

He's At It Again

Administration followers, who had been hoping that Secretary of Defense Wilson was going to be quiet, in so far as the expressions of ill-conceived personal opinions were concerned, came in for a rude shock the first of the week, when Wilson turned his guns on the National Guard, which a lot of folks are thinking is a mighty fine organization of patriotic young men—

Mr. Wilson is quoted: "It (the Guard) was a sort of scandal during the Korean War, a draft-dodging business. A boy 17 to 18½ could enlist in the National Guard and not be drafted to fight in Korea."

Whereupon Major General Ellard A. Walsh, President of the National Guard Association, got rosy-cheeked, and branded the statement of the defense official as a "damnable lie."

And there likely will be other repercussions on the remarks of the Secretary as time goes on.

If Wilson learned nothing from his hound-dog remarks about organized labor up in Detroit, which had serious political repercussions, he should have learned something from former President Truman, who as an old artillery captain saw fit to tie into the Marine Corps. The men of the Corps, belittled by the Commander-in-Chief, they thought, reacted sort of like they did on the beaches of the enemy during the late world war. They got fighting mad and the fighting little man from Missouri had to "take water," as they say in Watauga, when a man backs down on a proposition.

And it's not unlikely that the Secretary of Defense is going to squirm some more, before this National Guard thing is finally quieted down.

Home Town Paper

The case for the hometown newspaper is ably presented by Ralph Keller of Minneapolis, manager of the Minnesota Editorial Association.

Recalling Capt. Lovill's words that "verily, he who toots not his own horn, the same shall remain untooted," we submit Mr. Keller's remarks:

"The spoken word hits the ear, and is gone. The television image strikes the eye, and is gone. The printed picture and the printed name linger on."

"Numerous authentic surveys throughout the United States indicate that an average of 3.5 persons read every weekly newspaper that enters every home as an invited guest. The average length of time each copy is kept around the house is

two weeks. Each copy is picked up and looked over by each reader an average of three times. The average length of time each reader spends with each copy of his hometown newspaper is fifty minutes.

"The newspaper is subscribed for, paid for, eagerly looked forward to from issue to issue, and read thoroughly with unquestioning confidence. It doesn't depend on the weather, is not subject to static or interference, is not a "now or never" messenger—if the newspaper can't be read this evening it will be in the morning, or tomorrow evening. When radio and television impulses have petered out in heedless space the hometown newspaper is still there, to be read and re-read and referred back to again and again."

Thrills And Hazards Of Model T

Thrills and hazards of the Model T Ford are recalled by Robert Strother in a nostalgic article, "A Flivver for the Family," in the February Reader's Digest.

Until he pilots a space ship around the moon, Mr. Strother says he will not have the equal of the thrill he experienced as a boy in Winfield, Kansas, when he first drove a new Model T for which his father paid \$440 on Christmas Eve in 1917.

"Fords were notoriously allergic to cold," recalls the writer. "Model T's were started, when they consented to start at all, by hand cranking. . . . The crank frequently kicked. . . . Right arms in casts were as familiar a feature of the American winter scene of 40 years ago as are legs in casts at ski lodges and sports resorts today. . . . "Another recurrent hazard of Model

T motoring was running out of gas. There was no gasoline gauge, and to find out how much fuel was left, the operator first had to evict any front-seat passengers and remove the seat cushion. . . . A slatted cover was then raised, the gas-tank cap removed and a graduated stick inserted in the tank. . . . "To measure the oil supply was even more of a nuisance. You crawled under the car and opened a petcock. If oil ran out, you had oil."

Despite hardships like these, for nearly two decades, between 1908 and 1927, reports Mr. Strother, "flivvers swarmed in their millions from the assembly lines in Detroit and became known and loved throughout the world."

Why?

(New York Times)

These fine, crisp January evenings are perfect for sitting by the fire and wondering if there are any answers to those questions. Wondering, for instance, why some people call it "crisp" when the weather is so cold it crackles. Wondering what happened to those chirpy souls who went around last Summer demanding, "Well is it hot enough for you?" Why aren't they going around now demanding, "Is it cold enough for you?" (The answer to that, should one of those persons accost you on a windy corner, is "Yes! Plenty!")

But there are other questions. Is there going to be a January thaw? Is it a "thaw" when the temperature rises from zero, flat, to thirty above? Or, from ten below to twenty above? Just how many degrees are necessary for an official "thaw?"

And why do so many people make the rounds of their thermometers on a cold morning, looking for the one with the low-

est reading? What happened to those who were saying, only a little while ago, that the climate was getting warmer, and pointing to recent Winters as proof? Aren't they the fellows who were chattering so much they couldn't talk when we passed them a little while ago? Very likely!

How do birds keep their feet from freezing? Some, such as grouse and a few of the owls, have feathered feet, but most birds are barefoot as babies. Some animals are barefoot too—raccoons, for instance—but they have enough sense to stay under cover when it is bitter cold. Birds don't.

Isn't it fun, and reassuring too, to look at the new seed catalogues now? How long is it till Ground Hog Day? Two weeks from last Saturday. And it's less than nine weeks till the vernal equinox. Who's complaining about Winter? And why?



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

All Landlords Are Not Old Meanies

MORE TO BE PITIED than despised, perhaps, are those landlords who put up signs at their apartments and hotels reading, "No Children or Dogs Allowed."

An unkind fate has deprived their natures of an ingredient that is essential to the makeup of the complete human being.

But without dignifying the callous restrictions against children by attempting a reply, I give you a hotel manager whose hostility I would go out of my way to patronize, even if traveling alone.

A lady was planning, recounts Publisher Bennet Cerr, to spend a month at a resort hotel, and wrote the manager to ask if her dog would be permitted on the premises. She received the following note in reply:

"Dear Madam: I have been in the hotel business some 28 years. Never in all that time have I had to call the police to eject a disorderly dog at 4 a. m. Never once has a dog set the bedclothes afire by carelessly throwing away a lighted cigarette. Never has one dog stolen my towels, bedspreads, or silverware. Of course your dog is welcome at my hotel. Sincerely, The Manager."

"P. S.—If the dog will vouch for you, you can come, too."

A MAN WHO IS MERELY well-informed, declares a presumably well-informed philosopher, is the most useless bore on God's green earth. "Many persons," he goes on, "are walking encyclopedias, yet they lack mature judgment, ability to do independent thinking, and reach original conclusions."

Mebbe so, but just lead 'em to an isolation booth, and those useless bores will do all right for themselves.

TWO QUOTATIONS APPEARED on opposite pages of the same newspaper: "The groundwork of all happiness is health—Leigh Hunt." And "True happiness springs from moderation—Goethe."

One gathers that to be happy one must have health—in moderation, of course.

AN AUTHORITY ON ETIQUETTE, in answer to a question, informed a reader that "it is perfectly proper" for a hostess who is having dinner guests to offer a prayer before beginning the meal.

Which was the right answer, of course, but it seems the question should have been referred to a higher authority.

ONE FOR THE ROAD—A Western movie recently shown on TV was so old that "Gabby" Hayes' beard was only a five-o'clock shadow.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

January 28, 1897.

Skyland Institute at Blowing Rock will open and resume work on February 1.

Benjamin Culler says there are two of them, both boys, and weigh 6½ pounds each.

F. M. Hodges has started E. H. Dougherty south with a small drove of horses and mules.

The aged mother of our townsman, Mr. W. L. Bryan, who lives on Meat Camp, is very unwell. Mr. Bryan is visiting her at this writing.

Mrs. Lizzie Shull of Valle Crucis, died at the home of her son, Mr. James Shull, on last Friday.

Rev. Mr. Stanford, the new Methodist minister on this work, will deliver his first sermon in Boone next Wednesday night.

From the Morganton Herald we learn that Solicitor Spahnour got his bicycle stolen one night last week. This is a considerable loss to the solicitor, as it was an \$85 wheel.

Dr. Councill informs us that he visited 15 patients with gripe in one day last week, and ten the following day. Aside from this he prescribed for six others, whom he did not visit during that time.

Tillman of Tennessee has abandoned the contest for the Governor's seat against Governor Taylor. A wise conclusion, no doubt.

There is a bill before the Legislature to impeach Judge Norwood for drunkenness. The provisions of the bill ought to extend to members of the Legislature as well. . . . Men who are placed in high positions should be moral, sober men. . . .

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

January 30, 1918.

Mrs. N. L. Mast has been here since last Thursday with her son, James, who has been suffering with measles at the home of Mr. E. J. Councill.

Rev. W. A. Adams delivered his last sermon in the Baptist Church here Sunday night, leaving Tuesday for his new charge at Canton.

The public school in Boone will close tomorrow after a very successful term. However,

the cold weather of late has been an argument against long terms of school in the mountains during the winter months. Many of the children were unable to attend.

There are six cases of measles in the home of Mr. Wesley Richardson in Boone.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. A. H. His, formerly of Watauga, now of Moravian Falls, had the misfortune last week to break one of his legs.

Mr. Vance Howell, who is now in training at Camp Jackson, has been at the school shaking hands with his friends.

A definite schedule has been made out for practice in the school gymnasium, by which all may have a chance to avail themselves of this physical training.

Fifteen Years Ago

January 29, 1942.

Mrs. Manuel C. Rominger of Matney, believed to be the only North Carolina mother with six sons in the armed services of the country, was honored Friday evening at a public ceremony in Banner Elk. . . .

Andrew Taylor Bradley, aged 77, father of Grady Bradley of Vilas, died on January 10 at his home near Tempe, Arizona.

Heriot Clarkson, 78, since 1923 an associate justice of the State Supreme Court, died yesterday at the home of a son, Francis O. Clarkson, in Charlotte.

Congressman Doughton has been highly praised by editors and others in the State for insisting that states and municipalities should undertake to reduce their tax levies so that individuals may better bear the burdens of new Federal taxes required to finance the war program.

Information has been received of the accidental death of Frank B. Schumann in Charleston, S. C., by falling down a flight of stairs in the building where he roomed. He was a resident of Avery county for many years where he was the editor of the Avery Advocate.

Government rationing of sugar will begin next week, with each person limited to about a pound per week.

ELK'S CLUB TROPHY . . . BY BOONE'S FIRST MAYOR

From Kays Gary's column in Charlotte Observer: "J. G. Love, for 47 years a member of Elks Lodge, last week presented the lodge here a perfectly preserved head of an eight-point buck, killed by Col. William Louis Bryan, nephew of Mrs. Daniel Boone on the Wilderness Trail more than 100 years ago. . . . Love's mother is a Bryan and the deer head has been handed down through four generations. . . . T. Stuart Coffey, of Statesville noted this item and forwarded it to us, with this notation: "If this is our Boone W. L. Bryan, and I am of the opinion it is, as in his younger days he was a deer hunter, and in my boyhood I frequently heard him comment on his relationship to Daniel Boone, I know you will be interested in it."

THE SQUIRE'S GUN . . . MUST HAVE FELLED THE BUCK

Off hand we'd know of no one else whose gun might have provided the Elk Club its fine trophy than our own 'Squire Bryan, who came to be called Col. Bryan by John Preston Arthur, author of the Watauga County History. . . . Squire Bryan was an avid hunter, and we recall his sunning his deer hide rugs on the porch railing in the spring, and the big deer head which hung in the hall of the Bryan home. . . . We looked in vain for a cut we used to have of Mr. Bryan, Col. Todd, and J. D. Councill aside a dead deer. . . . Anyway, the native white tail deer made their last stand in Mitchell county, and Squire Bryan managed to get one in front of his double-barrelled shotgun every year or so as long as he lived. . . . Also he cherished the fact that a Bryan was the wife of Daniel Boone, and that William Jennings Bryan was also a distant relative. We are glad that the Charlotte Elks Club is taking good care of one of the trophies of Boone's first Mayor.

WAS PRINTER'S DEVIL . . . ODDS AND ENDS

W. L. Haynes writes from Fresno, Ohio: "I appreciate the Early Files of 80 years ago, when I was a printer's devil in that office. . . . Will rolled the big brayer over two pages of the Democrat, inking the forms, so that the printing process could be completed on the old Washington hand press. . . . Rev. Ronda Horton, colored, of Boone, we believe, also "inked" at the Democrat office in his youth. . . . Thoughtless motorists parking so as to take up two spaces, and others driving so close to parking lines that when one curbs his car he can't squeeze out. . . . that is, if he's arrived at the thickened age. . . . Chain saws buzzing through oak logs as FCX demonstrations—a far cry from June Horton's double-bladed axe, and Dick Colvard's crosscut.

FROM FORMER COLLEGIAN . . . SOME KIND WORDS

Those along the street who don't get acquainted with any of the college students are missing a good chance to make their stay pleasant, and actually to promote the welfare of the institution. . . . The other day we had a letter from a grad, Mrs. Doris Rucker Dudley of Shelby, and she pinpoints her appreciation of the kindness of Boone people, when she says:

"I KNOW YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME, but I want you to know I'll never forget the help you gave me as business manager of The Appalachian in 1952-53. . . . You lived your slogan, 'always a friend to the college' and your moral support meant so much. . . . Many times I've walked into your office to see you peering away on your typewriter—faster with your index fingers than many with two hands! . . . One regret I have is that the college students don't get to know the townspeople better. . . . Those people there are some of the finest and most genuine people I've ever come in contact with. . . . I remember a few of the names like the Caudills, the Ruffys, the Richardsons, the Mocks, the Bill Norrises, the Kirks, but I remember many of the folks like the lady at the postoffice and many others who helped to make 'a home away from home.' . . . What I really want to say is thank you—belatedly, for your help and cooperation with the students—former, present and future, and congratulations on your successful career, which is so vital to your community."

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

From Cleveland, Ohio came urgent word that a group of us were asked to meet here at the Waldorf-Astoria in an "Action Conference" on the night lighting of highways. Not being sure just what this was but anxious to help do anything that would reduce the high death toll on our roads, I attended. It was quite worthwhile. A number of experts, headed by Edmond C. Powers of the Street and Highway Safety Lighting Bureau, gave short talks, interspersed by films showing the dire consequences of bad driving on dark highways. Verily, before the conference was over, all of us had "seen the light."

Why is the night accident toll so high, one of the speakers asked, when only 25 per cent of the total number of American cars are in operation at night? Yet of the total of 40,000 traffic deaths in 1956, instead of 25 per cent occurred at night, 22,880 or over half, occurred after nightfall. Admitting that even if speed is slower, there is greater fatigue, more influence of alcohol, more fog, defective lights etc. none of these is the real cause of more traffic accidents happening at night. The answer is: "darkness." With the human factor what it is and human eyes varying and weakening from day to day, the lack of adequate vision after the sun goes down causes most of our accidents, said these experts.

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