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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1961

Your Home Town Needs You

Now that the tobacco market is going merrily on with sales fetching good prices for the golden weed, and with the Christmas parade all over, and the first visit of Santa Claus dispensed with, Christmas shoppers are beginning to get down to business with their gift lists, and their pencils and their budget figures, and to actually make plans for the festive season, all the way from Uncle Zekes necktie to what sort of fowl will grace the big platter when all the folks gather in for the visiting and the feasting and the fellowshiping.

Boone was not built by the business men along the street in the strictest sense, but the business district was fashioned from the enterprise and the hard work of all the people of the community and of the county and the entire trade area. Everyone who's traded with us and with the storekeeper, the grocer, the druggist, the automobile dealer, and all the rest has contributed his share to the erection of the buildings, and to the burgeoning growth of the shopping district of his home town.

Through the efforts of all these peo-

ple, Boone has developed the outstanding business district in this section. This year, as perhaps never before, the lines of gift merchandising are the largest and most comprehensive in the history of the thriving little metropolis. Friendly, courteous salespeople will take care of your Christmas shopping needs at competitive prices, and will be glad to see you.

We have always felt the community is your town as well as ours, that it was built through your efforts as well as through the efforts of those of us who toil along its Street. In trading at home, we are merely investing in the future of our community and our county and the fringes beyond, which prosper and succeed in direct proportion to the success which is achieved in the county seat.

Our local business men sustain every worthy project, contribute to all public purposes and provide a merchandising service they ask you to use. Visit them often. Trade at home and help build your own community and county.

Americanism

A great American is usually described by the politicians at a big pow wow as one who's contributed vastly to the fortunes of his own political party, while at the same time, gathering some fat on his own ribs. Others view him as simply one who was born in this country, but the Retailer comes forth with the following which is pretty good, we think:

He yells for the government to balance the budget and then takes the last dime he has to make the down payment on his car. He whips the enemy nations and then gives 'em the shirt off his back. He yells for speed laws that will stop fast driving, and then won't buy a car if it won't make 100 miles an hour.

An American gets scared to death if we vote a billion dollars for education—but he's cool as a cucumber when he finds out we're spending three billion dollars a year for smoking tobacco. He gripes about the high prices of the things he has to buy, but gripes still more about the low prices of things he has to sell. He knows the line-up of every baseball team in the American and National Leagues—and doesn't know half the words in "The Star Spangled Banner."

An American will get mad at his wife for not running their home with the efficiency of a hotel, and then he'll get mad at the hotel for not operating like a home. He'll spend half a day looking for vitamin pills to make him live longer—then drive 90 miles an hour on slick pavement to make up for the time he lost.

An American is a man who will fall out with his wife over her cooking and then go on a fishing trip and swallow half-fried potatoes, burnt fish, and gritty creek water coffee made in a rusty gallon bucket—and think it is good.

An American will work hard on a farm so he can move into town where he can make more money so he can move back to the farm.

When an American is in his office he talks about baseball, football or fishing—when he is out at the games or on the creek bank, he talks about business.

He is the only fellow in the world who will

Carolina Progress

The current issue of We The People, official publication of the North Carolina Citizens Association, presents some amazing facts concerning the progress the Tar Heel State has made in recent years.

North Carolina now has more than seventy-one thousand miles in its highway system, over which bus and truck lines serve adequately the producer and the consumer. Thirty railroads operate 4,400 miles of track, and six commercial airlines provide air passenger service throughout the State.

Tar Heels are using 1,150,000 telephones. A dozen television stations, and 149 radio stations operate within the State. There are forty-seven daily newspapers and more than a hundred non-daily papers.

Agriculture in North Carolina is now a billion dollar business.

Writes About The Editor

(Bob Saunders — Charlotte News State Editor)

Back in 1871 a schoolboy wrote an essay which appeared in The Virginia Free Press of Charles Town. The essay was entitled "The Editor."

It deserves to be reprinted here, and without any more comment, here it is: "The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the circus afternoon and evenings, without paying a cent; also to inquests and hangings.

"He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals; gets wedding cakes sent to him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back the next issue, which he generally does.

"I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper busted that day and he couldn't take nothin' back.

"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night and see all that's going on.

"The boys think it's a great thing to sit up till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be grand.

"The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping except with his scissors.

"Railroads get excursions for him, knowing if they don't he'd make 'em git up and git.

"In politics, he don't care much who he goes for if they are on his side. If they ain't, he goes for 'em anyway, so it amounts to nearly the same thing.

"There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession for years.

"They can't see it, though.

"If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me go and be an editor."

A-men.

You Know How Soldiers Are



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

December 5, 1901.

The news from Washington is very encouraging to the establishment of the Appalachian Park and Forest Preserve. The North Carolina delegation in Congress will work actively and earnestly for its establishment and will be joined by delegations from other Southern states. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the park and says that the plan will certainly be adopted if the Southern Congressional delegation press the matter. In his report to Congress Mr. Wilson says: "The region containing the proposed Appalachian Forest reserve was examined in cooperation with the U. S. geological survey. The forest of 9,000,000 acres was mapped and the land classified and a careful study was made for the purpose of a National Forest Preserve. The creation of such a reserve is in my judgment, urgent in order to maintain a greatly repaired supply of timber and provided natural reservation ground which, with the exception of the Adirondaks, will readily be accessible to a greater number of people than any other forest region in the United States. I believe that these considerations render the purchasing by the Federal Government of the proposed reserve in the Southern Appalachians desirable in every way.

It seems that our railroad news is rather a mixed lot these days. Last week it was given out from Winston that the Seaboard Airline had purchased the road from Bristol to Mountain City and that the Co. would at once get to work on the Trans-Appalachian road from Butler, Tenn. via Coffey's Gap to Morganton. But now the Bristol Courier says that if any such deal has been made it is unable to get any news leading to it. Such is the news, however.

John Hodges brought to this office an ear, or ears, of corn that is quite a freak. It consists of one mother ear around which are nine others equally well developed.

Sheriff Baird pays us to say that the people had just as well pay their taxes now and save cost as to wait a little later and put him to the trouble of levying. He proposes to have the taxes as soon as they can be collected and the best thing our people can do is pay them at once.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 7, 1922.

Once again the sonorous voice of the big lumber mill at Shulls Mills can be heard at 5 a. m. each morning, meaning that the plant is again in operation after a suspension of many months. This is good news, the kind we want to print, for it means that a large number of men have resumed work and that the money paid out by the Corporation means much to the people in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Council are at home to their friends in their beautiful new bungalow.

The last rain has gotten our highway muddy (Deep Gap) in some places where the gravel was not put on, but where the gravel was put on it is holding up well.

Mr. Audie Fressnell took a large load of evergreens to Butler, Tenn. on Wednesday. He is doing a good business in this line and evergreens are bringing a good price. Booze has again gotten out of

captivity, by the way it seems to flow out of Deep Gap and other points along the Wilkes line. A good citizen over there says, "I guess 50 gallons a day goes by my house." Where is the prohibition officer? Asleep?

Nothing would be more appreciated by that friend of yours now living possibly in some other state, than a year's subscription to the Democrat, their former home paper. Send it to them for a Christmas present.

Advertisement: We print ever thing but money and postage stamps. Rivers Printing Co.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 5, 1946

The burley tobacco season opened Monday with sales in the No. 2 warehouse of the Mountain Burley Corporation where 220,218 pounds was sold by R. C. Coleman, who states that the better grades of leaf brought prices ranging in the high fifties while a considerable portion of low grade leaf brought less than the floor prices and was taken over by the Commodity Credit Corporation. . . . On Tuesday the first sales were held at the

new Farmers warehouse. There 268,900 pounds was sold according to Mr. Steve Taylor, who was highly pleased by prices brought by the high quality leaf. This tobacco brought 50 to 58 cents but the low grade lagged and the government purchased 94,000 pounds after the price offered was below the floor.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Stacy Bingham at Watauga Hospital a son on December 1 which has been named James Lewis Bingham.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Angel were dinner guests Thanksgiving day of Mr. and Mrs. Hale Vance.

Irvin Berlin's "White Christmas" has definitely joined the procession of Christmas music. Let us hesitate to admit so recent a creation to our inner sanctum of cherished traditions let's see how old some of our Christmas favorites really are. Dicken's "Christmas Carol" was written in 1843. Samuel Clement Moore wrote "The Night Before Christmas" in 1822. W. C. Dobson dispatched the first Christmas card in 1845 and the first Christmas tree was set up in 1604.

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

A letter came in the other day from Miss Mary Gresham of Beaufort, North Carolina, asking how the expression about "eating crow" originated. I reckon everybody knows the meaning of the term—it means to retract, or take back something, or change your viewpoint. For example: a lot of people had to eat crow in connection with the recent bond election.

Well, I couldn't answer Miss Gresham's question, so I called on Mrs. Margaret Price at the State Library to help me out. She did a lot of hunting around and finally found an item about it in an 1885 issue of the Magazine of American History. It's a colloquialism which originated in the United States, and here's the story about it.

An American crossed the Niagara River and was caught hunting on the property of an Englishman. The Englishman was mad. The American had just shot a crow. Pointing to the dead bird, the Englishman ordered the hunter to eat it. I don't know whether the crow was cooked or not, but anyway the American was forced to comply. The news of this little episode gained considerable circulation and the hunter was teased quite a lot. One day, while he was being kidded about it, someone asked him how he had liked the dish. His answer was: "Well, I managed to eat it, but I can't say that I hanker a'ter it."

So that's the story of how the expression originated.

A friend of mine used a word in conversation the other day that I had never heard before—delight-some.

Dictionary, however, says that it is O. K.

And I remember once when Colonel William Joyner was appearing before the Appropriations Committee during a session of the General Assembly, he used an expression which is somewhat dif-

ferent from the one I've always heard.

As a general rule, people say: "On the money I make, it is difficult to make both ends meet."

Bill expressed it this way: "On the money that these people make, it is difficult to make buckle and tongue meet."

A friend told me this little story on the street the other day.

A tourist going through Minnesota met with a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey wrench, he went to a farmhouse and inquired of the Swede owner:

"Have you a monkey wrench here?"

"Naw," the Swede replied. "My brother hane got a cattle ranch over there, my cousin got a sheep ranch down there; but too darn cold here for monkey ranch."

We know that for years you probably have been worrying about how the size of shoes—6, 8, 10, 12, or whatever it may be—has been determined. A friend of ours recently brought a clipping from a trade journal which gives the explanation, so from now on you can quit worrying. Here it is:

"Why do we have shoes in 13 sizes? Because in 1324 Edward II, an English king, decreed that three barley corns from the center of the ear, placed end to end, equalled an inch. By careful measurement it was found that 99 barley corns, end to end, equalled the length of the longest foot. Since the longest foot measured 13 inches, this foot was called size 13, and other sizes were graded down from the longest normal foot at the rate of 3 sizes (or 3 barley corns) to an inch. Thus each variation between half-sizes and full sizes represents one-sixth of an inch—the variation between full sizes being one-third of an inch. The width of the shoe was determined in units of one-sixth of an inch."

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Christmas Opening . . . Lights Shine Again

The Christmas lights, which had been all but a thing of the past of late years, were turned on Saturday to illuminate the Christmas trees through the business district, and to provide bright accompaniment to the gayest Christmas opening spectacle the Street has witnessed.

The parade with Miss Watauga County, and Miss North Carolina, with Fred Kirby and with all the professionally built floats, with the bands and the blare and the brightness, provided a grand spectacular, while Good Saint Nicholas, rotund and happy, and ageless, dipped into his bountiful bag and passed the goodies to the children.

And the people came by the thousands and it rained, and all the streets of the community were blocked by the bumper-to-bumper traffic, in some sections of the town cars were left in private driveways and even on the lawns of householders, and the pedestrians jostled each other in happy sardine fashion as the rain continued and the darkness came.

We've never developed the capacity to estimate a crowd of people. . . . We've leaned to the notion that most such appraisals are little more than starry-eyed guesses, and have little statistical accuracy. . . . But we'd venture the chimney corner opinion that there were more people in Boone last Saturday than have been here at any one time during our stay on the Street.

Other great crowds we recall came in a day when automobiles hadn't contributed vastly to the congestion. . . . Like when the college campus was jammed with folks who'd buggied and walked in for a big get-together after the Armistice was signed to at least slow world-warring. . . . And when the multitudes came in 1922 for a Fourth of July celebration which didn't jell at all, due to the fact that the day came a-raining, and the deluge never let up. . . . or again in 1932 when the Bob Reynolds barbecue took place, also in a steady rain on the John F. Hardin farm. . . . when a heap of folks were hungry, and "Happy Days" was the theme song, and the folks aimed for the man with the dead legs and the golden voice to lead them into greener pastures. . . . It was a great crowd and there have been other gatherings which brought the people to Boone in prodigious numbers, but we'd venture that for many years to come talk of the multitudes will date back to the 1961 Christmas opening.

And we enjoyed a new happiness that the lights are back. . . . We still cling to Santa Claus and the reindeers, right down to the one with the glowing proboscis, and have never lost all the excitement of the fireside at dawn, which crested during the years when the golden haired youngsters messed the place up no end, and the rafters echoed to the childish shrieks. . . . And we always add our voice to those who've been pleading to return to the bright lights and the parade, and the warm-up to the Christmas season. . . . Not that we aim to promote the commercialization of the birthday of the Prince of Peace—not at all—but we think the Baby can be seen easily through the greens and the tinsel, and the colored lights, and in the bright eyes of the little children and in the smiles of those who are going about their shopping, and in the added warmth of the neighboring, and in the heightening of the Spirit of Christmas, which we've always wished might endure.

At Random . . . No Pad, No Pencil

Miss Watauga County, charming and beautiful, enthusiastically acclaimed from her vantage point on a beautiful float.

Miss North Carolina follows as the guest of the reigning local beauty queen.

We enjoyed a session with Fred Kirby of WBTV fame, who's known locally for his promotion of Tweetsie, and as a matter of fact, the entire area. . . . A Charlotte native, Fred and his horse, Calico have built up an immense following among the children with their afternoon western show which is aimed at the juveniles. . . . "I'm always happy because it seems I always find myself in such good company," philosophizes the cowboy star, "and the only reason I'd like to live to be 300 is that I so dread to leave the little children. . . . I love them so much." . . . And give us a man who loves the youngsters, and who esteems horses and the rest of God's creatures, and we'll bet our last rumpled green-

(Continued on page three)

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

I see by the papers where a official of the Treasury Department claims it would be good for the country if we'd cut in half the inheritance tax on all estate worth \$10 million or more. He allows as how it would be a "incentive to free enterprise."

I'm strong in favor of it, Mister Editor. I remember back in 1926 when Cal Coolidge come up with a idea called the "flexible tariff" for helping the little feller. My memory gits a little hazy after 35 year but seems like I recall we got a little relief on such items as goose feathers, paint brushes, axe handles and sheep dip. If I recollect right, this is the last time us little fellers has had any reductions.

Starting at \$10 million is a little high up on the hog, but it could be the beginning of a trend. By the end of this century the Congress might git down to the one-gallus boys, git it so's a farmer or rancher could put his cemetery lot and front yard in the Soil Bank and git his fertilizer at cost through the United Nations.

When I bring these glad tidings to the fellers at the country store Saturday night most of 'em took a dim view of the situation.

Ed Doolittle, fer instant, claimed everbody in Washington did a heap of popping off when the Congress was out of town. It don't mean a thing, allowed Ed, and he said he wouldn't be surprised, afore them Congressmen git back to Washington, to see Bobby Kennedy issue a proclamation abolishing poverty. Zeke Grubb said he was special doubtful of anything that come out of the Treasury Department. He figgers that any Government agency that has to have a barnyard full of high officials and a pasture full of clerks to keep track of them cheap dollars ain't to be trusted on long-range forecasts at the \$10 million level.

Speaking of Washington, some of the fellers was wondering if them junketing Congressmen and their wives and kinfolks would git back home in time for Christmas. Bug Hookum said he was mighty mad at Elizabeth Taylor fer apologizing to some of them Congressmen when they visited her studio in Rome. She claimed the reason she didn't come out to greet 'em was because she didn't know they was there. Liz, at least, was working, claimed Bug.