WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NOBTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1960

And it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria).

And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Gallilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And, so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping

watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone

round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings

of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, Which is

Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling

clothes, lying in a manger. . And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

-From the Gospel According to St. Luke.

He Aims To Be In Charge

Offhand belief is that never has the election of a President been held in so much uncertainty for so long by so many followers of the rough and tumble art of partisan politics.

However, we would presume the electors chosen by the people followed tradition and elected Senator Kennedy on Monday, since the Illinois reversal of the verdict was impossible of accomplishment and since Southern electors, by and large, are going to go with the people in their respective states.

In terms of the popular vote it is a razor-thin plurality that Kennedy has amassed. In electoral preference, he's in good shape. As a matter of fact, however, it isn't set up to that a person must have any specified number of popular votes, only a majority of the electoral votes. So Kennedy will be just as much President, as if he had run up a

Rooseveltian lead, and we think he takes it that way, since we haven't known a President-elect getting down to the business of taking over the big job so quickly and with such thoroughness.

The appointments he has made to the cabinet have met with general approval, the quality of the men he has tagged cannot be brought into question. But there is evidence that the new Executive is of a notion to be in charge of his administration and will not transfer complete responsibility in important aspects of Government as President Eisenhower has been wont to do, particularly as regards the State department.

In other words, the Kennedy appointees will not, by and large, be calculated to outshine their boss. Jack Kennedy will take his job seriously, and if we don't miss our guess, there will never be any doubt about who's the main man.

Name The Best Man

To recognize the talents of a man because he belongs to a particular race or group, is just about the same as denying a man his rightful place in the American system.

At any rate that's what the Franklin press thinks, in referring to some of the appointments of Senator Kennedy.

The Press adds: Now there's talk that we must, by all means, have at least one Jew in the cabinet, and one labor leader, and one

Negro.

Nonsense It would be just as reasonable to argue that we must have at least one Moslem and one representative of the latest school of bridge playing, and one man with blue eyes.

If the one man in the entire nation best fitted for a particular job happens to be a Jew or a labor leader or a Negro, then it is his qualifications of ability and character and experience that dictate his appointment, not his religion or his labor connection, or his race.

These cries from a self-labeled liberal element for representation of groups give the lie to the very thing they've been shouting about all these yearsthat we should look at a man as a man, not at his religion or his vocation or his

If it's wrong to deny a man office because of these things, it's doubly wrong to give him an office because of them. Besides, it's stupid.

The Far Horizon Auto

The National Academy of Sciences in Washington is predicting (hoping?) that the electric automobile is on its way back to popularity. A report released fast week by NAS contends that electrically-powered autos would ease the strain on America's dwindling petroleum reserves, would reduce the smoke menace, and might even cut the cost of electricity in the long run. These autos, they say, could be driven on batteries and plugged

We can see it now . . . service stations replacing gas pumps with banks of electrical outlets (AC or DC, sir?") power companies sinking millions into advertising campaigns ("Only the water from clear, clean mountain streams used to produce the finest kilowatts on the mar-

into electrical outlets for recharging

when not in use.

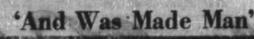
ket"), and state and federal legislation getting into the act when dwindling gasoline tax receipts bring forth a crisis in road-building programs. ("No electrification without taxation, Suhs!") . . .

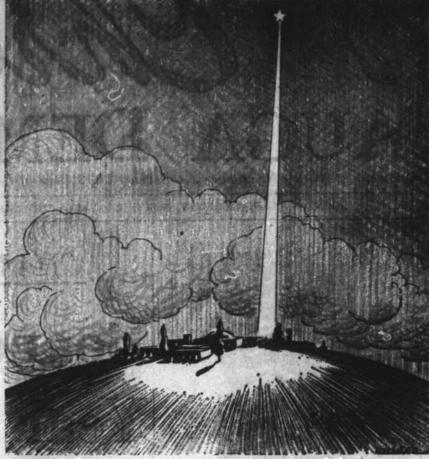
And finally, the scene shifts to the Happy Dwelling of the Average Suburbanite, complete with Mom, Dad and

Junior: "Dad, can I use the car tonight?" . . . Dad: "No. You forgot to plug it in after you used it last night." Mom: "Yes, he did-I unplugged it early this morning so I could give the station wagon a quick charge before the Junior League meeting." . . . Junior: "Chee whiz, pop, why can't we have two

See the problems you can get inte?

outlets like everybody else on the





SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago December 20, 1900

After all, New York is a temperance town. The Prohibition ticket received 640 votes there. No one dreamed that there would be so

Linney Greene of Meat Camp entered school here on Tuesday of last week. Glad to have him back. Owing to the protracted cool,

windy weather the roads are getting almost as good as those of As is always our custom, we will not issue any paper next week, but,

on time January-3, 1901. Miss Mary Lillington Hardin, who is in Grensboro at school, is expected hom this week. She will remain at home during the holi-

nothing to prevent, it will be out

Some Tennessee drovers passed through town on last Saturday with 73 head of horses and mules bound for the southern markets.

Miss Maggie Lovill left Tuesday for Mooresville to spend the holidays with friends and relatives at that place. She was accompanied as far as Lenoir by Mr. J. D.

Friend Harrison Penley, who has just returned from Skagit City, Wash., was in to see us last week. He says he left a good country in many respects, but proposes to make old Watauga his future home.

The Queen didn't want a thing but money and she told her Lords and Gentlemen that in the briefest possible message.

Just One Thing

AFTER ANOTHER

The setting for this tale is in a country school not far from the town of Lenoir in Watauga Coun-

A couple of weeks before last Christmas, teachers and other members of the P. T. A. decided to put on a rip-snortin' Christmas program. Word leaked out about plans and preparations and all the children got tremendously inter-One of the first things the kids

wanted to know was whether Santa Claus was going to be present. They were informed that a letter had been sent to Santa at the North Pole, but nobody could be exactly sure whether he would show up or not.

The children hoped and prayed that he would.

Three or four of the grown-ups got together and decided that Santa would have to be present by all means, otherwise, there would be a lot of disappointment. Let's get Jim Walker to dress

up," someone suggested.

They went to call on Mr. Walker, a middle-aged farmer who lived about a mile from the school. He didn't much want to do it, but they finally persuaded him to ac-

Several other grown-ups, ont knowing what the first group had done, called on Mr. Tom Hadley with the same proposition.

"We want you to act as Santa Claus at the Christmas celebra-tion," they informed him. "Don't Osay anything about it, because we want this to be a big surprise to the children."

After much persuasion, Mr. Hadley agreed.

The event was to be held on the night of December 21. Teachers and parents continued to keep the children in suspense as to whether Santa would appear or not.

When the program started at eight o'clock, the school auditorium was packed and jammed with children and grown-ups. The school orchestra rendered several selections. There was an appropriate Christmas talk by the preacher.

In walked Mr. Walker, dressed in a perfectly nifty Santa Claus

The children applauded joyously and Mr. Walker bowed and waved his hand.

And now, momentarily, we turn to Mr. Hadley. It was close to Christmas. Mr. Hadley felt that the advent of the Yuletide season justified him in taking a drink. So he drank a toast to himself. Then he dressed up in the Santa Claus suit his wife had made for him and decided it would be polite and considerate to drink a teast to Santa Claus, which he proceeded to do.

Just as he was leaving the house, he happened to think of Mrs. Santa Claus; so he drank a toast to her, too. And then, as a final thought, he also remembered the

All of which meant that by the time he arrived at his destination he was in a highly festive mood,

He entered the back door of the auditorium and walked out on the platform. The children gasped in amazement. They hadn't been sure whether one Santa Claus would show up or not, and hereall of a sudden were two of them They yelled, stamped their feet

and clapped their hands.

Mr. Hadley bowed in appreciation of the reception being accorded him. Then he happened to look over toward the side of the stage

and saw Mr. Walker. An interloper! He walked somewhat unsteadily over toward Mr. Walker and said: 'What are you doing here?'

"I'm Santa Claus," said Mr. Walker.

"Like hell you are!" said Mr. Hadley. "I'm Santa Claus." "I was here first."

"Yes, and you're going to get out of here first." Mr. Hadley looked around him,

spied a guitar within easy reaching distance, and crowned Mr. Walker with it. The children went "You . . you . . you . .," gulped

Mr. Walker as he slugged Mr. Hadley in the face. The entire auditorium was in an

uproar. The two Santa Clauses were going at each other with everything they had, Four or five men sprang from their seats and went up on the platform. They succeeded in separating the combatants and ushered them unceremoniously out of the building. Then the school principal said

that in view of unforeseen circumstances, he himself would enact the part of Santa Claus. The kinds didn't give a rap about the rest of the program. They had seen enough to last them a lifetime, and they haven't quit talking yet about the dandy fight that Santa Claus and his brother put

Thirty-Nine Years Ago December 22, 1921

Mr. M. B. Blackburn left for Hickory Monday where he will remain for a few weeks under the treatment of his brother, Dr. T. C. Blackburn of that city. His health has been rather poor for some time and it was deemed best for him to leave business cares behind for a while. Here's hoping that the disease, whatever it may be, will readily yield to the skill of the physciian, and that ere long Manley Blackburn, one of our most valued citizens, may return to his home and business entirely re-

stored to his former good health. There will be a Christmas tree at the Baptist Church in Boone next Saturday night, given for the Sunday School pupils of that church. By the way the Sunday School there is possibly more largely attended than any one in the mountains, the actual attendance running as high as 225 in the fall.

Mrs. Dr. Little, who has spent the summer at her home in Boone left last Thursday for Salisbury, where she will remain during the winter with her son, Mr. Roscoe Little, a large property owner residing near that city. The Little home here is being occupied by Mr. O. L. Hardin and family.

Married last Friday at the home of the bride's parents in Johnson City, Tenn., Mr. Ralph Winkler of Boone to Miss Effie Vance, the young couple coming to Boone on the evening train, and will make their future home here. The groom is the junior member of the Highway Motor Co., a good business man, and his bride is one of John son City's attractive daughters. The Democrat, with best wishes, extends to the happy couple hearty congratulations.

Fifteen Years Ago December 27, 1945

Gene Wike, recently placed on

inactive duty by the Navy, and formerly connected with Appalach ian State Teachers College, will be come public relations director fo the division of game and inland fisheries on January 1, Commissioner John D. Findlay announces.

Mr. Richard A. Olsen, who until recently was executive secretary of the local ration board, and who has been in the employ of the D&P Pipe Works for some time, has been given full management of the local smoking pipe business, Mr. D. P. Lavietes, president of the organization, has announced, Mr. Lavietes, in relinquishing active management of his local enterprise, states he will now attend to sales, and re-establish his residence in New York City.

While many people frown on the use of Xmas for Christmas, this abbreviation has an authentic basis in history. The X is the first letter of the Greek word for Christ, Christian scholars of the middle ages, are said in their writings to have abbreviated the spelling of the Nativity celebration into X-mass or simply Xmas. In the same way Xn was used for Christian and Xty for Christianity. In the catacombs of Rome, X is frequently found to stand for Christ. Early Christian artists, when making a representa-tion of the Trinity, would place a cross or an X beside the Father and the Holy Ghost.

America's great master of tank warfare, General George S. Patton, Jr., died peacefully in his sleep today of a bleed clot which de-veloped gangrine in his lungs and weakened his warrior heart.

KING STREET

Christmas . . Some Reflections

Christmas brings happiness and joy in a troubled world, maybe enhances the miseries of those who haven't had it good, has a tendency to re-kindle the Christian faith, and one is apt to lean back sleepily when there's fire on the hearth and recall Christmases of other days along the Street.

When M. B. Blackburn, M. P. Critcher, R. M. Greene and D. Jones Cottrell did most of the merchandising, and when of course we knew more about the Blackburn store, on account of its being right near our home. . . . And we kept an especial eye open at Christmas time when the lumbering wagons and the straining teams would haul in the great packing cases from the railheads, and there would be toys, and books, sometimes, and a good many things we didn't see at other seasons. And oranges, and occasionally bananas would arrive for

the holidays and Mr. Blackburn would worry a bit lest he

would be unable to keep the fruit from freezing until it had been disposed of. . . . And there was the striped stick candy which would find its way into the ribbed cotton stockings hung by the chimney, and the raisins, filled with seeds and delivered by the vendor right on the stem, and some figs, and gumdrops and chewing gum. And once in a long while there'd be a home Christmas tree. Usually the stockings sufficed, along with some red

paper bells which might be hung around the place. But there was always a big public tree at the courthouse, and maybe that had to do with the trees not being used so much around

And those frigid mornings, when the house let in a good deal of cold, and one would snatch his Christmas stocking and take it to bed with him, happier than a prince, and grateful that there was a Santa Claus, in spite of what some folks said.

And the Christmas mornings of unrestrained contentment, and the good smell from the kitchen where the turkey was roasting, and the carrying of green logs to add fuel to the hungry flames in the fireplace.

And the sleds and the coasting when there was snow, and the shooting of firecrackers and of firearms during the early morning hours, after one got big enough.

And the men of the community, some of them, gathering in small groups at somebody's barn, and coming out wiping at mustaches with red bandanas, and seeming uncommon happy. . . We thought at the time it was just good fellowship, but in later years came to believe that it was the borning day of the cocktail party.

And the church services, and Rev. Mr. Hargett or Rev. Mr. Brendall reading St. Luke's account of the birth of our blessed Lord, and preaching some, and Mrs. Minnie Winkler playing the organ and the rest, both young and old, doing their

best at singing. And our good colored friends who'd gather wishing us a Merry Christmas, and visit while we got the gifts.

And rabbit hunting maybe in the afternoon for the older generation and bellyaches for the children, and a refreshing calm in the evening hours.

And we recall the quietude, broken occasionally by a hoofbeat on the rocky street, and the good neighbors, and the visitations, and the merry greetings.

> * * And Now . . Some Things Unchanged

And while we are looking back, we might mention that a close-up look through the lower part of our bifocals, show a lot of good things lasted right on through without change. There are still the good friends. . . . There is still a

sprinkling of stinkers just like there used to be.

The general store is gone, unwanted oranges and bananas are in most households, the public Christmas tree is a memory, a blazing fire is a luxury reserved for the holidays, we've quit firing the musket, but the kitchen still smells the same, and there is still the gaiety at the Christmas feast.

And there are no barns for the men folks to gather in, the jug's been moved inside.

And this corner looks back on a lot of happy days, and of good friendshipping along the street. . . To those with whom we've mixed and mingled, and who've been good to us, we are most grateful . . and for everyone we crave happiness and well-being on this festive occasion.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVARIN'S

Christmas is about to git here again and the fellers at the country store Saturday night was having their annual discussion about peace on earth and good will toward men.

First off, it was agreed that the peace we got is pritty shaky but it was better'n none and that this Christmas we better be mighty thankful fer what we got. Of course, the fellers all admitted that ole Khrushchev was slow but sure worrying us to death. On the other hand, even Bug Hookum, that laments about everthing, said it was better to depart this earth worrying and painless than to git hit with a atom bomb.

Clem Webster sorter put a sour note to the session by claiming that it didn't take near as long to worry us to death as it used to He allowed as how us Americans can't take it like we could 30 years ago, that we're gitting soft-er ever year. I'd have to vote with Clem on this item. There was a time, Mister Editor, when you could say the average American was a pritty solid citizen. But he's been pushed around so much with the New Deal, the Old Deal, the Queer Deal, taxa-tion, red tape, Guvernment forms, rules and regulations that he's gitting a heap of give in him, ain't near as solid as he used to

But, anyhow, we got peace on earth at this Christmas time and

it was agreed by all that everbody ought to say a prayer of thanks fer it on Christmas Day.

On the topic of good will, the fellers was a little bit divided. Zeke Grubb, fer instant, allowed as how good will ought to start out with your neighbors and spread from there. He said some of his neighbors had the meanest young'uns ever brung into this world. They was so mean, alowed Zeke, that he was thinking about fencing in his pigs to keep 'em from mixing with the liftle hellions, said they set a bad example fer his pigs. But maybe after Zeke gits his pigs fenced in and his neighbors kids fenced out the good will bug will hit him a little harder. It was agreed that especial at Christmas time everybody ought to fergit old grudges and start over, with good will toward men.

In spite of the mess the world's in, all of us ought to try and make this a happy Christmas. I can recollect them war years when our loved ones was fight-ing far from home and fireside and how we wished they was at home fer Christmas. Now that we've got 'em here fer this Christmas, let's try to make it one to remember fer years to come, regardless of what comes with them years. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Yours truly, UNCLE PINK