

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY

R. C. RIVERS, JR., PUBLISHER

An Independent Weekly Newspaper

Established in 1886. Published for 45 years by the late Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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.

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

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

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1937

Trend Of Local Crime

The fall term of Watauga Superior court, which convenes next Monday will pass judgment on 131 defendants, according to the records in the Clerk's office.

Eighty-eight of these defendants will be tried for some sort of traffic violation. Broken down, 55 have been indicted for speeding, thirty-one for driving while intoxicated, twenty-one for driving without license, and 12 for reckless driving.

This leaves a total of forty-three defendants charged with other than traffic violations. Some broke in, three are indicted for non-support, and among the miscellaneous misdemeanors, five face trial for violation of the State prohibition laws.

A few years ago, before automobiles had

made their contribution to any great degree to the State docket, it wasn't uncommon for there to be 100 or 150 cases on the criminal docket in Watauga. Which would lead us to the conclusion that if the motor car hadn't brought along a new set of problems, and subsequently a new set of laws for the protection of the traveling public, law violations would have pretty nearly reached the bottom in this county.

Anyway we're running far below the State docket in the days when population was smaller and fewer law enforcement agents on the job. We're doing a lot better, or are more proficient in covering up our tracks.

Manners On The Road

If the popularity of books on etiquette is any indication, then people, by and large, are interested in manners. Just a little observation of our friends will show that most of them act courteously in their dealings with other people.

But there's one phase, one phase entirely apart, that's been sadly neglected the way we see it. That phase is motor manners.

When a driver opens the door of his car and slips behind the wheel, he too often changes from a courteous, law-abiding citizen into what the North Carolina Motor Vehicles Department calls an "auto-intoxicated" boor—that is, a motorist drunk and in this community.

This lightning-like change has been the subject of some very funny jokes, cartoons, stories. But there's nothing funny about its effect on traffic safety in North Carolina and in this community.

As long as there are individuals who persist in this type of thinking, we pre-

dict that our state will forever be plagued with senseless traffic accidents. Accidents that could be avoided if the folks involved could only learn to look at things from the other fellows point of view.

To relate an illustrative anecdote, a five-year-old, out riding with his daddy, was happily engaged in identifying the different makes of cars they encountered. Of course, Dad was helping. When they returned home, the mother asked the child how many cars they had seen. The little fellow exclaimed, "Oh, we saw a Jaguar, two or three Fords, a Mercedes-Benz and a 'stupid slob'."

Courteous conduct on the highway is far more important than courteous conduct in the living room. Or to put it another way, surliness in the drawing room may never win your friends—but it won't put you six feet under either. On the highway courteous conduct can mean the difference between life and death.

muscle tissue alongside the bridge of the nose.

Another tube extends from the tear sacs to the interior of the nose. Thus, during a heavy cry, a runny nose occurs.

Is crying harmful?

On the contrary, say the researchers, most psychologists and physiologists feel that crying may be helpful on occasion, since it occurs in a state of emotional transition and is almost always accompanied by a feeling of relief.

Why, then, don't men cry?

They could, and readily, but from childhood they're conditioned to believe that tears are taboo to all that's masculine.

Achilles shed tears over the death of Ajax. Alexander wept on beholding the land he had conquered. Napoleon, watching his French army disintegrate in the Russian winter, sobbed in frustration and grief.

Joe Smith? He turns purple, pops a vein, gets an ulcer—and remains dry-eyed through the whole dismal mess.

Edsel And Model T

(Christian Science Monitor)

For anyone who once owned and drove a Model T Ford advent of the new Edsel throws wide the floodgates of memories. Owned and drove one not as a hobby but as a piece of valuable if not essential transportation. And a Model T not of its twilight before the dawn of the Model A, but a Model T in all the starkness of its own Eocene age.

It came, to be sure, with four wheels, left-side steering, a powerful little motor, an alleged "one-man" top, and electric headlights. But all of these items demand description.

The wheels were shod with high-pressure tires about the size of those on a modern motorcycle. They had to be changed (and frequently) on the wheel and on the car by prying them off the "clinker" rim. The favorite tool was a broken spring leaf.

The motor was hand cranked and water cooled—without a water pump. And it boiled merrily on any summer day on any long grade. Experienced drivers were known to fix leaks in the cooling system by pouring corn meal or breaking an egg into the filler pipe. The fuel tank smuggled

under the seat, and if the "gas" ran low on a steep hill the experienced driver knew how to back up the incline so the fuel would run down into the carburetor.

The steering gear, the size of an alarm clock, was just beneath the steering wheel. The driver felt every rut and rock in his hands. Two pedals worked the transmission. Press down on one for low, let back for high, and down on another for backing. (One purchaser is said to have pressed down for 800 miles before he learned he could "let 'er back.") A skillful dance step on these two pedals could spin a Model T around "on a dime."

The headlights ran on the magneto (the tail light on kerosene). The faster the road let one go, the brighter the lights; the rougher the road, the dimmer the lights—unless one threw into neutral and raced the motor. One rode in a Model T bolt upright as at a lunch counter and with a smoothness somewhat superior to a "spring wagon."

A primitive contraption, you say? Yes, but not too bad, even by 1926 with self-starter added, at \$310 f.o.b.

"Don't Interrupt A Fine Speech!"

By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Panacea For Penury

DO YOU FIND, even in these plentiful times, that you often have too much month left at the end of your money?

Have you discovered that it is possible for a personal depression to exist in the midst of plenty?

We are assured—too often, it sometimes appears—that no bust will follow this boom; that our economy is sound, vigorous, and healthy.

But even if the worst does come, there will be no need of toast for breakfast, sit down to a lunch of "vigorous business," or partake of an evening meal consisting of "healthy conditions."

NO, SIR, there is a remedy, a get-rich-quick scheme to end all get-rich-quick schemes.

This panacea for penury is contained in a letter I ran across while rummaging through an old personal file. It was written a long time ago, but so far as is known, the plan has never been put into operation. So here is your chance to get in on the ground floor.

"DEAR SIR: Knowing that you are always interested in an investment in a good live business, and will perhaps write us by return mail the amount of stock you wish to subscribe toward

the formation of this company.

"The object of the company is to operate a large cat ranch in or near Golden, Colo., where land can be purchased cheap for the purpose.

To start with, we collect about 100,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year. The skins run from 10 cents for white ones to 75c for the pure black. This will give us 12 million skins a year, to sell at an average of 30 cents apiece, making our revenue about \$10,000 a day gross.

"We will feed the cats on rats and will start a rat ranch next door. The rats will multiply four times as fast as the cats, and we will have, therefore, four rats a day for each cat, which is plenty.

"Now then, we will feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats. It will thus be seen that the business will be self-acting and automatic all the way through. The cats will eat the rats, the rats will eat the cats, and we will get the skins.

Awaiting your prompt reply, and trusting that you appreciate this opportunity to get rich quickly, I remain yours very truly.—L. Fakim."

THERE IS NOTHING in the file to indicate that this letter was answered, so it is reasonable to assume that the writer thus became discouraged and abandoned the project.

It is strongly recommended that you do likewise.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

September 16, 1897

We heard of a terrible accident that befell two men near Virgil on last Friday. A threshing machine was being moved from one yard to another when the team took fright, ran away, and fractured the skull of Joe Green, besides other injuries, and cut off the ear of Dolph Lewis, and seriously, if not fatally injured him in other ways. Lewis is not expected to live.

Mr. Gordon, of Mountain City, Tennessee, is now engaged in making and repairing harness for Coffey Brothers. Custom work promptly attended to.

The family of Deputy Collector Horton is moving from Boone to Mr. Horton's farm on New River. We are indeed sorry to lose this estimable family.

Judge Green arrived in Boone on Tuesday evening. He was accompanied by Miss Bessie Horton, of Lenoir. They will remain until the last of the week.

Married on last Thursday at the residence of the bride's father on Cove Creek, Mr. Joe Mast and Miss Sarah Isaacs. Phillip C. Younce officiating.

Messrs Arthur Hardin, of Sutherland, and Shober Rogers, of Deerfield, have left for the University of North Carolina.

James H. Bryan, of Marion, is visiting his parents in Boone. He was quite unwell when he arrived here, but it is now improving.

Mrs. R. A. Hamilton, of Beaver Creek, and family have been visiting at Dr. Council's for several days.

Mr. J. M. Moretz has his neat dwelling almost completed, and he will occupy it in the near future.

The sheriff says pay your taxes. See his notice of his first round in this issue.

Attorneys Council and Coffey are on a business trip to Mitchell county.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 19, 1918

Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Blackburn of Todd were week end visitors to relatives in East Boone.

Thanks in abundance to each and every one who have so kindly settled since the government orders came out and for the many nice things both said and written.

We hear with genuine sorrow of the death of young Hall, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Job Blair, which occurred at their home in Elizabethton, Tennessee, on Thursday of last week, after a protracted illness with typhoid fever. The funeral was conducted from the home Saturday, Mr. Floyd Ward and probably other relatives from Watauga being present. The

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

SALUTATIONS . . . OF VARYING SORTS

We've long since desisted from asking someone how he's feeling, in connection with a casual greeting, or when we've little time to spare . . . he's so apt to recite his ailments, to his further discomfort . . . As a matter of fact, when the man says "how are you?" he's usually just speaking to you . . . Which reminds that the most popular forms of greetings seem to convey an inquiry about one's health—as "how ya doin'?", "you all right?", "what's the good word?", "howzit goin'?", and the like . . . Of course lots of folks say "hello" "hey" "good morning", "good evening", "hi there", and they all add up to the friendliness of a community, its courtesies, and its feeling of goodwill, one toward the other . . . It would seem sort of natural though, for a guy to give down with a solid, drawing, "howdy, lad", even though there came a teeth-rattling jolt from a meaty palm on the shoulder, or painful doubles from an elbow jab in the short ribs.

CUSSIN' . . . SAID TO EASE TENSIONS

Somebody said the other day that it had been found that certain amounts of cussin' at intervals relieved tensions, and that actually folks who let off steam, in moments of great stress, strain and pain, were apt to be around longer . . . There was scant agreement in the group, and one of the more wholesome lads wanted to know if one couldn't let off steam just as well by singing a tune, dancing a jig or something . . . Which would be far better to be sure; if one could hist a tune, "Moonlight and Roses," maybe, when there's a squishy thud as the hammer hits the thumb nail . . . And we'd greatly admire the calm citizen who'd do "Carolina Moon" in a good even baritone with a toe in a mousetrap.

DANIEL BOONE COINS . . . WORTH MORE

The Daniel Boone Centennial coins which appeared during the 30s have skyrocketed in value, according to a story from the Atlanta Journal, sent us by Claud Calloway of Gastonia . . . The half-dollar coins, carry the head of the frontiersman on one side and full-length figures of him and Chief Blackfish on the other . . . The Shawnee Chief is said to have adopted Daniel as a son, giving him the name of Big Turtle . . . Anyway, Mr. Calloway's information has revived our sketchy knowledge of Boone lore . . . Daniel, born in 1735, was of course, the most famous frontiersman in history, and was equally noted for his prowess as a scout, Indian fighter, hunter and trapper.

Boone worshipped at the shrine of solitude . . . His education was limited, and his writing and spelling of the fist-and-skull variety, as is evidence by the "kilt a bar" legend . . . In 1775 Boone started a wave of immigration by blazing the Wilderness road through the Cumberland Gap into the lush Kentucky wilderness, where buffalo and deer abounded . . . And from his home on the Yaddin, he had to cross the Blue Ridge somewhere . . . Of course we've always leaned to the notion that he traveled through Boone and camped at the cabin where the Boone monument stands, across the road from the football field of Appalachian College . . . Anyway the town carries his name, which bears out the contention that he inhabited Ben Howard's hunting cabin on his trips to and fro . . . Rich Mountain's high peak came to be known as Howard's Knob for the other Yaddin Valleeian, who grazed his cattle, according to Arthur, along New River.

CABIN ROCKS . . . UNDER MONUMENT, MAYBE

As a child we saw a pile of stone, said to have been the leavings of the Boone chimney, and we believe they might have been used in the foundation for the Boone monument, fathered by Squire W. L. Bryan and John Preston Arthur, who wrote the History of Watauga County . . . And it used to be that the high school youngsters would plant trees on some occasions as some sort of civic expression . . . We could easily be wrong, but we seem to remember gangling along with some of the other kids to plant the maples which stand thick, east of Daniel's shacksite . . . The monument was a worthy civic project in those far off days, but we've always craved some sort of bronze figure of Dan'l for an up-town location, complete with his squirrel rifle and tree dog, maybe . . . It would be no more than fittin'.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Where I was brought up, about as high as one could get was the roof of the barn or the top of a sycamore tree. So it was with some trepidation that I watched one of those "human flies" washing the windows of a local skyscraper some 67 stories high. It made me nervous just to watch him. He turned out to be Carl Stengard, 80 years old and has been doing this lofty work for 32 years, so I guess he knows how to be careful. 3,000 windows in this one building and it takes a month to wash them, he said, to say nothing of the 97-foot-high flag pole on the top—he climbs and cleans this too! Why does he stay in this precarious activity, hanging by only a belt high above the mighty hard streets way down below? The answer was simple: he likes his work. This in spite of the fact that during a hard wind, this very building sways some five inches—if it did not, the walls might crack, I was told. And working some thousand feet up, one gets pure air, it seems, as nice as working on a mountain. Even so, as I left the scene, I was reasonably certain that he could keep his job and I would stick to mine—with my two feet planted solidly on this good earth!

Falling leaves are not the only sign of autumn here. Some real tears are descending because the

New York Giants are leaving this town for good—and the West Coast. Of course many of us know Gotham has had too many baseball teams with too much money for other players to make the annual contests an even break. Lots of fans have grown tired of seeing New York teams, season after season, not only winning the league pennants but playing each other here in a subway series. But this does not keep a large number of New Yorkers from weeping over the loss of their favorites. Said Mrs. John McGraw, widow of the longtime manager of the Giants in regard to the decision to move the team to San Francisco, "It's one of the most tragic things that ever happened to me. The Giants have been my life." And from Talulah Bankhead, actress and Giant fan, "I feel like falling on my sword."

Alert Miss Mae Bashore reminds me that Gettysburg, Pa. College will sponsor a Civil War Conference for three days starting on November 17th, marking the 94th anniversary of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The public is invited. Of special interest is the fact that the conference will be directed by a former teacher of mine, Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University and a speaker will be another former teacher. (Continued on page eight)