

The United Way Of Sharing

Vacationers are back from the beaches and woods and mountains after another short season in the sun. The apples are packed away in barrels and the pathways etched by the feet of harvesters stand out stark against the fields.

To these old familiar signs, Autumn has added another symbol of greatness—the United Community Campaign harvest of funds. This annual act of sharing is as much a part of the season as burning leaves and the sight of south-flying birds. It's the American way. To care for our own. To help those in need. To enrich life in our towns and cities, promoting our spiritual growth through sharing.

But today, many of our neighbors are away from home. Our sharing must extend all around the world to those places, many

of them isolated and bleak, where millions of young people serve in the Armed Forces to protect the peace of another Autumn.

United Service organizations provides these men warm contacts with home. It shows them we're walking with them wherever they go.

USO is just one of many causes to which we contribute when we give to our United Fund. The Red Cross, certain school activities, Empty Stocking Fund, youth organizations, and disaster activities are only a few worthwhile efforts which are sustained by the United Fund. There are a dozen others.

Give generously to the United Fund. It's striving to raise \$15,000 for worthwhile activities and charities in this county. Your help is needed.

New Census And Politics

When the census taker completes his job in 1970, he's apt to find that California is entitled to equal representation with New York in Congress and in the electoral college.

Census bureau projections of population trends show that California may gain seven House seats after the 1960 census and five more for a total of 42 in 1970. Meantime, New York is expected to lose one of its 43 house seats in the 1960 reapportionment and hold its own in the next decade. Thus New York and California would end up in 1970 in a tie for the largest block of electoral votes with 88 each.

Of interest locally is the prediction that in the Southeast only Florida would gain in 1960, with three additional seats in the House. Michigan and Texas would gain two each, and Ohio, Arizona, Indiana, Maryland and Oregon, one each. In 1970 Michigan would gain two more and Arizona, Colorado, Florida, and Ohio would

gain one each.

North Carolina would be expected to lose one seat following the 1960 census. Also losing one would be: Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Virginia. Losing two would be Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Arkansas.

Losses in 1970 would be two more seats in Pennsylvania and one each in Alabama, Iowa, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oklahoma and Tennessee.

The electoral vote of the States for President and Vice-President being based on representation in Congress—two votes for each House member and Senator—these census bureau projections are interesting to the politically-minded, as well as to those interested in tracing the shifting population trends between the different sections of the country.

Old Saws About Weather

Don't disregard all the fixed saws and proverbs about the weather. Some of them are based on fact.

"Rainbow at night, sailors' delight; rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning."

It's true. And Duncan Emrich explains why in his October Reader's Digest article "Come Wind, Come Weather!" condensed from The Journal of Lifetime Living.

Rainbows can only be seen in the morning or in the late afternoon, when the low position of the sun in the sky is reflected against the clouds. Since our weather normally comes from the west, a rainbow in the later afternoon ("at night") when the sun is setting in the west means that the clouds and storm causing it are in the east, and have passed over. A rainbow seen in the morning, on the other hand, will be in the west—since the rising sun from the east against the western clouds makes it possible; the weather—the rain and storm—will thus be moving eastward toward

you.

Other weather folklore also is based on scientific observation. For instance, old-timers believe that cobwebs on the grass are a sign of fair weather. They also believe that: "When the dew is on the grass, rain will never come to pass."

Both the belief and the proverb are true, Emrich says. Cobwebs can be seen only when there is dew on the ground. And dew cannot form unless the skies are cloudless and there is no wind. A cloud-sheet would prevent the radiation which caused the loss of heat and resulting condensation on the grass. A windless night is necessary lest warm air passing over the ground prevent it from cooling.

The Weather Bureau does not draw upon such proverbs for its scientific reports, but its chief, F. W. Reichelderfer, is not dogmatically negative about them. Some of the omens prove out with remarkable accuracy.

Rangers Guard Parks, Tourists

Millions of Americans owe their safety and the enjoyment of our national parks to a small band of dedicated men. Some 360 National Park Rangers, with the help of 600 seasonal Rangers, are protecting 23 million acres and about 54 million visitors annually. And their task is getting bigger each year—1956 had nearly five million more visitors than 1955.

Don Wharton reports on the Rangers in an August Reader's Digest article titled, "The Rugged Rangers of Our National Parks," condensed from Travel. Rangers are stationed from Hawaii to Maine and from the tropical Everglades to subarctic Mount McKinley in Alaska.

The average Ranger is 41 years old, a college graduate and has spent several months as a seasonal Ranger before receiving a permanent appointment. His shoulder patch showing the outlines of a

mountain, a tree and a buffalo is a symbol of his proficiency as an emergency mountain-climber, trained fire-fighter and expert tracker.

He travels by horse or dog team, sometimes using over-snow equipment such as wessels and snow cats. In emergencies he can call in a helicopter or a plane with trained "smoke-jumpers" to fight forest fires.

In the summer, the Rangers usually limit their tracking to children. There are about 35 lost children a week in Yosemite alone. Most of them are found quickly, but some require intensive searches.

Many mountain climbers owe their lives to Rangers. In 1955 four Rangers rescued a badly hurt woman who'd fallen 60 feet while climbing the Yosemite's steep Washington Column.

Taken For A Ride

By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Debt Is a Many-Splendored Thing

THE SOLID CITIZEN who used to boast "I pay cash or do without" is an old-fashioned as a suit with wide lapels.

Time was when a pawnbroker was "a guy who makes money off people who are broke." Everybody's doing it now.

These days the jokes read: "I'm determined to live within my income—even if I have to borrow the money to do it." And, "He's a self-made man. Ten years ago he couldn't buy a cup of coffee—now he owes \$50,000." And, "About the time you think you've caught up with the Joneses—their refinace."

When you buy anything out of the pocket-change class today they ask, "Who do you owe?" If you can produce a gilt-edged list of creditors, you're in, boy.

And a financial writer says this state of affairs is just peachy. It's the one thing that's keeping our economy sound, she says. (Guess I'm a reactionary, but my word-association test on "sound" keeps coming out "crash.")

This lady economist says if we suddenly pulled back and stopped borrowing to buy, the auto industry would collapse, the appliance industry

would shrivel, the furniture industry would crash, joblessness would soar, and bankruptcies would skyrocket.

So when the bills come in and the payments come due—don't be selfish and feel sorry for yourself.

Be patriotic. Feel proud that you're doing your bit for national prosperity.

MORE NAMES—We were playing around a few columns ago with names, real and fancied, which fit the occupations of their owners. So how about the newest business addition to the Street, Home Finance Company? It's operated by Tom Grant and Harold Cash. (If you've got the credit, they'll grant the cash.)

BY THE WAY, wonder what happened to Carrie Potts, the chambermaid? Heard she married a man named Fuller, or something. . . .

STREETSIDE DIALOGUE—"Who do you suppose pays the expenses of this John Kasper, the professional segregationist?"

"I dunno, but the NAACP oughta—he's their best man."

WISH I'D SAID THAT, SO I WILL—Rye, N. Y., and Bourbon, Ind., must be real hic towns.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

September 23, 1897.

Miss Nannie Rivers is visiting friends in Ashe county.

Mrs. S. F. Crowder of Elk Park, is visiting at M. B. Blackburn's.

Judge Greene left Sunday for Lenoir. He holds court in Marion this week.

The telephone line from Jefferson to North Wilkesboro has been completed, says The Hustler.

Prof. Francum reports a flourishing school at Cove Creek Academy. He has 110 on role, with an average attendance of nearly 100.

The grade on the road leading by B. J. Council's and John F. Hardin's has been finished, the bridges completed, and the road is now open for travel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hitchcock and little daughter, Velma, of Washington, D. C., who have spent several weeks at the residence of Mr. B. J. Council, left for their home last Friday. This estimable family, during their stay among us, made many friends who wish to see them again next summer.

The Charlotte News is informed that there is considerable talk of building an electric railway from Taylorsville, Alexander county, across the country to Wilkesboro, Wilkes county. The distance is between twenty and twenty-five miles, and is estimated that the road could be built at a comparatively small cost.

North Carolina is afflicted with her share of religious nostrums as well as political, just now. The Mormons, and Faithheists and Sanctificationists seem to find in our people a more or less fertile soil. . . .

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 26, 1918.

Dr. E. G. Salmons asks us to say that he will leave home tomorrow, the 27th, and will not be in his office again until October 7, the object of his outing being to procure some much-needed rest.

Mr. George Hardin, president of the Linville River Railway, and Assistant Superintendent Allison, were in town yesterday, looking after some matters incident to the Boone extension of the road. They brought the glad tidings that the steel for the completion of the road, which had been delayed for some time, is now arriving; the trackmen are busy laying it down, and it is thought that the tracks will possibly be laid to Hodge Gap by next Saturday night. It now seems that the long-talked-of railroad to Boone will soon materialize.

Lawyer J. C. Fletcher of Lenoir has returned, after spending a short time with his family in Boone.

Mrs. E. S. Coffey has been named chairman

of the Women's Committee of Watauga county for the Fourth Liberty Bond sale. She is certainly the right lady in the right place, and will appreciate any and all courtesies shown her during the campaign.

Miss Ellen Reese, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellborne Reese, of Reese, died at her home last Sunday after a brief illness. She was twenty years of age, and was very popular and much beloved.

The Seniors went on an outing to Grandfather Mountain Thursday. However, it was raining so on Friday that they did not get to climb the mountain, but instead went to the little city of Linville. Misses Butler, Sue Campbell and Lillie Campbell went with them and they reported an enjoyable time in spite of the unfavorable weather.

Messrs Raleigh Lee and Joe Sawyer left Monday morning, the former for the University and the latter for Trinity College.

Several of the Methodist boys chopped wood on Monday for the Church. This is commendable.

Mr. J. Patterson Hodges and family have returned from an outing of two weeks in their trusty little Ford. They visited relatives near Richmond, Va., and as the trip was made without accident of any kind, the good people have certainly had a trip chock full of pleasure.

Fifteen Years Ago

September 24, 1942.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hodges of Adams, at the Hagaman Clinic, September 20th, a daughter, Mary Ruth.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lett September 14th at Riverside Infirmary, Charleston, S. C., a son, John Allen, Jr.

Six hundred and thirty-four students have registered for the fall quarter at Appalachian College, with the expectation on the part of the officials that the total will reach 650 by the end of the first term.

Coach Beattie Feathers was pleased with the squad of boys that reported for the 42 football wars. Fifty-five began the first training sessions but the number has now dwindled to forty. Among this group are thirteen returning lettermen and a fine group of reserves from last year's eleven.

Farmers are being requested to give every consideration to the election of women as well as men to county and community committees to administer the AAA program next year.

State Highway patrolman Miles Jones has received a supply of tickets to give motorists who are seen driving their cars over the 40 miles an hour limit set by the Federal regulations. . . . Those found guilty of speeding will suffer accordingly in the matter of gasoline and tire rationing.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

COLORAMA . . . NOT LONG OFF

The autumn Colorama—the Festival of the Falling Leaves—being promoted this year through the newspapers and others in the nineteen-county Western Carolina area, will get under way next month, and visitors are urged to return for the gorgeous days of the falltime. . . . Jack Frost has withheld his paint this year, there has been plenty of rain, but in spite of these stimulants to plant life, an occasional maple is growing pale like an old man's face marked by the reaper; the poplars are showing tinges of yellow, the dogwoods are coloring and the purple of the ironweed and the glow of the goldenrod are advance agents of the riotous spectacular which is soon to envelop the hill-sides and valleys, the pinnacles, and rolling acres in robes of scarlet, bright gold, russet and brown. . . . Leaves, like people, reach the age of fulfillment, approach journey's end, and are often seen in rarer beauty when the tedious processes of death are taking place. . . . And we heartily agree, it's a good time to visit the mountains—for those who have been here this summer to return and for others to enjoy long week-ends in this fall fairland. . . . The side roads through the painted forests beckon the traveler, and woodland paths lead through enchanted glades to vistas of unending brilliance and beauty. . . . It's a good time to wander to the mountaintops and look down at the colorful countryside, and at the settlements, like fairy kingdoms set amidst the flaming fronds of the dying trees.

A LOT OF FOLKS are going to be here this fall for nature's festival, for Jack Frost's spectacular paint job, and for trips along the parkway, through the back country, and down the ridges . . . for picnicking along the scenic and the State roads, for recreation, and for return visits to spots frequented earlier in the year, before the emerald had faded from the trees, and ahead of the first chill breath of fall, paving the way for the stinging lash of wintertime. . . . We've a lot of faith in this Colorama promotion. . . . It's going to do this area good, and at the same time going to be a good thing for the people, who can come and revel in the rainbow hues incident to the gaudy funeral of summertime.

CORN BREAD WEEK . . . DOUBTLESS PROPER

Running right close onto National Dog Week, Governor Hodges has "set aside" October 7-13 as Corn Bread Week in North Carolina, "citing the place corn bread holds as an integral part of the Southern way of life." . . . And it's not out of place for the corn bread observance to overlap dog week, since pone has been the hillbilly ration for hunting hound dogs since we can remember. . . . May be, that the perps are now coming in for the canned dog food, but used to be there had to be a special "dog baking" to provide the crusts for the Walkers and the Beagles, and the Plots. . . . We can agree with the Governor that corn bread is delightful (although there seems to be a million wrong ways to make it), and might add that a lot of strong men have grown from mountainous piles of corn pone, to say nothing of grits and salt pork. . . . It's proper enough to cite the importance of corn bread to the Southern diet, providing the meal hasn't been disguised with a lot of artificial enrichment. . . . And we'd be proud also to stand right firm for a hot biscuit week, when the potency or gastronomical delight of another Southern delicacy might be properly extolled. . . . And this event should run concurrently with a country ham and red gravy observance.

SLOPPY JOES . . . BACK IN VOGUE

The soxers, we learn, along with the college set, may now relax. . . . The Sloppy Joes are back again. . . . The loose fitting sweaters which were so much wanted by the youngsters a few years ago can now be worn again. . . . The amply-large garments may be knitted, or woven, and fashioned of cashmere or of wool, but the button-up types are most popular. . . . They may be worn, open or buttoned, as capes with arms tied around the neck, used frontwards or backwards, tied around the head, or in any other manner of casual abandon. . . . They are the handiest sort of thing, the girls have told us, and many are delighted that sloppiness is again crowding the studied neatness out of the scheme of things for the high schoolers and younger college set.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

There's a story current here about the little boy who became a hero when he saved another child from drowning. Praise was heaped upon him until he became flustered and embarrassed. Finally, he desperately blurted out the words, "Gosh! I sorta had to save him. You see, I pushed him in."

I've always wanted to see what was down inside of those manholes in the streets, so when I spotted two men entering one, I rushed over to take a look. It soon turned out that these holes are no small affair. This one revealed a dank and dark cavern down under the busy street, leaved by cobwebs and half-filled with murky water. Great coils of wires lined the big hole and by now the two men had descended so far down on a tiny ladder that I wondered if they would ever get up again. Finally I got the attention of one and asked him what they were doing. "Oh just checking cable pressure," he called up casually, as if anyone should know what that was.

In response to an invitation from Frederick Bonham, my mother and I visited Valeria. This is a thousand-acre vacation estate in northern Westchester and styled by Fred, a former Tennessee newspaper publisher, as his

"Utopia in the Hills." Impressive buildings set in wooded landscape above a picturesque lake offer a restful year-round resort for professional people in the middle income bracket. There is swimming, golf, hiking and the like, or one can just loaf, we found. Aided by an endowment, Valeria has prices which are said to be about half that charged by similar resorts.

A person here whose intentions may not be above reproach suggests that a lot of fun may be had by a business man who telephones his secretary he will be late to the office, then arranges to get there five minutes early. Another more or less clever stunt, this bird says, is to stop by the boxoffice of a theater where a hit show is playing, and where the ticket seller will doubtless be talking on the phone. Cough several times, tap on the window and when he finally puts the telephone down and comes to the window, ask him which way is 10th Avenue.

Americans get around. A report just issued here shows that more than five million of our people moved from one state to another in 1955 and 1956. Big losers during that period were the Southern states of North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. But

(Continued on page five)