

## A Cup May Cost Less

That the price of coffee is supposed to drop a mite in the next few days is at least a solid rumor, and brings more than passing interest to those who linger over the steaming Java, and who have found during the days of continuing inflation that the cost of the dark brew represents a considerable sum in the weekly grocery bill.

Some time ago the National Geographic Society told us that Americans consume 60 per cent of the world export of coffee, and interestingly enough, it was also pointed out that our coffee drinking habits are rarely imitated in any other countries.

It would appear that coffee sipping carries its own wealth of custom and tradition. The Frenchman still hies every morning to a sidewalk cafe for his cup of cafe au lait—coffee mixed with hot milk. In Arabia, where the coffee plant was first cultivated, the beans are roasted, pulverized and boiled for each brew. No business deal is complete without coffee. It is served before any bargaining begins—generally without milk or sugar, though sometimes with cardamom seeds. An Arab takes a sip of water before his coffee, but considers an aqua chaser a breach of

etiquet.

Uganda natives concoct a drink of banana and coffee and in between eat raw coffee berries. Algerians, who originated a sweetened cold coffee mixture, mazagan, thus fathered iced coffee. In southern France, mazagan is diluted with seltzer water.

In Ethiopia, where coffee grew wild, Galla tribesmen make rations of ground coffee which is high in protein and fat. One ball of this mixture, about the size of a billiard ball, sustains a warrior for a full day's marching.

Strangely enough, coffee was first regarded as a food, later as a wine and medicine, but for the past 700 years as a beverage. Originally the drink melted trouble, coffee was banned and speak-easies sprang up. By the 19th century, a Turk, when he married, had to promise to keep his wife in coffee. Failure to do so was grounds for divorce.

Anyway, whether one likes the brew bilin' hot or icy cold, it's part and parcel of human existence, and whatever the price, there's no chance of it's losing its standing as the universal beverage.

## Self-Help Program

Farm communities in the Asheville, N. C. area have revitalized themselves through an organized development program that is attracting international attention.

The seven-year self-improvement effort of more than 100 communities in the 16-county area around Asheville is described in a December Reader's Digest article, "When the Whole Town Pulls Together," by John Strohm. The article was condensed from the Farm Journal.

"These communities have rediscovered a grass-roots weapon as old as barn-raising and box suppers," says the writer. "Their secret is the organized community, mobilizing the collective energies of every

man, woman and child to raise the neighborhood by its bootstraps."

The record shows that as a result of the drive to improve, these farmers raised their income from \$2½ million dollars to \$2 million dollars at a time when national farm income was steadily going down.

Broiler income has jumped from \$485,000 to \$5,800,000. Dairy income has increased more than two million dollars, and beef-cattle marketing has risen from 43,000 to 100,000 in four years.

Better health, higher civic spirit, better farming practices, improved youth programs, and more personal happiness are all cited as products of the redevelopment program.

## Throttle, Bottle Deadly

"A loaded gun is no more dangerous than a half-loaded driver," Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, says. "For one thing, the driver isn't recognized as a lethal weapon."

Mr. Dearborn, appealing to civic organizations and enforcement officials to "Back the Attack" against traffic accidents, pointed out that drinking drivers and drinking pedestrians are more prevalent during the Christmas holidays than at any other time of the year.

Because of the emergency traffic situation, with its rising toll, Mr. Dearborn said a year-round "Back the Attack on Traffic Accidents" campaign is being launched this December and will continue throughout 1957.

The purpose of the campaign is, first, to encourage public officials to step up the attack and, second, to stimulate citizens to back the attack on traffic accidents.

The throttle and the bottle were the big reasons why a record 809 persons were

killed in traffic accidents last Christmas, according to a study made by the National Safety Council.

Drinking drivers were involved in 55 per cent of the fatal mishaps, although normally they are involved in around 20 per cent, the study showed. Speed was a factor in 85 per cent, compared with an annual average of 35 per cent.

The most common driver action contributing to fatal accidents was driving on the wrong side of the road or in the center of the road. Failure to observe a signal or stop sign was second. Mechanical failure or tire blowouts were responsible for only four of the fatal accidents studied.

Seventy-five per cent of the accidents happened during dark hours, between 5 p. m. and 7 p. m.

One-third of the pedestrian victims were crossing between intersections, stepping from behind a parked car or walking on a roadway.

## Unsportsmanlike Conduct

(Elkin Tribune.)

There are so-called "sportsmen" who, when going forth to hunt quail and other game, have been responsible for the numerous "posted" areas in rural sections. Fortunately, these are a minority, but their unsportsmanlike activity has been responsible for damaged fences, gates left open, shooting toward a dwelling, leaving litter scattered about and other unthinking treatment of another's property which has penalized the true sportsman as farmers, in self-defense, have put up "No Trespass" signs on their property. Wildlife Clubs and other sportsmen's groups have been fighting the irresponsible hunter for quite some time.

Now comes the Christmas season, and a new type of unsportsmanlike conduct may be expected from otherwise considerate individuals who sally forth to the rural areas to search for a Christmas tree and other evergreens with which to decorate

their homes in this season of "Good will toward men."

Each year there are many instances of unthinking people invading private property and chopping down evergreen trees, and cutting holly, ignoring the fact they may be damaging and defacing another person's property. There have even been instances of trespassing citizens cutting evergreen trees practically in the front yard of a rural home of which the owner happened to be away from at the moment.

Of course it's fun to go in search of a Christmas tree, but reason should prevail and the rights of others considered. And with as many places available where trees may be purchased for a nominal sum, there's no excuse for it in the first place.

Trespass notices are not always effective. But a shotgun loaded with rock salt might be helpful in helping solve the rural dwellers' problem.

By Paul Berdamer



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Tongue-Twisters Trip Top Talkers

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS in newspapers have long since established themselves as leading mirth-provokers, many of them making grotesque sense entirely foreign to their intended meaning.

And in the words of Omar Khayyam in his immortal Rubaiyat (the spelling is pure guesswork), "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Still, a newspaper has one advantage over most other operations in the matter of making mistakes. It can always print a correction in the next issue.

Radio and television, too, have produced their quota of ludicrous slips of the tongue in the form of misplaced letters, transposed syllables, as well as just plain mental lapses. The Saturday Evening Post once printed some of them, and I placed it in the Useless Information file.

"Hark! I hear a white horse coming," "We presented the newed nose analyst," "It's snipe-poking time," and "The urge is needent" are just run-of-the-mike miscues.

Fred Uttall offered an extraordinary prospect on one occasion. "I am here," he stated stoutly, "to introduce Buppert's Rear!" Hearing

him, some listeners were reminded of the announcer who sang the virtues of "Hand's Hind Cream."

Sterling North, literary critic, bade his audience farewell with "This is Sterling Night," saying good north and pleasant reading."

A sportscaster watched a long fly soar into left field. "The fielder is backing up," he reported, "back, way back—he hits his head against the wall, picks it up and pogs it home." He neglected to say whether the outfielder's head reached the plate on the fly or first bounce.

Another announcer put a colleague on the air with "And now we bring you the dope from the ball parks, Doug Arthur!"

At a Red Cross luncheon broadcast from Washington several years ago, an article reported, the master of ceremonies illustrated the unselfishness of General George C. Marshall, then Secretary of State, by telling how the general, between an exhausting trip to China and an impending one to Europe, had taken time to address the meeting, although he had long been looking forward to "a week end in the country with Mrs. Eisenhower."

But it remained for veteran announcer Andre Baruch to tangle a line worse than any novice fisherman. He opened a program with "Good ladies, evening and gentlemen of the audio ruffiance."

That one I don't believe.

## From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

December 3, 1896.

Miss Mary Cole Boyden is visiting friends in Ashe county.

Many of the colored people are taking leave of our county and going to Jellico, the haven of peace and plenty for the colored race.

There is a general rush for the fourth class postoffice by the Republicans. It seems strange to us that men are so anxious for an office that only pays a few dollars per year, but such is life in politics.

Messrs T. F. Coffey and G. W. Councilll have purchased a heavy steam sawmill which will be delivered here this week, and located in the fine forest of Rev. J. G. Pulliam on Howard's Creek. Mr. J. R. Hagaman, an experienced sawyer, will run the mill.

Mr. A. F. Davis died at his home near Todd Monday afternoon.

The United States has discovered a vast gold belt in Alaska that is 500 miles long and from 50 to 100 miles wide. . . . It had been generally supposed that Alaska was not fit for anything when it was purchased by the United States.

The building of a railroad from Cranberry to Linville has been postponed, neither will the Cranberry Works reopen as reported.

President Cleveland has purchased a house in Princeton, N. J., and will make his future home there.

Mark Hanna will go into the McKinley cabinet.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 6, 1917.

Mrs. N. E. Salmons of Route 1 is now at the home of her son, Dr. E. G. Salmons of Boone, and will remain here during the winter.

Mr. Wm. Careader, an aged, well-known and respected citizen of Matney, was found dead in his bed last Saturday morning. The old gentleman had been in his usual good health and had eaten a hearty supper the night before. Inquest was made on Sunday near the old home.

Another vacancy occurred in the Local Ex-

emption Board by the resignation of Attorney John H. Bingham, which was promptly filled by the appointment of Mr. J. D. Councilll. . . . The three gentlemen now composing the board are Messrs John Lewis, J. D. Councilll, with Dr. H. B. Perry examining physician.

Appalachian Training School Items: Capt. Lovill has presented to the Museum two valuable old relics, a powder horn which his great grandfather John D. Reeves carried in the Revolutionary War, he being in the 10th Continental Line; the other, a large well-preserved Indian axe.

Rev. Mr. Powell, with his wife and little children, arrived in the village yesterday evening. The parsonage not being in readiness they stopped at the Blackburn Hotel, but will move as soon as their household effects arrive and a little more work can be done on the building.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Bingham a baby boy.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 4, 1941.

Funeral services for William Bingham, well-known farmer of Vilas, were conducted last Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the Henson's Chapel Methodist Church. The pastor, Rev. M. A. Osborne, was in charge of the rites, and interment was in the nearby cemetery. . . . Mr. Bingham died almost suddenly Wednesday afternoon.

Duke University will meet Oregon State College in the Rose Bowl football game New Year's day.

The last general assembly enacted a law which provided that trucks owned and operated by farmers may be licensed for one-half the registration fee when the trucks are used for transporting farm products and farm supplies.

A. Lovén, representative of the Metro Publicity Service, who is said to have swindled a number of local merchants recently on a give-away advertising plan, has been apprehended and is now being held in Roxboro for trial there on similar charges. It is expected that he will be returned to Boone for trial in the near future.

By ROB RIVERS

ON THE POSTOFFICE . . . A GAY SANTA

The lights along the streets are prettier this year than usual, and supply a colorful note to the holiday shopping season. . . . Atop the postoffice is a handsome addition to the festive color scheme—a big Santa Claus, on which beams a floodlight under which acting postmaster Lyle Cook says he plans to have some wording in line with early Christmas mailing. . . . The Santa, expertly cut from a piece of plywood, and gaily painted by Cecil Farthing, postoffice employee, rests against the south side of the cupola, and the Postmaster, Mr. Farthing and others are to be congratulated upon the added bit of color. . . . Incidentally this rosy-cheeked Santa feasting against the little tower, reminds us that one time we had a movement promoted to place a four-faced clock in the cupola to strike the hour and let all and sundry know the time. . . . As we recall it, permission was secured from the post office department for the installation of a timepiece at community expense, but money being short in most pants pockets along the street, at the time the thing was dropped.

THE GYP GAME . . . MAYBE BEARED UGLY HEAD

And there were still recollections of the guy who came to town and swindled all and sundry on a super clock deal. This likely had to do with our going out of business on our postoffice proposal. . . . The fellow had sold stock in the time-piece which was to be installed on the bank building, and besides pointing to the hours with mammoth hands, was to have barometric readings, a temperature scale, and other niceties not usually associated with the courthouse-town type of clock. Money was a bit tight, but the fellows chipped in right and left with their fifty-dollar contributions, and the prescribed sum was raised without difficulty. The agent vanished, the money went with him, and the grand clock down on the corner failed to materialize.

TIME HEALS . . . IT'S STILL A GOOD NOTION

And since time has healed the wounds caused by the clever crook a long time ago, we still think it's a fine idea, if the government is yet willing, to place a clock in the postoffice cupola. The thing actually looks like it was built for something other than a base for a set of directional pointers, and if the Post Office Department would add its blessing again, we'd still like to subscribe to the public clock fund. . . . Such an instrument, we know, would add nothing to the progress and development of the community, but we think it would be kind of nice.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . RANDOM THOUGHTS

Herb Shriner's December 1 telecast winds up with wishing all the viewers a happy Thanksgiving Day, ten days after the turkey had been carved and the football games played. . . . Most of the programs we see during the summer, that is the dramatic presentations, had been seen year after year, reminding of the old saw about the country newspaper publisher who ran last week's forms again when the printer blew the town over the week-end. . . . But he couldn't hope to get by with it now. . . . Only television can survive the like. . . . The gooey stickers they put on one's automobile are next to impossible to remove, and there are a lot of folks who don't want to use their private automobile for a billboard. It's sort of like tolerating a circus poster on the front door. . . . The glitter of the stores—the baby dolls, coaster wagons, bikes, and the happy-faced children making the rounds of the shopping section. . . . Paul Ragan, 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Ragan, of Rutherford, crying for lack of snow and giving his parents a hard time, because they "won't move to Boone so I'll have somefing to make a snow man wif."

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

About half a block in front of me on 42nd Street, I could see that a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk. Pedestrians who wanted to pass had to walk out in the street, and those at the edge of the crowd were trying to push their way inward. Wondering what the excitement was, I hurried my steps and as I came closer saw some smoke arising from the midst of the human congestion. It was at least a good fire, I thought, the reporter's instinct being fed by this never-failing fascination. Edging and elbowing my way in, not too rudely I trusted, I came upon the cause of the crowd: it was a new hamburger stand with a beaming colored cook inside the window blithely cooking the meat morsels and realizing that he was the center of the excited attention.

Progress has been made in raising the pay of teachers—but a look at the local situation, in which the highest salaries in the United States are paid to educators, indicates that there is still something to be desired: for example, a bus boy at the El Morocco nightclub gets \$80 a week for carrying dishes back and forth to the kitchen; while a teacher in the New York City schools starts at \$72 a week.

New York has 75 foreign-language newspapers besides several which strive to do a job in English. This is vividly brought out in a new book entitled "New Horizons, USA" which Pan American World Airways has just brought out and which is designed to increase the \$600,000,000 which foreign visitors spend annually in this country. For instance, the book describes Maine clam chow-

der, Baton Rouge, La. creole food, Mexican food in Texas, and Southern cornbread as well as Middle Western vegetables. Hotel accommodations, local history, restaurants, shops, schools etc. are handily set forth. The only thing which seems lacking is that some of the outstanding small towns are not covered.

A local publisher reports that "ancient evemen chiselled their literary efforts with a couple of stones. Elizabethan poets wrote their sonnets with quill pens. The typewriter is the standard tool of modern authors. But Noel Loomis of Wisconsin does it the easy way: he writes his books on a Model 15 Linotype machine right in his own basement." Apparently this writer finds it easier to concentrate on the line and turn out some 3,100,000 words a day in this manner, usually western stories. But to please the publishers, he has this copy typed before it is sent in.

Ambassador Clare Boothe who recently got the "Luce treatment" is said to have been in ill health for some time. One day she stopped at an Italian hotel and was so weary that she merely told the clerk to get her name off her luggage, then she retired to her room. Next morning she found she was registered as "Miss Guaranteed Cowhide."

A local minister remarks that if anyone wants to see happy faces, he should not expect to find them on Broadway. "There are too many people there who are chasing happiness," he continued. It is true that you have to have a certain (Continued on page 4, 2nd section)