

Homecoming Days

The outstanding event of the autumn in Boone continues to be homecoming at the College.

This year the two-day event will be held Friday and Saturday and a full round of activities will be provided for the enjoyment of the old grads, who come to the campus this year at the time their Alma Mater is experiencing its greatest physical growth in history.

While the absence of a football stadium takes the homecoming game to Lenoir, where the Mountaineers tangle with Carson-Newman, the grid game will provide a fitting climax to a full round of social activities which begin Friday with the homecoming dance.

There will be a campus open house, the colorful King Street Parade, luncheon, coffee hour, dinner before the football game and a touchdown social thereafter.

It is likely that a record number of old grads will return to the campus to

marvel at the expansion of the college plant, and to greet acquaintances of other days. While those who attended Appalachian a long time ago will be hard put to find anything to which to anchor their pleasant memories, they will accommodate their thinking to the changed campus pattern, and share the joy of the administration and the people of the town in the burgeoning of the school from a few buildings to a sprawling college plant, with a record enrollment, and with an unprecedented building program in progress and on the drafting boards.

It is a happy thing for us and for the community to join in welcoming former students and teachers and other friends of the college. We shall wish for you a happy time as you re-live old school days and share in the joyful knowledge that Appalachian is justifying your fondest hopes for her.

The Points Will Get You

North Carolina's point suspension program for errant drivers will mark its second anniversary next month.

Thus far, according to records of the State Department of Motor Vehicles, over 750 drivers have lost their license on points, a not sensational total perhaps, yet revelatory of the program's objective to protect safe drivers and correct unsafe drivers.

The point system was devised to reach dangerous drivers and stop accidents before they happen. And it is working. In August, for example, 114 unsafe drivers were banned from the highways because infractions of the law had swollen their points to 12.

The program is becoming increasingly effective, authorities feel. Drivers who cannot or will not keep points off their record soon feel the full effects of the system. It's stern enforcement, to be sure, for it hits where it hurts the most—loss of driving privileges. But it's not persecution—it's protection.

The system is geared to warnings and conferences. To refresh memories (if necessary) remember drivers are free of department action under the point system until their records show four points. Then a warning letter is sent out.

At the seven point level, errant drivers are called in for a troubleshooting conference with licensing officials. Such drivers are allowed to attend one of the vehicle agency's driver improvement clinics and earn the removal of three points if they wish. If he doesn't, if he continues to collect points, his license is suspended when the point total reaches 12.

Last month 90 Tar Heel drivers felt the sting of excessive points—they're walking or hiring rides.

As the system goes into its third year, more and more drivers are growing aware that points shape their driving future.

Plant A Hedge

The plank fences which used to surround the homes on the street gave way to painted pickets, some of them to hedges and of late the trend has been against either form of enclosure.

Now comes word from Changing Times that we ought to plant a hedge again. A variety of problems may be overcome by a hedge, it is written, and householders are asked to look over their home grounds to find out just where a purposeful hedge might work in. Some of their purposes:

To mark the bounds of property so that it comes to a definite stop instead of merging vaguely with whatever lies next door.

To keep children, dogs, neighbors, milkmen and other heedless trespassers from blazing trails across the turf.

To form a windscreen against a stiff

breeze across the patio.

To provide a high background to show off annuals or low flowering shrubs.

To furnish a low foreground planting to separate a flower bed from a walkway or grass area.

To cut down an oversized or poorly proportioned yard.

"The hedge does not have to be a privet," the editors point out. As alternatives they suggest abelia the box, holly and barberry families a wide variety of conifers—Canada hemlock, American arborvitae, juniper, yew, pine, spruce and red-cedar.

"Other plants are content to look pretty," the article concludes. "The hedge plants are lovely to look at, too, but they don't stop there. They also work."

Mail Service Is Lousy

(Advertising Age)

Why does one hear so much about the dreadful deficit of the postal service, and so little about plans for improving the service? Why can't you depend on one-day service between New York and Chicago, or between Chicago and Washington? Why can't you be sure that a letter mailed at 42nd St. and Madison will reach 34th and Fifth any time the next day? What happened to special delivery—and if the Post Office no longer offers the service, why is it charging for it?

Some time ago our Washington editor reported that a high postal official expressed the view that the mail was no longer an express service. In other words, if you are in a hurry to communicate with someone, you either call him by telephone or send a telegram. The mail will be a secondary service. It will continue to look as it did when

it was a quick means of communication, and it will cost more, but it will definitely be a service for those who can wait while the mail makes its way through the vast bureaucratic empire that the postal service now represents.

This view was highly unofficial, and is interesting only because it illuminates the area of official thinking in the Post Office. As an approach, it would do credit to the manager of the Phillies.

To settle back and say, "Sure, the mail is slow, and people who want anything better will have to use other services," is a confession of apathy and ineptitude. It may be an overstatement of the department's present policy, but it's fairly clear that the Post Office Department is not terribly exercised about getting the postal service back to where it ought to be.

She's Grown, Or The Door Has Shrunk



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

October 17, 1901

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Green on Monday night a baby. Solicitor Harshaw spent Saturday night in town on his way to Jefferson court.

Miss Emma Winkler, who has been with her sister, Mrs. R. B. Estes, at Wynona, Washington, for the past ten months, returned to her home on New River this week.

J. S. Culler, who has been working at the carpenter trade at Linville for some months, has returned, the work having been practically suspended for the winter.

The Rev. Sam P. Jones will lecture at North Wilkesboro on the 30th of this month at 8 p. m. Mrs. Maggie F. Boyden was taken seriously ill on Friday night of last week and up to Tuesday her case was considered quite critical, but at this writing we are told that she is somewhat better.

We are indeed sorry to note that our old friend, D. E. Dougherty, has not been so well for a few days, but we trust that the venerable gentleman may soon be out again.

Mr. Roy Norris, brother of Mrs. M. B. Blackburn, died at his home on Meat Camp last week.

W. R. Green has received the sad news that his brother James has been sentenced to death for the murder of one Benjamin, in the State of Washington. Efforts for an appeal or a commutation to life imprisonment are being made by his attorneys, but his chances, from the letter received by Mr. Green, are very meagre, as a large sum of money is needed which we fear cannot be raised by his friends here.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. J. F. McGhee is quite sick.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

October 19, 1922

I. S. Watson of Stony Fork and one of his sons from Hackett were business callers at our shop yesterday.

Mrs. Butler, wife of Dr. Butler, has joined her husband in Boone and will spend some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Sproles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stanbury announce the engagement of their daughter, Esther, to Mr. J. A. Boone of Franklinton, N. C. The marriage will take place October 31.

Mr. H. Walter Horton and family are preparing to hie away to their Florida home for the winter, but with the return of the spring birds next year they may be expected back.

Mrs. Austin, relict of the late Samuel Austin, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. J. Green, at Blowing Rock last Monday and interment was made beside her husband in the Winkler burying ground near Boone the following day.

At the PTA meeting October 11 plans were made for a community fair which will be held at the public school house November 8.

The protracted services at the Baptist Church by Evangelist Stephens continue with increasing interest, and it has not yet been given out just when the great meeting will close.

Revs. Brukman and Downum of Boone; Mrs. N. L. Mast of Mast; Miss Almada Bingham of Rutherford; Mrs. L. L. Bingham of Boone and perhaps others left Tuesday morning for Monroe to attend the annual conference of

the M. E. Church, South.

Mr. Singleterry, one of our business men, was taken violently ill last Saturday. Dr. Bingham was called and diagnosed the case as gall stones, and rushed him to the Shuford Sanatorium for treatment.

Miss Nannie Rivers is teaching at Penley, the term beginning last Monday.

Fifteen Years Ago

October 17, 1946

Representative Robert L. Doughton, chairman of the house ways and means committee, in a statement issued through his office here today, said he believed meat should be decontrolled at the earliest practical moment. Doughton's office said he had held telephone conversations with the secretary of agriculture at the White House several times during the past ten days urging the Secretary and President Truman to take sound and immediate action to end the meat situation.

Trans-World Airlines claimed a new coast-to-coast flight record of 7 hours and 39 minutes for a four-engine Constellation that arrived

in New York from Burbank, Calif. Carrying 51 passengers, the plane reached Kansas City in 4 hours, 30 minutes, and covered the second leg in 3 hours and 9 minutes.

All children under 16 years of age are legally required to attend school and may not work at gainful occupations during school hours, it was pointed out in a statement issued by Clyde A. Erwin, state superintendent of public instruction, and Forest H. Shuford, labor commissioner.

The ashes of General Joseph W. Stilwell, hero of the 1942 retreat from Burma and the hard fight back to victory over Japan, will be strewn over the Pacific Ocean Wednesday, west of his home at Carmel, Calif. The grief, plain-spoken "Vinegar Joe" died in Letterman General Hospital, yesterday of a liver ailment at 63.

Cordell Hull, who suffered a stroke September 30, has been pronounced "out of danger."

The White House assured the atomic-worried world today that this country has sent no atom bombs to England or any other place abroad.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Some time ago we received a letter from Bill Reeves, of Weaverville (Buncombe County) in which he told about an interesting peculiarity that had manifested itself in the household cat. Bill said that whenever we started broadcasting Sunday evenings, the cat would immediately get up from its comfortable chair and would run over to the door, asking to be let out.

We didn't believe it. A few weeks after the letter arrived, we happened to be up in that section of the State so we drove out to the Reeves' home. Bill's father answered the doorbell and, without bothering to tell him who we were, we asked if we might see his cat.

He seemed quite surprised at the request but, after a moment's hesitation, said that he reckoned so. He led us through the house, out the back door and showed us the cat, sleeping in the bright sun.

"There she is," he said, still looking at us in a suspicious manner. It probably was the first time an utter stranger had come to his front door and asked to see his cat.

We cleared our throat and then started in: "Thank you, Tommy, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Well, here we are up in the fine town of Weaverville, Buncombe County, and I want to tell you that it is a real pleasure to—"

"I'll give you my word of honor: that's as far as I got. That blamed cat sprang up, looked around in wild fashion and then shot underneath the house as though seven devils were after her.

"Well, well," said Mr. Reeves. "I know who you are now."

He seemed somewhat relieved.

We used to put on a man-on-the-street broadcast in which we asked passersby to answer questions for a dollar. Our listeners were every helpful, sending in questions from time to time. The following are some of the questions we received and did not use.

Q. Why is a person, who listens

to a bass-drum, a good judge?

A. Because he listens to both sides.

Q. What is the smallest room in the world?

A. A mushroom.

Q. All of our Presidents have followed the same trade. What is that trade?

A. Cabinet-makers.

Q. What turns and yet does not move?

A. Milk.

Q. What has eighteen legs and catches flies?

A. A baseball team.

Q. How are a colt and an egg alike?

A. They both have to be broken before they can be used.

It's absolutely amazing how ignorant we are of the important things of life. For instance, it wasn't until last week, when we received a letter from Mrs. J. F. Burton, of Norlina, that we knew to which side a pig curls its tail.

Mrs. Burton informed us that the tail of a female pig curls to the left and that of a male pig curls to the right.

Speaking of animals, we were in Mr. C. E. Quinn's store down in Kenansville not long ago. There was a Mr. Sykes present and he asked another man in the group how his cow was getting along.

"Hollow horn," said the other man.

First time we ever heard that expression, so when the group broke up, we asked Mr. Sykes about it. He seemed mightily surprised at our ignorance and proceeded to pump the facts to us.

Cows suffer from hollow horn and also from hollow tail. If it's the first ailment, the thing to do is to bore holes in the horn and fill 'em up with oil. If it's hollow tail that is causing them to look poorly, you split the tail, pack in some salt and then wrap it up.

Whenever we get tired of the magazine publishing business, we believe we'll take up the veterinary profession.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Across The Hills . . . Color Marches

October's bright blue weather has brought dry, chill nights to the countryside, has frosted the pumpkins, and started the fall parade of color along the Blue Ridge and in the valleys and the draws. . . . The week end brought lots of visitors to Boone, Blowing Rock and the Parkway to take a look at the gaudy, crazy-quilt of lavish color which is unfolding in the high hills. . . . Many of the motels had no vacancy signs out Saturday night, and the peak of the color should be reached during the week end, and continue to attract visitors for a good many days after that.

The beeches, the birches and the poplars are beginning to show their golden colors, the more subdued reds and russets of the oaks are lending variety to nature's vivid panorama; the deep reds of the dogwoods are fringing the forests where the frost flowers are growing in wild profusion, and the maples are adding spectacular variety to the autumn's brilliant welcome to wintertime. . . . The maple, perhaps the favorite shade tree of the mountain man, is a standout when frost has come. . . . Colors often range from faded green through the pastel yellows, to gold, flaming orange and crimson, as the maple changes from its summer greenery, and dons every shade in its bright fall wardrobe, to splash the forests with riotous hues, and to edge the street and the highways with its abundances of burnished gold and fiery brightness.

The last word is that the frost has nothing to do with the fronds of the forests being turned into a showcase of russets and brown, and yellows and reds, and of bluish and purplish shades—that they get that way through the chemistries of the ripening processes. . . . We haven't been strong on protesting the new discoveries and findings, but we're not in the mind of giving up Jack Frost as the agent who pretties up things, to bring us a spell of glowing happiness and wonderment before we settle down to the ice and the snow and the chilling winds of wintertime. . . . Many of us have held toddlers on an aching knee, and widened out on the story of how a gay little elf, with a paint pot of many colors, flashes over the hills on a chill night and paints every single leaf, in a flash, never putting the wrong color on a single bough and seeing that all are brightened according to the eternal scheme of things. . . . And we can see the wide-eyed wonder of a little child in the bushes and in the tall trees in the middle of the great forest. . . . If we turn down Jack Frost as the great painter, and magician of fall splendor, the position of the blue fairy who buys the baby teeth would be threatened, and apt as not Santa Claus' hold might be weakened. . . . That we couldn't abide.

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Great Age . . . Reasons Are Assigned

When a man grows old—that is old, like in the nineties or so, he invariably makes the papers with his notions of how come he lived so long. . . . The man who has lived sensibly, who has had exemplary habits, and who has shunned whiskey and tobacco, and lavish evening dinners and has abided the home pasture, will cite his general rectitude, apt as not, as the reason why he's been around so long.

On the other hand one sometimes finds a man like Uncle Bill Keller of Spruce Pine, who says he came to be 106 last Sunday. . . . He isn't quoted as believing that smoking and chewing and dipping made him stay around through a century and more, but admits that he's always been convivial with dame nicotine. . . . He says he drinks a mite too, of a morning, and doesn't think that has hurt him. . . . Rather, he voices a simple faith when he says, "If the Old Master hadn't wanted me to live this long, I wouldn't have." . . . And summing up his explanation for longevity and good health, we like what he said: "God bears with a man."

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Of People And Things . . . Odds And Ends

Thanks to Mrs. M. J. Williams, one of our good friends, for a giant size pumpkin, big enough to make pie fillin' for a long time.

John Hollar, puffing his cigar with pleasure, acknowledges our greeting and says he feels good and is happy. "Nobody likes a sad man," he says. . . . Spoken like a philosopher.

Lorn Harrison of Boone keeps four Democrat subscriptions running. One for himself, and one each for three children: Mrs. John Presnell, Elizabethton; Mrs. Martha Davis, Boone, and John Harrison, Spokane, Wash.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where them Englishmen is complaining pritty loud over this new "austerity" program their government has arranged fer everybody except the Royal family. I reckon "austerity" is a \$10 word meaning the folks has got to tighten their belts.

England has been gitting in a bad way ever since right after World War II when they started that Socialism business and put the railroads, electric power, health and all such things under Government control.

Ed Doolittle's grandson was stationed over there in the Air Force last year and he sent Ed a batch of their Government pamphlets. On account of me being an authority on Government pamphlets, Ed give 'em to me. I got 'em down off the shelf this morning and I discovered right off why things is so bad in England. It's hard to believe, Mister Editor, but people has to pay fer them pearls of wisdom over there.

I ain't shore but I think Thomas Jefferson put it in the Declaration of Independence that we was to git these masterpieces free in this country. I note here where one of the pamphlets Ed's

grandson sent him is entitled, "Calf Rearing" and is put out by the Ministry of Agriculture and costs 55 cents. It says that "Research on the physiology of the calf shows it can be reared on diets previously considered unsuitable."

And here's one that ought to be agin the law and might be the one that's causing a heap of their troubles. It's entitled "Women, Wife and Worker" and sells fer 35 cents. It is put out by the Ministry of Industrial Research and starts out, "Married women's employment is often cited as the cause of separation, divorce and juvenile delinquency." How do you like that fer 35 cents?

A note on the front of each pamphlet says they is printed by "Her Majesty's Stationery Office." It also says people in the United States can git 'em fer the proper fees from the British Government Publications offices at Rockefeller Plaza in New York. No country can prosper where they ain't got free pamphlets from the Government, I estimate that about half our prosperity is due to them free pamphlets we git ever day from the various agencies.