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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1957

Veterans' Day

Monday was Veterans' Day.

Originally Armistice Day, first observed as an anniversary of the signing of the armistice terms which ended World War one, the day is now known officially as veterans' day—a time when veterans of all the wars should be honored.

In Boone, looking down the Street we were unable to see a flag, except the one that flies at the postoffice, no celebration had been planned, and there was business as usual. Fact is, unless one found the

For Flu, Fiery Water

When influenza first came around, the word was spread in this neighborhood that the only thing that would aid in the cure of the great plague was corn likker, or apple brandy or something of the sort.

And in those days when the country was in the birth pains of the noble experiment, and folks were scared stiff of the law, we heard it was rather hard to come by the moonshine. Bu! there were those non-conformists who kindled the fires under the mash in the laurel hells and in the alders and there was some white lightning forthcoming.

We don't know whether or not those who laid great store by the spirits got rid of the misery by a jolter of corn, but some vowed they kept the disease away from their doors by downing the toddy in good health.

Math Gets Red Priority

In a town where education is the principal industry, matters about schools are of especial concern.

So we are interested in the report that Russian kids start studying algebra and geometry in the sixth grade, trigonometry and calculus in the ninth and by the time they graduate have had ten years of mathematics. Soviet high schoolers have five years of physics, four years of chemistry, five years of biology and one year of astronomy, and go to school six days a week.

Such a system doubtless has to do with the Russian successes in the fields of satellites and missiles and the like.

And to be sure an educational system conducted under strict governmental discipline can develop a higher pressure system of education and force the better students through advanced courses in a good deal shorter time than in this country, where the interests, wishes and happiness of the individual means a lot in the educational system.

Our brighter students could pace any sort of educational setup, we feel, but there is another place where a democratic form of government and an imperial setup are at variance. There childhood interests and the golden teen period are drowned in the harsh demands of the State. Here, our youngsters go through school in a comparative fairyland of social activities,

Time For Walking

(Hickory Daily Record)

Maybe it's because we grew up in the days when Teddy Roosevelt and his theory of vigorous or rugged living held sway, but the suggestion, made at the meeting of the North Carolina Recreation Society this week, that more exercise would help the public's health, brings a loud "amen" from our corner.

To the correlated suggestion made at the meeting, that "maybe children should even walk to school," we'll add even a louder "amen."

We are convinced that if more children walked to school, fewer would need to be driven to the doctors' offices, and we'd have a more healthy public. Not only would the physical health of the youths improve, but their mental outlook would brighten and they would find nature offering a fascinating study, with each day presenting a new page of interesting and colorful sights, sounds and happenings along the way.

We think that the conditions as dis-

postoffice window closed he wouldn't maybe know the day had any special significance.

Which does not mean that the veterans are held in lowered esteem here, or that there is any deliberate intention of minimizing their sacrifices. It is just that in the hectic whirl of the business cycle, folks are inclined to neglect some of their duties.

Back soon after the first world-wide war, when it was generally believed that the power of the imperial German government had been smashed to bits, and that Woodrow Wilson's dream of making the world safe for democracy had been fulfilled, Armistice Day was the big occasion. Celebrations were held each year somewhere in the area and we remember on occasions when the fireworks were in some nearby town, Boone would be practically deserted until the observance was over.

Now that the casualties of another greater war have been counted, and a second one fought in Korea, with Russian satellites spinning around in outer space like mad, and this country maybe sadly behind in the race for armed supremacy, it looks like we'd think more about our veterans, and the years of peace they brought us.

And we should have a care for the youngsters who are entering the armed services, and maybe shed a tear for the prospects they face in this maddening age of power and greed and armaments.

optional academic courses, sports, and church activities.

Of course our system finds trouble in competing with the naked force of the positive governments, in the matter of wars, but come what may, our youngsters are being allowed to live, and develop according to their own talents and notions. And that's something worth going to bat for.

Chief Death Causes

Figures supplied by the North Carolina Heart Association indicate that the six leading causes of death in North Carolina are, in the order given, diseases of the heart and blood vessels, cancer, accidents, influenza-pneumonia, diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver.

It is interesting to note that tuberculosis, due to the preventive work of the Tuberculosis Association and other activities, has been depopulated as one of the leading killers.

In Watauga county, the rundown of the 1956 fatality list, in the order of the cause of death is as follows: heart diseases 77, influenza-pneumonia 52, accidents 20, cancer 12, diabetes 6, and prematurity 1.

Hearkening also is the information that cancer is fourth here, as against second in the State as a whole.

closed by the physical tests given draftees, as reported by the speaker at this meeting, reveal a shameful condition, and indicate that truly this nation is becoming a secondary power because its citizens are becoming physically soft.

Hickory with its beautiful, tree-lined streets, with sidewalks in most of the areas, has its schools so well spotted over the community that most of the boys and girls could easily walk, especially when the weather is nice.

We are confident that many benefits would come if parents insisted on their children walking. Parking around the schools would not be such a problem; traffic would be lessened; mothers would have more hours in the day to attend to other pressing duties—and, best of all, we believe, the youths' health and resistance to diseases would be such they would be immune to many of the bodily ailments, including the colds, coughs and sniffles which now lay them low.

Re-Routed

By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Most Whatniks Are Notniks — This One's A Spofnik

IT IS WELL KNOWN to one and all that this is the age of miracles. The man-made kind. Strange things are happening.

The Russians really started something with their Sputnik-antics. It's quite plain that the inhabitants of other worlds have seen them and are sending scouts down to find out if there really is some form of life on this fragment of the universe.

Because haven't we seen them?

So far these reconnaissance parties from Mars, Venus, et al, have made their presence known to only a select few. They seem to have a peculiar affinity for cornfields and lonely roads. Soon as somebody sees them—zoom—they're gone, leaving no trace.

But don't laugh at the Earth creatures who claim they have seen these things. Even if calous unbelievers did toss one of the chosen ones into the nearest boobyhatch just because he happened to mention that he had talked with strange little men from outer space!

They laughed at Noah and his Ark, too. And at Don Ameche and his telephone.

AND NOW, if you have been sufficiently brain-washed, it can be told.

I came upon a strange sight beside a busy highway last Saturday. Fearful, but compelled beyond my power to resist, I stopped to investigate. It was a mechanical object built somewhat along the lines of an automobile, but much smaller.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

November 11, 1897.

J. W. Farthing, with a squad of hands, is now engaged in repairing the telephone line from here to Blowing Rock, and reports say that he is doing a good job.

The railroad proposition now before the people of the county is the best and most reasonable one we have yet had and our people ought to vote for the bonds to a man.

Rev. A. L. Stanford, the Methodist minister on this work, preached his farewell sermon here on last Sunday. He goes to conference next week and we voice the sentiments of his congregations and the public at large when we say that his return is anxiously hoped for.

The road from here to Lenoir is now lined with produce wagons from this county, and at last reports, cabbage was worth on that market from 35 to 50 cents per hundred and apples from 15 to 50 cents a bushel. Now, the average expense of one load of produce from here to Lenoir is \$5 to say nothing of the wear and tear on teams and horses. Let those who oppose voting railroad bonds to bring a market to this county stop, calculate and determine whether or not the amount paid out for transporting one load of produce to market each year would pay their pro rata part of the tax caused by the voting of the bonds. Should the tax be equally divided between the taxpayers of the county it would be less than \$2 per head.

A new enterprise has sprung up in Western North Carolina. A French company has purchased a large tract of land near Montezuma, Mitchell county, and will erect a factory for the purpose of manufacturing pipes from ivy roots.

General Longstreet is now gay and happy. The President has appointed him to succeed General Hampton on Interstate Commerce Commission. General Longstreet has recently married a young wife.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

November 14, 1918.

The official returns from the district show that Capt. Lovill was elected to the State Senate from this district by a close vote of only 11 votes.

Mr. J. P. Mulligan, superintendent of our road

work from Wilkes county, is with the two shovel crews in Watauga this week, while Engineer Cole, with his corps of helpers, is in the county of Wilkes locating the road in front of a shovel coming this way on the Boone Trail Highway.

Mr. Ed Teague, a hard-working citizen, died at Shulls Mills Tuesday morning, of influenza, leaving a wife and seven small children. . . . Interment was at the Hine graveyard yesterday.

J. D. Councill, chairman of the local exemption board, has received a telegram from Provost Marshal General Crowder advising him to entrain no more men for the army. . . .

The second steam shovel for Watauga's good roads has been delivered in Boone and was put to work in the W. L. Bryan meadow just beyond the Blackburn property Tuesday evening, and is working west, meeting the one that is coming in this direction from Brushy Fork.

One of our soldier boys, Mr. Fred Winkler, son of Mrs. Lella Winkler, is confined in a hospital in Bristol, England, recovering from wounds received in "no man's land" from bursting shrapnel some time since. Just how bad the young man was hurt has not been learned, but his letters indicate that he is improving right along.

The Great World War, after a bloody grapple of more than four years, has come to an end. That arch fiend, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Von Hindenburg, Field Marshal of the German army, are in hiding in Holland. . . . In a word the iron ring is tightened at her borders and the civilized world waits while Germany reforms herself from within.

Fifteen Years Ago

November 12, 1942.

John E. Brown, Jr., of Boone, clerk in the local postoffice, was nominated Monday by President Roosevelt for the postmastership in this city, and the Senate is expected to confirm the appointment today or tomorrow.

Harstin Shull, age 55, Watauga native, died near Petersburg, Va., in Dinwiddie county, October 31. Death was attributed to heart failure. Mr. Shull's death was said to have been occasioned as a result of extreme shock received in a car accident.

The farmers of Watauga county have already purchased four cars of feed wheat from Commodity Credit Corporation and are now taking orders for the fifth and last car.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

HE LABORED USEFULLY . . . SOME REFLECTIONS

Few if any men we have known along the Street formed more friendships or reached a higher pinnacle of professional attainment than Dr. J. B. Hagaman. As the body of the esteemed physician and friend of so many folks was laid away the other day we came to muse upon the journey which he had finished and upon the faithfulness with which he carried out his tasks of ministering to the afflicted, and easing the burdens of those who were distraught and bereft.

So far as we know, Dr. Hagaman was the last of the physicians in this area who started out in the saddle bag area, and while he practiced only in the vanishing fringes of Old Dobbin's reign, he jogged over many a mile of rutted road and rocky trail, in the ice and the cold, the rain and the mud bringing ease and healing to the people of a section largely untouched by community hospitals.

THERE WERE HOOF BEATS ON THE ROCKS, followed by the coughing, spluttering Tin Lizzie. . . . There were anxious hours in field hospitals while the young physician tolled with the carnage of the first great war. . . . There were fast automobiles purring along asphalt ribbons, where there used to be boulders and chuckholes. . . . There were emergencies in the small hours of the night, the open door, and the hope with which the man of medicine was greeted by anxious householders. . . . There were long vigils in kerosene-lighted rooms and hushed conversations when the spirit seemed to struggle mightily to wrest itself from the wasted tenement of clay.

AND IN THE CHILL GRAY WATCHES OF THE DAWN sometimes, gentle fingers laid a limp hand, bluing in the un-hurried processes of death, across a stilled breast, and there was an almost imperceptible shake of a physician's head as he looked up from the tumbled bed where the long sleep had fished the miseries of the flesh. . . . And sometimes the automobiles didn't keep their distance on the mountain roads, and there would be smashed steel, splintered glass and the anguish of the injured and dying, and the skill and calm of a beloved physician. . . . And now and again there were happy times like when the patient who'd had a hard time had responded to the medications and the care and it looked like he might take his place again in the store, on the farm or in the office. . . . There were the tormented wails when a little child had been taken from fond parents, and the balm when the new baby arrived on the scene, pinkish, full of vim, vigor and shrieks.

BEFORE DR. HAGAMAN passed every sort of human emotion, from the hate which caused one man to strike down his neighbor to the tenderness of a loving mother for her ailing child. . . . He was able to meet every situation considerably, with kindness and compassion and cast a ray of sunlight into the most hopeless developments. . . . To an almost unbelievable degree this kindly physician, who served his people with such competence and devotion, practiced the healing arts without reward or even so much as a hope of reward. . . . Beggar, rich man, captain of finance, the pauper in his rags—all fared well and equally at his hand.

AILMENTS OF THE SPIRIT . . . UNDERSTANDING NEEDED

Once at the midnight hour we had a session with Dr. Hagaman which stands out in our memory of many pleasant associations. . . . His home had been converted, temporarily, into a clinic and the house was full of patients, upstairs, down and out in the street. . . . The good physician was enjoying the rest which came with an interlude of conversation. . . . "Are all those folks outside sick?" we inquired. "Not all of them are—not bodily that is. Many of them are organically sound." "What do you do—tell them there's nothing the matter with 'em?" we queried. "No, I can't do that," came the quiet, calm answer. "They have troubles too. I have to give them some harmless pill and then talk to them. . . . They need consolation, understanding . . . some one to share their troubles . . . and their condition may be quite as serious as some of those with organic ailments." . . . And there lived no man who could so brighten the outlook, cheer the faltering and steady the load as Dr. Hagaman, and valuable as his nostrums and professional ministrations were, his words of consolation often meant more. . . . Sir Walter Scott said:

"True love's the gift which God has given To man alone beneath the heaven . . . It is the secret sympathy, The silver link, the silken tie, Which heart to heart and mind to mind In body and in soul can bind."

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Now that we have had another election of a mayor here, it may be well to take a look at his position—which is called by the New York Historical Society—the "Second Hardest Job in the World." At one time, of course, the men with the first and second hardest jobs—the local mayor and our national President—shared this city as headquarters. It is a far cry from those early days in 1789 when the population of New York City was about 25,000 and its houses numbered only 3,500. Today we have about eight million people and 765,000 buildings here—and still only one mayor. His first salary was \$3,000 and now it is \$40,000, but one man still does the job and human endurance has increased very little since the colorful colonial period. Even so, there is never a lack of anxious candidates for the position.

This might be called an international city, what with the United Nations located within it, and the

various "foreign" people who live here. Some sections of the city are plentifully sprinkled with Canadians, Englishmen, Italians and Irish among others. Northern Manhattan is getting a tropical atmosphere from the large number of Puerto Ricans settling there. A vivid indication of this is at the 110th Street subway station where over the well-known door, instead of saying "Men," the sign reads "Hombres."

Harnett Kane, author of the interesting new book, The Gallant Mrs. Stonewall (Doubleday), writes me from a tour he is making through the West, and tells of the woman who came up to him after he had finished speaking on Stonewall Jackson and his wife. "I read your book," she said, "and I liked it—all of it, that is, except the last pages—that's where you let Stonewall die!" Another valuable volume that has just come to my attention is entitled Guns (Continued on page eight)