

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00. Outside Watauga County: One year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25. 3% sales tax to be added on all North Carolina subscriptions.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—In requesting change of address, it is important to mention the OLD, as well as the NEW address.

Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION  
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

"The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first objective should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive these papers and be capable of reading them."—Thomas Jefferson.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1962

## Song For Thanksgiving

O, sing unto the Lord a new song:  
sing unto the Lord all the earth.  
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;  
shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen,  
his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised:  
he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols:  
but the Lord made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him:  
strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,  
give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:  
bring an offering,

and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:  
fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth:  
the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:  
he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad,  
let the sea roar and the fullness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:  
then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

Before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth:  
he shall judge the world with righteousness,  
and the people with his truth.

NINETY-SIXTH PSALM

## Days Of The Golden Weed

Now that the tobacco is moving onto the floors of the local warehouses, and the auctions are to start next week, it is a happy privilege for us to again welcome to the community the tobacco warehousemen and their staffs, and all the farmers of the belt who have chosen to sell their weed on the local market.

The Messrs Coleman are back again to manage their three big warehouses and are inviting all their friends back, while out on 421 by-pass, west, Messrs J. M. Smothers of Dunn, R. E. Bullock of Vass and King Roberts of Sanford are opening for the first time their Big Burley Warehouse, a huge new sales building.

At all these houses the farmers will find experienced tobacco men, and farmers themselves, who are anxious to render the very best service, making Boone a logical place

to sell your weed.

Also, Boone being the best shopping center for a great portion of this part of the State, and of East Tennessee as well, it is good that the farmers can visit either of four modern warehouse plants, get a good sale, and be able to shop for Christmas or for their everyday needs in a retail district second to none in any town near the size of Boone.

It is good that the tobacco season is here again, and it is heartening to see the long caravans of trucks, bearing the golden weed to the various warehouses, to turn a stream of money into the pockets of the growers and into the bloodstream of the economy of the county.

Welcome, again, growers, warehousemen and helpers. It is good to see you, and may all of you find your stay in Boone pleasant and profitable.

## Launch Blanket Drive

Thousands of Algerians may freeze to death during the oncoming cold months unless 650,000 blankets are rushed to that stricken country immediately, officials of Church World Service state.

Hugh D. Farley, executive director of the overseas relief agency of the American Protestant and Orthodox churches, called for an immediate drive for blankets after hearing a report on the desperate plight of the Algerians by Jan Van Hoogstraten, director of CWS activities in Africa.

As the machinery was put into motion for the nationwide blanket drive, church officials declared that six hundred million pounds of U. S. surplus wheat will be rushed to Algeria to combat the growing starva-

tion there. This, it was revealed, will be in addition to more than eleven million pounds of food and other relief supplies already sent as a result of efforts of CROP (Christian Rural Overseas Program), S.O.S. (Share Our Surplus) and other relief appeals of the churches.

"More than a million Algerians in the Departments of Constantine and Batna alone, lack any protection from the severe cold they will face in the next few months," Mr. Hoogstraten told denominational representatives at the emergency meeting.

Churchgoers will contribute to the Share Our Surplus Appeal at special services held in churches and communities throughout the country during the Thanksgiving week, and also through activities of CROP of CWS.

## Good Advice To Salesmen

(Lenoir News-Topic)

In recent issue of Utah Publisher, Ralph Davison, president of Utah Association of Sales Executives, presented 14 elementary sales tips:

1. Never discuss personal difficulties with a customer—he has troubles of his own.

2. Keep a smile on your face even when discouraged; many sales depend on a smile and your ability to sell yourself.

3. Always stick to the truth.

4. Be ever mindful of your appearance. Fresh shirt, shined shoes, trimmed nails and tidy clothes, all have an effect.

5. Be explicit in the information you furnish; many an order has been lost through an unnecessary misunderstanding.

6. When your business is finished, and the order signed, show appreciation. Remember he has other business, and so have you.

7. Have respect for yourself, and others will respect you.

8. Don't be over-familiar; familiarity breeds contempt.

9. Be interested, but never inquisitive. There is a distinct difference, and minding your own business will get you further.

10. Know your firm and the merchandise it carries and describe it convincingly but do not make exaggerations you may be forced to retract later.

11. Never knock a competitor; the reaction of the customer is a boost.

12. You can high pressure a customer but you can't keep him high. When he "comes to" he will resent your tactics.

13. Verbal understandings are dangerous.

14. Remember, you are not only selling merchandise; you are also selling yourself.

## The Nervous Wall Flower



## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

November 20, 1902.

The school at Watauga Academy is now taking on its fall growth and the prospects for the largest number of pupils yet in attendance at the Academy are good.

Mr. Thos. Bingham, Clerk elect, has moved to his new home four miles west of town, which will make his work much more convenient for him.

Service was put on the new mail route last Monday leading from Sands via Allen Greene's and the gap of the Sugar Loaf to Silverstone. The mail will make three trips per week and will supply quite a large territory that has heretofore been neglected as to mail facilities.

The Hon. Montgomery Wellborne, State Senator elect from this district, spent Monday night at the Blackburn House. Mont. has already taken on quite a stately air, owing to the great importance of the position that awaits him—holding down his seat in the Senate and drawing his pay.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Alfred Thomas, of Lenoir, put in appearance at Register May's and applied for license for Mr. A. C. Farthing and Miss De-ette Seehorn, both of Lenoir. Owing to the tender years of the prospective bride, the much coveted papers were refused.

### Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

Back in 1931 Mrs. E. L. McKee was a member of the North Carolina Senate and the old man used to come down from their home in Sylva to Raleigh at frequent intervals to see how she was getting along.

On one of his visits, he was accosted in the lobby of the hotel by one of these gushing, exuberant women—who are the type—who are always bubbling over something or other.

"Oh, Mr. McKee!" she exclaimed. "You must be awfully proud of your wife. She is so brilliant and so versatile. I just know that you have come all the way down to Raleigh to hear one of her brilliant speeches in the Senate."

"Not precisely," replied Mr. McKee, and when he wants to, he can imitate the mountain dialect to perfection. "Not precisely, mum; I come down here after Gertrude's laundry."

People move at such a fast pace these days that the art of loafing is just about a lost art. Time was that there were special places in some North Carolina towns set aside for loafers who enjoyed visiting and passing the time of day with fellow townspeople.

At Little Switzerland, right on the edge of the highway, there was a big tree and underneath its leafy branches sat a long bench. A most comfortable place to rest. The place was known as "Loafer's Glory No. 1." Then there was another place, slightly off the highway, which was known as "Loafer's Glory No. 2." There the local citizenry sat and discussed international, national, statewide and

local problems. Mr. Thomas disappeared, but in a very short time he returned, having with him in a closed surrey the disappointed but determined pair. The team was under whip and Trade, Tenn. the lover's mecca, was their objective point, where we suppose the nuptial knot was tied. Good luck to you, Coll, and your happy bride.

W. H. Gentry, Esq., of Jefferson, was in town this week.

The next Union meeting for the Three Fork Association will be held in Boone embracing the fifth Sunday in this month. The program appears in another column.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

November 22, 1923.

Rev. H. G. Hardin, pastor of the Tryon Street Methodist Church at Charlotte, and Mrs. S. S. McNeinch of Charlotte, were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Council. On Sunday by invitation of our pastor, Mr. Woosley, Mr. Hardin filled his pulpit at the 11 o'clock services.

Sorry to hear that Mr. Richard Wagner of Stony Fork was right seriously hurt last Saturday, a limb from a falling tree striking him and bruising him considerable. He is however, improving.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Finley Mast, of Valle Crucis, after a month's visit to Washington, Darling-

ton, Md., Orange, N. J., and New York, stopped for a couple of days last week with Mr. Mast's niece, Mrs. A. W. Dula, in Lenoir.

Mrs. J. T. Hendrix who has spent some time with her husband at Roanoke, Va., he being a salesman for the American Tobacco Co., with headquarters in that city, has returned and will remain at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Critcher, through the holidays.

On Thursday of last week, Dr. J. L. Lyon of Van Lear, Ky., arrived at the home of Mr. B. J. Council. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Beatrice Lyon, who was here two years ago for the winter. The doctor has returned to his home leaving his daughter for a protracted sojourn in our mountain town.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. J. M. Moretz gave a birthday dinner in honor of her daughter, Miss Lucy Moretz. A most sumptuous and delicious meal was served, which all present greatly enjoyed. The age of the good young lady was not discussed seriously, but she is still young, not far from "sweet sixteen."

Mrs. F. A. Linney had as her guests Monday night her sister, Mrs. Payne of Taylorsville, and her brother, Mr. June Mattheson and wife of Greensboro. They returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. S. L. Jenkins has sold his property west of Boone to the former owner, Mr. Pink Hodges, but we have not learned where he intends moving.

### Fifteen Years Ago

November 20, 1947.

Mrs. Bessie W. Hall has gone to St. Petersburg, Fla., where she will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Yarbrough of Winston-Salem, spent the week end visiting with Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Farthing.

Miss Wanda Hodges of Norfolk, Va., was a week end visitor with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Don J. Horton of Vilas, visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Isaacs of Elk Park.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kirkman, Jr., at the Wesley Long Hospital, Greensboro, Nov. 10, a son, who was named William Benson Kirkman.

Mr. Will Eggers of Zionville, is a patient at Grace Hospital, Banner Elk, where he underwent an operation last Friday. His condition has been serious, but he is improving slowly.

Mr. Don Carroll left Tuesday on his return trip to Twin Bridges, Montana, where he operates a cannery, after having spent two weeks with relatives and friends in the county. Mr. Carroll has been away for 12 years.

Miss Mildred Greer is still a patient at Banner Elk hospital, where she has been for the past two weeks. She is slowly improving. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Greer of Silverstone.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### Absent From The Scene . . . A Roll Top Desk

For more years than we can readily recount we sat under the shadow of a massive roll top desk, the first the Democrat ever owned, pounding out this column and the mass of other stuff we've typed over the years and at the same time business-managing the setup for the scarred surface of the equipment which had its hey-day in the offices of the nation before the turn of the century. . . . Lately, we've been modernizing the front office, while the company was providing us with more satisfactory inner-office space for our work, and the monstrous desk has been stored against the day we have to find something and return again to its pigeon-holes and drawers to seek out the facts of the matter.

\* \* \* \*

### In Its Dusty Recesses . . . Most Everything

The old desk, a hurried check revealed, contained a little of everything . . . There were receipts for personal bills long paid, clippings of rare prose and verse . . . bits of the wisdom of the ages . . . ragged bits of paper with column notions, about how to develop now we'd have not the slightest idea. . . . There were check books, rifle shells, pad locks, spare keys for locks we don't have . . . an ancient bottle of headache pills, which might have pulled someone through a great trouble sometime. . . . There were pictures and trinkets some taffy-haired youngsters had hidden in daddy's desk long ago. . . . There was childish scribble, old ad contracts, cancelled checks, personal letters from old friends and from relatives, bullet molds, percussion caps, and toe wadding . . . draft lists from the first great war were there, with checks which bounced in the lean years and were never collected. . . . There were pictures of dead people and young folks who've since grown old . . . editorials which never appeared for one reason or another, contracts for machinery, snapshot of a girl we used to like, letters of approbation and of good will, and unreasoning attacks from little-bitty men.

There was the battered "leaf" where we wrote the checks, signed our notes, scribbled friendly little letters to folks we loved and worried over the accounts.

\* \* \* \*

### Like A Parting . . . With A Person

And giving up the old desk where so much of our life had been spent, seemed like parting with an old hat, which looked seamy and battered but which felt good . . . or like throwing out an old pair of shoes, soft like a glove with endless wear, or even like saying good bye to an old chum, when death had marked him . . . and when we rolled down the lid which had been open continuously for forty years, perhaps, it was actually the marking of the end of an era which had fetched us to the Street and in the course of events to the original Democrat office, and which had nurtured us, and our newspaper through bad times and good into this miraculous age when so much of good and of evil are interspersed in the life of the land.

\* \* \* \*

### To Keep Things . . . A Good Place

A completely modern man would never know how to operate one of these roll-top desks. . . . One had to grow up with one of the things. . . . They contained more facts in their "memory cells" than an electronic computer, if one could just cajole them out. . . . Ours held the facts about the elections, the wars, about all sorts of machinery, parts catalogs, statistics of many kinds, prayer books and Bibles, and rollicking bits of off-color humor. . . . One could find out what Lincoln said during his tenure, and how Roosevelt measured up when our outposts were attacked. . . . He could read General Patton's racy discourse to the Third Army before the big push, and the peppery pundit of Harry Truman. . . . One could find words of Aycock, or of Eisenhower, communications from Bob Reynolds or Dr. Graham, Kerr Scott, or Lee Gravelly, and even a personal note from President Kennedy.

The old desk thudded shut and locked inside a good deal of the story of our yester years—of how we met the panics, the floods and the skimpiness of wars, of our personal sorrows and of our great joys.

\* \* \* \*

### From The Novice . . . Its Secrets Kept

One had to be an expert to get the facts out of one of these contraptions. . . . We could lay our hand on anything we needed in the great mounds of papers which grew on each side of our typewriter, or even finger needed papers out of the little filing slots. . . . Not many people could do this and that's perhaps how the legislative term originated "to pigeon-hole" a bill. . . . When that happened the thing was dead, for in the old days when these things were common, a legislator couldn't be expected to find the measure, even if the committee changed its mind.

## Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight' Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Back when I was about 10 year old and the first automobiles was showing up in these parts, I recollect me and my Grandpa watching a feller trying to crank one of the things. He'll never git the fool thing to go," said Grandpa. After a while, when the feller got it going, Grandpa watched it roll off in a cloud of dust and allowed, "He got it started but he'll never git the daburned thing stopped."

Grandpa was a true prophet, Mister Editor. We ain't got it stopped, and today the automobile is choking the big cities clear back into the bushes. You got branch banks, branch grocery stores, branch everything built out in the country from the cities. It's on account of automobile traffic running everthing and everybody back to the woods. I see where some cities is barring automobiles from whole sections of the city. It might be the dawn of a new day fer things. And it could help a lot of people's health to walk six or eight blocks to the business section. It's got to a feler, if he can't

park his two front wheels inside the store door, sets down and writes a complaint to his Congressman.

What brings all this to mind is a piece I was reading yesterday about a new 3-ton, 3-wheel jet car which has been put on display in Los Angeles. This car, the piece said, was designed to go 500 mile a hour and they aim to try it out in Utah and break the old speed limit of 394 mile a hour set by a ear 15 year ago. Personal, I think they already got some of these cars around here. They pass me going back and forth to town so fast I can't count the wheels or figger the weight, but I'm almost shore it's one of them jet jobs.

Gitting back to things that is traveling a little slower, the papers is full of items about a big up heaval in education all over the country. One college professor, fer instans, is perdicating that in another 10 year colleges will be teaching without books. That's when you'll really see some ball teams, Mister Editor. On the other hand, I see where the

(continued on page six)