

The Watauga Democrat

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

A LEADER PASSES

In the death of the State's Attorney General there is widespread sorrow. Dennis G. Brummitt was one of the most faithful and efficient public servants of our time, and possessed a fearless quality of statesmanship, which vaulted him head and shoulders above most men who occupied similar positions.

HIGHER PAY

Governor Ehringhaus recommends in his budget message an upward revision of the scale of salaries and wages being paid to school teachers and other State workers, and regardless of conflicting views on various kinds of taxes, there should be pretty general agreement that those who have made their living from the State coffers, have been sadly treated.

THE END OF A LONG ROAD

Even though she had trod the earth for more than one hundred and two years, Boone people were not ready to give up Mrs. Alice Council, their friend, and the friend of their fathers and grandfathers during the decades when this community was her home.

POTATO COMPLAINTS

Mr. D. M. Hale, Federal Seed Loan Field Supervisor, together with Mr. S. C. Eggers of the Production Credit Association, have been making a desperate effort to aid the farmers of Watauga County in disposing of their huge surplus of Irish potatoes.

For instance, a Charlotte broker says: "Trade here says Boone folks don't grade their stock well enough. They run machines too fast, which leaves a lot of 2s with 1s. It would help a lot if you could influence the growers to be a little more careful in grading."

From Durham comes an echo: "We invite your attention to the fact that we have never been able to get an honest No. 1 grade from Western North Carolina and every time we have purchased in that section we have had a lot of argument due to the fact that the shipper expected us to take potatoes with cuts, scabs, pitted holes, and other injury as U. S. No. 1 and our trade here naturally would not take them except at a dis-

count. . . We tried our best to buy potatoes from that section."

All Asheville firm says: "It has been our experience buying potatoes from the farmers of Western North Carolina that it is almost impossible to get them graded to pass the U. S. No. 1 grade."

And so, on and on, through scores of letters the same complaint runs, always with the ending: "we are buying our potatoes from outside growers."

Mr. Hale exhibited a small, well-formed Idaho baking potato, government inspected, U. S. No. 1 grade, wrapped in tissue paper, and which is selling at Asheville at an extraordinarily high price. With cheapened transportation, by water, rail and motor, New York, Maine, Idaho, Michigan and the other potato-producing sections are literally gobbling our own markets by offering a clean product, duly inspected and properly bagged.

It is high time that some sort of concerted effort be made to put Watauga growers in line for the more discriminating and profitable markets. A county agent would help, or better still a man to give his entire attention to grading, packing and marketing aids. As a matter of fact, our folks know how to raise potatoes—plenty of them—but in a year like this the methods followed withhold them from the markets.

Potatoes are being bought right in North Carolina, train and boatloads of them, but the easterners are getting the business, while hundreds of thousands of bushels lie stored in this small county, with little chance of profitable disposal.

THE BOOK

the first line of which reads "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures . . . By BRUCE BARTON

A GARDEN EASTWARD IN EDEN

The first man had a brain over-ruled by a shell of noble creature, a tiny reproduction of the blue curve of the sky. It was this brain within this marvelous arch that pulled him up and gave him a sphere of vision unique in creation.

With some such vague but awe-inspiring strokes history sketches for us the portrait of our first ancestor and leaves him naked, unhonored and nameless. Genesis is much more definite. It gives us his name, Adam, and his dwelling place "a garden eastward in Eden."

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

We witness the creation of the first woman:

And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of Man.

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh

Of all the trees in the garden they might eat the fruit, except one only, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. But lured on by the serpent, they did eat of the fruit of that. They were discovered and promptly punished.

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cats, tle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

As for Adam and Eve, they were cast out of the garden. The ground was cursed with weeds and thistles; hard work and the sweat of their brows was to be their portion until they should return to the dust from which they came. So the Lord drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

CHARACTER IS BORN

A million sermons have been preached about Adam, berating him for his lost innocence. Adam was innocent in the Garden, in the same sense that the sheep were innocent, and the sheep are just as innocent now as they were then. But Adam in Eden had no character, and character is the one good thing which God alone does not create. It is a joint product.

Just what the sin was which is recorded under the symbol of the tree and its fruit we do not know. It is an admirable symbol. The birds in Eden pecked holes in the fruit of that tree, as of many others. No fruit-eating beasts held it in special regard. Adam's sin was something which was

wrong for him but not wrong for beasts and birds, some act of unbridled lust or bloody revenge; and having done it, he knew instantly that it was wrong. Somehow, in this new green universe, remorse and repentance entered into the soul of a living creature, and character began.

"A being such as I should be capable of something better," he said to himself.

How was it that he knew himself to be different from the beasts that perish? Why was he so sure that it was wrong for him and not for them to use his brief opportunity for all it was worth? What persuaded him that God cared?

No matter if the story in Genesis be an allegory; no matter if it summarize in the experience of one man a process which worked itself out through generations or centuries. The central fact remains, that one day somebody stood up against a background of innocent and contented animalism and assumed the self-consciousness and reproach which go with a moral nature. To that somebody, that Adam, we owe a debt which we can never repay. He was earth's first great hero.

Adam in the Garden, fattening on the fruits that grow without labor, has had too much attention. We care little for that brief inglorious period in his existence. It could not last for long. Let us rather remember the latter Adam, contending with thorns and thistles, trying hard to govern the rising generation which perplexed him as it has perplexed succeeding fathers, the Adam who earned his bread with the sweat of his brow, the Adam whose eldest son killed his younger brother, the Adam who courageously, uncomplainingly carried and handed down to his descendants a nature capable of responding to law and duty. That Adam is the first in honor as well as in time. He and Eve sent down to us the qualities that lift us out of the dust from which they came and back to which we, like them, return.

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

TO SAVE MONEY—BORIC ACID

An old, time-tried friend, this Boric Acid Go to your druggist and buy yourself a pound—get the name right—Boric Acid. Not "borax," nor yet "boracic acid." You want a pound of Boric Acid. It need not cost you over fifty cents—possibly not so much. It should be powdered, not crystals.

Then, what have you? It is one of my office "stand-bys."

Well, a first-class dusting powder for the whole family. It is the basis of most dusting powders sold at many times higher prices. You will have saved several dollars in one season by buying this way. It is a good application for wounds, too.

And, you have the stuff to dissolve in water—and you have the very best and safest mouth-wash going; no high-priced mouth "antiseptic" approaches it in efficacy.

Dissolve a little in an ounce of pure boiled water, and you have a first-class wash for inflamed eyes. Your doctor will agree that I am right. Eyes with red, angry lids, from excessive perspiration. Nothing better than boric acid solution.

Then, you've got a remedy for skin inflammations—nearly all kinds. Make up wet dressings with strong boric acid solution and lay them on the inflamed spots—you will be gratified.

Shall I say more? There is no better, safer powder for making a douche—the doctor can give you no better—and it costs nearly nothing. Honest old boric acid! Wives and mothers love it.

There is so much quackery—humbug—these days; you had as well have service that costs you a cent or two as to pay some oily-tongued blatherskite a dollar for the same thing.

OPEN FORUM

Readers are invited to contribute to this department. Profit may be derived from these letters. Name of writer must accompany all manuscript and brevity is urged.

A CARBUNCLE ON GENEROSITY

Editor Democrat:

Stop and think: here in the great County of Watauga, near the historic old town of Boone, nestled near the foothills of towering mountains which with many other nearby peaks that push their summits above the silvery clouds, become lofty steps for the angels to descend to that humble hovel hard by the hills, where the poor, the maimed, the sick and feeble-minded are corralled; to sit and grope in darkness, wondering why the great God of the Universe has dealt so harshly with them; sitting and gazing at unsightly walls, not even a picture of the great Washington, Lincoln or the Christ to cheer their lonely hearts; no light except the moon and stars that peep through the windows at twilight; an electric line passing within one pole's distance of the County Home; not a friend to speak a cheering word; not even a friendly dog to wag a sympathetic tail; no one that ever takes the old dusty Bible down from the shelf to read some of the great promises to the cash-

Wouldn't We Squawk?—by A. B. Chapin

IF WE HAD TO THAW OUT THE OLD CISTERN PUMP TO GET WATER FOR OUR MORNING COFFEE?



IF WE HAD TO CHOP ICE IN THE OLD POND SO THE COWS COULD DRINK?



IF WE HAD TO TAKE OIL REGULAR "SATURDAY NIGHT" LIKE DAD USED TO DO?



IF WE HAD TO WALK TWO MILES TO SCHOOL?



down, the poor and the humble; no one to bend a knee in thankful gratitude to Almighty God for His blessings toward those who occupy this lonely, deserted-looking place; not a bird by day or an owl by night to break the awful monotony of this lonely place.

A heating plant, but discarded on account of a few needed repairs. From whence cometh light and heat? Oil lamps are considered dangerous. No one blamed the keeper of our "poor-house." He is a good man, and is doing all he can for the comfort and welfare of these few forgotten, unfortunate souls on the miserly little pittance the great county affords him. Let's stop and think! Had it not been for the mercies of God, it might have been my mother or your mother. It is a shame and a blot on Watauga that will go down in history as the most inhuman mistake our county has ever made, and long before the winding of the present century, it will become a bugaboo to tell the children to frighten them off to bed, and geter them from mischief.

Now the scene changes. Let every citizen who may chance to travel the highway stop and take a look at the Prison camp. The nicely located home for the negro convicts, with its fine, imposing buildings, its nice dining room, kitchen and laundry, everything for comfort, heat, lights and concrete walks. It looks like the home of a Scottish king. Then, just over the hill about one mile, stop and look again. Behold the run-down, worn-out farm that once was the price of the old, forsaken-looking buildings and fences—not a thing attractive to be seen.

Presently a strange feeling seems to come over you. Something chilly creeps up your spinal column, a feeling similar to that of a black cat crossing the road in front of you. In the great, benevolent heart of the CWA, the PWA, why did they forget this great institution—the home of the aged and infirm? Five hundred dollars will add all the needed comforts—light, heat, nice yard with shade and flowers, porch swings and benches, and a good radio, not for the keeper but for the inmates. This amount will not raise the tax rate one tenth of one per cent. Who would grumble? No one—but all would be pleased to see these poor souls happy and contented.

Will our legislator from this county give us law and regulations whereby these unfortunate souls (nine in number at present) may be provided for and taken care of in adequate manner? If this is done, when he reaches the portals of St. Peter, he will hear the Master say: "Even as ye did it unto one of the least of these you do it unto me. Enter in!"

May the great God add His blessings and mercies to these poor forgotten souls; may he bless our officials, open their hearts and make them feel grateful that through His mercies these unfortunates are not our mothers or our sons and daughters. Give us a home that we can boast of like many other counties in our grand old State. We have the location and the resources. Why not? —J. W. MCGHEE.

Boone, N. C.

BUTLER MAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO REV. WELLINGTON SWIFT

Editor Watauga Democrat:

It has been almost twenty years since I moved from Watauga County, the place of my birth, and during the more than thirty years spent there I learned to know many people, and since leaving my native county I have been made to feel sad many times at hearing of a dear friend and

neighbor's death in Watauga.

Just recently the news came to us that Rev. Wellington Swift was dead, and if you will give me a little space in your paper, I would like to say just a few words in regard to his life of 81 years, which was mostly spent in the Beaver Dam section. It is hard to realize that Preacher Swift has been taken from among us. To know him was to love him. It is doubtful if there ever was another man in Watauga who will be missed more, or was loved so dearly.

"Daddy" (as his children and neighbors called him) had that personality that no one could help but love. I feel that all can say that knew him that the world has been made better by his living in it. It seemed that his efforts through his whole life was to get people upon a higher plain of moral and Christian living, and we who knew him feel that his efforts were not in vain. He was so humble and child-like, void of selfishness, the same each time we met him, in honor or preferring the other man, seeking not his own but the other fellow's wealth.

He made a good living, but it seemed his great desire was to lay his treasure up where it doesn't decay. He was a man who thought if your idea of life was just to make a living for yourself and family and reached no further at making the world a better place by his living in it, it would be like the wild beasts that roam over the mountains—for they make a living.

Brother Swift accepted Christ when quite young, and thereafter to see him was to see Jesus living in his life. We believe "Daddy" was comforted as he trusted his Master when they walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I have heard people say that Brother Swift was the strongest preacher they ever heard, not in books but in spirit. He did not condemn the other preacher for his education, but he did believe he should be a spiritual man, called of God. He studied his Bible a great deal, and believed all of it. He gave many years of his life to the ministry with great success. Under the mighty power of his preaching people both old and young would fall at his feet, seeking to know Jesus. When in our homes or anywhere in his presence, some how we always felt safe from the storms of nature, and also from the storms and temptations of the under world.

He was very zealous and most courageous, but patient in his ministry. If people did not act on his proposition in a revival he would not abuse and scold them as some do. "Daddy" Swift was in my home not so long before he died. He talked to me about his disease. Like the Apostle Paul, he had about finished his course, he had kept the faith, and was ready. He felt it would be better to be absent from the body and present with the Lord, and that death was only a gateway into a more glorious life.

—JOE CULVER.

Butler, Tenn.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN Rev. Kenneth Barrs, Pastor

Sunday School each Sunday at 9:45 Morning service at 11 o'clock and evening service at 8 o'clock.

PASTIME THEATRE BOONE, N. C. PLACE OF GOOD SHOWS

Program for Week Of JANUARY 21:

MONDAY, JANUARY 21 "One Hour Late" with JOE MORRISON & HELEN TWELVETRES

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22 "Sweet Adeline" with IRENE DUNNE and DON WOODS

WED. JANUARY 23 "BABBIT" with ALINE MACMAHON & GUY KIBBEE

SPECIAL! THIS COUPON with ONE PAID ADMISSION will admit two persons on this date only!

THURSDAY, JAN. 24 "BRIGHT EYES" with SHIRLEY TEMPLE and JAMES DUNN

FRIDAY, JAN. 25 "DEATH On THE DIAMOND" with ROBERT YOUNG, MADGE EVANS

SATURDAY, JAN. 26 "Fighting Hero" with TOM TYLER

Special Bargain Matinee, 10c, 15c Night Shows, 10c and 25c. EVENINGS, 7:15 and 8:45 MATINEE AT 3:00

REINS-STURDIVANT THE FUNERAL HOME Licensed Embalmers Funeral Directors Ambulance Service . . . Day and Night PHONE BOONE 24