

School Fires

Another school fire of fantastic proportions swept through a Chicago parochial school Monday, taking 93 lives, and filling the hospitals with the maimed and dying students.

With eighteen more minutes to go until dismissal time, the flash fire swept through the three story building, filling the rooms and corridors with flame and smoke in almost a twinkling. Firemen said it was a good building, too.

All this gives pause to a community and a county, which have thus far been spared the horror of a school fire.

Cold weather like we have here results in overtaxed heating plants on some occasions and contributes to the fire danger, while accumulating rubbish, and carelessness in boiler rooms, kitchens and among the students with their matches and cigarettes could all be contributing factors.

While the agonies of the Chicago fire are still being portrayed on the front pages and on the television screens would be a good

time to take stock of the fire situation in our schools, to determine whether or not all the safeguards for our children are being provided, to check heating systems, and to make sure that every effort has been made to provide the greatest degree of safety.

At the same time, we should make certain that an adequate number of fire escapes are made available so that buildings may be evacuated in the shortest length of time.

Many of the schools which have suffered from these lethal blazes have been fine buildings. The one in Chicago, while fairly old, was considered in good shape. This all goes to prove that there's danger wherever children gather in heated classrooms, or even in all the homes in which we live.

It's timely to check the schools, like we said. Wouldn't be amiss to check fire hazards in all our other buildings at the same time. We might be able to save some lives.

Season Of Light

The colored lights, which at Christmas times, have brightened the street in the shopping district for decades, are to be turned on next Saturday, to add esthetic appeal and to make for added interest in getting the shopping season underway.

The lighting program usually starts with Thanksgiving but there has been a delay this year. Anyway the lights are now being installed and there will be brightness again come week's end.

This is all to the good, and should enliven the Christmas shopping season in the community, where so much money, time and effort has been spent in promoting a shopping center second to none in this section of the state.

The merchants are putting their best foot forward in the matter of Christmas merchandise, and never have more complete stocks been featured than this year.

Christmas shoppers will find wide varieties of everything from the tiniest toy through mountainous stocks of gift merchandise and apparel to the sportiest new

automobiles, all ready for Christmas morning.

If you don't find what you want in Boone you just haven't looked good enough. Visit our merchants often during the remaining days before Christmas and take advantage of the values being offered in the many stores and shops of the community.

And always bear in mind that your local merchants channel their profits into avenues of city and county betterment, support all local institutions, and contribute to every worthwhile movement.

Do your shopping early, while selections are good, and at home.

In America when a politician loses, he's out of office. In Russia he's out in Siberia.

Nov. 27-Dec. 25 is both "Holiday Eggnog Time" and "Worldwide Bible Reading Month." How incongruous!

Seems as if every general is writing a book about World War II. Bet you what the staff sergeants could write about the generals would be more interesting.

Keep The Cork In

One for the road often means two or more for the hospital, the National Safety Council says.

In a stepped-up campaign against Christmas holiday drinking and driving, the Council has asked its 8,000 business and industrial members to take a new look at their office parties and either keep the cork in the bottle or eliminate the parties.

The Council also is enlisting the support of churches of every faith and creed to keep the threat of drinking drivers to a minimum over the Christmas season.

"We have no desire to dampen the Christmas spirit," the Council said. "We only want to eliminate a definite source of death and destruction on the highway."

Council surveys show that a drinking driver was involved in 55 per cent of the Christmas holiday accidents last year.

Social drinkers—not the obvious drunk—are the big menace on the highway, the Council warned. Car weavings of the obvious drunk usually can be detected or avoided, but the social drunk, whose critical judgment is impaired even with a small amount of alcohol, appears normal until his wits fail him in an emergency.

Three hours are needed to work off the effect of two cocktails, the Council warns the social drinker. And coffee doesn't help. Only time will eliminate alcohol from the blood stream.

The Javits Outlook

(Chicago Tribune)

The "modern" Republican view, also shared by the New Dealers, that most benefits stem from the federal octopus is set forth by Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York in a message of cheer to his constituents. He says that 13 major federal departments and agencies have funneled 28 billion dollars into New York from mid-1952 thru mid-1958.

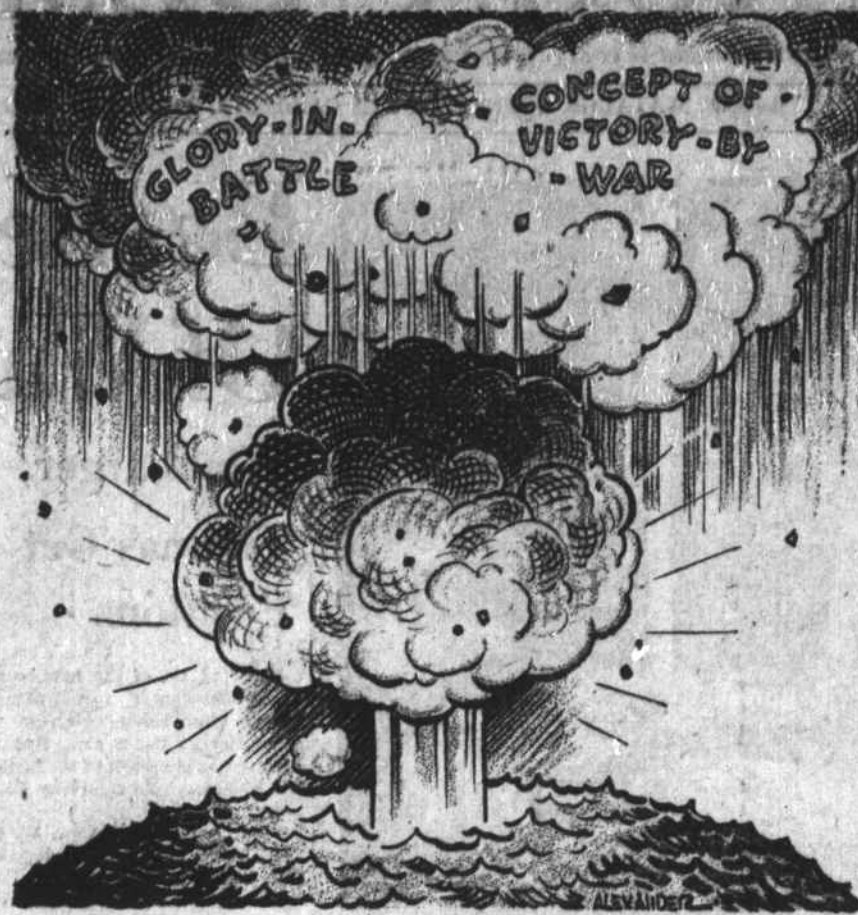
"Now we are able to estimate in terms of dollar value the indirect economic benefit of expenditures by the state and local governments, by individuals, new business investment, and sales generated by federal expenditures in New York," the senator said. "We must also take into account the innumerable instances in which loans or grants were made on condition that matching funds or cash down payments were made by the state. Thus federal funds generated additional public and private

spending which might not otherwise have benefited our economy in the state."

Thus, according to the Javits theory, be happy when you give to the federal tax collector, for the more you give the greater the "benefits" you will get back. On this theory, total happiness and total "benefits" would presumably be achieved when the collector took total earnings—a condition toward which we sometimes seem to be heading.

If there is a flaw in Sen. Javits' computations, it is that while New York was getting back 28 billion, it was, in the same period, paying 83.6 billion into Washington. This represented personal income, corporation, excise, and all other federal taxes. A return of \$1 for \$3 hardly seems the best way to make your fortune, but Mr. Javits thinks this is a sweet deal.

Exploded Way Back At Bikini



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Collector's Items

SOME PEOPLE COLLECT stamps, match-books, or snuff boxes.



Others collect old pipes, old guns, old cars, or just their old age pension.

Some merely collect aches and pains.

But I collect headlines. At least that's what I've been doing lately. They're all of a kind, naturally, and they make a curious collection, indeed, everything considered. They go like this:

"OFFICER CONVICTED In Killing."
"Constable Shot By Political Rival."
"Judge, Former Court Clerk, Go On Trial."
"Policeman Charged With Wife's Murder."
"Probe Of Birmingham Police Ordered."
"Deputy Fined \$100 For Cutting Man During Fight."
"Eight Border Policemen Convicted Of Murder."
"Deputy Acquitted In Death."
"Policemen's Meet Rocked By Underhand Voting."

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago
December 8, 1898.

Joe B. Clark and Joe Blackburn, both of Blowing Rock, have recently sold their farms located near that place to Moses H. Cone of Baltimore, who now owns about 3,000 acres of land up there. The Brady house has been sold to a Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Henry Coffey has taken the contract to build a large dam for Mr. Cone and other deals have been made there. Truly the Blowing Rock people are on a move.

On last Monday the new county officers were sworn in and filled their bonds. The Board of County Commissioners organized by electing W. C. Coffey chairman. This was the proper thing for them to do and everybody expected it. The new Clerk, Register of Deeds, etc., took charge of their respective offices.

Will the Legislature pass the Australian ballot law or call a constitutional convention? A Populist State officer told us yesterday that he and his people would gladly vote for such a convention and settle at once and for all the race problem in North Carolina.

G. B. Calloway, who has been living in Boone for the past two years, is moving to the home of his father-in-law, Sheriff Calloway, at Foscoe. This is a good and highly respected family leaving our town and we are sorry to give them up.

On the 27th ult. Mr. John Sherrill and Miss Birdie Holsclaw of Blowing Rock were married at the residence of R. K. Hartley, Esq., who performed the ceremony.

Rev. A. L. Stanford has been sent back to the Boone circuit for the next year. Rev. Mr. Raper gets the Watauga work and Rev. Mr. Dawson goes to Taylorsville.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago
December 4, 1919.

Mr. Gilley, superintendent for the Boone Fork Lumber Co., with headquarters in Boone, has begun construction on the company's tram road, leading from W. W. Rogers' east of Boone to their immense boundaries of fine timber north of the Rich Mountain. The extreme length of the line, we are told, will be about 15 miles. Mr. Gilley wants 50 men to work on the grade.

Uncle Tom Sullivan, now 68 years of age, had not been possess hunting until Thanksgiving night, when he sallied forth with lantern, dog, and boy his junior by just 60 years, to try his hand at the game. He returned at 10 o'clock, bringing with him two trophies of the hunt.

Mr. C. A. Grubb, one of Watauga's prominent citizens, after a very brief illness, died at his home on Route 1 last Saturday and interment was made in a nearby cemetery on Sunday. Mr. Grubb was about 70 years of age and the county could not boast of a better man. . . . Cy will be missed in the community where he lived.

Messrs J. Motley Morehead, candidate for Congress in the ninth, Sharp of Statesville and

"Ex-Judge Released On Bond."
"Chicago Police Club Saves Officers From Drink."
"Police Convicted In Arab Deaths."
"Deputy Sheriff Faces Murder Charge."
GETTING SO THE only place you can tell the good guys from the bad guys is on television.

ALSO IN THE man-bites-dog category was the Frenchman who said he was leaving America because it is too sexy.

"Even ze highway signs are sexee," he said. "First, 'Soft Shoulders,' then 'Dangerous Curves,' then '5 gals for \$1.00,' then 'Try Ethyl,' and then 'Caution—Children!'"

A SOMEWHAT DELAYED news report says that David, King of Israel, was twice as rich as the richest country in the world. His wealth, in present-day purchasing power, would equal \$120,000,000,000. (That's billions, Mabel.)

And with all those wives he and his boy Solomon had, they probably needed it.

SAW THIS EPITAPH in a TV Western: "Here lies George, no wonder he's dead—the wheel of a wagon ran over his head."

Caviness of North Wilkesboro were guests at the home of Republican State Chairman F. A. Linney Sunday night. They all left on the 6:30 train Monday for Newland, Avery county, where Mr. Morehead opened up his campaign for Congress.

Prof. I. G. Greer, Messrs E. S. Coffey, W. R. Gragg and R. C. Rivers left yesterday for Charlotte, where they were initiated into the rites of the Mystic Shrine. Mr. E. W. Cole accompanied them.

Mr. Oscar Phillips of Sugar Grove, was in town Monday, having with him his aged mother, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, which was the good lady's first visit to the Watauga metropolis in forty years, notwithstanding the fact that she lives only nine miles distant.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 2, 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Goodman have opened a new ready to wear shop in the building formerly occupied by the Nettie Lee Shop and are featuring a complete line of clothing for misses, women and children. The Goodmans have successfully operated a shop in West Jefferson for a number of years and because of the fact they have a number of customers here they have opened a store here.

Mr. Lyle Cook of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., is now at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Cook, before entering the armed forces in December.

Funeral services for Mrs. Laura Mitchell, wife of Osier Mitchell, were held at the Mission Baptist Church Sunday afternoon, November 28. Mrs. Mitchell died at the ripe old age of 72 years on November 27. Besides her husband she leaves a host of relatives and friends.

Claud Brown, member of a prominent Watauga county family, died at his home at Heaton, Avery county, Tuesday afternoon, according to information reaching Boone Tuesday night.

Appalachian State Teachers College has been placed on the approved list of the American Medical Association, standardizing credits in pre-medical training, it was announced by Dean J. D. Rankin as the fall term came to a close last week. The college also gives pre-dental and pre-law work.

The annual toy matinee to be held at the local theatre again this year, promises to be one of the biggest and best ever held in Boone.

Now's the time when people start buying this year's Christmas gifts with next year's money.

In 1763 Mason and Dixon drew a line. In 1958 the courts are rubbing it out.

Congressional investigations of union officials are uncovering some checkered careers that ought to be in striped suits.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Here Again . . . Said They Wanted It

The last couple of weeks, King Street has been absent from this corner, the only times we've failed to do some columning of one kind or another in several hundred weeks. . . . Seriously, it was felt that apt as not something different might be better, that change and improvement were oftentimes blood brothers, and that variety is, after all, quite often a spicy condiment. . . . And while we're not going to take the line "by popular request" from our friends in the show business, actually some of the folks have been insisting that we give down with some more of the trivia and chimney corner philosophy and whimsy which have made of this space at least something of a journalistic oddity. . . . We've received a lot of letters which we appreciate, some of our friends have dropped by to say we ain't doin' them right, and some have been kind enough to take time from their busy schedules to place telephone calls to say put it back. . . . And we were touched when the sweet young thing said she cried when her column couldn't be found right where it had been all through her lifetime. . . . A lot of folks of intellectual attainment and of more than the average amount of country sense, surprised us by saying that considerable of their enjoys came from our banged-up typewriter. . . . Human tendencies being what they are, we have enjoyed these complaints from our readers—actually they've tended to warm the cockles of our heart, and after sleeping over the thing for a few chilly nights, we've decided to keep King Street in business right on, with the hope that the good kind people who've missed it, along with many others, will continue to read it, and maybe get some amusement, an occasional worthwhile notion, a smile or even a tear when the community's been hurt.

And After All . . . We Need It Too

Without some sort of personal column, we have a lot of stuff that just won't fit in. . . . There are gems of solid wisdom from our old friends over the county, bits of wit and oddities in the news which we gather up and down the street, which has perhaps claimed as much of our shoe leather as that of any other person here . . . without a column, we couldn't do much with a gourd-shaped egg, or a flattened cucumber, or a skunk in the kitchen, apple blossoms in February, or tales of wooly worms and corn shuckings and willow buds and the first warble of the blue birds, when winter's been routed and there's spring in the breeze. . . . Fact is, we've grown lonely in just two weeks without the column. . . . It's maybe more fun for us than we've ever allowed ourselves to believe. . . . It makes for us a sort of session on the cracker box about a country store stove, a drape over a parking meter when travel is heavy on the street, or a day dream 'mongst the willows when we're s'pecting a tug at a red worm bait, which had been duly spitted and eased into the bottom of the deep eddying creek pool. . . . We've learned that columning is like shaving or brushing one's teeth, or eating eggs and toast at breakfast time, and downing the java black. . . . It's a part of our living, and we'd be less than honest if we didn't say it's good to be back. . . . And thank you, again! . . . All of you.

"A Few 'Lasses' . . . Good, Slow Ones

Glenn Howell fetched us up a Mason jar of sorghum the other day, and as one mountain man to another, Glenn has the right touch when it comes to the proper cooking of the cane juice. . . . The molasses was on the thick side, not too bright, a smidge of the foam left on top, and can easily be "caught" with a knife in a warm kitchen on a cool morning. . . . We've never enjoyed better molasses, and we learn from Glenn that he's in the sorghum business to a considerable degree. . . . The long sweep to which a hoss or mule used to be hitched to walk round and round and squeeze the juice from the cane stalks between vertical cylinders, has given way to gasoline-driven rollers, which takes a lot of the color and fun from a lasses bilin, but doesn't hurt the long sweetenin'. . . . Glenn took three acres out of cabbage and potato production, and planted it in cane. . . . He made 500 gallons of molasses which he sold for \$3 per gallon; made a couple of hundred more dollars from the rendering down of the sweet liquid for his neighbors, and is well satisfied with the financial returns from his new venture. . . . Even though folks have quit having big parties at the bilin's, and 'lasses pullin's haven't been heard of around here in years, one ought always to have a few handy. . . . Wedded with fresh country butter they do a sight for a hot buttermilk biscuit.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Me and my old lady heard a mighty powerful sermon up at the country church Sunday. These country preachers git right down to rock bottom about things. The few times I've been in a city church I couldn't figger out half the time who the good parson was shooting at. But he ain't no trouble to sight the target when a country preacher takes his text.

And when a city preacher is bagging a few birds, the country parson is shooting at the whole covey. Fer instance, Sunday he was aiming at hypocrites. That took in about everybody in the church except me and my old lady, and sometimes I ain't too sure about her.

Another thing about country preachers. If he's out sick or gone visiting among other flocks for a couple Sundays, he starts right back where he left off and brings things right up to now, all in one sermon. Sometimes it takes him two hours, but a country preacher on Sunday morning has got more time than Congress has got investigations.

Speaking of Congress, I see where they is talking about cutting income taxes. I don't pay no ac-

tion to such talk. In an election year this gits as routine as raising the flag over the post office ever morning. Taxes and death is unavoidable, and we're mighty lucky death can't git no worse ever time Congress meets.

The fellers up at the country store Saturday night was debating what makes a man go into politics anyhow. Ed Doolittle said he'd been watching 'em fer 40 years and he always noted that whenever a feller walks too fast to plow, is too light for heavy work, and too heavy for light work, he always ends up in politics.

I see in the paper this morning where a ear specialist named Dr. Aram Glorig from California says putting a hi-fi unit in a juke box is a waste of money. He claims the average human ear ain't delicate enough to catch the extra quality. That's the first time I ever knowed the juke box crowd was interested in quality. I always thought they was interested in nothing but noise. If you read the papers you'll learn a little something ever day. The only thing that beats the newspaper for learning things is to keep your ear tuned to the telephone on your party line.

UNCLE PINKNEY