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Thursday, July 18, 1940.

**"Let There Be Light"**

**Thought for the Thoughtful**

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half.  
Who never failed, he never strove or sought,  
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh,  
And he who never doubted never thought.  
J. B. Goode.

**Wasteful Expenditure**

by George Peck

Grover Cleveland, in his second annual message, in December, 1886, said: "When more of the people's sustenance is exacted through the form of taxation than is necessary to meet the just obligations of Government and expenses of its economical administration, such exaction becomes ruthless exertion and a violation of the fundamental principles of free Government."

When we entered the World War in 1917, the Federal debt was slightly over one billion dollars. Even at the end of that war, the debt had risen to only 25 1/2 billion dollars, and by 1930 this had been reduced to 16 billion dollars.

In 1940, we are faced with the necessity of spending billions for preparedness and we embark on this expensive program handicapped by a staggering Federal debt of 45 billion dollars.

We quote Grover Cleveland again, and this time from his Inaugural Address of March 4th, 1893: "The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned

and the better lesson taught, that, while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their Government, its functions do not include the support of the people."

Ezra Enkins calls them newfangled Venetian blinds that folks is puttin' in their homes, Drapes of Lath.

**Other Editors' Comments**

**Democracy And Common Sense**

Perhaps more than anything else, democracy and common sense are characteristic of Wendell Willkie, for they profoundly govern his thoughts not only in his private life but also in the way he relates himself and his fellow man to the nation's complex domestic problems and to its perilous position in a world at war. It should be said in passing at this point that Willkie passionately believes in all the things democracy stands for—free individuals, free nations, a free cooperative brotherhood of mankind. Hence, he is for things like reciprocal trade because they help eliminate those international frictions that lead first to across-the-border ill-will, then to autocracy, and finally to grave physical conflict. In this particular, few men in America have a broader vision than his or a better understanding of how events abroad impinge directly upon the course of history here.  
—Pathfinder.

**The Hickory Grove Low Down**

Since this new Indianian has shown up on the horizon, she don't look so extra promising for our lecturing fraternity. These lecturers, they been going up and down the country talking-up the youth problem—and what we should do to save our young folks. They been doing pretty good too, financially—for themselves.

Nobody needs any super-eyesight to see that this Mr. Willkie from Hoosierdom is up-setting the apple cart. He has removed the wind from their sails, and if he does nothing more, he has done his country a good turn. Guess maybe he grew up as a Boy Scout.

Here is a feller who shocked wheat, and waited table, and taught school—and who did not bow down to any idea that young folks no longer had a chance. He just went ahead and worked. He is now a candidate for President. And brother, I would not hanker to be running on any ticket against him.

Some of our lecturing folks will now have to find some new theory to talk about—or maybe even go to work, themselves.

Yours with the low down,  
JO SERRA

**Alleghany**

**—Oddities**

By Frances Wrench

The 1800's provide material for this week's Alleghany—Oddities. J. A. Burchette, a citizen of Sparta, popularly known as "Uncle Andy," has shown us some interesting oddities as well as given us an interesting story in connection with them.

In 1880 Mr. Burchette was working for General N. A. Bailey. You know the story of the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor in Hampton Roads in 1862, and how that later the Merrimac was sunk near the mouth of the James River, near the Rip Raps, south of Fortress Monroe, one of Ben Butler's old prison islands. Eighteen years later, in 1880, the Merrimac was raised from its watery grave, and Mr. Burchette was a member of the salvaging crew. After the old battleship was raised, the crew began to look for souvenirs. Mr. Burchette secured a metal knob off one of the doors, and he still has this knob in his possession.

In 1884, while visiting Mt. Vernon, the home of our first president, on the Potomac River in Virginia, Mr. Burchette found an old homemade shop nail that had fallen from the eaves of the house. He picked this nail up and has kept it as a souvenir all these years.

While living in Florida many years ago, Mr. Burchette and a friend visited an old Spanish fort on the west coast. They explored a cave that the natives didn't dare to enter because of some superstition connected with it. While roaming through the cave Mr. Burchette found an old rusty Spanish sword. It formerly had buckhorn handles but they were decayed and about gone. Its age is unknown, but it is a real antique.

**SCIENCE STORES**

Photographer: "I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

Farmer: "Did you catch my laborers in motion?"

Photographer: "I think so."  
Farmer: "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing."

Motor vehicle accidents at railroad grade crossings killed 1,197 people in this country last year.

**I Like My Job**

By Sigmund Spaeth

To enjoy life, do the thing you like to do best—and get paid for doing it. I like to talk, so I talk for money. I like to broadcast—particularly on the new CBS program "Fun in Print"—and I relish it all the more because it results in adding to my bank account.

In conducting "Fun in Print"—which, by the way, is a title that has stirred up widespread interest—I need to be in possession of a rich store of facts, figures, names and so forth. Fortunately, I have always been blessed with a good memory. In storing up information in the recesses of one's mind, the chaff should be sifted from the wheat, for, undoubtedly, the individual with the best memory is he or she who can forget the useless stuff. Intuition, rhythm and a keen ear are very helpful toward a good memory.

Mental processes are indeed curious. Sometime ago on a radio program—when, as everybody knows, fractions of seconds count—I was asked to give the name of the Hunchback of Notre Dame. As I had never read the Victor Hugo classic or seen either of the motion pictures based on it, this question was a poser. However, my mind flashed back to the days of the 90's when I had read a novel called "Lady Jane," in which a Mr. Gex spent most of his time fashioning small wax effigies. Then, as I stood before the microphone, a line from that book came to me. It was, "the distorted little figure of Quasimodo." And, of course, that was the name I wanted!

To me there is a certain rhythm in dates like 1066 and 1942. The same applies to names like Julia Ward Howe and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Possibly because the last three letters of these illustrious women's names are the same and also because they both have three names, they frequently prove confusing to those on the literary spot.

My wife has an even better memory than I, and she is partly responsible for keeping my mind nimble.

One of my weak points is that I am an utter failure when it comes to anything scientific or mechanical. I may be able to drive an automobile, but if anything goes wrong with the car, I am no help at all. To me, ten-

nis is a mental relaxation and I never begrudge the energy I put into a game. But would I put the same enthusiasm and energy into digging in the garden? I should say not. It is just backbreaking toil that would cause me to suffer a mental slump, for it would bore me to extinction to dig, rake or pull up weeds. The reward in a game of tennis comes from the fact that you give both mind and muscle to it. If I were to spend an hour or so in the garden, I would be thinking about my income tax, the cost of this and that, and, and, and never about soil, weeds, flowers or vegetables. I would be wasting precious minutes, when I could either be writing, reading or defeating an opponent at tennis.

In my student days I did an enormous amount of reading and an essay I wrote on reading brought me a prize. Today I have in my home in Westport a large library of current books, but unfortunately too little time to read them all. But whenever I get a chance, I take up one of the books, make myself comfortable and get fun out of print.

A total of 28, 467 drivers' licenses had been revoked by the North Carolina Highway Safety Division through June 30, 1940.

(Mr. Rumley, an attorney of Winston-Salem, who has spent several years in these Blue Ridge mountains, and was a student for two years at Glade Valley, submits this original poem—Ed.)

**The Blue Ridge**

J. Pierson Rumley

Oh, Blue Ridge sons of mountain ease,  
Ne'er long or pine for other seas;  
Go where you will you'll always find  
Home, hearth, the earth, the same in kind.

Your mountain tops with myrtle edge  
Grace any view of Alpine ledge.  
God's golden light in azure sky  
Your vale and dell doth beautify.

The mists that roll beneath thy feet  
No scene the eye more pleasant greet,  
The silvery clouds in softest showers  
Gently fall on yon urban towers.

You gaze from orbit's endless ring,  
'Mong bees and birds that hum and sing;  
And rippling rills o'er cataracts fall  
On God's own view of heaven's hall.

**THIS BUSINESS**

*OF Living*

BY SUSAN THAYER



**BEING HUMAN CREATURES**

When Williamsburg, the capital city of the colony and dominion of Virginia from 1669 to 1779, was restored a few years ago, a collection of recipes for foods served during that period was compiled and printed in the quaint style of the day. This

**Whitehead**

Whitehead, July 7.—Mrs. Ruby Nickles is improving, after being ill for some time.

Aldon Absher and Sylvia Thompson returned to their homes in Kannapolis after spending a few weeks with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Absher.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Huffman and son, Ronald Paul, are returning to their home in Ohio after spending the week with friends and relatives here.

Those who visited Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Absher over the weekend were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Absher and three sons, Aldon, Herman and James, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thompson, and Sylvia and Howard Absher.

A large crowd attended the community service at Union Primitive Baptist Church Sunday.

Misses Mattie Lee Rector and Elvira Wagoner entertained at a birthday party Saturday night, July 6, honoring Miss Nellie Richardson on her eighteenth birthday, at the home of Miss Wagoner. Games and contests were enjoyed by 35 guests. Nellie Richardson and Clay Combs won the contest.

Refreshments were served in the dining room where the color scheme of the cake was carried out with pink roses.

A large crowd attended the Hamm reunion at Liberty Church Sunday. A delicious lunch was spread and everyone was made welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Marian Marshall and daughter, Loretta and Howard Absher of Kannapolis, spent the week-end at the home of Rev. A. F. Absher.

A large crowd attended the singing at the Whitehead Union Baptist Church Sunday night.

Miss Maureen Church, of Elkin, and Quentin Jordan are spending a few weeks with Bernice and Fleet Joines.

Miss Edna Dull and Miss Ruth Taylor, of Winston-Salem, are spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fender in Whitehead.

**WHEN IN THE MARKET FOR—**

**Baby Chicks**

YOU CAN'T DO BETTER THAN TO BUY

GAMBILL'S MOUNTAIN HUSKIES

from the

**Wilkes Hatchery**

C. C. GAMBILL, Proprietor  
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

**Anniversaries**

Next Monday, July 22, will mark the 85th birthday anniversary for a neighbor who lives out near Ennice and who was born in 1885. So, we send happy birthday greetings and all good wishes to—MR. FRIEL ANDREWS.

The Royal Governor himself!

Out of the simple agricultural beginnings of the Colonial days has developed a system of free enterprise, typical of the American spirit of freedom and independence, that is the envy of the world. The dust streets of Williamsburg were crowded with the coaches of the "gentry" on special occasions in 1779. In the year of our Lord 1940, 4 out of 5 families of the United States have their own automobiles and travel farther in a day than the most favored of their colonial ancestors could travel in a week! The foods the average family enjoys regularly today are more varied and health-giving than the delicacies which heaped tables of the Governor's Palace on the days of the great balls. And as for the conveniences that modern industry has given to the average woman, such as electric lights, mechanical refrigerators, washing machines and vacuum cleaners which give her greater freedom than the great ladies of old times possessed, they weren't even dreamed of a century and a half ago!

However, although industry has changed the outer aspect of our lives almost beyond recognition, we still have many of the characteristics of those early Americans. It is no longer important for us to be so "courteous to travelers" as it was when settlements were few and far apart. But our response to need is as spontaneous and whole-hearted as theirs was then. The recent unprecedented response to organizations for the relief of sufferers in those lands less fortunate than ours is evidence of this. The inhabitants of this country still need no other recommendation for giving generously of sympathy and assistance to those in any kind of difficulty than their "being human creatures."



The Sparta Troop No. 53, enjoyed a two-day vacation last week on New River. Although we did not go to the place we had planned, we had a very nice time. During the trip most of the second-class tests were passed with the Scoutmaster. We practiced signaling, cooking, fire-building, and many other things.

The boys were indeed disappointed when they found the Court of Honor meeting had been postponed, and they could not receive the second-class badges until later.

We have already secured some patrol equipment and are trying to raise money to buy more. Contributions may be given to any of the Scouts.

R. C. MITCHELL



NEXT TO HOME, HERE' THE

BEST PLACE TO EAT

**"TOWN HOUSE"**

Beer — Sandwiches — SPARTA

**Pennney's** THE BARGAIN SPOT

SOAP Limited Supply A Cake 5c

**DRESSES** From Higher Price Racks

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**SHEER COTTON Frocks, now . 87c**

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**LADIES' SUMMER HATS** Now ..... 77c

**LL SHEETING 36-inches Wide. Value—10 yards ..... 45c**

**ANKLETS** Sizes 6 to 10 1/2 Reduced To Pair ..... 5c

**MEN'S AND BOYS' STRAW HATS** Now ..... 10c

**MEN'S AND BOYS' TENNIS SHOES** All Sizes ..... 47c

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**Special! HOSE**

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You'll know that these lovely stockings usually sell for much more! Clear ringless silk from top to toe—Glorious! Flattering sheer. Dainty heel tips and shadow heels. All first quality.