

## All In Half An Hour

The Imperial Magazine, which may be seen around most newspaper offices, points out that thousands of people are enlisted in the production of a metropolitan newspaper. These include the newspaper's own staff, the reporters employed by the wire services all over the world, the photographers, the syndicated columnists, and the artists who draw the comics.

And with all the effort, all the vast expenditure of time and money and talent, reasonably busy people are said to give their morning newspaper half an hour of time, or maybe less.

The New York Herald Tribune published a booklet about how to get the most out of a newspaper. This division of time is suggested:

Three minutes for a swift review of frontpage headlines, and top news stories.

Twelve minutes for a look through the other pages of news.

Three minutes for editorials and columns.

Ten minutes for personal interests, such as sports, comics, book and play reviews, and the like.

But we've noted that relatively few daily newspaper readers follow the rule of going through the edition, department by department. The sports enthusiast quite often sees only the sports section, many of the women are satisfied with a perusal of the society pages, a heap of grownups and adults can get by with a look at Peanuts, Dick Tracy or Orphan Annie. The man

looking for a job buries his nose in the want ads, as do many others, and the fellow who hopes to get his money back sometime pores over the fine print in the market pages.

Selective readers, therefore, are more plentiful than those who scan the whole edition. Readers of the non-dailies, however, whether they like it or not, read the whole thing. It's that personal to them.

## Needs To Tote Ball

Politics makes strange bedfellows, says the old cliché, and at the same time produces some strange circumstances.

Witness the fact that twenty-eight Democratic members of the House have urged a Republican President to speak up for his reciprocal trade program, by contacting Republican Congressmen who're not overly favorable to the administration proposal.

"We are convinced," say the Democrats, "that only your leadership . . . will enable us to achieve the successful passage of the bill."

And we are convinced that its bipartisanism in its broadest form, when the opposition party asks the president to tote the ball for his own proposal, which at best, is given only a slim edge in the House. It would also indicate a slackening of Presidential leadership in a time when added strength and purpose is sadly needed by the nation and the world.

## Watch For Children

That warning was issued to Tar Heel motorists this week by Major D. T. Lambert, veteran State Highway Patrol officer and a father interested in the protection of children in traffic. He called attention to the patrol's year-around emphasis on keeping youngsters safe from traffic harm.

"Youngsters often seem to materialize out of thin air, right into driver's path," Major Lambert said. "A motorist must think quick and act fast to avoid hitting them when they dart out from behind parked cars or cross streets in mid-block. That's why the motorist must be alert every minute he's behind the wheel."

Calling attention to the number of young lives taken by traffic accidents each year (3102 children under 15 years of age, injured and killed in North Carolina during 1957) Major Lambert reminded motorists that every driver has a personal responsibility for the safety of the children he meets in traffic.

The patrol executive listed the following actions of child pedestrians for which motorists should be on the look-out.

Playing in the roadway.  
Darting out from behind parked cars.  
Riding bicycles.

Crossing at intersections.

Walking in the roadway and hitching on vehicles.

"It's natural for youth to be impulsive," Major Lambert said, "and drivers must be aware of this in order to protect youngsters from the consequences of their own heedlessness."

"Youngsters themselves don't realize the danger they are in. They must be warned repeatedly until staying out the streets and away from traffic becomes habit. Even then, in the excitement of play they sometimes forget."

He advised motorists to be especially careful when driving in areas in which youngsters are likely to be found.

"A good rule for drivers to follow," he said, "is to always expect the unexpected from children."

Close relatives are those who are visiting you now because the weather's too hot for them to do their own cooking.

Lots of folks who think they need their ancestry traced suddenly discover they need a blood purifier.

## When Is A Good Time?

Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.

Not so long ago taxes were levied to run the government. Just that and nothing more. Everyone recognized them as evil, justified only by the sheepest necessity, and a considerable effort was made to keep them at a minimum. Then someone discovered that they could be used for other purposes having little to do with the financing of the government and a great deal to do with the economy and conduct of its citizens. The tariff, for example, could be used to favor one industry and penalize another.

With that the dam broke. Someone else discovered that the excise tax could be used to discourage consumption. (The government is now levying a stiff tax to discourage people from riding on trains, even as it studies ways to keep the railroads from going bankrupt for lack of passengers.)

The graduated income tax, adopted as a revenue measure, was soon transformed into an instrument for redistributing the wealth and pushed to confiscatory limits. Reforms, rather than revenue, became the touchstone, and the question became: Who's

making more money than he is entitled to? This led, inevitably, to the all-encompassing theory of taxation as a tool of economic management applicable to the whole broad spectrum of saving, spending, capitalization, social welfare, administered prices, foreign policy, etc.

What it comes to is something like this: In good times the government cannot consider a tax reduction (not much of one, at any rate) because to grant it would give impetus to the inflationary spiral. And in bad times the government cannot consider a tax reduction because to grant it would wreck the federal budget.

There is, in fact, no conceivable circumstance left in which the managers and philosophers of federal taxation will concede that tax reduction is a wholly good thing to which the taxpayers are fully entitled. There is always some reason why it should not be done—not now, at any rate, or in any large amount. Government no longer determines tax policy. Almost the opposite is true. Taxation for everything and anything now empowers the government.

## The Sentimentalist



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### The Tongue Is Quicker Than The Ear

IF WE NEVER misunderstood one another's remarks and utterances, we would avoid a lot of grief—and perhaps miss a lot of fun, too.

You may have seen this item in the daily press. When a reporter telephoned a story to his paper about a farmer's loss of 2,025 cows in a barn fire, an alert copyreader thought the figures pretty high. So he called the farmer to check on it.

"Did you lose 2,025 cows in a fire?" he asked. And the farmer answered, "Yeth."

So the newsman thanked him and changed the story to read two sows and 25 cows.

A FEW YEARS AGO I attended an auction sale, and at one point in the proceedings the auctioneer held up a small package and announced what sounded like, "This box contains a genuine diamond ring. What am I offered?"

The crowd rightly sensed a gag, but there was some bidding, and the package was finally sold for \$4.50. When opened it was found to contain a ten-cent piece and a cheap dime-store ring, worth about 50 cents. It was, indeed, a "genuine dime and ring," and nobody could prove the man had said otherwise.

And besides, I was ashamed to ask for my money back.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN the same auctioneer who placed the following newspaper ad which, if taken literally, could have resulted in complications: "Auctioneering at reasonable rates. If I am out of town, make dates with my wife."

ONE OF THE WORST misunderstandings on record concerns the well-to-do but tight-fisted farmer who promised to make a donation to his church's building fund when he had sold a certain calf.

As several months passed and the donation was not forthcoming, some of the members began to whisper about it behind his back, and their remarks finally reached the farmer's ear. One Sunday morning he was a little late for church, and as he started in the congregation was singing the first song, which happened to be, "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told." The harassed farmer turned around and stalked out never to return.

He thought they were singing, "The Calf Has Never Yet Been Sold."

THE LAST STRAW — And how about the Texan who heard Congress was thinking of reducing taxes, and exploded: "Them polecats'll never get away with it! They can reduce the national budget, reduce the national debt, reduce foreign aid, and reduce unemployment, an' I'll say more power to 'em. But when they start talkin' 'bout reducin' Texas, podner, they're goin' too dadblamed far!"

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

June 9, 1898.

Work will be commenced to-day on our sidewalks.

The foreign operatives of the Ivy grub plant here have moved into the old Horton property on the hill.

Little Miss Grace Blackburn has been quite ill with bilious fever for some days, but is now improving.

On last Monday the Linville River railroad was sold in Bakersville by J. P. Taylor, Commissioner, but we are not yet informed who the purchasers were.

Sheriff Calaway, who has recently been almost all over the county, informs us that the wheat crop in Watauga County was never more flattering than at present.

Capt. E. F. Lovell left on Tuesday for Sutherland, where he went to meet his daughter, Miss Maggie, who is returning from Martha Washington College, at Abingdon, Va.

A subscriber suggests the following men as suitable for candidates in the coming election. For Representative, L. D. Lowe, of Banner Elk; for Clerk, Joe B. Todd, of Boone; for Sheriff, J. B. Clark, of Blowing Rock; and for Register of Deeds, C. J. Cottrell, of Deerfield.

Attention, teachers! Prof. G. P. Jones asks us to say that he will, with other professors, conduct a Normal School in Boone for the benefit of teachers, beginning July 11, '98, and continuing 4 weeks. Teachers and prospective teachers would do well to correspond with him at Boone, N. C.

The Board of Education was in session Monday, but there was but little business done from the fact that J. B. Johnson, County Supervisor, was absent.

Lost between Boone and Banner Elk on last Monday, a lady's cape to mackintosh. It is dark blue lined with brown checks. The finder will confer a favor by returning to Mrs. Edgar Tufts, Banner Elk, N. C.

The Board of County Commissioners was in session three days this week. The sheriff was settled with the road claims adjusted and much business of a general character transacted.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 15, 1819.

A new railroad schedule is to go into effect next Sunday, but just what it will be has not yet been given out.

A force of carpenters are at work on the depot and if the weather conditions continue fine, it

will be completed within the next few days.

With the wires of our local telephone lying in a tangled mass along main street, and the equipment for electric street lights that have stood unused for many moons for reasons unknown to the general public, the little town presents a rather dilapidated and non-progressive appearance. If we can get a second, we move that our town daddies make some kind of a deal with the New River Light & Power Co., for lights at some cost, and then try to prevail upon the owner of the Watauga, telephone system to repair at as early a date as possible the damage wrought on his property by the good roads machinery as it was grading the highway thru the village. Both are absolute necessities, and could easily be put in commission again, and at little expense to the owners or to the town.

Rev. H. H. Cassidy, Presbyterian minister from Banner Elk, will preach in the Methodist church in Boone at 3 o'clock next Sunday evening. The public generally is invited to attend the service.

Robert L. Honeycutt is opening up a general livery business at the Critcher stables. Bob did his bit, and did it well, "over there," and is entitled to the success he is sure to have in his new business venture.

### Fifteen Years Ago

June 10, 1943.

Mrs. Ruth Porter is here after attending a session of the summer school at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Shure at the Hagaman Clinic Monday, May 31, a daughter who was named Linda Lee Shore.

Messrs Rhea Farthing and Edwin Troutman were the guests of the Lenoir High School band last Tuesday night at their commencement concert. The band was directed by Captain James C. Harper of Lenoir.

Lieut. (j.g.) E. E. Garbee, U.S.N.R., Mrs. Garbee and children, Mary Jean and Buddy of Athens, Ga., have arrived at their home here, where they will spend the next three weeks.

Mrs. Allen Adams left for Wilmington, Delaware, last Thursday to join her husband, Corporal Allen Adams, who is stationed at Fort Du Pont there.

Miss Betty Ellis has returned home from Queens College, where she has been a student during the past term. She will attend summer school at Appalachian this year.

At a recent called session, the ministers of Boone met, and it was decided that all churches would be open each day at noon for those who wish to drop in and pray.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### Terrapins . . . How Long Do They Live?

Dry land terrapins, the tough little turtles which crawl snail-like over the hills and valleys, snatching a worm, a fly, or some other sort of insect to stay the hunger pains, live for a long time in the opinion of Don J. Horton of Vilas, who fetched one to town the other day which he knows has been poking around in the vicinity of his ancestral home for 47 years. . . . It was on a bright June day in 1911, that Mr. Horton picked up the terrapin near the old home place and carved his initials on the under side of the shell, along with the date. . . . He fetched the turtle over to the Democrat office the other day and the letters and figures, edges rounded by the rubbing on the rocks and gravel, the grass and the soil, still stood out plainly. . . . Mr. Horton has seen the little terrapin three or four times in the close to half a century. Miss Gaye Shaver of Alexandria, Va., who was visiting with Miss Kathryn Clay, found it the last time, about three miles from where it was first seen. It hasn't been found father away than that at any time. . . . Mr. Horton has seen the terrapin in 1917, 1927, 1932, and sometime during the forties. . . . On one occasion it was necessary to renew the lettering on the shell, so's the identity of the terrapin would not be lost. . . . Anyway, Mr. Terrapin keeps going along on his leisurely way, was apparently full-grown when he was discovered, and doubtless will continue to meander here and there over the Horton farm and back and forth to Brushy Fork for a long time to come. . . . He seems to be in no hurry either to join his ancestors or do anything else, and will doubtless show up again in a few years, maybe a few feet or maybe a mile or so from where he was first sighted in the tranquil days before the great wars rocked the world, but made no impression on turtlesdom.

### Skunks . . . Seeking Out The Bugs

From T. M. Greer comes a complaint about the polecats digging little holes here and there over his lawn, ferreting out the bugs for their nocturnal nibblin'. . . . Mr. Greer hears that the little creatures have a hankerin' for Japanese beetles and are trying to get them, or their larva or something. . . . Anyway, there are skunks galore in the neighborhood, judging by the signs. . . . Some time ago the animals became popular as pets, in a de-scented state, and likely some of these have been returned to their natural habitat, and some of the big uns will likely be healed most any day by a batch of plume-tailed offsprings, which will be endowed with all their faculties, or maybe its facilities. . . . Anyway, whether the little striped animals are digging out bugs or mousing, they are rendering a public service, justifying a bit of rooting around maybe. . . . We hope they don't get their dander up.

### How Come They Don't Sing? . . . They Don't Even Dig

A fellow wants to know if working men, that is, especially those who toil with spade and shovel and pick, quit singing about the same time we discovered that others had quit whistling their way along the streets, hedge rows, corn rows and byways. . . . And we recall a few years back when the water mains and sewer lines were being laid, and the songs of the negro workers, rose and fell in regular cadence as the picks were histed and driven into the rocky soil. . . . It seemed to make their work easier, certainly kept the more energetic from hitting too fast a pace, and made for sustained, regular effort as the ditches sank lower and lower. . . . And it was surprising how many feet of ditchline could be dug in a day by forty or fifty men. . . . In the ancient ships which were powered by long rows of oarsmen, it was found that much more progress could be made if there was a beat, so the slavedriver wielded a big mallet, striking a block with regular blows, and the oarsmen sweated and strained with the beat. . . . Free laborers supplied their own rhythm and it worked well. . . . We don't hear 'em singing anymore nor do they wield the picks, and chisel out the ways of progress. . . . The power machines have taken over the dirt movin'. . . . But it looks like those who've laid aside the picks and the shovels and are living easier and better, would have a lot more to sing for than when they were building the railways, laying the water mains, and shoveling out the foundations upon which the age of machines was developed.

## Uncle Pinkney . . .

HIS PALAVERIN'S

I don't think we'll ever get any place discussing things with them Russians either at the summit or at the base. The routine they got fer handling a diplomatic situation is hard to beat. They make a complaint, then they refuse the explanation. You can't beat that system fer results. If we carried it out like that in private life, fer instance, it would run about like this. I get a bill from my doctor, and then I write him and ask for an explanation. He sends me a itemized account. Then I reject it and call for an explanation of the itemized account. We keep this up until me or him one dies of old age.

But I think the real reason Russia stays mad at us all the time is because they owe us money. The maddest my neighbor ever got with me was the time he owed me ten dollars fer helping him do some ditching. He said the ditch filled back up anyhow, and he stayed mad at me for three years over that ten dollars he never paid me. I don't think we'll ever get together with them Russians till we mark off what they owe us.

And we got our problems here at home as well as over yander. Fer instance, last night on television they was introducing a new culpe fer winners' dresses. This woman that was giving the commercial called it "Tiger Bess,"

your truly,

PINKNEY