



"Come Back In October"

Ralph Tugman, whose genius and capacity as a promoter, is only exceeded by his love for his native hill country and his zeal for the welfare of all the people of the Holiday Highlands, is promoting something new this week.

As the Vacation Section of the Democrat, which he initiated this year, and which has met with such widespread favor in the days of its infancy, reaches the last two weeks of its current run, Mr. Tugman is promoting the "come back in October" theme, in an effort to stimulate travel in the golden days of October.

The publicity is going out to the various newsstands which handle the Democrat all along the crest of the Blue Ridge in these last issues, in an effort to bring to the attention of the summer residents the desirability of coming back to the highlands later on.

All through the years the Democrat has plugged for a lengthened tourist season, which to a degree, certainly, is prevented by the opening of the schools

in September. But now with good roads and swift travel, long week ends may be enjoyed in the glorious days of autumn by the residents of a wide area of the country.

Nearly two hundred miles of the Parkway are now open to travelers, good State and National highways reach out in different directions, and we'd be the first to agree with Mr. Tugman that the fall tourists season is certainly worth promoting.

We hope that our visitors, whom we have enjoyed so much in this area, will heed our suggestion and come back in October to get a different look of the hill country, when she's all decked out for company.

We'll be looking for you when the emerald fronds have been stained with both subdued and vivid colors and when there's a warning of wintertime in the nippy haziness of autumn. Its a post-summer journey into nature's fairyland one's not apt to forget.

BETTER GRAMMARIANS NEEDED

By BILLY ARTHUR

Close reading of newspapers and attentive listening to radio and television have convinced me of an acute need for more grammar guardians to help Louis Graves and the late Joseph Pearson Caldwell police the English language as used.

Not that they might improve our writing and speaking but they certainly would deter its further deterioration.

As editor of the Charlotte Observer, Caldwell, for instance, in 1900 was critical of the Raleigh News and Observer for identifying a person as being "of near Raleigh. He could as easily be said to be 'of considerable distance from Fayetteville' or 'of reasonably close to Durham.'"

Likewise, Caldwell maintained that one could "happen to an accident" just as easily as "an accident happen to one." Until his death Caldwell's close scrutiny of writing and speaking kept press and public speakers alert.

Knowingly or unknowingly, in later years the Chapel Hill Weekly and Louis Graves have done that, too. And, as pointed out by the Asheville Citizen, "the Weekly is no stranger to intellectual horse-play."

Among its peevish has been the phrase "message of interest." The Weekly pondered if "there was ever a phrase that had less truth in it" and bemoaned the fact that

it has come to mean "a stream of dull boasting about a soap, a perfume, a patent medicine, or some other commodity."

Graves and the Greensboro Daily News tackled Phillips Russell, also of Chapel Hill, for using the word "recipe" to mean a cooking concoction. Graves held out for "receipt," maintaining that the other applied to a medical preparation.

The Daily News, admitting that both were joining a "dwindling rear guard," preferred "receipt" but said it used "recipe" because "our typewriter persists in making the other one receipt."

The Weekly also took off against too frequent use of "swell" and "terrific" in meaning excellent, saying that "there has been enough use of it for one generation."

It also became "saturated with the word outstanding; another is service as used by unctious public speakers of the stuffed-shirt breed; another is sell in the sense of persuade."

Graves said, "I cannot quite make up my mind what single word I like best of all, but I'm pretty certain what three words in combination are sweetest to my ears. These are the words, uttered by our faithful eggs, bacon and waffle-cooker, that come floating from the hall to the bedroom in the morning: 'Breakfast is ready.'"

Personally, I always thought the sweetest three words were: "Enclosed find check."

Graves was more emphatic after visiting a new home economics department and being shown the "foods laboratory . . . These educators can't keep from calling plain things by fancy names. No matter what they say I'll be damned if I'm going to call a swimming pool a natatorium or a kitchen a foods laboratory."

The Charlotte Observer under Caldwell, while hounding some public speakers, defended cussing, especially that used by "Mr. E. L. Kessler who cussed because he has utilitarian methods. He is a business man to the backbone and always tries to use the right words in the right place; and he cussed in the convention because cussing was the only way he could express his feelings and his hearers thereby could understand what he meant. Such cussing must ever be condoned. A century ago cussing in polite society was in vogue, but nowadays men above a certain social strata cuss only for necessary purposes. An exception to the rule is a born cusser. There is one in town, a cultured, charming gentleman who has the cussing habit to the extent of puncturing immaterial with a damn after the first 'a'."

Were it not for editors as Caldwell and Graves, today's reading and listening probably would be worse than it is. Perish the thought.

Giant Vegetables . . . They Grow Here

Watauga has long been noted for her tender, succulent vegetables, which grow big and tender in the rich loamy coves and along the productive strips of creek bottom. . . . Folks are going in more for cattle and sheep in late years it seems, than for row crops, but still cabbage and potatoes are grown in abundance, and with improved practices on the farm and with better varieties, spuds reach punkin size sometimes. . . . Mr. Charles A. Clay fetches this corner six potatoes, with a combined weight of eight and one-half pounds, which created considerable interest about the Democrat office, and which have been given to people far and near to show what can be done in the matter of producing food crops in the highlands. . . . Mr. Clay says the potatoes which have provided him with such a bumper yield are the Kennebeck variety, which have proven popular since their introduction several years ago. . . . One caller comments on having some seed of the Early Rose, the long red potato which was the mainstay of living in the hills a good many years ago. . . . Later the Irish Cobbler and Green Mountain came in for their superior yields, the mammoth Sequoia had its day, and now Kennebecks and perhaps other varieties are shooting the per acre yields to fantastic figures. . . . Mr. Clay also fetched us four Big Boy hybrid tomatoes which weighed a total of four pounds and two ounces. . . . We appreciate Mr. Clay's kindness.

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School Bells Ring . . . Snail-Like Steps

This week marks the start of the schools in Boone and the county, and the return of the teachers and the students to the class rooms from which most of them have been absent for three months. . . . The swim suits, the picnic baskets, and other paraphernalia of carefree summertime are to give way to study hall, homework, basketball, band, football, and all the other activities of the expanded educational system. . . . And most of the youngsters seem more or less anxious to get back in the academic groove, or at least into the routine of school activities. . . . The youngsters are being taught more and more that school presents a challenge and an opportunity, and at the same time a vehicle for moving into an area of usefulness and of wholesome living in an age of wheels and atoms and space probing and big business. . . . It's a happy time, in which the maturer ones may witness and revel in the sowing of the seeds of learning which will prepare our youngsters for the grasping of the opportunities of their golden tomorrows. . . . But some of the youngsters, like always, plod slowly along the street, snail-like, hoping to be a smidge late for school, and wondering what could be so important as to take a lad of the hills away from the skies and the sunshine, and the blossoms and the snows and all the other wonders for so long a time. . . . And we've been a mite sympathetic when we observe a fat little boy drinking in the joys of nature as he tries not to get there in time. . . . It's like our looking into a mirror and seeing ourself in the days of our childish reticence and wonder and love for most everything, 'cept school.

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The Grapevine . . . It Supplies The Tales

One of the joys of living in a small community, and at times one of the vexations is that everyone knows everything about everybody's business. . . . We've often marveled how people could tell us about our own affairs, including whether or not we had any cash, and if so, what we aimed to do with it. . . . The accuracy of these reports sometimes intrigues. . . . But we gathered one from the week end which was so far afield, the best we could manage was a wry smile. . . . A grapevine which was rooted way down below our lovely blue hills brought us the news that we were not only quittin' work, but were in the process of selling our business, and that an erstwhile friend of ours was coming to spark the thing. . . . Of course anyone who's observed the affinity of a Rivers for a newspaper, or his love for Boone, or his willingness to plow whatever profits accrue into an improved product and into civic enterprises, would know this tale is fabricated. . . . But anyway, we feel impelled to state that we have no notion of quitting, that the Democrat, or no portion thereof, is available to anybody, and that we aim to keep plowing, as Kerr Scott used to say, right down to the end of the row. . . . But if word comes to you that we and the fine members of our staff are busily engaged in plans for making the Democrat bigger and better, and of more service to the town and country and area, you may perk up your ears, for that will be the hope-to-die truth.

Uncle Pinkney

(McKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where they got a bank in New York built all out of glass, doors, walls, everything out of glass. It's gitting so everybody wants to live in a showcase but I never thought them hard-rock bankers would fall for than new-fangled stuff. But they say some big city banks has put in lunch counters and music, so I reckon the country has finally gone to the dogs afore the meek had a chanet to inherit it.

It used to be that when a feller wanted to git a bank loan, he could sneak in the bank, set with the cashier behind a partition or some good boxes and maybe git it without the whole town knowing about it. But with glass banks coming in style, I reckon a feller just as well put it in the paper if he gits a loan. And if he don't git it, he just as well put that in the paper too.

More'n likely, he didn't git it. Next to a hen trying to set and a woman trying to marry off her daughter, there ain't nothing in this world as stubborn as a banker when you're trying to git a loan. I recollect once when Zeke Tinker decided to trade his car off for a station wagon. Zeke figured a station wagon would make him look like a agriculturist instead of a farmer. So he asks his banker to let

him have a thousand dollars until he got his crops laid by. When the banker asked him what he wanted with the money, Zeke told him he wanted to add a bathroom to his house. The banker lit into him something terrible. Told him a feller raised on fat-bald and cornbread didn't need a bath but once a month and a good creek had a bathroom east two to one fer luxury bathing. I heard that Zeke got so mad at the banker he ain't took a bath since.

I think the Congress ought to strik off a medal fer that columnist in the Chicago paper that said he was gitting tired of them Russian writers making smart remarks about American wimmen. He said he was too much of a gentleman to answer back, that if them Russians liked their wimmen raw-boned, bow-legged, big-footed, buck-toothed, loud-mouthed, scatter-brained, and with a oversize rear axle, it was okey with him.

And I see where the income tax department has announced that 757,000 less persons asked fer help on their returns this year than last. It shore ain't on account of the forms gitting any simpler. I reckon it must come from this "fix-it-yourself" craze that's sweeping the country.

Yours truly,
Uncle Pinkney

Labor Day Well Observed

Labor Day can be variously defined as: the end of summer; the beginning of the school year; a national traffic jam; or simply an excuse for a long week end away from the office.

But the founder of the holiday, Peter J. McGuire, conceived it as a tribute to "the industrial spirit, the great vital force of every nation."

In 1882, McGuire—a leader in the Knights of Labor—proposed that a day be set aside to honor the working man. He suggested the first Monday in September, since it came almost midway between Independence Day and Thanksgiving Day.

The Central Labor Union of New York adopted his proposal and held the first Labor Day celebration on September 5th. As McGuire had suggested, the union paraded through the streets of Man-

hattan, to show the strength and spirit of trade and labor organizations.

Shortly after, the Knights of Labor voted for an annual celebration. In 1884, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada—predecessor of the American Federation of Labor—voted to make the celebration national.

The first state to make Labor Day a legal holiday was Oregon, in 1887, according to The World Book Encyclopedia. The legislatures of Colorado, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York quickly followed suit and, in 1894, Congress made Labor Day a national holiday.

Labor Day now ranks with Independence Day, Washington's Birthday and Thanksgiving Day as the most generally celebrated holidays in the U. S.

X-Rays Available

Watauga county people are again urged by the Alleghany-Ashe-Watauga Tuberculosis Association to take advantage of the free chest x-ray clinic being conducted in the county.

These clinics started last week and are being held in the different sections of the county for the convenience of the citizenry.

The mobile unit will be on King Street in Boone through September 3, on September 4 the facilities will be made available to the State Prison Camp 7:30 to 9 a. m.; at Cove Creek Elementary School the same day 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. and all day September 5; Main Street, Blowing Rock, September 2-5, and Appalachian State Teachers College September 8-10.

Where hours are not mentioned the units are open 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. No x-rays are taken on Sundays and Mondays.

Once a year this service is provided for the people of the county, and all

those 16 years of age and older are asked to take advantage of this special service. If chest disorders do not exist, well and good. If there is trouble, early detection, in most cases, can result in complete recovery, it is said.

Citizens are reminded that plans should be made now for the chest x-rays. Only a few seconds are required and no clothing needs to be removed.

Until recent years tuberculosis, once referred to as consumption, or the great white plague was regarded as the most ruthless killer, and one whose inroads could not be curbed. Due to the advances in public health and in medical sciences, tuberculosis may now be detected in time to effect a cure.

Those who are giving so much of their time and effort to the development of better health again insist on a complete x-ray picture of the people of the county, to the end that tuberculosis and its lethal impact may to a considerable degree be banished from our midst.

'Dieting' Cures The Blues

(Montreal Star)

At a highway service station last week I ran into a fellow I had not seen since the war. He used to be one of the gloomiest, grouchiest of men.

If he had no troubles of his own he was always ready to take on the world's troubles. He was not exactly a pessimist. He was a sourpuss.

But here, waiting in the service station while the boys replaced a burnt out bearing in his car, was my old acquaintance as cheery and cordial as the chairman of a membership committee. So friendly was our meeting that we went in my car down the highway a piece for lunch together. And naturally, I commented on his changed disposition.

"Well, sir," he said, "I dieted."

"I always figured you had eaten something that disagreed with you," I confessed.

"I don't mean that kind of diet," he replied. "I dieted my mind. I've been watching my women folk dieting for years. If their clothes get tight on them, they diet a few days, and everything eases up. So one day I got to thinking maybe a person could get in the head. Maybe my trouble was my thoughts were getting too tight for me. So I went on a diet. A mental diet. I quit thinking my usual thoughts and reading the usual books and magazines. I chose my thoughts and my reading as particularly as I saw the womenfolk choosing their calories. I read a number of books I didn't want to read, just the way the gals ate things they didn't want to eat. By golly, it worked wonders. Now whenever I get down in the dumps, I go on a mental diet. Try it, some time. It sounds salubrious."

SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

August 24, 1899

The first session of Watauga Academy opens Tuesday, September 5th.

J. C. McGhee is preparing to burn a large kiln of brick near town.

Miss Mary E. Hine has been quite sick, but we are glad to note she is somewhat improved.

Assistant District Attorney Blackburn of Winston, was in town Tuesday. He is spending a few days recreating at Blowing Rock.

W. D. Clarke of Blowing Rock informs us that the crowd there is the largest ever known.

Mrs. Annie Council and little daughter, Lucy, and Mrs. G. N. Folk, all of Lenoir, are spending a few days with relatives and friends in Boone.

That proverbial "didn't know it was loaded" gun in the hands of John Grimes, colored, discharged itself and in consequence he has a badly mutilated finger.

Don't fail to investigate the merits of Watauga Academy if you have a boy or girl to put in school. Beyond question they cannot be surpassed in all this mountain section. The teaching in every department will be perfect, the morale of the community good and the board low. What more can you ask?

James Williams, who is languishing in the county jail for totting a gun, remains in a critical condition. His convulsions and hemorrhages continue, and grow in their violence. His physician, Dr. Council, is now endeavoring, through Solicitor Harshaw, to have him released and we hope he may succeed, as the prisoner's condition is very pitiful indeed.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

August 26, 1920

The Radcliffe Chataqua of Washington, D. C. in Boone September 17, 18, 20.

Mrs. J. L. Carrickhoff of Lexington with her sister-in-law, Miss Virginia Carrickhoff, left for their home Tuesday after a few weeks stay at the Critcher Hotel.

Rev. John Norris, residing one mile west of the village, sold his farm to Mr. Chas. Greer of Cove Creek, the consideration being \$6,500. A few years ago the same farm sold for \$1,000.

Mr. Thomas Elrod, son of the late John Elrod, died at the home of his nephew, Mr. Lloyd Cottrell, on Route 1, early Monday morning. Mr. Elrod was a quiet, unassuming citizen, was never married and was more than sixty-five years of age.

It seems that the road work in Watauga county is over for the present, however, the matter will be taken up by the board of county commissioners at its September meeting, at which time it is hoped that money sufficient for the eight mile link of the Boone Trail Highway will be provided. Should this fail, better it would have been if we had never begun road construction in the county.

Mr. Lawrence of Statesville is in the county putting up silos for the farmers.

Mrs. J. W. McGhee, whose illness we have mentioned from time to time, died of peritonitis in a Johnson City Hospital last Friday. The body was brought home the following evening and interment was in the Brown cemetery near her girlhood home Sunday in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. . . .

Fifteen Years Ago

August 24, 1944

The infantile paralysis ban is being lifted today in Watauga county, it is learned by the District Health Department here, who acted upon the advice of State health officials before removing the quarantine.

Funeral services for Bertha Mae Killian, who died in Richard Baker hospital, Hickory, early Wednesday of last week, were held at Sardis Baptist Church, Hudson, at 11 o'clock Friday morning. Burial followed in Antioch cemetery in Alexander county.

Mr. and Mrs. Crater Marsh of Boone received information Tuesday that a son, Pfc. John D. Marsh, has been seriously wounded in France on August 7th. The War Department message gave no further details.

Ben S. Dugger, who was proprietor of the Elk Park Hotel, which was destroyed by fire this spring, for a number of years, has bought the large Ledford residence, and is having it remodeled extensively for use as a new Elk Park Hotel.

Mr. J. E. Baker, president of the Baker-Commack Hosiery Mills of Burlington, was in town last week and told the Democrat that the entire facilities of the Boone mill were being turned into war production for the remainder of the year.

Pvt. James Archie Holder was killed in Italy on June 5, according to a War Department message received by his wife, the former Miss Edith Allgood of Stony Fork. . . . Pvt. Holder's immediate survivors are the widow and one little daughter, Sandra Kay, who are now making their home on Stony Fork.