

Newspapers Top the List

Building and Loan Associations, later known as Savings and Loan Associations, have always been consistent users of newspaper advertising.

Besides the dailies, these savings and home-financing institutions have relied heavily on the county and neighborhood newspapers to carry their messages of thrift to the people.

Alfred G. Peterson, who is President of the National Savings and Loan League, believes the newspaper is the best medium of publicity. He has this to say:

"I feel that advertising is a very profitable investment. But we should not buy

advertising blindly. We should give careful consideration to the appeals and the media we use.

"The medium that tops the list is the medium that reaches the greatest number of people at the lowest cost. It is my opinion the newspaper is that medium. I place the newspaper at the top of the list because it reaches the local market. All of us are really conducting local businesses. We may be bound together into a national industry, but our spheres of influence are entirely local.

"The newspaper reaches precisely the people we want to reach!"

Davy . . . A Hero Or A Phony?

"It had to come sooner or later. Set up a hero and somebody will throw overripe tomatoes at him. It's happened finally to Davy Crockett," says the Milwaukee Journal.

And the Journal continues:

John Fischer, editor in chief of Harper's magazine, takes a historian's look at Crockett in the current issue. The "king of the wild frontier," says Fischer, after some basic but not too difficult research, was never king of anything "except maybe the Tennessee Tall Tales and Bourbon Samplers Assn." And, adds Fischer, "when he claimed he had shot 105 bears in nine months, his fellow tipplers refused to believe a word of it, on the sensible grounds that Davy couldn't count that high."

What the current promoters of Davy Crockett are doing is turning American youngsters into "infant brain washees," Fischer contends. And he supplies facts.

Crockett was a "juvenile delinquent who ran away from home" in order to "dodge a well deserved licking by his father." He spent three years in Baltimore "scratching out a living in various ways he never cared to talk about." He tried to learn to read in order to impress a girl who preferred a suitor who could read, but gave it up as a bad job. He deserted the woman he finally

married "after she produced a small herd of children."

He "weasled his way out of the army" in the Creek war by hiring a substitute. Crockett "became in turn a backwoods justice who boasted about his ignorance of law, an unsuccessful politician, a hack writer, heavily dependent on some unidentified ghost; and a violinist." He was, accepted historical authority has it "a poor farmer, indolent and shiftless." His legend is as "phony as the Russian legend about kind papa Stalin."

There you have it. Millions of kids will undoubtedly call Fischer a spoilsport. But millions of parents won't—especially fathers who are growing mighty sick of this frontier superman whom they have long suspected (in defense of their own status) as a phony.

The Democrat's going to stay with Crockett without in any way discrediting the researcher's information. Till Daniel Boone, whom we've always suspected of being a sort of shiftless squirrel-shooter and tralpsner, is fittingly memorialized in popular song, we're going to have to side with old Davy, right on down to the coonskin cap. We couldn't hope to win against the hero of the Alamo . . . or at least of the juke boxes.

Perils of the Storm

About this time of year, when electrical storms are common, the stock rules concerning safety from the fitful flashes are repeated over and again.

We are admonished against remaining in the open during the storm.

Stay inside, they write, away from the chimney, fireplace and stove.

An open field or a bare hilltop can be a lethal place. Seek shelter. Get to the foot of a steep hill or under a cliff.

Taking refuge under a tree is particularly lethal, we are told, when the thunder peals and the lightning dances over the countryside.

A closed automobile is fairly safe, and lightning rods, which we've always defended, are said to be still useful in carry-

ing a bolt down a cable to the ground.

Of course few people heed the time-worn advice and always tie themselves to the shelter of a tree, where it isn't so wet. Few of us leave the house and gain the sanctuary of an automobile, and we can't remember having hunted us up a cave in which to sit-out a storm.

We have managed to get along fairly well sitting on the porch and watching these displays of the elemental might. Not that we're tempting fate, or anything of the sort. But those who miss the rending of the sky with the jagged flashes of light and hide away from the resounding boom of the thunder, have missed one of nature's most spectacular performances.

Parkway Nears Completion

(Twin City Sentinel)

Despite disputes here and there about locations and construction priorities, the Blue Ridge Parkway is moving steadily to completion. That in itself is good news for Northwest North Carolina, along with the rest of the two-state area bordering the 447-mile scenic road.

One sign of progress was contained in Superintendent Sam Weems' report to the North Carolina National Park, Parkway and Forest Development Commission in Waynesville this week. Mr. Weems said the spectacular Parkway link from Wagon Road Gap to Beech Gap, southwest of Asheville, will be paved in time for the fall color season.

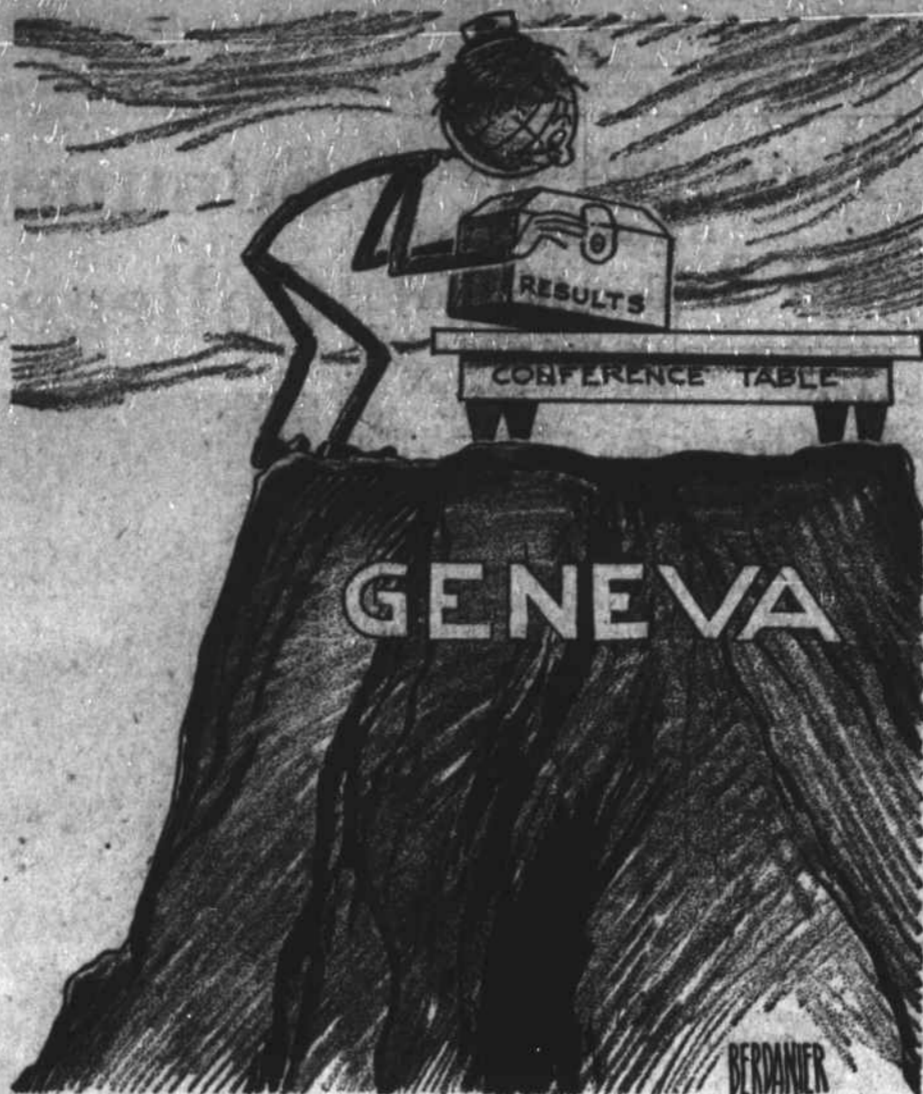
Hugh Morton is within his rights in protesting the plan of the Park Service

to build the Linville-Blowing Rock section of the Parkway high on Grandfather Mountain. So is the Park Commission, an official agency of the state, in urging a high priority for building the rugged Balsam Gap-Soco Gap link near the Parkway's western end. Both deserve consideration by the Park Service and cooperating state agencies.

A spokesman for the Park Service said early this year that the Parkway could be completed by 1965 if Congress continues to make appropriations at the present rate. That anticipated day has been delayed for a long time—and properly so—by wars and economy programs. May nothing else develop to postpone it past the 1965 target date.

WHO GOT WHAT?

By Paul Berdanier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

The Long Lost Weekend

A mathematician will tell you that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. But it ain't necessarily so.

For one instance, a quadruped is a four-legged animal. A horse is also a four-legged animal. But all quadrupeds are not horses.

For another, a "drunk," to employ the vernacular, is a heavy drinker. An alcoholic is a heavy drinker, too. But all drunks are not alcoholics.

The difference lies in WHY he (or she) drinks to excess.

The average heavy drinker does it because he just happens to like the taste and/or effect of the stuff, thinks it will increase his enjoyment of the occasion, and quite often lets his appetite get the better of his judgment. Next morning he'll take a box of aspirin, drink a gallon of black coffee, mutter "never, again" a couple of hundred times, and go on about his business—until the next time.

And if he ever quits—because he wants to or because his doctor scares him into it—he'll never stop bragging about it. He'll tell the poor alcoholic, "You could quit, too, my boy, if you'd just use your will power, like I did!"

Nothing could be further from the truth. The

alcoholic is a compulsive drinker. He feels that he must have a "crutch" of some sort to lean upon, and turns to alcohol as the most convenient. He drinks from one or more of many deep-seated, psychological causes which I have neither the knowledge nor the space to discuss. And he drinks alone, for days, weeks, even months on end, with no thought of anything else.

To illustrate, a man had been drinking at home for several days in a long series of such incidents, and his long-suffering wife finally gave up and went home to mother. She left him sitting in the kitchen with his arms stretched across the table, a bottle in one hand, a glass in the other, staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes, a position he had maintained for several hours.

After a few days she had to go back to see how he was getting along. And here he was, sitting in the same place, apparently not having moved from it since she had been gone. She stamped her foot, cried a little, and went back to mother. He didn't know she had been there.

A week later she came back once more, determined to do something. The status had remained quo. She knocked his elbows from the table, and wailed, "John! How long can this go ON!"

He righted himself with as much dignity as he could muster, painfully focused bleary eyes in her general direction, and replied: "Nev' mind 'at! Where YOU been all afternoon!"

He was an alcoholic.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

July 25, 1895.

Notwithstanding the hard times, quite a crowd attended the show Tuesday.

Rev. J. C. Moses will hold services with Mt. Pleasant Church Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Townsend of Foscoe had a tooth extracted some days since. Blood poison set in at once, which terminated in her death Tuesday night of this week.

A four-year-old child of John McNeil, of Elkville, Wilkes county, tried to cross the Yadkin River on a foot log, lost its balance, fell in the river and was drowned.

We have fourteen townships in this county, and we suppose there are about 100 supervisors of public roads. This will cost the taxpayers \$150 per day.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

July 27, 1916.

Job Blair was in town Tuesday and told the Democrat that the people of Valle Crucis are hauling wagon loads of provisions to the flood sufferers in Globe.

Prof. J. A. Harbeson, a member of the faculty of Davenport College, is in the county this week in the interest of the school.

Miss Lelia Ray of Baltimore, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ray at Horton.

The public school in Boone had a splendid opening Monday morning, there being 104 youngsters assembled.

Register of Deeds W. R. Gragg, assisted by Misses Mary Payne, Verna Wilson, Mabel Topplings and Russell Hodges, is now engaged in making the tax books for 1916.

Fifteen Years Ago

July 25, 1940.

Justin R. Whiting, nephew of W. S. Whiting of Shulls Mills and Butler, Tenn., has succeeded Wendell L. Wilkie as president and member of the board of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation.

Flucie Stewart, head coach and athletic director of Appalachian College, Saturday resigned his

position to join the coaching staff of Delaware University, and college officials on Monday announced their appointment of R. W. Watkins as his successor.

President Roosevelt, declaring in a time of public danger he could not turn his back upon a call to service, Thursday night accepted a third term nomination at the hands of the Democratic national convention in Chicago. Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, was nominated for vice-president.

Lloyd Stout, 16 years old Whaley resident, was drowned in the waters of Watauga River Sunday afternoon. Young Stout, who with another youth of the neighborhood, was bathing in the river, accidentally slipped from a rock into a pool of water more than 10 feet deep.

Mr. Winton B. Rankin, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Rankin of Boone, has received information to the effect that he received the highest average (90%) in his examination before the State Board of Pharmacy last year.

Borrowed Comment

Ladies Pleased

(The Cleveland Press)

The hazards of a common language have been demonstrated again. Some congressional secretaries from Washington, on a co-operative vacation tour of England, were startled to find themselves described in a London newspaper as "homely."

Before all had written letters of protest to their Congressmen, however, a thoughtful diplomat explained to the ladies that they had been paid a high compliment. In England "homely" doesn't mean ugly or unappealing. To say a woman seems homely is to describe her as the domestic type, as distinguished from the women who demand to be taken to night clubs. She's the sort an Englishman would like to marry.

Upon learning that, the secretaries concluded that the English are indeed a people of great discernment.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

PRIVATE PLAYGROUND REPLACES WEEDLOT

Private playground facilities not only fill the need for recreational activity on a limited scale, but serve the esthetic values of the city by utilizing vacant lots, which had been turned loose to the weeds. . . . A case in point is the nice little playground which has been established on South Water Street by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tugman for the use of the children of half a dozen families in the immediate neighborhood. . . . Swings and cross bars, and badminton and croquet have been provided already, and the venture is not completed. . . . As is, adequate playground facilities have been provided for a relatively large group of kiddies at a very small cost. . . . Of course there was clearing away of debris, mowing and the like to be done, but the actual monetary cost of this nice little playground is not over fifty dollars. . . . Other families who have unused land, would do well to follow the Lewis-Tugman example. . . . Those who live near vacant lots will likely find the owners entirely agreeable to having the weeds cleared away and a private playground established. . . . Such ventures, besides providing endless pleasure for the participating families, make the place look good.

THE CHANGING SCENE

A lot of faces have gone from business places along the street in the past fifteen years, and a good many places of business have gone too. . . . In point is a story in the Watauga Democrat of July 16, 1940, listing 26 retailers named to standing committees of the Merchants Association. . . . Only eleven of these remain in the city. . . . Five are deceased, while ten have established permanent abodes elsewhere.

NARROW GAUGE CREW TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD

Sherman Pippin, veteran narrow gauge railway engineer, his fireman, Lorn Harrison, of Boone, and former Conductor Kenneth Jobe are going to be in the movies. . . . The thing started when Gene Autrey bought the last remaining engine from the famed Tweetsie line and her cars, to use as stage props on a five-mile Beverly Knob circuit. . . . Tweetsie is still in Harrisonburg, Va., where Hurricane Hazel messed her up last fall. . . . The singing cowboy bought the trim little train, and is aiming to build her a track out in movieland. . . . Sherm and his cronies have been invited to christen the new run, even as they did the Harrisonburg circuit. . . . And it's of no small local importance that our train will sometime be in the movies and maybe we can see Sherm Pippin at her throttle, Lorn Harrison on the fireman's side, and Kenneth Jobe with his big gleaming watch-chain, punching the tickets as he swaggers down the narrow aisle. . . . And with Sherm's talent for word-gilding, if they let him speak a few words, a star's liable to develop right alongside the panting little engine which used to head-end Boone's shiny narrow-gauge train.

SOAP BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

Radio and television have brought a new word to the kitchens of the country: "washing powders" (note the plural usage) went by the board but it still sounds strange for the janitor to ask for some "detergent" to mop the floors. . . . The soap business has gone a long way since the lye soap of a few years ago, which consisted of a mass of "soap grease" (old meat scraps and the like) eaten into a soft paste by home-made wood ashes lye. . . . It really carried the authority and when mixed in with the "scouring water" left the pine floors white and clean.

Washington Comments

Washington.—It was more than clear at Geneva that there is one China too many, with Soviet Russia committed solidly to mainland China and the United States Committed to the island remnants of Chiang Kai-shek.

Moreover, the China problem is one in which the United States has been forced into a bargaining position, since facts are facts, and mainland China now represents 600,000,000 well-controlled people, apparently as satisfied under Mao as they were under Kai-shek.

Formosa or Nationalist China, contains only about 14,000,000 people. This country's economy is solely dependent on U.S. aid, which reaches into the hundred million figures every year.

Although the China issue was not one of those to be included in the Geneva talks, it came up, nevertheless, at various times, and the Russian and U.S. positions clashed head-on. In the opinion of many allied diplomats, the United States might as well recognize Communist China, since non-recognition does not make the wrong China disappear.

Yet we must stick by the Nationalists, who have 600,000 men under arms and who have been loyal to the United States for years. We cannot abandon them, no more than start a war to put them back in power. But something must be done. The United States cannot expect to keep China out of the U. N. forever.

President Eisenhower probably realizes that Red China will finally get into the U.N. The biggest nation (in population) in the world will have to be recognized by us eventually. We look upon recognition as denoting approval in Washington but in London recognition is thought merely to conform to the facts. No moral conclusions are drawn.

That is true in most of the other countries of the world. The solution in the Security Council of the U.N.—where Nationalist China has a permanent seat — may be to give India that seat and let both

Chinas be members of the U.N.

The Geneva Conference brought more hope to the Americans than anything in years and yet there were those who were opposed to any top official meeting with the Russians. They had said the President would have to sell out to the Russians to reach and accord at Geneva.

But the President did not sell out and never thought he would be tempted to do so. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower knew the Reds better than most Americans realized. It was, after all, Ike who was in Europe, as head of the NATO in 1951 and who had met with Marshal Zhukov, and written to him, during the cold war period.

If ever there was a chance for Ike to bring his personality into play, Geneva gave him the chance. Ike rose to the occasion and, in that first opening day speech, he made it clear that the United States wanted only peace. The Russians immediately felt reassured, though Ike had not offered to give away anything.

The Geneva conference was a great battle from the propaganda standpoint. The world had its attention focused on the Swiss town all one week and whatever impressions went out from there, over the wires, were likely to affect the lives and fortunes of people in every part of the world.

The President's peaceful words were excellent propaganda, and those who had feared that the U.S. would lose the propaganda battle at Geneva were heartened by them. By calling Mr. Eisenhower's utterances propaganda, we do not infer that they were so intended. But the mere fact that the President of the United States would travel three thousand miles to attend a conference, and then tell the world we seek only peace, is good advertising.

Some observers feel that Marshal Georgi Zhukov is behind much of the improved tone in Russian relations and utterances. It was noted at Geneva that he and Eisenhower got on well again.