

The Watauga Democrat

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1935

That times are improving is evidenced by the increasing horde of high-pressure salesmen visiting the business houses with all manner of gadget and scheme, and incidentally telling us all just how to conduct our enterprises. And after we have survived this much of the depression on our own initiative, we don't feel like purchasing economic manna at this time.

STERN JUSTICE

No member of the judiciary realizes the grave situation growing out of drunken driving, more than does Judge Wilson Warlick, who purposes, once and for all, to do his part toward ridding the highways of these potential murderers. Judge Warlick's more recent declarations along this line are contained in the following dispatch, and if all the courts in the state would follow in his footsteps, it would soon be infinitely safer to journey forth on the highways.

"When the day comes in North Carolina when every man and woman who drives drunk will have to 'do time' well, fit ourselves of \$5 per cent of the drunken driving cases," said Judge Wilson Warlick in Mecklenburg Superior court here, as he delivered a lecture on drunken driving and terminated it by sentencing R. M. McGowan, 35-year-old Charlotte white man, to serve six months on a chaingang after a jury had convicted McGowan of a charge of drunken driving.

"I am not attempting to make an example of McGowan, it would be all the same if he were the son of Governor Ehringhaus, or anyone else," continued Judge Warlick.

Before sentencing McGowan the judge halted court to declare that "several months ago I resolved to sentence every person convicted of drunken driving in my court to at least 60 days on the roads. I have not retreated from that stand despite the fact that much pressure has been brought to bear. Perhaps some of you may recall the case of a physician in Murphy who appeared before me charged with the same offense. He was a professional man, a man of stature in the community, but he's now serving a term on the roads. I have but one rule and that rule applies to rich and poor, high and low, Negro and white—come one, come all, they're going to get sent to the roads if they're convicted in my court of drunken driving."

"It is, perhaps, not within my province to dictate to the state legislature what it shall do," continued Judge Warlick, "but it is going to find itself shortly enacting a law which will compel every judge to send drunken drivers to the roads. There shouldn't be any ifs or ands about it; the only way to make a law concerning drunken driving is to make it mandatory and with no exceptions. The legislature ought to compel judges to sentence those convicted of drunken driving to not less than 60 days on the roads and to revoke drivers' licenses for a period of not less than one year. There is only one cure for the malady and that cure is prison."

"It has reached an awful pass in North Carolina," he went on, "when drunken drivers are let off by paying \$50 fines. Fifty dollars, I realize, is a lot of money to many individuals, but it's only a drop in the bucket to the school fund."

HOLLY THIEVES SHOT WITH SALT

Edenton.—It's rock salt and cussin' season in the swamp country. Every year about this time the farmers of the Chowan River and east swamp lands gather about the stoves in neighborhood shopping centers and "by gad" about the way folks strip their lands of holly and mistletoe for the Virginia and northern trade.

This year they decided to do something about it. It's all more or less quiet, but Sheriff J. A. Bunch and County Farm Agent N. K. Rowell say sales of coarse salt suitable for shotgun loading are skyrocketing.

The long time agricultural program is getting under way in Wayne county where agricultural leaders of the county have met with farm agent Mint to study the question.

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY

(By C. M. Dickson)

'Tis more glorious to fight and not win than to win and not fight. Much sin can be hidden beneath one's skin. One's mind may either be a kingdom or a province. Better be a slave in want than to be enslaved by wants. Foxes are long-whined. Some people need lubricating worse than they need "gassing."

The sky is blue wherever you see it. Blessed is the man who can be neither bought, bridled, nor bribed. Wasted time—philosophizing with a moron. There are many ways of leaving things unsaid. It is often better to forestall than to recall.

The product (mathematically speaking) of the PWA should be the same as the product of the WPA.

Result: the whole world is moving—cause: Archimede's lever has been lengthened.

No woe should be pronounced upon a doctor who will take his own medicine, or upon a lawyer who will take his own advice.

A "ring" is a "circle." The person who prays very much has no time to "prey" upon other people's right or property.

A sure way to fame is to "make a home-run," "shoot a goal," "make a touchdown," or "wield a knock-out blow."

Most anybody can bear down on the gas.

Greater love hath no man than the politician who fulfills all his campaign promises.

Modern education: think little, work less, spend much, sport more, drive fast, and drink deep!

No "oxidation" for parents—process too slow.

Why not have six days for rest instead of one.

If one pill will do, why not take two?

If a straight line is the shortest distance between two places, why should a person "zig-zag"?

It's easy to stumble.

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

THE FAMILY DOCTOR IS COUGHING

Your five-or-six-year-old youngster may have a harassing cough that just will not be driven away. You have had enough medicines, "white pine" and all that. And you got the doctor to send something out. You didn't take the child to see him.

Meantime the "barking" kept up; the child wasn't sick; ate fine good meals a day, with regular bowels and all that—but that awfully distressing cough! Yes, the nose was "running," and it was red too; one could tell the child wasn't or isn't right—maybe it's the tonsils.

It may drag along till spring, which it should not do.

Don't rush away to the tonsil operator. Let your physician examine the child.

I had a neighbor's boy, aged six, who ran the entire gamut of cough medicines without a vestige of relief. I admit just sending the medicines to him by the mother. I had not examined the little one at all, a very fool thing to do. In despair, the mother at last brought him in, actually fearing tuberculosis!

He had an inflamed uvula—it hung down into the little throat like a rat's tail. I snipped it off, of course—the cough stopped. All the medicines in the drug store would have failed!

If the uvula is not guilty, look after the ears. The cause of the cough may be found above the throat. Syringe out the child's ears gently with luke-warm water made wholesome by a few drops of carboic acid. Be careful—no force—do it GENTLY once a day for a few days; it may cure the cough, and is a good procedure anyway.

These are suggestion for the cough that hangs on—that refuses to yield to ordinary remedies good for coughs. I would say here, about five or ten times as many tonsils are removed—as are actually needing removal.

CHRISTMAS DAY

The jollies; time of all the year, The day that brings us all good cheer, The day we all have "Thank You" to say, Is Christmas Day.

The person having the most joy Is the ever playful girl and boy, With their past-longer-for toys they play, For it is Christmas Day.

If you received a gift you didn't expect, From some friend of whom you don't recollect— Maybe this gift you'd like to repay— Do it on Christmas Day.

—A STUDENT.

SANTA CLAUS LETTER

Blowing Rock, N. C. Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy four years old. I live out in the country. I have been a good boy, and will you please remember me Christmas. Love from J. C. Gilley.

A legume crop that may be used for improving the land is the best crop to plant on acres removed from the cultivation of cash crops, say extension officials of State College.

Mr. Gandy Good Shopper, but Forgot Own Present

IT WAS simply out of the question for Mrs. Gandy to go to Saville that morning. The day before Christmas was not a thousand things to do; but Mr. Gandy was going. Of course he could do many errands, yet hardly the one she wished most to have done—a gift for himself. Saville was the nearest shopping place to the tiny village where the Gandys lived, a good fifteen miles over the mountain, by a rickety bus which ran once a day.

Mrs. Gandy was struck with an idea. She hurried to a neighbor's house and begged her to come home with her. "Just ask Mr. Gandy if he will buy for you a pair of gloves, for your husband. Give a large size. He'll never guess."

The neighbor obligingly consented. Mrs. Gandy felt well pleased with her bit of a scheme to get her husband to buy his own gift (unknowingly) for himself, but she was a trifle dismayed when, at five o'clock, Mr. Gandy came home, tired, hungry and tumbled an armful of packages on the kitchen table.

"You got the size for the dressing? The celery? The red toy truck for Tommie? The blue mittens for Sarah? The nuts and raisins, and the white wool for grandma?"

Mr. Gandy nodded and inquired how soon supper would be ready.

"And," asked his wife casually, "the gloves for Andrew, his wife wanted?" Mr. Gandy smiled. "I clean forgot about them until this bus was ready to start. So I just hopped into a place and grabbed the first pair I saw. 'Good enough for old Andrew,' I thought, but they aren't mine!" He grinned a little shamefacedly, like a boy.

Mrs. Gandy plumped down in a chair. "Bill Gandy, that serves you just right. Those gloves are a Christmas present from me to you. You are served with your own sauce!" And she laughed so hard that Bill Gandy had to join her at his own expense.—MARTHA B. THOMAS, Western Newspaper Union.

Mothers' Night, Ancient English Christmas Name

THE oldest English name for Christmas is Mother's Night, or Mothers' Night. In the early days, when our Saxon forefathers had just settled down in the country that was to be England, the day of December 25th was given up to games and feasting, but the night was dedicated to the special honor of mothers. They occupied the seats of honor, and everyone brought their gifts. Sons and daughters who had gone out into the world strove to be at home on that one night in the year.

A little later the name Yule was given to Christmas, and the rejoicings of the day were prolonged into night, when men sang and told stories sitting round the cheerful blaze of the Yule log.

The old customs of Mothers' Night gradually died out, though they still survive in a few parts of the country. Its place has been taken to some extent by Mothering Sunday in the North of England. On that day everyone who can do so still makes a pilgrimage homewards, and the mother receives the homage of her family.—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

THE DAYS BEFORE



"What nice manners the polite little Thompson boys have!" "Yes, they are always like that just before Christmas."

Proper Size for Toy Blocks

Four inches long by two inches square is a good size for children's building blocks, according to educational experts. These can be made at home by cutting them from a 2 by 2 planed joist, sandpapering the edges and corners to a slight roundness, and painting them in bright colors. Old, worn blocks can be given a new lease on life by enamelling them in gay hues.

Shakespeare and Christmas

Christmas is mentioned but twice by Shakespeare and then incidentally. Yuletide was, however, an important time in his life, because it was then that his plays were produced by command at the courts of Queen Elizabeth and James I, with Shakespeare in the casts.

Toys Should Please the Child

Select Christmas toys to please the child, not to amuse the adults in the family.

Your Christmas Pleasure

Your Christmas pleasure is due when your Christmas duty is done.

Joan's Unexpected Guest Was Her Yuletide Love

NINA had gone with her Donnell to Chicago; Vera to her Granny's house to meet her Bance and Laura, she had come up to Lowell for Bobs' family dance. Joan wondered if her girl had ever had such a lovely Christmas holiday in prospect.

Now, there's that little cripple boy down there in that rooming house on the corner that might relish some nice food. I've waved at him every morning for the last six weeks. I guess we know each other well enough and they don't say his mother takes that early bus into town to scrub floors, every day in the week," she told herself as she was about to drop off to sleep, Christmas eve.

It was scarcely daylight when Joan had gone to the little corner rooming house slipped a little note of invitation under the door of the cripple boy's door, and was on her way to the store for a supply of everything that belongs in a traditional Christmas feast, plus a few gifts for the lad.

There was barely time to exchange her house dress for a street frock so she might run down to the corner to push the youngster's wheel chair to her house as she had promised. But at the very moment she stepped forth into the hall, she met not only her guest-to-be but a splendid, handsome young man.

"You see, miss, I got the invitation—the note was tucked under my door, but I gathered at once who you meant it for so I delivered it to Jimmy and made friends with him—we've been together the past two hours, taking a short ride and now I'm turning him over to you, Miss—Miss—"

"Joan Burke, and you are—?" "Larry King, Miss Burke, and this is Jimmy Jordan. With your permission, then, I'll return for my charge later in the day. What hour do you say, please?"

Joan interrupted, "If I may be so bold as to ask—running along to where?"

"To the lunch wagon, if you must know," Larry acknowledged.

"You are not. I do not stay to have Christmas dinner with us, I'm going right out into the street and I don't want any turkey left over for turkey hash tomorrow."

Three parloak of Joan's royal feast but the fourth guest, though unseen, was present, too. Love was there uninvited. But that fourth remained forever and a day, upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Larry King who never forget to include little Jimmy Jordan at their special occasion celebrations the year around!—LUELLA B. LYONS, Western Newspaper Union.

Why Christmas Day Comes on the 25th of December

CHRISTMAS, which seems to have been first officially instituted a church feast day by a decree of Pope Telesphorus, between 142 A. D. and 155 A. D., was a movable feast. Indeed, it was the most movable of all the Christian festivals. It was usually celebrated by the eastern branches of the Christian church in April or May, while in the western part of Europe days in January or other months were observed as Christmas.

In A. D. 337 St. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, obtained from Pope Julius I authority to appoint a commission to determine, if possible, the precise day of Christ's nativity. From the chronological archives of the Roman emperors, establishing the times of occurrence of certain events of the same period of the Roman government of Palestine, the theologians of the eastern and western divisions of the Christian church agreed upon December 25 as the date of the birth of Jesus and thereupon this became the officially decreed and generally accepted Christmas day.

CHRISTMAS SMOKES



Alice: They say a woman can't select Christmas cigars. May: Nonsense. I have been sounding my husband and he says he likes light cigars. All you have to do is to match the shade.

Mistletoe, a Tree Parasite

Despite its popularity as a Christmas green, there is little worry about conserving the country's supply of mistletoe. For this attractive plant, with its shiny, dark leaves and waxy white berries, grows as a parasite high on the branches of trees and does considerable damage to its host trees. Science has revealed that the mistletoe seeds are carried from tree to tree by birds.

A flock of 154 white leghorn hens returned \$1.89 profit each above feed cost to C. A. Simpson of Union county the past year.

Auto Tags Went On Sale Last Saturday

The sale of 1936 automobile license tags started last Saturday morning, and the average saving to each purchaser is almost five dollars, in comparison with the cost of the plates a year ago.

A saving of a million and a half dollars for all motorists in the state will result from the reduction in license rates effected by the 1935 general assembly. License applications have been mailed to the more than half a million owners of automobiles in the state.

A large portion of Wataugans get their licenses direct since no branch bureau has been operated here for several years.

NOTICE

By virtue of an executon directed to the undersigned Sheriff of Watauga county, on the 8th day of October, 1935, from the Superior Court, of said county, in that certain action entitled John E. Smith vs. Media Wright, I will on Monday, January 6th, 1936, at the courthouse door of Watauga county, at 1 o'clock p. m., sell to the highest bidder for cash all the right, title, and interest which the said Media Wright has or had on the 27th day of September, 1935, in and to that certain tract of land described as follows:

Being in Watauga Township, Watauga county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of T. H. Coffey and others, and being the land conveyed to Media Wright by Lum Coffey, and upon which said Media Wright has erected a dwelling now occupied by D. H. Wright.

This the 6th day of December, 1935.

A. Y. HOWELL, Sheriff.

12-12-4

Advertisement for Menthomulsion cough medicine. Includes text: 'Don't COUGH YOUR HEAD OFF', 'ASK FOR MENTHOMULSION If it Fails to Stop Your Cough immediately Ask for your MONEY BACK'.

WATAUGA DRUG STORE BOONE, N. C.

DEMOCRAT WANT-ADS PAY!

Belk's Department Store

Thousands of GIFTS



GIVE WORTHWHILE GIFTS... BELK'S HAVE THEM FOR ALL THE FAMILY



GIVE HER A NICE WINTER COAT 25% OFF

ON ALL LADIES' COATS FROM NOW UNTIL JAN. 1st.

Good Selection Of Everything New

ALL WOOL BLANKETS

Make Useful and Ideal Christmas Gifts They're Colorful and Warm.

VISIT EVERY DEP'T OF OUR STORE

You'll find just what you want for Mother, Father, Sister and Brother and all the Relatives

BELK'S STORE IS SANTA'S HEADQUARTERS FOR CHILDREN'S TOYS AND CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS

YOU CAN BUY IT FOR LESS AT

BELK-WHITE CO.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA