

A PRAYER . . . FOR THE PARENTS

Mrs. C. E. Ulery, who came up with her family from Florida many years ago, to establish a summer residence in Boone, and who loved the community, her people and institutions, passed away a few days ago. . . . In cleaning up the desk, we ran across a prayer which Mrs. Ulery had recently sent us by Mrs. Rivers, with the word that "maybe you can use it sometime."

. . . Titled "A Prayer for Parents," the sheet came from the Bible of Mrs. C. E. Harrison, Mrs. Ulery's Sunday School teacher for twenty-five years. . . . A part of the bulletin of the Riverside Park Methodist Church, Jacksonville, Fla., the prayer contains sound logic, is good for parents, we think, and gives an insight into the sort of priceless values Mrs. Ulery cherished. . . . Originally used in line with a Mother's Day observance, we think it's just as good right now:

"O God, make me a better parent. Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and to answer all their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them, talking back to them, and contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them to be to me. Give me the courage to confess my sins against my children and to ask of them forgiveness when I know that I have done them wrong.

"May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my children. Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes or resort to shame and ridicule as punishment. Let me not tempt my child to lie and steal. So guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

"Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. May I cease to nag; and when I am out of sorts help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue.

"Blind me to the little errors of my children and help me to see the good things that they do. Give me a ready word for honest praise.

"Help me to grow up with my children, to treat them as those of their own age; but let me not expect of them the judgments and conventions of adults. Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves, to think, to choose, and to make decisions.

"Forbid that I should ever punish them for my selfish satisfaction. May I grant them all their wishes that are reasonable, and have the courage always to withhold a privilege which I know will do them harm.

"Make me fair and just, so considerate and companionable to my children that they will have a genuine esteem for me. Fit me to be loved and imitated by my children.

"With all thy gifts, O great God, give me calm and poise and self-control.—Amen."

IN THE PULPIT . . . ANOTHER SON

Rev. E. F. Troutman, always happy, it seems, was doubtless even more chipper the other day, when he told us his second son, Jerry, was to preach his first sermon at the elder Troutman's church, Grace Lutheran, last Sunday. . . . Jerry is in his second year at the Lutheran Seminary, Columbia, S. C. . . . His older brother, Edwin, completed his seminary work five years ago, and is pastor of the Falls Church, Alexandria, Va. . . . The Troutman boys are to be congratulated on taking up the Christian ministry, and our fondest hope for them is that they shall follow closely in the footsteps of their father, whose presence and ministry have contributed so magnificently to the welfare of this community.

CURIOUS PUMPKIN . . . HERE AND THERE

Mr. A. A. Greene of Vilas, fetches us a curious vegetable combination, which leans both to the pumpkin and squash. . . . Grown on a squash vine, the stem end of the thing, obviously a pumpkin, encases, acorn-like, a perfect squash. . . . So there's nothing to hinder one having a mess of squash and a pumpkin pie, off the same stem. . . . Bitsy imported cars flitting in and out amongst the American behemoths of the road, like rabbits in a horse race. . . . The crowds which are gathering to take a ride on the Tweetsie train signaling success for the project. . . . Charles Blackburn says dry weather is playing havoc with crops in northern Virginia, and that cattle are being placed on feed in many cases.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Chatting with Billy Graham, I asked what he thought of this big town, now that he has finished his crusade against the devilish aspects of what some have called this "Sodom-on-the-Hudson." He turned his handsome head slightly, stuck out that firm chin and said, "New York City is really a wonderful town. It has its sinners—but so does my Montreat, North Carolina. Never have I had such an experience before as facing a million people. There are good and bad folks here—just more of them. And I've reason to believe that by speaking straight to them in language they understood, many of them have come to accept God in a way they never did before. At least that is my fervent hope and my prayer."

New Yorkers don't try to keep up with Texans. The Lone Star inhabitants are so far ahead of Gothamites that it is pitiful, especially when it comes to wearing sport shirts instead of coats in hot weather. An Amarillo resident here the other day was telling how he breakfasts in an air-conditioned home; drives to work in his air-conditioned car; spends the day in an air-conditioned office—then asks his secretary to make him an appointment for a Turkish bath.

Another place which seems to be doing us one better is Cuba. Down in Havana, according to the Cuban Tourist Development

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Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Fluff, Guff, and Stuff

IT'S JUST AS WELL, perhaps, that expert advice is not always followed by everyone.

A doctor of psychology poses in print the question, "Should your son or daughter attend a large university to study science?" His answer:

"No. Send him or her to a medium-sized liberal arts college. It was found that 39 small liberal arts colleges produced the largest proportion of famous scientists listed in 'American Men of Science'."

If enough people heeded this counsel, the small colleges would soon become large universities, and by his reasoning, turn out inferior scientists.

IT WAS THE SAME learned doctor, I believe, who wrote: "Women follow instructions more exactly than men do, can wriggle out of tight social situations, and make fewer social 'boners.' Men should consider this when choosing their wives."

That's right, fellas—be sure the wife you choose is a woman!

PIDDLING PUDDLE—Over in Merrie Olde Englande, they've solved the riddle of Piddle—

or, if you prefer, settled the muddle of Puddle.

The county council, says a news story, recently voted to change the ancient name of the little community of Puddletown to Piddletown, which is more dignified, they decided, and would also conform with the name of the river Piddle which flows through the middle of the town of 761 population. "Piddling nonsense!" roared the shocked Puddlers. They insisted Piddle was even more undignified than Puddle and demanded the name be changed back. The startled council said it had meant no harm and agreed to go back in a huddle on the muddle of the puddle. They changed it back to Puddletown.

Well, everybody to his own taste, I always say, but personally, I'd just as soon be a piddler as a puddler—and vice, as well as versa.

CLEAR AND FREQUENT—"More women than men" states an item, "are being used on airport control tower microphones because feminine tones broadcast more clearly than a man's."

Also on a higher, you might say, frequency. NO PROBLEM—"Inflation can be whipped," declares an article in the Harvard Business review, "but only if the public is willing to make sacrifices."

Probably, but when the prices are inflationary and the income is not—the sacrifices are automatic.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

July 29, 1897

John D. Rockefeller has given the Baptist people a gift of \$250,000 which has paid off their joint mission debt of the home and foreign missions. Rockefeller's gift was contingent on the two institutions raising the same amount, making \$500,000 in all.

The report that the papers gave of a man being murdered by a Mormon elder down in this state a few days ago has been denied, so we are not able to state further about the matter. We hope it is not so, however.

On Tuesday morning Mr. James Smith, who lives near Popular Grove, lost his home and entire contents by fire, leaving himself, wife, and five little children without food, shelter, or raiment. Mr. Smith is a hard-working man, and it is the duty of the public to help him as much as they can. He says he will be more than thankful for any contribution, be it ever so small.

Married at 6 P. M. yesterday, Mr. J. G. Lovin of Montezuma, to Miss Maggie, youngest daughter of Mrs. Patrick of Shulls Mills. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother, and a sumptuous repast was spread for the invited friends and relatives. The Democrat extends congratulations.

On last Sunday James Bower (col.), who wished to make a short trip to Blowing Rock, stole a horse from the stable of J. M. Moretz and proceeded on his journey. Mr. Moretz missed the horse and followed the young negro, and recovered his horse at Blowing Rock. The negro is young, but deserves severe punishment for this bold act.

Moses H. Cone is buying more lands adjoining his large tract known as the Norwood lands. If reports are true, he will soon reach out his possessions within two or three miles of our town, which will nearly connect Boone and Blowing Rock. We wish him much success in his enterprise in our county.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

August 1, 1918

Mr. Joe Flannery, after an absence of 49 years, and long mourned as dead, arrived at the home of his son, Mr. Sam Flannery, on Brushy Fork, a short while ago, hale and hearty at the age of 85 years. His son had never seen the light of day when he departed, and the wife, after many years of waiting for her departed husband was married again, and passed to her reward only a little more than a year ago. The son is delighted to have his father with him, and in the bigness of his heart, will bend his every energy to make the last days of his father, whom he

Fishing, Hunting Top List

When you see a lad sending a redworm diving for suckers or vedeyes in New River, or view a youngster taking a bead on a rabbit late some afternoon, you're not only taking a look at some folks having a lot of fun, but are seeing a small segment of the biggest business in the sports category.

According to an American express travel survey, while four million golfers are crowding more than 5,000 courses, thirty-two million sportsmen are fishing from the Catskills to the high Sierras, and will later follow the flyways of migrating ducks, and stalk deer from Maine to Louisiana.

Fifteen per cent of the sportsmen are women, and the fair sex accounts for four and a half million anglers. Despite the ruggedness of the sport, a half million women go out for hunting.

Fishermen and hunters will spend three billion dollars this year on lodging, equipment, boat rentals and guides.

Tackle companies will realize more

than \$243,000,000 and hunting suppliers another \$350,000,000, according to a national survey conducted for the United States fish and wildlife service.

The sportsman will dole out 85 millions for license fees—38 millions for fishing, nearly 47 millions for hunting, to say nothing of the many unlisted items of expense which go into a trip to the coast or up the inland streams in quest of fish, or into the swamps and mountains for deer or quail or bear or pheasant.

And, fishing and hunting contribute appreciably, not only to the pleasure of the local citizens, but to the economic welfare of Watauga county. More and more hunters and fishermen are coming from the lowlands to try for a trout or to do some grouse shooting in the autumn, maybe settling for a bunny. And while fishing "ain't what it wuz," to quote an old redworm dunker, a lot of people are lining our creeks and rivers. They'll be back with their guns, come fall.

"Backside Of Heaven"

When Leroy Sossamon of Bryson City attended Appalachian back in depression times and visited the Watauga Democrat office now and again, to pass the time of day, we didn't know verses about the high hill country were flitting through his mind like summer zephyrs.

But they were.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sossamon's book, "Backside of Heaven," which has just been published, was written during the author's residence here, and the volume carries word of a mountain man's love for the hill country, of his knowledge of its people and their traditions, more specifically people of Boone.

The verse is well written, and we submit a few lines from the Daniel Boone poem:

Two sentinel peaks stood hard north
And a valley sprawled below;
Here a summer's wind made merry sport,
And the buck with his maiden doe

90 Years Of Life-Saving

The Midgett family of Cape Hatteras, N. C., makes its living saving lives.

It's a family occupation, has been for nine decades.

Since the 1870's generations of Midgetts have rescued mariners along this lonely wind-swept shore.

Don Wharton tells this unique family history in an August Reader's Digest article titled, "The Mighty Midgetts of Hatteras," condensed from the American Mercury.

Wharton reports that as surfmen and station keepers in the old Live-Saving Service of the 1870's the family was represented in a dozen stations along the Outer Banks. Today, three Coast Guard Stations are headed by Midgetts and other Midgetts serve elsewhere in the ranks.

The oldest hero among the Midgett clan was John H. Midgett, surfman at the Cape Hatteras station back in 1884. On De-

ember 22 of that year the barkentine "Ephraim Williams" was spotted five miles off the Cap flying a distress signal.

Midgett and his men saved nine men that day.

The latest Midgett rescue was only three years ago in 1954 when the Honduran freighter "Omah Babun" struck a bar 250 feet from the Hatteras shore. The Coast Guardsman who discovered the stranded ship was Ellery Midgett II. The surfman who fired the line to the ship's bow and secured the buoy that pulled the Babun's 14 man crew ashore was Edward Midgett; and the boatswain's mate who helped direct the rescue was Edison Midgett.

Ten members of the family have received the Life-Saving Medal of Honor, the highest Coast Guard award for rescue work.

On Learning To Say 'No'

(The Clarion-Ledger and Jackson Daily News)

The "yes men" in this world contribute but little to its upbuilding. . . . It is the "no men" who accomplish worthwhile things. . . . "No" is one of the shortest words in the English language, and one of the most meaningful. . . . "No" is the concentrated Declaration of Independence of the soul.

Saying "no" at the proper time indicates you have courage in your heart and iron in your soul. . . . "No" is the citadel of character, and can remain impregnable forever. . . . "No" is the only path to reformation. . . . If you want to quit a bad habit, no matter what it may be, you must learn to say "no" and mean it.

"No" is the steam-gauge of strength, the barometer of temperament, the infallible measure of moral force. . . . "No" has saved more women than all the knights of chivalry. . . . The girl who can say "no" and stick to it never becomes a prostitute. . . . "No" has kept millions of young men

from becoming thieves, drunkards, profligates and criminals of all kinds. . . . "No" is the high wall that preserves the innocence of the innocent.

"No" is the thick wall of the home, keeping the father from folly, the wife from indiscretion, the boys from ruin and the girls from shame. . . . "No" is the one word you can use when you can't think of anything else. . . . "No" is a word that requires neither explanation or apology. . . . "No" is the mule power of the human mind. . . . "No" is the word to say when you mean what you say and have the courage to stick to what you say.

The best rule of life is to live your own life. Make your own resolutions. Form your own program. Determine your own conduct. Plant around these a barricade composed of the word "no." Then nobody can push you around and nobody will dare step on your toes. "No" is a mighty fine word. Use it frequently.