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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1933

BY ROB RIVERS

Once Upon A Time... It Sold For A Penny

The penny postal card has long since gone the way of the doo. . . . Formerly the agent of communication for the very poor and the very hurried, it was also liked, rumor is, by many of the postmasters in the small offices who could keep up with a heap of the neighborhood news by perusing the cards during the dull hours. . . . Divided on the front for address and message, the card was made to do double duty, and some of the more wordy actually long-handed their message both ways on the back of the card which gave the reader something of a confused situation, but generally he could work it out.

BUT NOW the card costs the patron of the postoffice four cents, or four times its original cost, while the letter postage has advanced only two and a half times during the same period. . . . And the new cards (which the local postoffice is still unable to supply) don't use the beautiful pose of Lincoln which adorned the four cent stamp but instead uses the chin on chest picture of Lincoln, which depresses one, and maybe would have been the way the Emancipator would have looked if Sherman had been stopped cold before Atlanta.

THE COLOR, THOUGH, such as it was, is gone, so far as the paper stock is concerned. . . . The lavender Lincoln, with the directions for addressing the card is printed on white index, of all things, since the manila or cream color had been used for all time. . . . Printers had always known that sort of stock as post card stock, it had been traditional like black and white for so long, it's going to take some doing to get used to the change. . . . To do away with the manila is monstrous like contemplating a green hen egg, a red cigarette or a pink-horned cow. . . . Maybe after all, Lincoln, a frugal sort of man, is entitled to be glum as he carries a white post card for four cents. . . . And one of the mysteries of the postal setup is that there was never a charge for the cards, just the postage, while the envelope on which the stamp is printed, is sold to the mailer.

Weather . . . To'able Bad
Winter's biting weather, which has struck deep into Florida, brought deaths throughout the country, and held Europe in its deadly grip, has been sharp in Watauga a part of the time, and maybe on occasion the next coldest since the historic winter of 1917-18 when mercury plummeted to eighteen below, and the snow was in almost endless profusion.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Zeke Grubb's preacher came by the country store Saturday night, reported that the Lord's work was in a state of confusion at his Church right now.

First off, he told the fellers, they had a meeting of the Finance Committee on Tuesday night and Katie Hightower brung up the subject of trying to git some money folks in the Church. Katie said they hadn't got nobody with money in the Church in the last five year. Rufe Zinder's wife spoke up and allowed as how she had took note of the same thing. She said they ought to make a big push to git some folks with money in the congregation, claimed it would help out on the finances and would raise the standards of the Church.

The good Parson said he told 'em he would leave this problem up to the Committee, that fer him personal, it was a heap easier on the preacher to work with pore folks. The Good Book, he allowed, didn't say nothing about standards but it did say pore folks had a better chanse of gitting to Heaven.

But the big issue, he told the fellers, got started Sunday morning when Hezekiah Adams was teaching the Men's Bible Class. The Sunday School lesson was on the family, he said, and Hezekiah got along pretty good till he got to the place in the Bible where it says the husband ought to be the head of the house. Everybody knowed how henpecked

Since 1782 the Old Farmers Almanac has been predicting the storms and the snows and the vagaries of the weather, and it looks like its predictions are coming true again. . . . "Snowfall will be heavier, and wind and snow will stay in a real big way," said the OFA. "February will bring a maze of haze and glaze, and crystal missiles, and we are in for a cycle of colder winters". . . . The Ramon calendar speaks of storms and gales and cold weather, which the weather map sometimes bears out, and the other day we were pleased to have been right in our prediction of snow. . . . We didn't want the snow so much, just wanted to win. . . . And one is supposed to have a good weather eye when he can see the snow coming and the weather man can't.

Red Clouds . . . At Night

A few years ago we met Grady Farthing in the post office at night fall and called his attention to the crimson skies. . . . The west blazed so that the air seemed reddish. . . . Repeating the lines "red clouds at night are the sailor's delight," we assured Grady good weather was on the way.

The next morning came with a terrific snowfall, accompanied by a heavy gale and zero temperatures, and the traffic was delayed, mails failed to arrive, and the fuel situation in the community became acute. . . . For about a couple of weeks the storm endured to set some sort of record in this vicinity. . . .

Grady, who likes to make a speech on occasion, referred to our prediction at a public gathering as soon as it was possible for the public to gather, and allowed, "If Rob Rivers had never known any more about his business than he does about what the weather is apt to be, he would be the most starved-out newspaper man in the country." . . . So of late we are a little more restrained with sweeping predictions—at least we wait till we have a look at the Almanac or the Ramon.



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

January 29, 1903

Rev. B. F. Hargett will fill his regular appointment at the Methodist Church here on next Sunday at 11 a.m.

Sorry to learn that Mr. G. A. Hodges of Moody is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia fever.

Quite a crowd is expected in town next Monday. The Board of Commissioners will be in session, the court house mass meeting will be held and a number of valuable tracts of land will be offered for sale.

The daughter of Mr. Paul McGuire, age twelve years, died at her home at Riverside on last Sunday of diphtheria. The parents and friends have our deepest sympathy in this sad loss of their loved one.

Sorry to learn that friend Tom Sullivan, postmaster at Vilas, has gotten into a slight official trouble, but if we are informed right, he will come clear of the flimsy charges preferred against him. He has given bond for his appearance at the next term of the Federal Court at Statesville.

Houston Shipley of Vilas was in to see us Monday. He told us that he had purchased a Shropshire buck, thoroughbred, weighing 313 lbs, for which he paid \$50; and a yearling Hereford bull at a cost of \$250. The Shipley boys are the most enterprising farmers in the county, and pride themselves very much on their fine stock.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

One of our friends in Wilmington was telling us about her ten-year-old son whose views on religion apparently have been slightly confused.

He was talking to his mother during the Cuban crisis and she was telling him that all Christian people should pray for a just and lasting peace.

"Are you a Christian?" he wanted to know.

"I hope I am," she said humbly.

"Is Daddy a Christian?"

"Yes, he is."

"And am I a Christian?"

"Yes, son; you are."

With an expression of amazement on his countenance he said: "Well, I'll be dog-goned! I thought all the time that we were Episcopalsians."

From the "Wilmington Star":

Fifty prominent volunteer community workers will head the Mother's March on Polio which is planned Thursday evening. It is hoped that mothers are lit on the evening of January 29.

W. F. Cooper, native of China Grove and now a resident of Sheffield, Ala., is associated with the Southern Railroad. From his office window he has a good view of the spot where the railroad tracks and a busy street intersect. Crossing gates are in operation for the safety of pedestrians and vehicles.

Mr. Cooper tells us about a dog he has seen traveling up this street a number of times.

The roads are getting almost impassable by the mud.

Be sure and attend the mass meeting in Boone next Monday. If the action of the meeting on the court house question does not suit you, say nothing but abide by its decision.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

January 31, 1924

After the long protracted cold we are now having what promises to be a genuine thaw. The warm sunshine is delightful but the cross-country roads are going to be almost impassable.

The first Standard Oil tank cars that ever came to the county arrived last week end. They were emptied in the large stationary tanks on the company's property just west of the W. H. Gragg lumber yards.

Mr. John H. Mast of Zionville called Tuesday morning to renew his subscription. We are not in the habit of giving publicity to little items of this kind, but as John has been a subscriber since 1888 and this being his 35th renewal, it is really an item of news.

Rev. H. W. Jeffcoat and Mr. H. C. Morets motored to Boone on last Monday afternoon. On account of the fearful road conditions this is the first time the preacher's car has been out of the garage since January 2.

Mr. N. T. Byers and family of Silverstone have moved to their farm recently purchased near

AFTER ANOTHER

When the gates are up, he trots nonchalantly across the tracks, but when the bells start ringing and the gates go down, it's a different proposition. He comes to a sudden halt and assumes the position of a dog at point—neck and tail outstretched. He maintains this position until everything is clear; then he continues on his way.

A friend of ours—member of the Optimist Club of Charlotte—was telling us a few days ago about an experience he had with Harry while selling tickets to some kind of a shindig that the Optimists were sponsoring.

Harry is a Chinaman. He was somewhat dubious about buying the tickets, even though they would give him an opportunity to win a brand new automobile.

"I never was lucky," he protested.

"Never can tell," our friend told him.

Harry shook his head but finally said: "All right, I'll buy two of the tickets." And then, as he handed over the money, he added sorrowfully, "But I know I haven't got a Chinaman's chance."

A policeman stopped us in Burlington recently and said we were driving too fast thru town. "Better slow up a little," he advised.

We wanted to tell him that you don't slow up—you slow down; that you speed up. But it seemed a rather poor time to discuss grammar, so we didn't say anything about it.

New State House

The Legislature gets down to business next Wednesday, a good deal like any other Assembly, except that the Republicans will be occupying more seats in the House than at any time since the Al Smith upset in Carolina in 1928.

But one thing won't be the same. The State has provided a brand new modernistic State House, or Legislative building one block away from the stately old capitol, said to have been an architectural triumph back in the old days.

And the old timers who come back to the Assembly will perhaps miss the musty environs of the massive stone building which held the State's business for so many years. And maybe right at first the new place

will be a little plush for them, with its sunken gardens, its carpeted stairs to take the place of those said to have been cracked by whiskey barrels during hectic legislative sessions before the turn of the century, and its roomy legislative halls.

As a matter of fact the solons have their private offices, may store their cars, eat in the building, attend all committee meetings and the legislative sessions without for once leaving the structure.

Those of us who like a little loftier structures may have to see the place a good many times before we learn to like its styling, but that it is functional and that it will fill the needs of the State's lawmakers is unquestioned.

Travel Industry Is Economic Force

The scope of the travel-serving industry as a major economic force is revealed in the survey just published by the Travel Council of North Carolina. It shows total receipts of \$888 million in 1961, an increase of 4% over 1960 and 163% over 1948, which is the first year for which comparable statistics are available.

The 134-page survey contains tables breaking down the elements comprising this huge industry, both by its economic components and geographical divisions. It is the work of Dr. Lewis C. Copeland, professor of Business Administration of the University of Tennessee, who has done similar surveys for Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Caro-

lina and Georgia.

President T. E. Pickard, Jr., of the Travel Council, a non-profit organization that cooperates closely with the State Dept. of Conservation and Development in promoting travel, said that the survey is the most comprehensive study ever made of North Carolina's travel-serving industry, and that the state was most fortunate in being able to obtain the services of an authority of Dr. Copeland's stature to hold up a mirror to its third largest dollar producer.

In Watauga county, where travel makes such an important contribution to the over-all economy, the Council survey will be of particular interest.

Preventive Vaccines Available

Never in the history of the world has it been possible to protect one's self and family against so many serious diseases so easily and effectively through preventive vaccines, says Dr. J. W. R. Norton, Director of the State Board of Health. The big problem is that many people do not take advantage of the advances that modern medical science has to offer, Dr. Norton emphasizes.

All of us have heard a great deal about polio vaccine and most of us have been immunized against this crippling disease, although many still have not. But we tend to forget the potential killers smallpox, tetanus, whooping cough and diphtheria. During the past year there were several outbreaks of smallpox in Great Britain. A possibly serious outbreak at New York City's Idlewild Airport was thwarted by quick action of health officers who vaccinated all those exposed to a boy who was

stricken with the disease. And during the winter of 1961-1962 there was an outbreak of diphtheria in Omaha, Nebraska.

All babies should be given injections against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus beginning usually at two to three months of age. These shots may be conveniently given in a "triple" vaccine containing all three protectors. A polio shot can be obtained at the same visit to the doctor. Vaccination against smallpox should be obtained during the first year of life.

Booster doses of vaccines are necessary from time to time in order to maintain protection from these diseases. And this applies to adults as well as children. To prevent these serious and possibly fatal diseases everyone should keep a record of previous vaccinations and find out from a doctor when the next booster doses are due.

Spare Us The Speaker

(The Asheville Citizen)

One of these days, some politician is going to run for high office on a pledge to outlaw all speeches at public banquets, and the United States will elect its first real humanitarian. It is not so much that these dissertations are boring, it is merely that they are long.

The chairman feels impelled to "introduce" the man who will introduce the speaker. Whatever the chairman implies, everybody present knows the introducer and most of them called him "Junior." Junior proceeds to introduce the speaker in several thousand ill-chosen words.

Everybody knows who the speaker is because everybody has been bombarded with an advance biography, but Junior recites each weary syllable, including the fact that the speaker is the second cousin of an uncle of Theodore Roosevelt. The speaker rises. He clears his voice. He sips from a glass of water. He bows to the chairman. He bows to the Junior. "My friends," he says to the

audience.

It is always at this point, the public address system starts having abdominal pains. So, if you're sitting in a next-to-back row you witness a man with his mouth moving and no audible sound emitting. Don't congratulate yourself too soon. There is always in the audience some electronic eager-beaver who's able to restore the audibility. The speaker invariably commences. The first words you hear are "My friends. . . ."

Maybe it's all right. Perhaps there's some purpose to these three-hour soirees that leave you feeling as though you've been run through a wringer. Conceivably, they afford relaxation to hordes of people who have nothing to do at night. In our most generous mood we might concede that some of them are "cultural." But, friends, we doubt it. More and more we favor forty-five-minute meetings with no guest-speaker and no formal program. Just lightly-broiled steaks.

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY.