

## Promoting The Season Of Color

The Watauga Democrat, one of the members of the Western North Carolina Press Association, which includes newspapers in nineteen counties reaching down the Blue Ridge from Watauga to Cherokee, has joined in a promotional campaign aimed at developing more tourist trade during the season of the Fall Colorama.

One of the ads featuring the promotion appears in the Democrat today, and visitors to the mountains of western North Carolina are being urged to come back in October, when the zephyrs, cool and refreshing, play fairy games in the fronds of the painted forests. Many communities have planned special events for this time of the golden harvest, when the Master Painter has transformed the soft folds of the blue hills into an extravaganza of riotous color. Others maybe think that little can be added to the glories of autumn in the hills of western North Carolina, when every turn in the road and every ridgetop bring new vistas of crimson and purple, of gold and of russet and scarlet, with

patches of emerald where the evergreens stand as undying symbols of lasting life. Mountain homes and small farms stand out on the landscape like painted gardens with their corn shocks, standing sentinel-like among the nests of golden pumpkins. Everywhere there's fresh beauty and new wonders as Nature brings out all her gayest party dresses to trip tiptoe over hill and dale, in a glorious afterglow to summer's warmth and fruitfulness.

The Democrat, through the long years, has advocated a lengthened tourist season, which although hampered some by the ringing of the school bells, still has great possibilities. We'd long contended for some sort of Festival of the Falling Leaves, and though our notions along this line have been nebulous, we've been in favor of an added inducement for the folks to return in the fall. We're glad to join in this effort on the part of the mountain press to promote the fall for tourist travel.

So come back in October, for a happy sojourn in the magnificence of autumn.

## Golf Course Is Needed

The Country Club members tell us they are elated over the splendid response which has been given their proposal to raise \$100,000, with which to purchase land for a golf course a couple of miles south of the city.

With only a week gone since active solicitation began, more than a third of the land money is in sight and those seeking stock in the venture continue to sign on the dotted line. There is now sound basis for belief that the land can be purchased within the option period to get all in readiness for the development of the course and an exclusive residential neighborhood.

In the matter of buying the land, so they tell us, time is of the essence. It is imperative that enough stockholders be secured in the project to get the land without delay, otherwise the whole deal is likely to fall through. So the pledges are coming in, from over the neighborhood, from adjoining counties, from northern States

and from the deep South, and even the more conservative of the promoters are now giving the project a fine chance to go through.

Golf facilities in the area are not adequate, they tell us, and there is an increasing and incessant demand for links in this neighborhood. According to preliminary engineering opinion, the site selected here is as fine for the purpose as could be found anywhere. At the same time building lots can be sold to largely take care of the cost of the golf course construction.

We'd add our notion that this is a good promotion, and has more soundness than most we've supported. Outside interests are said to be willing to develop the links, but there's determination to handle the project on the home front. We are gratified at the fine response so far accorded the proposal.

## Dorothy In New York

No newspaperman with even a grain of appreciation for the finer aspects of the profession, failed to get a warming glow from the superb feature done by Tom McKnight of the Mooresville Tribune and Kays Gary of the Charlotte Observer, when the former found Dorothy Brown, a willowy sixteen-year-old beauty, a living Long Sam, living in conditions of poverty near the Catawba River in Iredell county, and craving only the chance for an education.

The classic of journalistic attainment, published simultaneously in the Charlotte Observer and the other Knight newspapers, skyrocketed Dorothy into the limelight—fact is, the promoters themselves feel that the whole thing is just about out of hand.

A trust fund has been established for Dorothy, a Charlotte industrialist has underwritten the funds for high school and college for the stunning beauty, old men and youngsters have sought romance, and Dorothy has been the big story of the year. She's been taken to the beach by Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, to see the wonders of Manhattan, and appeared on Ed Sullivan's tv show Sunday night, where we think Ed let the thing go flat. We can

agree with the Observer's Tom Fesperman, that Dorothy wasn't "done right" when she appeared on the nation wide tv broadcast. She was pictured at a press conference which turned out to be a grilling or cross-examination of the kid by newsmen wanting to know what the gimmick or catch in the whole thing is. An unpleasant sort of spectacle, helped some by explanations of McKnight and Gary, it was a decided letdown for those of us who were delighting in the activities of the little country girl who's wholesome as dewdrops and sunshine, who wants no movie contracts, no show business and no fanfare when she gets back from the big city. She just wants to go to school.

Beautiful, unspoiled, and graceful, Dorothy says she only "wants to be somebody." We wish Sullivan might have interviewed her for us in proper fashion and at least let the nation see her at her best, walking like one to the manor born. It was a letdown by the maestro of the tv, who failed miserably in what should have been a climax to the great work of two Carolina newspapermen.

## Experts Still Have A Field!

(Charlotte Observer)

American merchandisers have the reputation for genius in packaging. Practically nothing is sold in bulk to the retail consumer. Even the smallest item, like a nickel's worth of tacks, comes in a neat wrapping of cellophane or a container of lucite.

You don't have to unscrew the cap of your shaving cream or mix your paint and dip a brush in it. All you do is press a button and out come the contents in just the right amount.

Everything's packaged most ingeniously—that is, everything except the prepared cereal. We know about "individualized" cartons. But, in the half a century since cereal became a staple of the American breakfast table, no progress at all has been made, and apparently little effort, to put the stuff in a family-sized package that will not come apart after the third serving.

When the inner bag comes undone, it is no longer a bag, but just a sheet of paper intermixed with the cereal and crumpled into all sorts of shapes. Each wrinkle in the paper is a separate channel through which the cereal flows in its own discretion.

You don't, in fact, pour it out. You spray it. The makers of the aforesaid paint spray can could get some tips from it. The flakes go everywhere—all over the table, the floor, into the sugar bowls, in the coffee for a dunking, in the toaster to clog it up—everywhere, in fact, except into the cereal bowl.

Here, then, is a job for a packaging expert who has run out of ideas. Let him give us a cereal package that does not act like a blunderbuss; we'll crown him with bananas and cream.

## "THAT YOUR DOG?"

By Alexander



ALEXANDER

## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### One Man's Meat Is Another's Heartburn

PEOPLE WHO LIVE to the age of 100 years or thereabouts are always asked by reporters: "To what do you attribute your long life?"

There are as many different answers as there are persons who round out a century on the top side of the earth.

One attributes his longevity to a clean, wholesome life. Never smoked, never drank. No dissipation of any kind. Early to bed, early to rise, etc. Another drank a quart of hard liquor every day for the past forty years (after he cut out the heavy boozing and carousing around.)

One never took any strenuous exercise or over-exerted himself in any way. Another points to a life of daily hard work beginning with a nine-mile hike before breakfast and ending with a couple of dozen pushups.

One lived a calm, quiet, unhurried life, avoiding all excitement and tension. Another thrived on a hectic, hell-for-leather, never-a-dull-moment existence.

(I sort of like the one about the old codger who was asked the question and replied, "Don't know, yet—right now I'm dickering with two breakfast food companies.")

But once, just once, I'd like to read where a

centenarian answered: "I really don't know. I've always lived a normal life like everyone else, with no special formula or gimmick for prolonging the agony. I suppose it's just by the grace of God that I've been allowed to live so long."

I'll never read such an item, though. Because it wouldn't be published.

BRINGS TO MIND a story. A tired business man on the point of a nervous breakdown had been ordered by his doctor to a rest home for a couple of weeks. First day there he sat down on the sun porch beside a frail, wrinkled man wrapped in a heavy blanket. The business man, thinking an exchange of symptoms was in order, asked the emaciated one what brought him there.

"Well, it's a long story," he replied in a feeble, high-pitched voice. "When I was eighteen years old, my father, who was a rich man, told me to live it up. You only live once, he said. Have a good time. The sky's the limit. I never had the opportunity, he said, and now I'm too old. But you can make up for what I missed."

"Well, sir," continued the shaking voice, "I did just what he said. I drank all the liquor I could hold, lived in fast cars and night clubs. It was nothing but wine, women and song from then on. But finally I couldn't take any more. Plumb burnt myself out, so here I am."

"How old are you now?" asked the newcomer. "Twenty-four!" quavered the ex-playboy.

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

August 19, 1897

Warm days. Cool and pleasant nights. The threshing machines are now being heard around town.

Moretz and Farthing are pushing the work on their new residences.

Don't forget that Moose, the artist, is still in Boone where he will remain this week. He will be at the Association on Brushy Fork next week. If you want good pictures at a reasonable cost, call on him.

A. A. Holsclaw, one of our bright county boys, has gone to Chapel Hill, where he will take a law course this season. Success to you, Allen.

Miss Krider, of Salisbury, who has been stopping at B. J. Council's for some time is very unwell, so we are informed by her physician, Dr. Council.

Rev. Mr. Matthews, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Wilkesboro, has been in the county several days, and has preached a number of able sermons we are told.

On Tuesday of this week Sommers Upchurch, of Penley, N. C., fell from an apple tree breaking his wrist and dislocating his elbow.

The Lutheran meeting on Meat Camp last week was very largely attended—many being from surrounding counties.

Misses Whitmer and Rhyme, two vivacious and attractive young ladies from Hickory, are visiting the Misses Winkler on New River.

Atty. W. B. Council is off on a business trip to Mitchell county. He is attorney for the Linville River Timber Company.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. J. C. Ray is quite unwell, but hope she will soon be better.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

August 22, 1918

Mr. Frank Norris, of East Boone, has sold his home to Mr. W. L. Haynes, of Shulls Mills, R. F. D., who will move his family here to take advantage of the school. Just what Mr. Norris proposes, we are not informed, but trust he will remain with us.

By an error in mailing last week the Valle Crucis bunch of Democrats was mailed to Vilas, and on Monday evening the p. m. there notified this office to send postage to continue them on their journey two miles across the hill. The amount was forwarded, and we suppose the little papers will reach their destination some time this week that is if they are mailed out from that office. You know the papers have free postage circulation in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elaine South arrived in Boone Monday afternoon from their home in

Montana, Mr. South to entrain with the other Watauga boys for Camp Jackson on Monday morning next, he having registered here before his marriage and departure for the west. His wife of only a few months will remain at the home of his brother, Mr. Austin South, in Boone, during his absence.

Mr. Solomon Eggers, of Mabel, was in town Monday, and while here ordered The Democrat sent to his son Johal now serving with the American Army in France. Young Eggers left Boone only a little more than eight weeks ago, which would indicate that he went almost direct to France.

Mrs. Palmer, of Greensboro, and daughter, Miss Catherine, are at the beautiful suburban home of Mr. B. J. Council, for rest and recuperation. The daughter is in rather delicate health, from the effects of malaria, and they will remain here for several weeks.

Miss Annie Norris, daughter of Mrs. Cora Norris, of Boone, has returned to her home after a visit of some months to her sister, Mrs. Claud Norris, of Beaver Dam, Virginia. She entered the fall term of the A. T. S. which opened on Tuesday.

### Fifteen Years Ago

August 29, 1942

Rev. Andrew Jackson Greene, age 59 years, professor of English in Appalachian College and a minister of the Baptist Church, died late last Wednesday after a long period of illness.

H. Grady Farthing, district game protector with the state department of conservation and development, and a leader in local business circles, received the nomination for the state senate in the Democratic convention held last Saturday afternoon. In a close ballot, Mr. Farthing won over Gordon H. Winkler, prominent Boone business man, and Watauga county's representative in the last session of the general assembly.

Mr. K. I. Dacus, owner of the local radio station WDRS, which has been off the air for several weeks, announces that the station will start operation again next Sunday at 1:00 o'clock.

Miss Virginia Waters of Wilkes county, is a guest of Miss Imogene Greene here this week.

Mrs. Blanche Atchison of Greensboro is visiting for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Hodges of Adams.

Miss Louise Croke, who holds a position in the office of the Da Post Company at Martinsville, Va., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Cooke, over the week end.

Mrs. Claude Smith and daughter, Linda Lee, have returned to their home in Winston-Salem after visiting with Mrs. Smith's parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Bingham.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### FAMILY REUNIONS . . . HAPPY STRENGTHENING OF TIES

With all the festivities of summertime in the hills—the Horn, the Horse Show, campus festivities and the like, some of the folks lose track of a mighty fine institution—the family reunion.

A picnic party ballooned into a national affair, with kith and kin coming from all over the country, the family gathering is one of the most enjoyed and most important events of late summertime.

There are some speeches by the relatives from afar, maybe a sermon or a short talk by the minister who'd have the greatest denominational appeal to the greatest number. . . . There's the "groaning festive board," as our dad might have said, carrying its burden of chicken, sweet country ham, and all the other savory viands of the mountain pantry. . . . There are the deviled eggs and those steeped in the winy depths of beet juice. . . . There are cakes—coconut, chocolate, pound, angel food and all the others; cherry pies, lemon, huckleberry, blackberry, peach-kivered, unknivered, slatted and barred with crumbly home-made pastry. . . . There are cucumbers, jams and preserves and the ladies busying themselves to see that all have enough. . . . There are the "well-filled baskets," the paper cartons of delicacies, and many baskets left when the feast has ended.

THE SMALL TALK, about how Uncle John's children are doing in elementary and high school, and about Aunt Josie's daughter, who's doing well and finishing at Carolina next year, and Cousin Jake who's made money in business in the Midwest. . . . And the exchanges about the sickness and deaths which have broken the circle. . . . and boys and girls darting hither and yon amongst their elders.

### A DAY OF JOY . . . AND A LOOK BACKWARDS

All in all, a day of joy and happiness on the loose, is one of these family gatherings. . . . And the older the people, the more they are inclined to look over their shoulders at the road they traveled through happy childhood. . . . And distance has lent enchantment and erased the memories of a rocky trail of yesterday, rimmed with blackberries and thorns and the sorrows and heartbreaks, the callouses and stonebruises are hidden by the kind veil of the passing years. . . . Memory Lane is a warm sandy road along the rippling brook and through the forest with the lush undergrowth and the cool, dank, woody fragrance of pine and balsam and early spring flowers. . . . a wagonway by a creek bottom where the hay is being cut and the smell of the occasional bunch of "pennyrile" wilting in the sun haunts the nostrils. . . . the black-eyed Susans adding splashes of gold among the oxeys in the fence corners and hedges out of reach of the sickle's hungry swath. . . . It's the bridge across the creek, where the cool waters eddy against the great rocks and the barefoot boy enticing brook trout from the chill depths in the springtime. . . . It's the briar patch, where the rabbits are trapped in the gums and the spring, with the tin dipper or gourd lying in the hollow of the rock above the bracing water. . . . It's the spring house and the trough with its crocks of sweetmilk, and golden flaked buttermilk, and yellow butter in the cool overflow. . . . It's the dinner bell and mom peering from the kitchen door to welcome all to a table piled with the products of the homeplace. . . . It's spring in the dale and on the mountaintop, the heat of summer among the corn rows and joy at the old swimming hole. . . . It's pumpkin pie and roasted chestnuts and the howl of the west wind as one snuggles deep in the freshly-ried feather tick. . . . It's sunshine and laughter and song, frost and snow and twinges of sorrow—this trip down the old road where one travels with old friends, with boys and girls, now silver-thatched, balding and lame. . . . it's a rosary of happy days and cherished memories.

### THE HOME CIRCLE . . . STRONGEST AT REUNION TIME

The home—the mainstay of our system, gathers sinews of strength at family reunion time. . . . There's a heap to be said in favor of one's getting together with his folks in these waning days of summer. . . . It strengthens the ties, cheers the spirits of those who gather and makes for a wholesome day of visitin' and of recollectin'. . . . A Hitler or a Stalin would have a heck of a lot tougher time if every family had a reunion at summer's end, in autumn's painted glory or in springtime's days of lavish promise. . . . Thus are riveted firmly the bonds of the people, one to another, in a system of freedom and of understanding and of tolerance.

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Education is admittedly a fine thing but Sam Rosoff who built the New York subway never went to school a day in his life. His is not a typical immigrant story because it is exceptional even for a rags-to-riches yarn. Sam arrived in this town from Minsk, Russia 80 years ago and got a job digging a ditch. Over the years, he kept working, kept advancing until he undertook the job of constructing this marvelous labyrinth of underground transportation which, despite the jibes at it, is the best such system in the world. Sam became a millionaire too. Said he didn't need an education. "I got the money to get educated guys to do the jobs I want done," he explained.

A famous doctor here was asked to name the most devastating disease of today and he replied it was loneliness. It makes people leave the home town or farm and come to New York; then when many of them find that this can be the most lonely place in the world, they return home. From the ailment comes melancholy, boredom and even determination to end it all by jumping from a skyscraper. The cure? There is none, said the doctor, except what each person can create for

himself: a healthy body, wholesome pursuit, and making friends by being one.

An excited Irish lad came to a pause when he read the following letter:

"Dear Mike. Words cannot express the deep regret I feel at having broken our engagement. Will you please come back to me. Your absence from my side leaves an endless void which no one else can ever, ever fill. Please forgive me and let's start all over again.

Your ever-loving, Maureen. P. S. Congratulations on winning the Irish sweepstakes.

Anyone who grew up in a Tennessee country store, as I did, can appreciate what Kirby Culver has done over in nearby New Jersey. He took over a 170-year-old store which had been converted into a hotel, re-made the store into a genuine old-country type, pot-bellied stove and all and now he's in business. So much so, in fact, that he was able to stop commuting into his advertising job in New York City and devote his whole time to this fascinating work. The old store has things that grandmother hasn't seen in 50 years, such as penny peppermint candy.

(Continued on page seven.)