

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00; Outside Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25.

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Nash Is Honored

The Appalachian High School Band, J. Perry Watson, director, appeared in a visual music program Saturday night, staged in honor of Gordon A. Nash, head of the music department at Appalachian College, who founded the High School Band twenty years ago.

More than four hundred gathered for the occasion, the significance of which had been kept secret from Mr. Nash, and a lively program was presented.

College President Plemmons, James C. Harper of Lenoir, veteran bandmaster and past president of the American Bandmasters Association, and others brought greetings and the College Alumni Association,

through Secretary Roy Blanton, presented Mr. Nash recordings of the concert and the testimonials.

It was a happy occasion. Mr. Nash has worked diligently at the High School and the College, in helping to develop an outstanding program of training for those desiring musical careers. At the same time he has contributed generously of his time and talents to the churches of the community in the developments of their musical ministries, and has been anxious always to aid in every civic enterprise.

We are glad that Messrs. Watson, Blanton, Dr. Plemmons and the others paid him honor. He deserves it.

Seek Carolina Data

The advertising division of the Department of Conservation and Development received inquiries last year from 118,018 persons interested in North Carolina during last year, every state in the Union and 85 countries and dominions outside of the United States having been heard from.

A breakdown of the inquiry figures shows that New Yorkers sent in more inquiries than people from any other state, except North Carolina, with 13,344. Tar Heels themselves were the most anxious to have data on their state and forwarded 20,098 inquiries. Nevada tailed the list with 61.

The other eight states in the top ten

after North Carolina and New York were in order: Pennsylvania 8,219, Ohio 7,849, New Jersey 5,598, Illinois 5,342, Michigan 4,996, California 3,977, Florida 3,803 and Virginia 3,449.

Canada topped the foreign inquiry list with 1,397. Indonesia was second with 164. The remaining eight in the top ten were: Spain 156, England 99, Iraq 87, Argentina 67, Brazil 66, Australia 52, Germany 54, and Mexico 42.

No inquiries were received from the Soviet Union or satellites Hungary and Poland. From Yugoslavia 15 inquiries were received, and 1 from Czechoslovakia.

a membership of 111,000 units. Fortunate indeed are communities where Scouting flourishes.

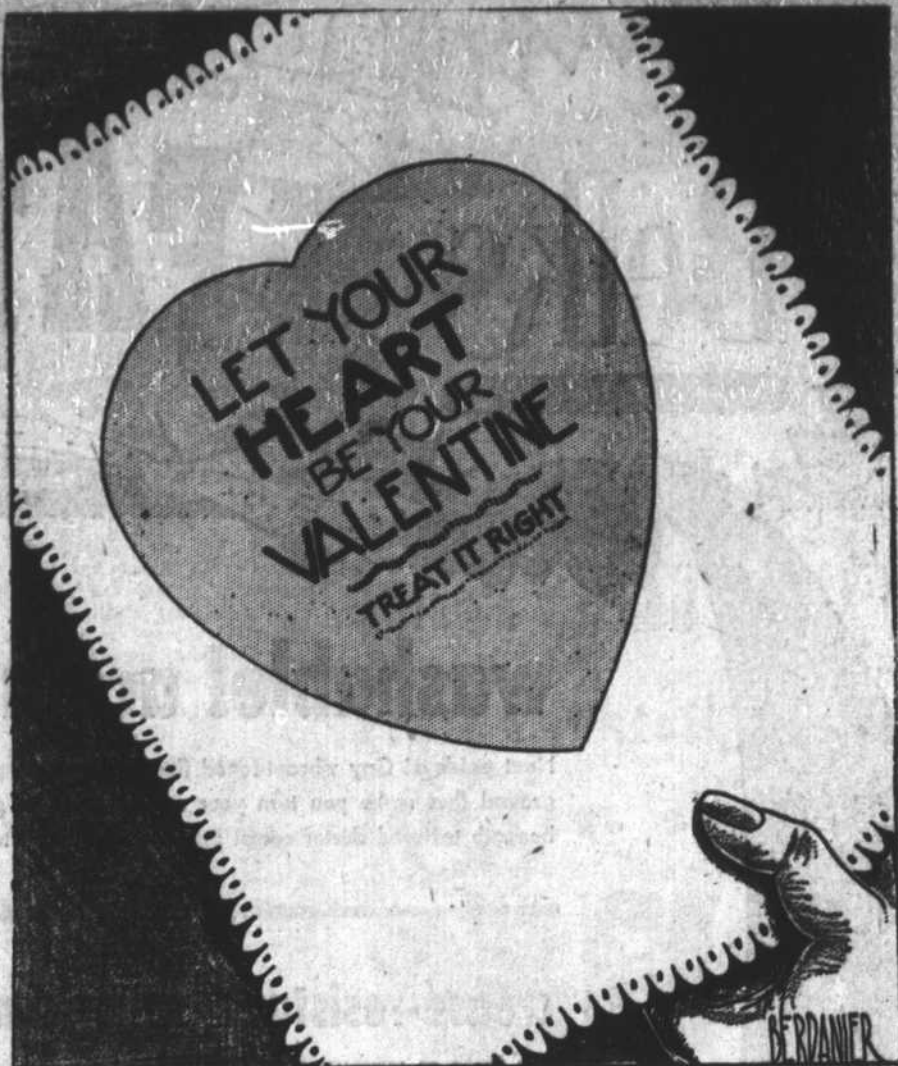
American adults of good character give generously of their time in giving leadership. Others help by raising funds, or in serving as members of local Boy Scout councils which in turn provide: training for leaders, camp facilities, worthwhile year-round activities, personal advancement, and opportunities for Scouts to render community service.

This summer there will be a "mountain peak" experience for more than 50,000 Boy Scouts, Explorers, and their leaders when they gather at historic Valley Forge in Pennsylvania for their Fourth National Jamboree. We earnestly hope our community will be well represented when Scouts from all over the nation camp together.

It will be a gathering of youth who will be among the nation's top leaders a few decades hence.

VALENTINE SUGGESTION

By Paul Berdanier



KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

"DON'T BELIEVE IT," HE SAYS

From Walter Monfried in the Milwaukee Journal, we learn that a lot of the things we used to believe just aren't true. For instance, a man with horse sense, has scarcely no sense at all; elephants do forget, he says; the stomach cramps we had as a youngster didn't come from the green apples we ate, but from our hunger; a drowning man doesn't bob up and down like a fishing cork, maybe three times, before he sinks for good, and one's heart doesn't come on the left side. And while we aim to hold to some of our old beliefs, such as that horsehairs placed in water make worms; that a beheaded turtle won't die till sundown, that whiskers keep on growing on a dead man, and that handling toads will surely make warts on the hands, we are interested in Mr. Monfried's observations, which are herewith reprinted.

We live in a skeptical age, as little Virginia was told when she asked the New York Sun whether there was a Santa Claus. Virginia received a glad some, immortal affirmative. But the illusions of almost everybody else have been shattered by chill scientific observations.

Just the other day, for example, a Kansas biologist announced that the dove is no bird of peace—he fights as much as any other. The supposed traits of almost all other members of the animal kingdom have been disapproved.

Quiet as a mouse? Just hear a pair rattling within the walls on a winter night! And mice don't care particularly for cheese—bacon is preferred.

Horse sense is not much sense—chimps and elephants are more intelligent. A snake can't paralyze a bird with a gaze, but he can die before sunset. The opossum doesn't "play possum" consciously; fear sends him into a state of shock. The lion is no braver than the next fellow; he avoids trouble if he can. That seemingly wise old owl is a fairly stupid bird. The pig is not especially dirty; he wallows at times to shake off pests or to keep cool.

Hoot owls and goats hardly get drunk, since they never touch alcohol. The assertion that the ostrich hides his head in the sand to avoid enemies is one of the oldest mis-apprehensions. An elephant can forget. If a chicken is chicken hearted, how can roosters develop into such desperate fighters? Being color blind like other animals, a bull is no more enraged by the waving of a red flag than of any other. Despite what you've been told, a male dog will attack a female. Countless cases prove a bestial lack of chivalry.

Why is the jeweler's dummy clock set at 8:21? "That's when Lincoln was shot," you may answer inaccurately. Lincoln was shot at 10:15 p. m., and died at 7:22 a. m. The 8:21 angle gives the jeweler clear space for his name above the middle.

There is no such thing as an undertow, despite universal belief to the contrary. The recession of heavy waves may carry a person out to sea, but there is no force that pulls him down.

Green apples cause no more stomach aches than ripe apples, other things being equal. Little boys bolt the green ones because they are sour—hence the midriff pain.

Before airplanes became common, people thought that anyone falling from a high distance would lose consciousness in the air. Parachutists have disproved that for good.

A drowning man may come to the surface three times—or ten or seven or none. Not necessarily three.

Why do so many ministers' sons go to the dogs? The answer is easy—not many do, proportionately. Both in America and England, sons of clergymen achieve eminence or success in a proportion far beyond sons of men in almost all other callings.

A diamond, despite its unrivaled hardness, can wear out like anything else. Glaziers report that their stones sometimes wear out in eight to ten weeks. Owners of phonographs are advised to change their diamond needles every year, if they play records frequently.

Your heart, if you have a normal body, is not on the left side, and whether you sleep on the left or right side makes no difference to that important organ. Nor are your eyes affected (Continued on page seven)

Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

No Special Training Required

AN AUTHORITATIVE OPINION is often something one could get along just as well without the benefit of.



A couple of eminent psychologists have put their eggheads together and have come up with the ensuing profound pronouncement about "How to recognize an abnormal person: "He shows changes in behavior, has strange losses of memory, thinks people are plotting against him, talks to himself or hears voices, thinks people are watching him or talking about him, has visions, smells strange odors, has peculiar tastes, complains of impossible bodily ailments, and behaves in a manner dangerous to himself and others."

Well . . . yes. I'd say such a person was just a wee bit abnormal. It sorta somehow reminds me of the time I was driving a Model A Ford through the wilds of South Carolina, when she suddenly conked out on me. And me without even a piece of balling wire and chewing gum. To make a short story as long as possible, I found a fellow at a nearby farmhouse who claimed to be a mechanic, specializing in Mr. Ford's Model A. "Have it purrin' lak a kitten fer ye in two jerks of a calf's

tail," he said. So he brought out a few wrenches and things, raised the hood and tinkered around for about half an hour. She still wouldn't go. Then he slammed down the hood, gathered up his tools, fixed me with an accusing eye as though I had been withholding vital information, and announced: "I know what's the matter with the thing, buddy. They's sump'n wrong with it, that's what's the matter with it."

TWO LOCAL NIMRODS, the story goes, were down the country on a duck-hunting foray, and though they had been shooting for hours, they had bagged nary a duck.

"It's getting late," one of them finally said. "Whaddaya say we miss two more and go home?"

A MAGAZINE COVER promises to tell on the inside "How Elvis Presley Gets His Girls."

For a guy with a million bucks (more or less), a different Cadillac for every day in the week, and a built-in Mambo course—that's a problem?

ONE FOR THE ROAD—The week's award for honesty, or something, goes to the British doctor who suggested in a medical journal that doctors' waiting rooms offer pamphlets explaining how a person can leave his body to science.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago February 11, 1857.

The Asheville Citizen expects to put typesetting machines in its office. This is, we believe, the fifth newspaper office in North Carolina to determine to use the wonderful machines.

David Ray has entered school at Mountain City, Tenn.

Two Mormon Elders are now in the county distributing their literature and preaching their doctrine.

Mrs. Harriet Brinkley of Amantha gave birth to three baby girls on Friday of last week. There is but one living.

Thos. Bingham reports that his bill to cut a slice off of Mitchell county and add it to Watauga, failed to materialize.

Master Stewart Coffey, who is attending school at Mountain City, Tenn., has been at home a few days on a visit.

The Governor has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of the party or parties who burned the barn of Mr. L. M. Waters some weeks ago.

The weather has been so rough for the past two weeks that business has been practically suspended. The mails have not made regular trips and Monday and Tuesday of this week have brought us the accumulated mails of three or four days. We have had snow, ice, sleet and rain, which blocked the streams and roads.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, for the good in him brings out the good in others.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago February 14, 1918.

Mr. Dean Bingham, who has been working at Trenton, N. J., for several months, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bingham in Boone.

The Democrat is indebted to W. G. Todd for some nice turnip greens that grew under the snow.

Mr. Luther Thomas of Hickory passed through Tusday on his return from a rather extended trip to Tennessee and Virginia in quest of a good pair of mules. When he got back to Watauga he found just what he was hunting for in

the stable of Mr. Floyd Ward, drew him a check for six hundred dollars and went on his way. He sold his farm near Tracy to Mr. Bunk Sutherland for a consideration ranging somewhere from twelve to sixteen thousand dollars.

It had been conceded for several days that the bonds for the extension of the Linville River Railway from Shulls Mills to Boone would be voted by a comfortable majority, but the most sanguine never had an idea that a real landslide of votes for the bonds in the township awaited them at the election last Tuesday. . . . There were 221 votes for the bonds in the township and only 63 against. . . . The company will push the work as rapidly as possible as they have only twelve months from the date of the election in which to complete the work, and knowing that the winters here are uncertain, they will strain every nerve to have the train running into Boone by early fall. . . .

Fifteen Years Ago February 12, 1942.

With the great Blue Ridge Parkway to connect the Shenandoah National Park with the Smoky Mountains National Park, three-quarters completed, no new construction work will be undertaken during the war period. That is the information sent Congressman Zeb Weaver of the 11th North Carolina district by A. E. Demaray, acting director of the National Park Service.

Wade E. Brown, chairman of the local civil defense council, states that Friday, February 13, will be sign-up day for volunteer civilian duty in case of emergency developing out of the war. Cards are at Cove Creek High School, Valle Crucis public school, Blowing Rock High School and at the office in the bank building.

W. O. (Bud) Osborne, who has been seriously ill in a Hickory hospital, has been discharged and is with relatives at Hudson. Mr. Osborne's left leg was amputated when blood poison developed from a slight injury, and his condition is described as critical.

Appalachian defeated Catawba in a fast basketball game at Salisbury Saturday night.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

This town is abuzz with talk of its prodigy of knowledge, young Charles Van Doren who has won over \$100,000 in prize money on television. From Wall Street to Columbia University where he teaches, I have found groups excitedly discussing this human encyclopedia, some with envy, but most with pride that would do honor to a winning football team. They give his famous father, Mark, much credit for the son's success—but after all, dad is not there when the difficult questions come to Charles on the "TV program"—and for the first time, at least in that form. The brilliant young man is careful to explain something which seems good for us all to know: that when he was growing up and asking such questions at home, he was not told the answers by his wise father who doubtless could have given many of them—but was told to look up the answers himself—and doubtless this is mainly why he remembers so much now.

stories high. For awhile here, there was quite a rash of low structures, as in most other places. Buildings seemed to be ranch style. Then for some reason, the architects raised their sights again. Now you can hardly walk a block in Manhattan but what you come upon another skyscraper being erected. They seem to run height, however, no more projected Chrysler or Empire State buildings. The sidewalk superintendent had reached such a state that one building going up has a fancy fence around the foundation work, expensively painted by high-powered artists, with "knot holes" neatly drilled at just the right height and appropriate wise-cracks by prominent cartoonists lettered in just for good measure. To cap the situation, soft music is piped along the fence to reassure the ears while the eyes are also feasting.

A local speaker told the story of a little watch which was disassembled with being in a man's pocket. It envied Big Ben, the great tower clock, and wanted to be up there where it could serve the multitude. Suddenly, the little watch had its wish. It was drawn up to the tower. But from below it was invisible. Its elevation had become its annihilation.

The eminent physicist, Dr. Arthur Compton, addressed a large gathering of local college students and presented a strong case for Christianity. Later one of the students came up and asked how he could really be shown Christianity. Dr. Compton asked for an orange, peeled and ate it, and then asked his young questioner if he knew how the orange tasted. "Of course not," was the reply. "Only the person who ate it can tell that." Answered the great scientist. "So it is with Christianity. You must taste it yourself."

A few years ago, they were saying that the day of the skyscraper was over and that all the new buildings would be only a few

What Is News?

(Goldboro News-Argus)

What is news? asked the Heartless One. —And putting down his glass he answered: News is rape, murder, suicide, shootings, maiming, fires, blasts, tragedy, storm, tornado, cyclone, hurricane, blood in the gutter, more teeth scattered around and legs and arms torn off. A-bombs and H-bombs and sinkings and drownings and battles and carnage, abortions, seductions, gory details, divorces, Cain, Judas, Attila, Catherine de Medici, Mussolini, Hitler.

What is news? said the Poet.—Putting down his book he looked afar off and answered his question. News is moonlight and starlight and summer dawns and gentle breezes, of the essential immortality of man, his courage, his indomitable soul, "for which I thank whatever Gods there be," youth walking hand in hand, male and female, the dove's gentle coo, the thrill of an infant—your infant—as he makes the first tentative clutch of your finger, the uplift of a little hand placed confidently in yours.

Wind and sand and surf, flat plains of good earth rolling outward to the horizon, cattle grazing in green fields, a tree lifting its arms to heaven, sleep, and friendship and fellowship and faith. Indomitable Moses, gentle Jesus, magnificent Paul, Confucius, Lin Yutang, the Prophet, Bob-

bie Burns, Robert E. Lee, the great general whose soul cried out in pain because he had to make war, Abraham Lincoln, Archibald Rutledge, Elton Trublood, Plato, Aristotle, the Psalms, and the 14th chapter of John's gospel.

What is news? asked the Philosopher.—In words hard to be understood, he answered his own question.

Of man's relation to man, of man's learning what life means, of principles of truth and beauty, of ability to determine one's own place in life, of what makes courage, of what makes weakened souls, of the nature of war and peace, of religion, and the great faiths, of the essential goodness of all men, of the eternal and everlasting climb of man from his apelike beginnings to an ever higher plane.

What is news, asked the Editor.—Fumbling the copy paper in his hand, he answered:

News is all of those things and more. It is a balance one against the other. It is the mirror of life of the reflection of the little things which man gives himself to, his burnings and his dyings, his babies, his church, his clubs, his comings and his goings, and of his great loneliness and his need always for assurance. Of such is news.