

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY

R. C. RIVERS, JR., PUBLISHER

An Independent Weekly Newspaper

Established in 1888. Published for 45 years by the late Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00; Outside Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25.

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 mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"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, JANUARY 24, 1957

## Band Students Gather

Friday and Saturday mark the staging of the annual band clinic on the campus of Appalachian State Teachers College.

For a number of years this has been an important event in the schedule at Appalachian and this time it is interesting to note that 100 band students from 23 schools are expected to participate, and the clinic band will perform under the direction of Bernard Fitzgerald from the University of Kentucky.

The splendid cooperation existing between the college and the city is again shown by the fact that they are jointly hosting the band clinic. The boys are to be housed in men's gym housing facilities on the campus, while the girls will be housed by various residents of the community who have volunteered their help.

The music department at the College is gaining ever-widening recognition. Since the construction of the new building, the physical properties have been vastly improved, and the staff membership increased to take care of the many students who plan to follow musical careers.

These band clinics, which annually draw more and more student musicians to the campus are of course, stimulating interest in Appalachian's music school, and contributing a full share to its expansion.

Whatever is good for Appalachian College is good for the community, for the county, and the State. Such affairs as the band clinics hasten the growth at the College and the cultural and material well-being of the town.

## Doughton Gets The Nod

Representative J. K. Doughton, of Sparta, four-term member of the State House of Representatives, will be the next Speaker of the House.

This became certain when Representative George Uzell of Rowan, the only other candidate for the top position in the lower branch of the Legislature, stated that he had withdrawn from the contest. This leaves the door wide open for our neighbor Doughton, an official in the Northwestern Bank, to wield the gavel when the House gets itself in order next month.

And that is good news for this part of the State, for the name of Doughton has for a half century and more been a synonym for faithful public service, on county, State and National levels. A son of the former Lieutenant-Governor, R. A. Doughton, who served for many terms in the Assembly and a nephew of the late

Congressman Robert L. Doughton, the Alleghany man, is, by the very nature of things, admirably qualified for the Legislative preferment.

And it will be good for the State, in a general way, and for Northwestern Carolina in particular, to have a mountain man in a position of wide influence down Raleigh way. For many years the East has tended to dominate the situation at the State House, and while Speakers have often come from the Piedmont section, it's been a long time, we believe, since a man from the high hills has been so honored.

Mr. Doughton is widely experienced in Legislative circles, inherited a natural taste for party politics, of the sort which results in better government for the people, and may be depended upon to fill the chair in the House with a rare degree of acumen.

## The Baby Owes \$1,939!

"The tax bite on earnings is only the annual story of what government seems to be costing," writes Sam M. Jones in the National Review. "Behind it lies a debt so large today that every baby is born owing the government \$1,939 before he lets out his first howl. If he is a member of a family of four, his papa will represent a government debt of \$7,738."

Fantastic as these figures are, strangely enough they strike not a note of fear or of alarm among the people who are carrying the burden of the Federal budget.

Much of the lack of tax-consciousness comes from the withholding tax which obscures the tax take to an extent. If every taxpayer had to divvy by a given date his governmental due, without the finger of his employer meddling with his check, there would no doubt come about a demand for some curtailment of government spending and a resultant tax decrease from the people least able to pay. Politics being what it is, there is scant

prospect, as the President suggests, for a tax cut this year. At the same time he calls for a government budget, far and away greater than any thus far proposed in any peacetime era. Used to be that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman were regarded as the apostles of spending. But their peacetime demands were on the meagre side compared with those of the President, who was first elected on a campaign promising lower taxes, less spending, and more cash in the pockets of the people—that is more cash they can take home and spend for the comforts of life.

The notion of big government—of a growing and expanded Federal establishment, which had its first great stimulus during the days of the depression, has followed on into this day of the nation's greatest peacetime prosperity, as a permanent policy, it would appear. That doesn't look good.

## The Passing Parlor

(The Raleigh News & Observer)

You used to hear the term "parlor joke" rather frequently. But now just about the only jokes told in the parlor stem from television. And all these are not merely "parlor jokes." The parlor, these days, seems to be caught in a rip-tide. It is in a nebulous realm somewhere between television and a museum. But the parlor used to be to the spirit what the whopping kitchen was to the stomach. It was a reading room, an open forum for literary and historical debate, a place in which friends and neighbors foregathered just for sake of excellent good company, and it was, as the very name implies, just a place to sit and relax. It was the hub about which the spiritual and intellectual life of the home revolved.

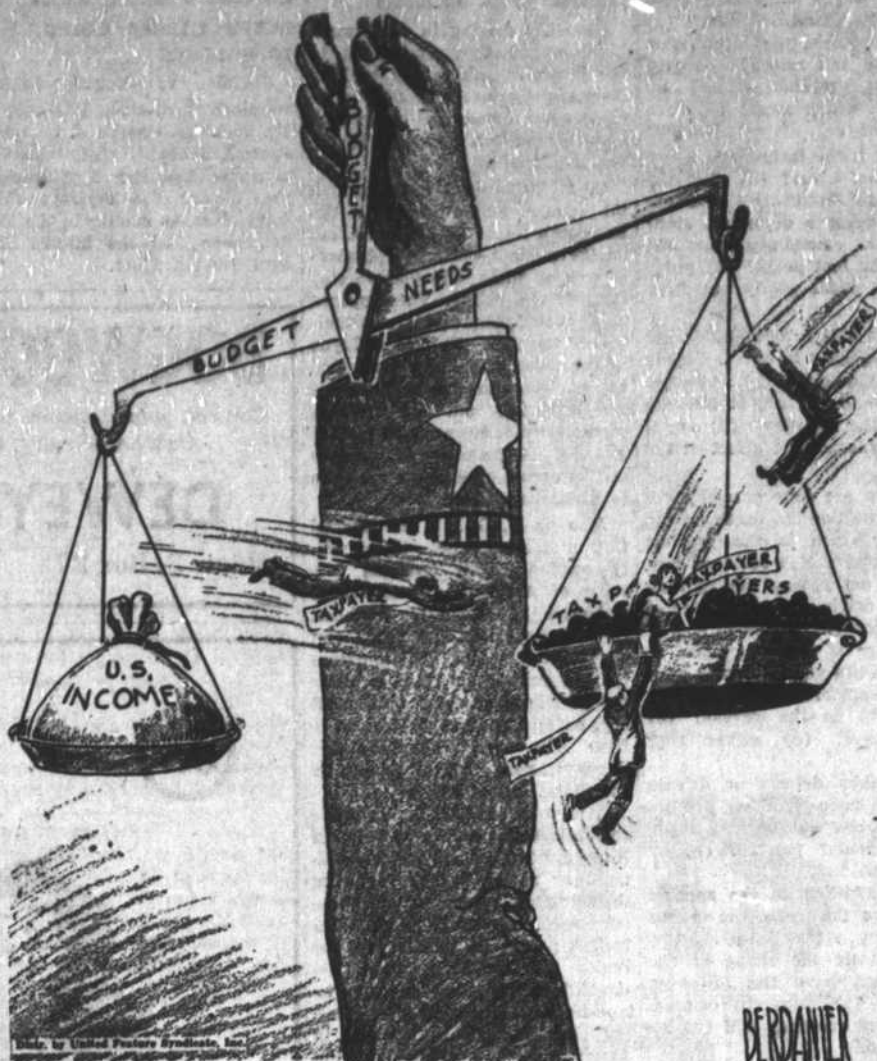
But all this was before television. Now, there is absolutely nothing wrong with TV, per se. It affords a lot of entertainment and it reheats a lot of news that

is already generally known. But a recent survey shows, all too sadly, that when most people visit now, the lights are dimmed, the conversation stops, and everyone sits back to watch television. But the oldtime parlor made good talkers and good listeners. People went visiting for the sake of company and not just because Steve Allen or Ed Sullivan are magically appearing from out of nowhere to cavort about the parlor.

The interchange of ideas is the fountain of democracy. We wouldn't do away with television for anything. But the most retarded chicken in the barnyard has enough sense to know that when neighbors visit neighbors, when the parlor is filled with democracy with all its hopes and its vision, the human mind and the human heart must always take precedence over any form of canned entertainment.

## BALANCED?

By Paul Berdamer



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then . . ."

Is Relished By The Wisest Men"

THE EGG, writes columnist Syd Harris, is God's noblest food. He rhapsodizes at length about the virtues of the breakfast staple, and deplores the fact that no poet has ever penned an "Ode to an Egg."

But he's wrong. At least, one has been written about the powdered egg, that tasteless travesty on the fruit of the fowl with which Uncle Sam insidiously endeavored to induce a fighting mood in his overseas personnel to start the day during World War II. In the European edition of the army newspaper, "The Stars and Stripes," appeared what is probably the shortest poem on record, titled "Ode to a Powdered Egg:"

"You taste  
Like paste."  
To which yours truly  
promptly added a  
Second verse:  
You're worse!

IN FACT, a poem has even been written about the producer of the egg, none other than the noble hen. Author unknown, it went like this: "The eminent Henry Ward Beecher Said, 'The hen is an elegant creature.' The hen, pleased with that, Laid an egg in his hat— And thus did the hen reward Beecher."

A READER WRITES a protest to a daily paper in which she says it "nauseates" her that she can't turn on the radio without hearing an Elvis Presley record, or pick up a newspaper without seeing his name. Well, if it hadn't been for her letter, I wouldn't have seen his name in that particular issue. (Or this one, either.)

THE BRITISH PRESS is indignant about Princess Margaret's being dropped down a notch or two in the latest list of "Ten Best-Dressed Women." But we're to blame, really, offered the man on the street. No reason, he opined, why we shouldn't continue to dress her in the style to which we've accustomed her.

A ROBESON COUNTY driver was found guilty of speeding 110 m.p.h., careless and reckless driving, and failure to stop for stop signs. That last charge is a gross miscarriage of justice. How can a man stop for a silly stop sign when he's doing 110!

COFFEE BREAK DIALOGUE—"That Polly Bergen really sends me," said the man drinking it black. "She makes me want to go right out and buy a crate of Pepsi Cola." "You're lucky, chum," the fellow at the next stool snorted into his half-and-half. "My weakness is Betty Furness!"

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

January 21, 1897.

Jesse F. Hoskins of the Farmers Mutual has been in the county for several days, and is busy writing policies.

We failed to note in our last issue the advent of a spicy new newspaper, called the Globe Star, edited by F. P. Moore. Mr. Moore is one of the most enterprising men in Caldwell county and is well qualified for any business.

John Sherman will be McKinley's Secretary of State.

Congressman Spencer has introduced a bill to buy Cuba at a price not to exceed \$200,000,000.

Gen. Gomez is marching on to Havana with all his force and is not waiting on treaty makers. The city of Havana is in a great state of alarm.

George Main who killed Emmett McEwen in Johnson county, Tenn., on the second, was arrested on Monday of last week by Sheriff Murphy and others. He was captured at his father's, where he was concealed, and is now in jail in Mountain City.

Willis, our minister to Hawaii, died at his post on the 6th inst. from pneumonia fever.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

January 23, 1918.

William I. Carender of Matney, Watauga county, died at his home December 1, 1917. He was born January 20, 1848. He came from Wilkes county about 38 years ago. \* \* \*

Again we are without mail, the snow on Tuesday night drifting to such a depth as to make travel almost impossible. The mail from Le-noir came within a little more than a mile of the village Tuesday and was forced to return to Blowing Rock on account of the heavy drifts.

Mr. M. A. Teague, formerly of Watauga, but for the past year a resident of Caldwell county, died at his home near Mulberry Springs last Wednesday and the remains were brought here for interment, which was in the Hine graveyard Friday.

W. G. Todd of Bamboo was in the village Monday. He told the Democrat that, by actual measurement, there has fallen since Friday, December 8th, snow to a depth of 46 inches. That night we had another four-inch fall, which runs the depth to four feet two inches.

Dr. J. M. Hogshhead, cancer specialist of Matney, after a protracted illness, died at his home last Saturday and was buried the following day. The doctor came to Watauga some 30 years ago from Alabama, and has since practiced his profession in this and adjoining states. He will be greatly missed, both professionally and in his community and county.

Martin Bentley died at his humble cabin on the White Oak Flat Road last Friday as a result of measles. His aged widow is extremely ill, while possibly as many as five grandchildren are down with the malady in the same house. \* \* \*

Last week diphtheria broke out in the family of Mr. and Mrs. David Ray near the village and on Sunday evening the baby girl, two and a half years old, died, and the following morning a son, eight years old, passed away, and the father and mother are both suffering with the disease. The two children were buried in the same grave Tuesday, the Rev. Mr. Powell conducting the funeral.

### Fifteen Years Ago

January 22, 1942.

William Alex Tugman, leading citizens of the Meat Camp section, who taught in the schools of Watauga county for many years, died Saturday after an illness of several months. Mr. Tugman was 61 years old. \* \* \*

Chairman Donald M. Nelson of the war production board yesterday ordered production of passenger automobiles and light trucks stopped after February 1.

Mrs. Annie Greene, 64, of Blowing Rock, died at the Blowing Rock clinic Tuesday night of last week.

Rev. W. H. Glenn of Watauga Falls, died at the home of a son, Mr. Thomas Glenn, Tuesday of last week. \* \* \*

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### WEATHER FORECAST . . . BY THE RULING DAYS

In Asheville, Mr. Joe A. Davis gained some renown as a mountain weather prophet, and after his death Mrs. Davis seems to have fallen heir to the secret formula of her husband. . . . So, says the Asheville Citizen, we can still have a long-range forecast for 1957, arrived at by Mrs. Davis by close observance of the first ten days of January, a period known as the "ruling days" and which is supposed to control the weather for the rest of the year. . . . A great many folks hereabout have laid store by this ruling days theory, and are reported to have fared "uncommon well" in saying what the weather would be in the ensuing months. . . . The late Mr. Davis, likewise, is reported to have been 95 per cent accurate over a period of five years. . . . We are indebted to the Citizen for Mrs. Davis' forecast for 1957:

January—Sunny, cold and windy, with little rain or snow

February—cold with a lot of sunshine.

March—It'll run true to form, in-like a lion and out like a lamb.

April—Showers and generally unsettled.

May—Partly cloudy and cool the first half, with warm, sunny days foreseen the latter portion.

June—Normal with some rain indicated.

July—Normal temperatures with thundershowers with some wind indicated.

August—Much sunshine, with rain foreseen the latter half.

September—Balmy and unusually clear for this month, although some rain sighted.

October—Much sunshine the first half, with cold rains or snow flurries toward the end of the month.

November—Cold with occasional snow flurries.

December—Milder than usual, especially the latter half. Some snow indicated around the first of the month.

### THE INAUGURATION . . . KINDLES MEMORIES

Kenneth Linney and Mrs. Linney are the only folks we know from Boone who went to Washington Monday for the inauguration and the parade, and the excitement of the quadrennial affair. . . . Kenneth says he wanted to see another President. . . . Says the last time he saw a Chief Magistrate was when Herbert Hoover delivered an address from a platform erected under a spreading white oak tree in Elizabethton, and, Snooks added, "the tree died in due course of time!" . . . Snooks, who takes the Republican party seriously enough, can't forego a good laugh, regardless of which side of the fence the chuckle originates.

### OTHER INAUGURALS . . . TWO WE REMEMBER

And while talking to Snooks we recalled some other inaugurations about which we have read, when Presidents sloshed in the mud from boarding houses to the place of oath-taking, or rode horses along the avenue, and sometimes were plastered at the end of the day. . . . Like when Jackson and his buddies muddled up the place with a gay party. . . . But both the inaugurations we attended were noteworthy. . . . The first, when Franklin D. Roosevelt stood in the plaza that bleak, rainy March day in 1937, after he'd carried every State except Maine and Vermont. . . . And the throngs had gathered from far and near, flush with victory and in some cases with gin, and such an ingathering of politicians, both great and small, we'd never seen. . . . Again in January 1949, we journeyed to the Potomac to hear Harry Truman enunciate his point-four program, and witness the gay parade, and other features of an inaugural, funds for which had been provided by a Republican Congress for Thomas E. Dewey. . . . So we can well imagine the joy experienced by the Republicans Monday in their second recent hour of great success.

### OVER AT MATNEY . . . NO LAWMAN, NO J. P.

Lee Carender, of the Matney neighborhood, an old friend of the Democrat and its publisher, visits us Monday, and his alertness and vigor would be envied by many a man of half his eighty years. . . . Mr. Carender says that not for years has there been a deputy sheriff appointed in his neighborhood, and as a matter of fact they don't even have a Justice of the Peace. . . . The reason assigned being that folks live right, and law enforcement isn't needed. . . . Where men like Lee Carender reside it has to be a good community.

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

In between reports of the ubiquitous "mad bomber," the local police department received a message: "Bookworm locked in store; owner gone home." Two patrolmen were dispatched to the book shop on 4th Avenue. Through the glass door, they saw a young man but the door was locked and he couldn't get out. For some reason, they could not get in. So there he stayed for two more hours, while the police patiently hunted up the owner of the store. Seemed the young man had been browsing among the volumes in the basement of the store, when the owner, not knowing he was there, locked up and went home.

Sitting next to Attorney I. B. Brodie, formerly of Baltimore, at luncheon in the Columbia University Club, I learned that he was a good personal friend of the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. It seems that the great jurist wrote such a bad hand, that every time Mr. Brodie received a letter from him, the lawyer had to get his secretary—who had specialized in it—to "translate" the letter. Mr. Brodie thinks most lawyers are exalted clerks. He now specializes in reorganizing failing businesses, and was made chairman of one. But he won't take such cases unless the owners agree to pay their creditors 100 cents on every dollar they owe.

of the magazines, American, Woman's Home Companion and Colliers, not only did not allow them to fail, but made money by the fistful. He was a strong personality, like Thomas J. Watson and Henry Ford. Sometimes, it appears, such a one is required to keep a financial ship above water. Another magazine, devoted to children and their parents, recently celebrated its prosperous 30th birthday here. Said its anniversary issue: "Nowadays children are born with a Bill of Rights entitling them to diaper service, play schools, remedial reading and—most important of all—understanding of their individual needs by their parents."

It would seem that the Civil War books to end all others are the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" just published by Thomas Yoseloff in four handsome boxed volumes. A total of 2,000 prints and 2,000,000 words, this vital primary source of the history of the great war represents accounts of the battles written by the leaders on both sides and appeared in the well-known Century Magazine between 1894-97. This set was published years ago but became virtually out of print until Mr. Yoseloff saw fit to bring out a new edition—a most worthy project.

Burke Davis, a distinguished

(Continued on page six.)