

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00. Outside Watauga County: One year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25.
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Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Brotherhood Week

Nationwide observance of Brotherhood Week, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, will be held February 21-28.

Special events in more than 10,000 communities throughout the United States will mark Brotherhood Week. Programs will extend the work of the National Conference which stimulates year-round projects in schools and colleges, churches and synagogues, labor-management and community organizations, and in newspapers, magazines, motion pictures, radio and television.

The purposes of Brotherhood Week, according to Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, President of the National Conference, are to give people an opportunity to rededicate themselves as individuals to the ideals of respect for people and human rights. "We try to dramatize the practical things that people can do to promote understanding and realization of those ideals. Brotherhood Week is essentially a campaign against the prejudices and

bigotries that disgrace and distort religious, business, social and political relations."

The big promotion during Brotherhood Week, according to Dr. Jones, will be to urge people to do more than give the principles of brotherhood mere lip service. "By getting to know the other fellow, the one who has a different creed, race or national origin than yours, by understanding his viewpoint, his ambitions and goals, you will find old prejudices disappear. You'll find that we are all one family made strong and great by the very differences that so many times divide us as individuals and groups. You'll learn to accept or reject a person strictly on his merits as a human being and not because he happens to be different from you."

"We hope that during Brotherhood Week people will begin to get to know and appreciate each other—to make Brotherhood a year-round practice."

Fabulous Motor Car Age

The automobile was such a novelty in 1896 that the Barnum and Bailey Circus displayed one as its main oddity.

Today there are more than 80 million passenger cars traveling on the world's roads, according to statisticians. And about 56 million are owned by Americans.

That's enough cars to take every man, woman and child in the U. S. for a Sunday drive at one time . . . with room left over for all the people of Great Britain and France. And even then, there would be 15 million empty seats.

Here are some other interesting facts about automobiles:

England tried to discourage the use of cars in 1865 by passing the Red Flag Law. The law required that someone carrying a red flag in the daytime and

a lantern at night walk ahead of any steam carriage traveling on the highways.

The first president to ride in a car was William McKinley. He was taken to a hospital in an electric ambulance after being shot by an assassin in 1901.

A Cadillac was driven up the steps of the Capitol in Washington, D. C., in 1905 to prove the car's power.

The average car lasted 6.5 years in 1925. Today it lasts more than 12 years. The average 1925 car traveled 25,750 miles before it was scrapped. The average car today travels 110,000 miles.

Private passenger cars in the U. S. travel more than 500 billion miles a year . . . a distance greater than 2,700 round trips to the sun.

Billions Of Good Turns

This old earth of ours has turned around on its axis 18,262 times and has completed fifty trips around the sun since February 8, 1910, the day Scouting was born in the United States.

In the past fifty years, thirty-three and a half million Americans have been identified with the Boy Scouts of America. Each member accepted the obligation to do a Good Turn to someone every day. This Good Turn, meaning doing something useful, or something extra—beyond mere courtesy, has a very special place in Scouting.

The Boy Scouts of America came into being through the Good Turn of an unknown British Boy Scout. A large bronze buffalo statue stands at the Gilwell training center near London, bearing this simple but eloquent inscription:

"To the Unknown Scout whose faithfulness in the performance of the 'Daily Good Turn' brought the Scout Movement to the United States of America."
William D. Boyce, Chicago publisher,

was bewildered in foggy London in 1909 while seeking an address. The British lad offered his services. The boy led the American to the address and when Mr. Boyce offered a shilling tip to the lad, the boy saluted, thanked him, and said, "Sir, I am a Scout. A Scout does not accept tips for courtesies and Good Turns."

Mr. Boyce, who had twenty to thirty thousand boys on his sales force, was dumbfounded. After he completed his errand, he accompanied the British Scout to the office of Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scout idea. Here he caught the vision of Baden-Powell. He returned to America and incorporated the Boy Scouts of America.

As they go forward with new billions of Good Turns to be performed, we salute the Boy Scouts of America. This helping other people, helping the community and the nation, is giving boys a worthwhile experience in citizenship.

In Defense Of Farmers

(The Tarheel Banker)

Exclude us, please, from the doctrinaire attitude of so many of our urban economists who are two-fisted about what they regard as farm socialism. Too often, the spokesmen against farm subsidies manage a rather cavalier attitude when non-farm subsidies are mentioned.

Repeatedly we have stated that the American farmer was the original individualist. Not only that, he comes from a line of forebears who demonstrated remarkable courage in making a living in spite of the elements, up-and-down markets, and low potential income.

And so we repeat our wager that the American farm community will be glad to take its chances in a completely free economy. That means, mind you, that everybody else will have to surrender their subsidies; everybody else will have to forego the "advantages" of government paternalism.

That's a pretty fair proposition, as we see it.

We ran across some pretty interesting statistics recently confirming this position. During the past ten years, for every

\$1,000 spent by the Federal Government for subsidies, the farmer received \$70. Airlines, schools, the petroleum industry, housing, shipping—all of these made the farmers look like pikers in the government hand-out department.

The taxpayers pick up the tab, for example, on a large percentage of the cost of mailing newspapers and magazines. The Tarheel Banker doesn't pay in postage nearly what it actually costs the post-office department to distribute our journal. On a grander scale, the taxpayers in 1952 paid about \$8 million of the cost of mailing Life Magazine alone.

One man's gravy is no defense of another man's subsidy. The point is that all subsidies are everybody's poison—in the long run.

The government as a Daddy Rabbit has lost much of its bounce. The problems of debt management, much less debt retirement, are upon us. And unless there is an across-the-board realization that freedom needs free enterprise to survive we can expect nothing from our problems except a worsening.

One Of Our Underprivileged



Just One Thing After Another

By CARL GOERCH

A former resident of Selma, Alabama called me up after my radio program several weeks ago and said that at one time two gentlemen by the name of Morgan and Pettus were in the U. S. Senate from Selma, Alabama and that this was the only time such a thing ever happened in the history of the country.

I told him (thanks to information given me some time before by the late Willis Briggs of Raleigh) that he was mistaken. In 1815 Nathaniel Macon, of Warren County, was elected to the U. S. Senate and served until 1828. James Turner, also of Warren County was elected to the Senate in 1815 and served through 1816. Not only that but in 1814 William Miller, likewise of Warren County, was elected Governor of North Carolina and served until 1817. So, you see, for a brief period of time, Warren County had both Senators and also the Governor. All three men lived in Warrenton or just a few miles outside of town.

Next time you want some childish amusement with which to entertain your guests, you might try the scissors game on them. First time I was educated to it was in George McNeill's home down in Morehead City several summers ago.

You and your guests are seated in a circle. A pair of scissors are the only props that are needed. In starting the game, you get some-

one to hand you the scissors. When this is done, you look at them carefully and say: "I receive them open." Then you change the position of the scissors and pass them to the person on your right, saying while doing so: "And I pass them closed."

The others are requested to do the same thing in the same manner that you did it. As a general thing, it is best to have someone else, preferably sitting across the circle from you, who is wise to the stunt.

The others will twist the scissors around in every way imaginable and will announce that they're receiving them open, passing them closed, or receiving them closed and passing them open.

The scissors have nothing to do with the way they are received or the way they are passed. It's the position of your legs that counts. If your legs are separated, then it means that you are receiving the scissors open. Then, while looking at the scissors very carefully, and changing the arrangement of the blades, you cross your legs or your feet and say: "And I'm passing them closed."

Or, if you want to, you can pass them open. It's a hard stunt to catch onto.

Mr. J. M. White of the Norfolk-Southern, was eating lunch in the S&W Cafeteria up in Washington, D. C. not long ago. At the table next to him were four people and,

of all things, they were discussing The State Magazine. One of them spoke up and, referring to the former editor of the publication, remarked: "That's the craziest guy in the world."

Mr. White didn't know who they were, but as he got up to leave he leaned over their table and said: "I'll probably see Carl in the morning and I'll tell him what you think of him."

He said their faces turned red in wonderful fashion.

Several years ago we went into the Sir Walter Hotel Barber Shop and observed that Barber McCurdy was busily engaged in shaving Jack Dempsey. Inasmuch as we were leaving town in a few minutes, we walked over and said goodby to Dempsey. And then, with a somewhat puzzled look at Mr. McCurdy, he remarked: "You sure are an inconsistent sort of person. Here you are shaving Dempsey today, and only yesterday we heard you say that he was a no-account drunkard and ought to be shot."

Dempsey looked at McCurdy. McCurdy held out both his hands beseechingly. "Before God, Mr. Dempsey," he exclaimed, "I didn't say any such a thing. He's making the whole thing up."

Jack laughed and McCurdy went on with his shaving after casting a most reproachful look in my direction.

Incidentally, we might add that Mr. Dempsey doesn't drink.

SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

February 15, 1900.
Miss Julia, daughter of Mr. J. H. Hardin of Sutherland, has entered school here.

Sorry to hear of the illness of Ex-Sheriff Hayes, but hope he will soon be better.

Mr. F. D. Bingham of Pine Run was up and entered a son and daughter in school.

Messrs E. S. Coffey and J. M. Moretz are in Virginia this week for the purpose of buying some wagon and saddle horses for their own use.

Little Ralph, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Greer, died of whooping cough on the fifth inst.

Rev. Mr. Stanford informs us that his collections so far for the new church at Blowing Rock are \$230 and that the good people continue to drop in their mites. When in town, hand him a dollar, or more, and help push the enterprise to completion.

Mrs. Nancy Mitchell, 70 years of age, who lives on the Beech Mountain, must be a remarkable woman. She lives 11 miles from Cranberry and it is said she walks there and back as often as seventy trips a year, and carries from forty to seventy pounds at a load. She deals in vegetables, chickens, eggs, etc. and is said to be perfectly upright in all her business transactions.

Valle Crucis Items: Miss Addie C. Mast of Sugar Grove spent several days here last week . . . Dr. Vance Sherrill passed through Friday on his way to see his father, who is very ill . . . Mr. Hayes and Miss Lena Mast who have been attending school at Blowing Rock, have returned . . . J. P. Taylor of Lenoir passed through last week on his way to Elk Park . . . James Mast was in the valley Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

February 10, 1921.
After a stay of more than two weeks in Raleigh, looking after the interests of the ATS, Capt. Lovill has returned.

Mr. Bynum Gross, who for several years has been in the coal fields of Virginia, has returned with his family and located on his valuable Meat Camp property, purchased of Mr. Jesse Ragan two years ago.

A new switch board has been installed at Central Phone Office and several linemen, under the direction of Mr. Tester of Valle Crucis, are putting in first class condition the lines through the county, with outside connections, just as rapidly as possible, and ere long it is hoped the service in Watauga will be of the best.

Mr. Carter Cook has bought the barber business in Boone owned by Mr. Moreland of Cranberry, and took charge of the shop Tuesday. His wife will join him here next week and for the present they will take board at the Crtcher Hotel.

"Within the next thirty days," says Jim Todd, the plumber, "I hope to have the water main laid from the cistern to Main Street and down the same as far as the Baptist Church; in the direction of the school as far as Cottrell's Store." The county and Mr. J. M. Moretz are financing the water system and certainly it is the best move yet made for our good little town. The material for the cistern is all delivered, the piping all paid and covered from the water on the mountain thereto and from the cistern site to the courthouse, where most of the plumbing has been done. The cistern will be erected just as soon as the weather will permit, and the idea is to be ready to supply the town with water when the cistern is filled.

Fifteen Years Ago

February 8, 1945.
Charles Norton, 34 years old, son of the late Professor A. M. Norton of Appalachian College and Mrs. Norton, died at Grace Hospital, Banner Elk, Tuesday evening after an illness which began several years ago . . .

The body of L. H. (Bus) Crowell, manager of Belk's Department Store here, and one of the leaders in the business, civic and religious activities of the community, was found in the basement section of the big retail store at 2 o'clock this morning, a bullet wound in the chest and a .32 calibre revolver lying near the body . . . Coroner J. V. Caudill investigated the death and impelled a jury which decided that death was caused by a gun shot wound in the chest, inflicted by deceased or from accidental causes. There is no indication of foul play."

Mrs. Susan A. Spainhour, prominent Morganton citizen, sister of Mrs. E. S. Coffey of Boone, and many years ago a resident of this city, died Saturday at a Morganton Hospital from an extended illness . . .

With no indication of any early alleviation of the cigarette shortage, the office of price administration has decided to give smokers a break. Effective Monday, lower price ceilings on smoking pipes have been ordered. The order was made possible by reductions in prices paid by pipe manufacturers and importers of Spanish briarwood.

Mr. Frank M. Payne, local insurance man, has been named to the chairmanship of the county salvage committee. It is announced by Dr. D. J. Whitener, head of the civilian defense committee for the county.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

End Of Landmark . . . Old Shoemakers

Contrary to the understanding of many of our friends, the old building vacated last week by the City Shoe Shop is not the original Democrat building, and while it can lay claim to being something of a landmark hereabouts, it is not rooted in antiquity to the degree that it should be preserved, as some have suggested.

The Watauga Democrat had its shaky beginnings in a building on the site of the present structure, a two-story four-room brick dwelling house owned by Joe Council, pioneer watchmaker, whose widow later sold the building to R. C. Rivers, the first . . . In 1921 or 1922, Mr. Rivers had a big auction sale for that day and sold out the newspaper office with about three acres of land adjoining for around six thousand dollars, an unheard of price for the time. . . . The Advent Christian Church had bought the house and lot and it was necessary that the Democrat office be moved, so our daddy built the brick annex on to the frame structure which had actually been erected in 1913 for the Boone postoffice, and the printing office was hastily moved to the other side of middle branch. . . . In 1937 we erected the present Democrat building and the business again changed sides of the creek. . . . Since, the old building has been used as a woodworking shop, a furniture store, and for a great many years as the shoe shop of Will Jones and Herbert. . . . The building has seen its best days and will shortly be taken away in the march of modern business establishments. . . . Meantime, the Messrs Jones have reestablished their business in the Linney store building across the Street.

Of course a volume could be written about things that have happened during the years the county newspaper was published in the drafty old structure, where in summer time, in his later years, Bob Rivers held forth a good deal of his time under the spreading maple tree and discussed community events, politics, and what not with all and sundry who came by on their unhurried errands.

Looking at Boone's two fine shoe shops, however, we are reminded of the days when it was fairly difficult to get one's soles mended and when new shoes even at two dollars a pair were hard for most folks to come by. . . . Mr. Smith Watts of Blowing Rock was a fine shoemaker and a lot of people had their work done there and as a matter of fact Mr. Watts could fashion one a fine pair of shoes or a sleek new pair of boots right from the side of leather. . . . In Boone Mr. William T. Blair sometimes mended shoes, more as favor to his neighbors, but we remember mostly Riley Horton, strong, active negro man, who'd gather up the shoes from about the town, buy himself some leather, sprigs and shoe thread at Blackburns and hie away to his home on the side of Howard's Knob where he'd hammer and sew by lamplight, getting as many pairs as possible ready for the next morning delivery. . . . Riley did a good job of work, whether one wanted the half-soles nailed on, or wished them to be securely fastened with a waxed end—wooden shoe pegs had gone out of use by then, we suppose. . . . It was told once that Riley lost the paper on which he had written the names of a group of dormitory girls for whom he had fixed a sack full of shoes, and had endless trouble in getting the shoes and their owners together. . . . Anyway, whoever finally gets down to writing about Boone and her folks, could scarcely escape some words about Riley whose work was so essential to the well-being of the community in his day and time.

Donald J. Boyden . . . Gentleman Of Old School

Donald Boyden, who went away the other day, was connected with one of the pioneer families of the community, and we can recall him in our shortbreeces days as he went about the community. . . . In his adulthood he was prominent in the hotel business in Blowing Rock and did much to develop the tourist resources of the area. . . . Recently as Preacher Troutman said, he became a man of silence. . . . Ill health, changing fortunes and a changed community perhaps made him lonesome along the Street where he once knew all. . . . Be that as it may, wise men and philosophers often hold high communion in their innermost silences. . . . Donald Boyden, it always appeared to us, was one of the most polite men we've ever known, in his associations with all people. . . . For one to be so generous and so courteous and so considerate of others, he must have held an undying love for people, for his neighbors, which is linked firmly with a love for the Great Teacher. . . . To say that one lives gently, with a genuine affection and respect for his associates, makes a pretty fair encomium for any man.

Uncle Pinkney

(McKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I didn't git to the session at the country store Saturday night on account of my young neighbor down the road a piece come by to tell me his family troubles. Him and his wife has been fussing and squabbling since the day they was married 17 years ago. I recollect onet about 10 year ago when he said he was going to git a court order to restrain his mother-in-law from brainwashing his wife.

As I've watched this fight down through the years—they've got seven kids—I see fault on both sides. One thing I've noted about him, ever misfortune he has had in life he has took it like a man—blamed it on his wife. On the other hand I'll have to say that she's a very ornery critter. She is the kind that shifts her brain into neutral and just lets her tongue idle on, making a U-turn in the middle of ever conversation. And she's got a tongue as sharp as one of them razor blades you see advertised on television. She told her old man onct that she hoped to live to see the day when electric blankets would replace husbands in this world. If you can git any saarper than that, I ain't heard it.

I tried to console him the best I could, Mister Editor. I told him wimmen and mules is a pritty contrary proposition to handle. I give him the example of that feller that shaved his wife's head on account of her running around with other men and she put on a wig and went right back into business. I recommended to him that he be consoled to his lot, that the greatest optimists in this generation was those fellers you read about in the papers swapping wives. I think he went home feeling a little better about the situation. Anyhow he's made it fer 17 year, so I figger somebody Up There likes him.

Speaking of wimmen, I'm going to quit buying the Sunday edition of these big daily newspapers if they don't quit using all the space fer the wimmen's section. Back in the days when things was in their right proportion, papers tacked a page on to the end of the paper fer wimmen. Now they use half the paper fer that section and put it up front ahead of such important departments as the comics and politics. It seems to me that Journalism is gitting all out of shape in the big papers with this new allotment of junk they're calling the wimmen's section.