 8, 1942.

Carroll Columbus Adams, one of the town's most venerable citizens, died at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Jessie McGuire, Wednesday morning. Mr. Adams had been critically ill for a long time and his demise was not unexpected. . . .

Watauga county motorists will be rationed 56 tires and 47 tubes for automobiles, motorcycles, trucks and buses during the month of January, according to an announcement by the office of price administration in Washington last Thursday.

The office of production management has banned all sales of new automobiles and the supply priorities and allocations board approved an OPM plan to halt production of these vehicles "within a few weeks."

Mrs. A. D. Blair of near Boone suffered a paralytic stroke last Friday and it was said last Wednesday that the estimable lady had not yet regained any use of her left side. . . .

Mr. Roy Wilson, well-known citizen of Zionville, is seriously ill at Watauga Hospital with pneumonia.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### THE LONG WHISKERS . . . MAY BE COMING BACK

From no less an authority than the straight-laced Wall Street Journal comes the news that the sweeping beards, so common a few decades ago, are on the way back, and the managing editor of the Barber's Journal admits "beards are back in vogue." . . . The tonsorial publication says that no less than 200,000 sets of chin whiskers are being pampered and combed and caressed by the wearers in the United States, which is a considerable increase over a couple of years ago. . . . The Gillette Co., on the other hand, says that 50 million men shave 'em off, with blade or motor. . . . L. S. Trusty of Los Angeles, barber school dean, doesn't like the notion of bewhiskered men, and says: "This is a fast age, and beards take time to trim. . . . Also they are not sanitary, always catching flying particles and such."

### RAZORS, MOTORS . . . THEY DIDN'T HAVE 'EM

A big crop of whiskers or a handle-bar mustache used to flourish, no doubt, because it was quite a chore to get rid of the beard. . . . Before the advent of safety razors and the power-driven mowers, to say nothing of hot tap water, the problem of maintaining a smooth face was not a small one. . . . This, no doubt, had a lot to do with letting the whiskers thrive. . . . And we couldn't go along with the psychiatrist who believes that "the growing of a beard represents modern man's attempt to regain his once dominant position in society over woman."

### THE CENTENNIAL . . . LAID AWAY THE BLADES

During Watauga county's centennial, most of the fellows around town grew whiskers, in greater or less degree, as a publicity stunt, and reminded us of the days when smooth faces were rare when our hardy forebears gathered. . . . Squire W. L. Bryan always wore a well-tailored beard, William T. Blair, John H. Norris, John S. Stanbury were among the others who let the whiskers grow, while the late Rev. S. E. Gragg was the last man we saw who had a full beard. . . . Mustaches were plentiful a few years ago. Some of those who were them were Capt. Lovill, J. L. Winkler, the Professors Dougherty, John F. Hardin, B. J. Council, J. D. (Crack) Council, Bob Rivers, James W. Bryan and others. . . . Most of these, however, came to trim their mustaches to such an extent that there wasn't a set of the old handle bar type left in the community when we can first remember. . . . Anyway, the whiskers are on the way back, and the male being the lazier of the species, many will welcome a no-shave program. . . . But most will retain the comfort and cleanliness of every-day lathering or buzzing, as the case may be, rather than to cozy to a Vandyke, Sforza, an ear-to-ear Presbiter, a Shenandoah, a Guelph, or maybe just a plain set of hill-billy whiskers, which might be named the Pink Baldwin.

### "MIGHT GO ON SOIL BANK," SAYS BURLEY GROWER

We questioned a town farmer on his burley-growing operation. He said the price was good, the quality of the weed fine, and all, but said he was going to quit raisin' the stuff and was "going on the soil bank." . . . He explained that by the time the crop was shared with the tenant, the owner's receipts would be better just to quit growing the weed. . . . And we'd hasten to agree that at the same price, it would be less stress and strain not to produce than to be bothered.

### GOLDEN BELLS . . . RING IN CHRISTMAS

Forest Wilson brought in a bunch of forsythia just before Christmas, and we found we had the little golden bells blooming in our own back yard at year's end, fully three months ahead of time. . . . Just before Christmas week, we also noted the fish worms, floated out by the rain. . . . They doubtless went deep the middle of last week though, when the mercury plummeted to winter's new low, killed the spring flowers and reminded that winter can't stay around the corner longer than the first of the year . . . even in Boone.

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Several years ago I stopped drinking coffee and became a regular tea drinker, so I was somewhat disturbed when I read in a new book on arthritis that by imbibing this latter pleasant beverage, one ran the risk of ending up with joints so dry that he might well become a bent-over arthritic who couldn't even hobble to the tea table. So I asked the Tea Council of the U. S. A. Inc. what they had to say in regard to said statements in the book. They said plenty.

Lea Kates, director of consumer services, let loose a blast that could be heard from here to Ceylon. "We find," she said after obtaining a copy of the book, "that the man who offers a new method for curing arthritis is not a doctor. . . . his theory is refreshingly simple. It is a lubrication job of the joints. . . . but unfortunately, his knowledge of the chemistry of food is faulty. One example is his statement that among modern beverages, tea is most drying to the oils of the joint and skin linings because of its tannic acid content! . . . even well-read laymen no longer confuse tea's tannins with tannic acid."

Miss Kates obligingly enclosed some material compiled by bona fide doctors about tea. But first, an imposing-looking brochure reveals that there are three primary kinds of tea: green, black and oolong. Leading tea-growing areas of the world include China, Japan, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Formosa, Indonesia, Central Africa and parts of Russia. (Incidentally, in

Virginia I once came upon some delicious spiced tea named Constant Comment, presumably so named because of the resultant chatter.) The contents of tea are tannin, caffeine, protein bodies, gummy matters and sugar. Apparently the higher up on the mountains the tea grows, the tastier it is—so just think what the celestial variety will be!

Tea, next to water, is the most consumed beverage in the world, avers Henry J. Klauber, Ph. D. To appreciate fully the cultural value of the beverage, one has only to think of the social and literary teas around the country, says Dr. S. O. Waife of the Indiana University Medical School, who also points out that the name figures in such popular titles as "Tea for Two," "Tea and Sympathy" and "The Tea House of the August Moon." Aside from any sugar or cream added, tea has no calorie value and therefore does not add weight, states this authority. He reminds us that a Chinese philosopher, Chin-nug, in 2700 B. C. built a fire from tea branches. Some of the leaves accidentally fell into the boiling water and thus the drink, tea, originated.

Dr. John C. Krantz of the University of Maryland says tea increases mental alertness, brightens spirits, facilitates association of ideas—and occasionally disturbs sleep. The caffeine in tea helps headaches. Dr. Phillips Frohman says that tea "induces a state of consciousness midway between

(Continued on page eight)