

Free X-Rays

Watauga county people will have an opportunity to secure free chest X-rays under the program which gets under way here this week and which will continue in various areas until October 22nd.

Mobile units will be on the street of Boone, it is reported, October 8th through the 22nd.

For the further convenience of the public the units will be stationed in different parts of the county and will visit certain industrial plants by special pre-arrangement, to make it possible for all employees to take advantage of the service, says Mrs. Ruth T. Draughon, executive secretary of the Tuberculosis Association.

Since the tubercular germ is no respecter of age, it is vitally important that all adults, as well as young people, plan

for their x-rays while the mobile units are here. It is especially important that all young people, 15 and up, visit one of the units.

Used to be that tuberculosis was considered, like death and taxes, to be the sort of thing about which nothing could be done, and that it would continue to be a top killer. Actually it still is a major menace to public health, but it has been found that when its presence is detected early enough, tuberculosis can be checked.

The mobile x-ray unit is one of the services of the State Board of Health and the Tuberculosis Association and should be welcome by the general public who stand to benefit immeasurably during its time here.

The New Models

Most of the automobile dealers are to have their new models on display shortly, and the Democrat this week provides a good directory of the motor car outlets here, which no doubt will be read with interest.

The ads also carry a heap of good news about the marvels of modern transportation which are being unwrapped for public approval.

Automobiles are said to be, in this latest version, better looking, more comfortable, more economical, and the best buy in the history of the fabulously big industry.

Used to be that when the new models were coming out, there was considerable uncertainty about all the spluttering machines. When one was operated for a period of a good many weeks without going to the shop fairly consistently, its owner made whoopee all over the place about what a value he had received.

Of late years, however, automobiles, by and large, are marvels of mechanical perfection. Tires, likewise, have ceased to be a cause of delay on the open highway. One may travel for thousands of miles without seeing a motorist in trouble from a flat tire, or from a balky engine.

However, the new models will be the best motor cars yet. They will have improved styling, more eye appeal, and will offer the most luxurious travel ever.

We felicitate our dealers on the fine new machines they have secured for their initial showings. Any color, or model can be secured, to meet any motoring need, and we join with this important business segment of the community in asking that everyone take time out to see the new automobiles. They are beyond compare.

Won't Plow Us Under

The Russians won't "plow the United States under" for a long time, thanks to the American farmers, says R. B. Tootell, Governor of the Farm Credit Administration.

Tootell points out that the underlying strength of this country is the efficiency of farmers. "It takes less than 10 per cent of our working force to produce abundant food and fiber for us, plus considerable for other countries. In Russia it takes 48 per cent," he explains.

"In this country more than 90 per cent of our people are available to produce the things that make up our high standard of living and the equipment needed for a strong defense. An hour of industrial labor buys more and better food here than in any other country of the world.

"Farmers have rapidly increased their

efficiency by substituting large amounts of capital for labor. Capital invested per farm worker has increased about five times since 1940. The additional capital has gone into enlarging and improving farms, modern farm machinery, and the adoption of the most advanced technology.

"While farmers have financed much of these changes from their own savings, they have been blessed with an ample supply of the right kind of credit. The cooperative Farm Credit System has been the pace setter in adopting credit terms to farmers' needs and keeping the cost at reasonable levels.

"This system now supplies 17 per cent of the credit used by farmers and their marketing and purchasing cooperatives. Farmers and co-ops borrowed \$4 billion from the system last year."

Case For Fat Women

(Asheville Citizen)

We will now take up the case for plump women.

In hand is a report on a New York marriage counselor's study of successful and unsuccessful marriages. The overwhelming conclusion is that fat women make the best wives, mothers and drivers.

(They also make the best cakes, chocolate pies and banana puddings.)

Dr. Bernadette Massie's study of the weighty problems of married life led her to conclude that the happiest wives and mothers fell most often into the "pleasantly plump" or "stylish stout" categories provided they were not worried about their poundage.

(That is to say, if you're skinny or fat, and don't care, you're probably happy and the rest of the family enjoys the peace.)

According to the doctor, plump women are seldom involved in crime, automobile accidents, lose their jobs or become old maids. This even works on down as a sort of juvenile

delinquency preventive—children of happy, plump mothers naturally gravitate toward the home.

(Who wants to lock bumpers with a heavy-set woman driver? What 160-pound male wants to try to fire a 230-pound secretary and what wife would let him? And the reason most old maids aren't plump is because they haven't given up trying, for who would marry a maid that's old and plump, too? And the reason children gravitate around plump mamas involves a scientific principle which dictates that any lesser body will succumb to a greater mass.)

Dr. Massie continues: "Fat women love to laugh, even when the joke is on themselves. They are seldom opinionated or argumentative. They are softer in every sense of the word." x x x x

Well, Dr. Massie concludes, "It's better to be a plump satisfied wife than a slender, dissatisfied divorcee."

Trying To Hold The Lid Down



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

October 4, 1900.

The cabbage crop in the county, small as it is, is rapidly damaging in the field from rot and burst, and much of what is left is being made into kraut.

Mrs. Capt. Coffey, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rambo, in Mountain City, Tenn., for the past two weeks, returned Monday.

A petition was presented to the Board of Commissioners last Monday, asking for a stock law election for Boone township, but as there were not enough names on said petition the election was not ordered.

Mr. Sam J. Brawley, of Mooresville, who has been spending several weeks here with his father-in-law, Capt. Lovill, left for his home Monday. He returns much improved in health by his stay in the mountains.

Register of Deeds May was married as we predicted, on the 11th inst. and returned to Boone last Saturday, rented rooms in the Bryan Hotel building, and will live here during his present term of office.

The State's appropriation for school purposes this year is 15 cents per scholar, which will give the same appropriation as we had last year.

The grape crop in Watauga county this year has been immense.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. J. C. McGhee of Sands, received word from Grand Junction, Colorado, bearing the sad intelligence that his son Mr. R. L. McGhee had been found dead at that place on Friday the 29th, but of course, no particulars came concerning his death.

Attorney Fletcher is preparing to have work done on the Bryan Hotel property.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

October 6, 1921.

We are informed that a large delegation from Hickory and other towns will come to Boone Thursday October 13 and have a picnic. All Watauga people are invited to be present. Everybody will provide their own dinner. We are glad to welcome our friends beyond the mountains. The building of good roads will make us neighbors.

One of the latest additions to Boone is a planing mill, blacksmith shop and machine shop, combined, which is being constructed just beyond the Blackburn store, our townsman, Mr. Kelley Osborne, as we understand it, being at the head of the program. A part of the machinery has already been delivered, and the plant will probably be ready for work before long.

Mr. James Mast of Mast, and Mr. James Council of Boone, left Monday for Chapel Hill, where they will re-enter the University of North Carolina for the ensuing term.

Mr. Fred Winkler had the misfortune of getting his left arm broken just above the wrist last Saturday when a truck under which he was working, slipped from a jack and fell upon him.

The contract for the water works for the school has been let to Charlotte contractors. The water is to be secured from springs on the side of Rich Mountain and the reservoir to be erected on the hill back of the Dougherty residence will have a capacity of 250,000 gallons.

The Asheville Merchants Association formulated plans for promoting a new hotel for the city. Resolutions embodying the action to be taken by a special committee were adopted.

Fifteen Years Ago

October 4, 1945.

Granville Norris, age 85 years, prominent resident of Boone Rt. 1, died at the home September 28 and the remains were interred September 30 at Laurel Springs cemetery. Rev. R. C. Eggers and Rev. Arlie Moretz were in charge of the rites.

Secretary of Agriculture Anderson disclosed tonight that 1,600,000 tons of sugar have been discovered in the ports of Java since the Japs surrendered. Anderson told newsmen this sugar should very greatly shorten the period of rationing in this country.

Larna L. Bingham, 51 years old, popular Boone citizen and a member of one of the county's pioneer families, died Tuesday morning. He had been ill for more than five years. Funeral services will be conducted from the Methodist Church at 2 o'clock Thursday. Dr. E. K. McLarty will be in charge of the rites and burial will be in the community cemetery.

Hunt's Department Store was entered Sunday night, the office safe blown with explosive, an undisclosed amount of money taken, and the robbers made their getaway without detection.

It Seems To Me

By RACHEL RIVERS

One time I wrote an article about snakes. I believe that at the time I was bemoaning the fact that I could not find one snake around my home in Boone, or at least they didn't come out when I was around. However, I was content to think there would be an abundance of snakes here in Missouri and that when I arrived I would be able to sit on a stonch couch behind the dormitory and admire the interesting reptiles.

The day after said arrival, I began to look. I saw the slightly rolling landscape and I saw the grey, seldom grassy, earth. Amongst the shady trees, I looked—and around rocky areas. Where were the snakes, I wondered? I was disappointed.

The following Saturday, a crowd of us students attended the afternoon ballgame. "Popcorn, peanuts—peanuts, popcorn," a youth was constantly bellowing to the spectators around him.

"I would like a box of corn," I said as he passed.

"Buttered or plain?" said he as he stopped.

"Buttered, please—and do you have any snakes here?" He shoved the container into my hand, made change as quickly as possible, and backed, wide-eyed, down the aisle as if I were quite insane. And what was he supposed to think? I should have said, "Tell me, are there many snakes in this area?"

Of course there may be those who wonder what pleasure it would be to me to see a snake or two.

My parents have often told me of the days when main streets were mud. All the stories of the "old" days fascinate me and make me rather sad. There's always been a melancholy sadness about a mountain man—I wonder if he's sad because of the beauty of the land he lives on.

And so I know how the creek banks once teemed with the slithering creatures. And so I know there is a yearning for the old days. Maybe that's it. Perhaps the boy with the "corn" will never know . . .

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Campaigns . . . Some Of The Sayings

As the campaigns warm some of the sayings used in the news reports are questioned. . . . A reader asks how come a man is said to have "stumped" a State, when he made a series of campaign speeches there.

We don't rightly know, but it seems reasonable to assume that in the early days of the country when a candidate got the folks of a neighborhood together in a clearing to talk of the issues of the day, he might have mounted a convenient tree stump, the better to see and to be seen during the course of his oratory. Hence, modern campaigners are said to be "stumping," in an age far removed from the rough clearings of another day, even while standing on an airport ramp, while the jets wait to whisk them to other places and other crowds.

President Truman, we believe, made use of the term, "drawing a red herring across the trail." . . . This means to divert one's attention from the real question by raising a side issue. . . . In England huntsmen sometimes used a herring, cured by the English process to a rich red, to drag three or four miles, along with a dead fox, and then laying the dogs on the trail. Dogs have a keen scent for a red herring and if one is drawn across the trail of a fox it will mislead the hounds. . . . However, as used in this country it is an Americanism and dates back only to the nineteenth century.

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Indian Corn . . . And Poppin' Ears, Too

Clyde R. Greene brings us some Indian corn which he grows on his farm near Boone. . . . He got the seed from the Indians in the Cherokee reservation some years ago and finds that the corn thrives here, and produces equally as good a yield as the common varieties we grow. . . . The grains are of varying shades of red and yellow and purplish tints, and the ears are greatly prized as decorations. . . . Mr. Greene says tourists readily gather up the ears at twenty-five cents apiece.

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Mr. Greene also brings us from Ohio some ears of strawberry popcorn, with which we weren't familiar. . . . The ears are of the same shape as huge strawberries, are a deep red, and a bunch of them at a short distance looks for all the world like a cluster of mammoth over-ripe strawberries. . . . We appreciate these mementos of the harvest, which will aid in the home decorations later on.

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Praying Mantis . . . He Preys On Bugs

Ed G. Farthing brings a pair of praying mantis which we have been familiar for only a few years. . . . The big rangy, winged insects hold their strong anterior legs in a manner suggesting hands folded in prayer. . . . In some parts of the South the insect is called rearhorse.

Anyway there has been comment on the increased number of the big insects which have been seen this summer. Harmless to man, they prey upon other insects, and someone has suggested that perhaps nature is balancing up in allowing the mantis to thrive while crop-destroying insects are taking the country. . . . We saw a couple of these praying bugs near the Democrat the other day, and got them into safer territory. . . . We hope they multiply and replenish the fields and forests, and that they will take a powerful liking to slugs and Japanese beetles, and munch a few bean bugs as they go along.

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Crowds . . . They Produce Big Figures

Estimates on crowds attending political gatherings, in outdoor areas, where there's nothing to go by, produce some strange estimates. . . . Police officials ordinarily are asked to size up these big gatherings, rather than political leaders, or other officials. . . . For instance the other day when Vice-President Nixon appeared in South Dakota, a National Guard official, said the press dispatch, put his crowd at Sioux Falls at 70,000, "though most reporters thought the estimate far too high." . . . The story adds that "some figured it was upwards of 15,000," which still doesn't give one much to go on. . . . The same sort of situation can exist in any campaign appearance, but it is heartening to note that both Presidential candidates, as well as candidates on the State and local level are drawing good crowds. . . . The folks are turning out in large numbers on every hand, and we like that. . . . Such interest in a campaign speaks well for the future of the system.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PATAVARIN'S

MISTER EDITOR:

My old lady borrowed one of them modern, revised editions of the Bible that come out a couple years ago and I been looking it over. I'm mighty surprised to note it don't start with: "In the beginning was Government benefits." The good Book don't even claim Moses come down off Mt. Sinai bringing the tax-and-spend system. All of which proves one thing, Mister Editor. This modern translation of the Bible is one of the few projects in the past 10 years that ain't had no Federal help. If them bureaucrats in Washington had voted any funds for this work, you could be shore they would've started it out with a good word for the tax-and-spend and Government benefits system.

But things may be sitting a little better along the Potomac. Senator Williams of Delaware has found where the Pentastar boys has placed a order for \$4,000 worth of erasers. The good Senator allowed us how it was the first time he has saw a healthy sign from that direction in quite a spell. So far as I can recollect, it's the first case on record of anybody in Washington admitting they might make a mistake.

Well, the session at the coun-

try store Saturday night was took up mostly on the subject of wimmen. All the fellers was talking about the new fall fashions they've been reading about and seeing in the ads. Ed Doolittle said he heard that dresses was longer this season but he didn't know on which end. According to Ed, both end could stand a little. One year skirts sit longer, the next year they git shorter, and that's about all I see to it. I wonder what wimmen would think if men raised the cuff on their pants two inches one year, lowered it two inches the next, and kept this up fer a generation. They'd think we was crazy and I ain't saying what I think about wimmen on account of my old lady might see this piece.

Keke Grubb come up with a new angle on the subject. Zeke said he didn't know where they got such stuff but he was reading a piece by some column writer sayin' the percentage of bow-legged brides this year was much larger than usual. Zeke figured it must be because the wimmen of this generation now reaching marriage age learned to walk in automobile trailers. All of the fellers agreed they ain't been bowed down with work.

Yours truly,
Uncle Pink