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Six Months	\$1.80	Six Months	\$2.50
Four Months	\$1.30	Four Months	\$2.00

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

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

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1963

Christmas Jingles

One of the pleasant things about Christmas is the cards which jam the mail boxes and bring messages of good cheer to all and sundry from those who wish them well.

In this corner, we are particularly grateful for every card we get, we read them studiously and mellow at the thoughts of so many good friends who think of us so kindly.

The custom of mailing Christmas cards began in London in 1843, and in the United States they came soon after. Now we send about six billion greeting cards, of all sorts, annually, the bulk of which are at Christmas.

In Boone, alone, Postmaster Be-shars expects that the office will handle more than one-half million pieces of mail during the Christmas rush, a great portion of which will be cards.

But in all the happiness which the greeting cards bring, comes a prob-

lem for the postal workers, and those who have not yet mailed out their cards and parcels, are of course, in danger of their being delayed in the congestion of mail.

But for those who are late, there's still a week of course to get the cards going, and the Postmaster suggests that the new Christmas stamps will help beautify the cards. The stamp portrays the giant national Christmas tree which adorns the eastern ellipse behind the White House. He also suggests that the ZIP code numbers be used, when known.

So, let's help the diligent workers in our postal system to do an even better job. Since some of us are already late, let's at least get with the mailing right now, so that those who perform the vital postal functions may find their job at least a little easier.

"Little Federal" Issue

The "Little Federal" re-apportionment plan which comes before the electorate January 14, is not arousing very considerable comment in Watauga County, so far as we are able to hear.

The proposed amendment to the State constitution would give each county a single representative in the House of Representatives and would base Senate membership on population, increasing the number of Senators from 50 to 70.

There would be 100 members of the House, taking away the twenty or so extras the big counties have been sending to the lower house under the present constitutional mandate. Thus the so-called big counties would stand to further loosen their tenuous hold on their Legislature.

Rumor has it that the big counties of the Piedmont are organizing for a big fight on the proposal, while

some indications come from down the mountain that the little counties will be equally active in behalf of the amendment.

We would say that a small vote is in prospect in Watauga County. One Democratic partisan comment has been heard to the effect that one might as well go along with the big counties, if one expects to develop any political advantage. "We can't get any worse off," he said. "The small-county majority in Raleigh gerrymandered the ninth out of its Congressional seat, arranged the districts so we've lost the State Senate seat forever, and took us to the cleaners on local issues." A view like this, is of course extreme. Others cite different reasons why we should go against the populous areas. But even at that, we'd see little hope of much of a turnout at the polls on this issue.

Christmas Tree Safety

Despite all the brightness and glitter and the happiness which centers around the Christmas tree, there are safety hazards in these gaily be-spangled trees which are not to be encountered at any other time.

The AMA lists a few simple precautions which it says can help insure a safe Christmas for your household:

—Check over your old strings of Christmas tree lights and discard those that are worn or brittle. If there are very small children around your house, discard burnt-out bulbs with caution, so that baby can't get at them.

—Keep the glass ornaments and filmy glass "angel hair" out of baby's reach. The ornaments crumble readily into sharp slivers.

WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

A 'Horn' Full Of Treasure

By all the laws of economics, "Horn in the West" should surely have called it quits several years ago. The outdoor drama's net loss has run into the thousands for the third consecutive season. And it has been in arrears on its rent, bonds and interest payments for several years more than that.

But, then, by all the laws of self-preservation, old Dan'l Boone should never have tangled with a bar and those early settlers should never have headed their wagons into the rugged hills.

Wataugas are not, and never have been, the kind of people to let a little adversity stand in their path.

So, as we might have expected, Boone has served notice that it fully intends to open the "Horn" again next season. Apparently the town would as soon see Tater Hill leveled as let this treasure go.

For "Horn in the West" is indeed a treasure—despite the red ink that persists on its books. It was the one central force that turned Boone from an isolated mountain town into a prosperous tourist attraction. And it is still the bread and butter of the town's motels, restaurants and gas stations.

Few will deny, in fact, that the drama kindled the community spirit and enter-

prise which have brought several new industries to Boone.

If all the "Horn's" benefits to Boone could be totaled, they would amount to many times more than the drama's losses over the past 11 years.

All the same, an outdoor drama can't run on appreciation. It takes cash to turn on the lights, pay the actors, buy costumes and scenery and promote the attraction—more money obviously than the drama has been able to take in at the box office and in profits from its concessions.

The sponsors of the "Horn" say there is enough in a reserve fund to get the drama open in '64. And the General Assembly last session chipped in \$27,500 to pay for much-needed repairs to the theater.

Still, these old debts remain. And there is always the chance that a run of bad weather could throw next season into another sizable deficit.

The people of Watauga thus have their work cut out, and we admire their willingness to carry on. But we wish that somehow the "Horn" could soon be placed on firmer financial footing—perhaps through some organized plan of subsidy.

An asset as valuable as this should not be left too long on too thin a shoestring.

In Which Case, Who'd Be In Charge?



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

December 17, 1903
Christmas approacheth.
A wee baby boy at the home of Mr. G. R. Long.

The school here will close on next Tuesday for a vacation of two weeks.
That little amount you are due us would be highly appreciated just now.

Let your mission during the holidays be to make some little unfortunate happy.
Didn't Teddy smash the "Monroe Doctrine" in that Panama Business though?
Painters Blair and Foster are doing some whitewashing, etc., on the interior of the jail.

The public school at Bethel will close on next Tuesday. Aside from the regular program, music will be furnished for the occasion by the expert trio Ben Osborn, son and daughter.

On Jan. 15, 1904, the contract for the erection of a six room house on the Luthern Parsonage lot will be sold to the lowest bidder. Plans and specifications furnished on application to John Hall, chairman Bldg. Committee.

Jonas Wineberger, Me at Camp, was in town Monday looking after a suitable location for himself and family. He is anxious to get his children in school here, and we hope he may succeed.

A small drove of turkeys passed through town Tuesday en route to Wilkesboro, we are told that some little distance east of town a few fine specimens, tired of their tramp, "took to the woods" and have not yet been seen by the owners.
The first meeting of the Boone Library held at the Methodist church in Boone on last Friday night was an enjoyable occasion. Officers were elected, and twenty-six members received. Each member will pay a monthly fee of 10 cts., and the prospects for a membership of one hundred are exceedingly good. The meetings will be held on the first Thursday night in each month. The January meeting at the home of Mr. E. S. Coffey.

The ladies are getting on most charmingly with their collections for the Christmas tree, and it promises to be a great success.

We don't intend to say just yet who the contracting parties are, but there will be one, and rumor says two marriages in the village during the holidays.

Many large fat juicy turkeys are now leaving Watauga for the various markets to be used as the crowning dish on wide spread Christmas menus throughout the country. One choice lot went forward yesterday, shipped by Mrs. W. H. Gragg and consigned to a firm in Plainfield, N. J.

Mrs. M. B. Blackburn and Walter Winkler have returned from a visit of weeks to relatives in Missouri. They report a most enjoyable stay and the trip, both coming and going was full of interest for them.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Daney on last Sunday a girl.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith Woodring are the fond parents of a boy.

Mr. John Hartley and son of Valle Crucis are doing carpenter work for Mr. J. B. Taylor.
Mrs. J. W. Farthing of Route

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

A few days ago in Raleigh we ran into a friend from eastern North Carolina whom we hadn't seen in several years.
"What have you been doing?" we asked him.

"Been taking a little vacation down in Chicamacomico," he replied.
"And where are you going now?"
"Back home to Chocowinity."

From Chicamacomico to Chocowinity is going some. Maybe we should add the names of these two places to Chiniquette and Chuchatuck.
"Chiniquette, Chuchatuck, Chicamacomico, and Chocowinity" certainly makes a mouthful.

In case you've forgotten it, the shortest railroad in the world is said to be the one that runs from Beaufort to Morehead City.

One of our friends sends us a clipping from an old newspaper which tells of a zealous northern preacher who, several years after the War Between the States, came South to evangelize the heathen people of Dixie.

At the close of the service he announced he would baptize the children if their parents would bring them forward. There was a large crowd present, and a sturdy woman came up with half a dozen young'uns ranging in age from two to nine years.

"Name this child," said the preacher, placing his hand on the head of the oldest.

"Jeff Davis," was the reply. The audience smiled. The

After Another

preacher nervously baptized the youngster.
"Name this child," he said, proceeding to the next one.

"Albert Sydney Johnson."
The smiles on the faces of the audience grew broader and the face of the preacher grew redder as he went on with the ceremony.

"Name this one," he said in a somewhat tremulous voice.
"Alexander Breckinridge Beaugard."
The next one was a little girl and the preacher heaved a sigh of relief.

"Name this child," he said in stentorian tones.
"Mary Secession Stonewall Jackson Lee," came the proud response.

The audience roared. The preacher dropped the child and announced there would be no further baptisms that day.

You know where London is. You would have no trouble locating Paris, and you've known all about Rio de Janeiro for many years. But how about some of these other well-known places:

- Caño is in Wake County.
- Nayles is in Henderson.
- Odezza is in Buncombe.
- Oxford is in Granville.
- Beltsart is in Wayne.
- Carthage is in Moore.
- Newcastle is in Wilkes.
- Smyrna is in Carteret.
- Sparta is in Alleghany.

And if you haven't had enough by now, permit us to call your attention to the fact that Jerusalem, Ephesus, Jericho, Bethlehem and Joppa are all in Davie County.

1, left last Thursday for Wilmington, N. C., where she will spend the winter with her son, Dr. L. E. Farthing.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Brit Robertson of the Poplar Hill section at the home of Mrs. Robertson's father, Dr. J. M. Hodges on Friday night, a boy.

The neat little apartment house of Miss Jennie Coffey has been completed as far as the carpenter work is concerned, and the plumbing is now being installed. It is now almost ready for occupancy.

An extension of the Linville River Railroad either from Shulls Mills or Winkler siding, near Boone to Blowing Rock, is we have heard, almost a certainty now, but we have not learned when construction work will begin.

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Fifteen Years Ago

December 16, 1948
Mr. and Mrs. Hayworth Johnson and daughter, Janice, of Wilmington, N. C., returned home Monday after a few days visit with Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Miller, on Junaluska Rd. Mrs. Johnson is recovering nicely after an operation in a Wilmington hospital a few weeks ago.

Mr. Larken Hodges of Johnson City, Tenn., spent last week visiting his sister, Mrs. George Teague of Vilas.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Luttrell left Sunday for Johnson City, Tenn., where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Davis of Cleveland, Ohio, visited the first of the week with her mother, Mrs. Fannie Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Little of Zionville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McLeod of Wake Forest will arrive here Friday to spend the holidays with Mrs. R. H. Hardin and other relatives.

Mr. D. L. Wellborn of Stony Fork, visited in town last Wednesday and left the Democrat a nice bag of Stayman Winesaps. The fine fruit is appreciated.

Mrs. DeWitt Barnett entered Charlotte Memorial Hospital last Friday for a series of examinations. Mrs. Barnett will probably return home the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Don J. Horton left here Saturday for Connelly Springs, N. C., Spartanburg and Edgefield, S. C., for short visits before going on to Lakeland, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Is There A Santa Claus? . . . No Doubt About It

If some little girl had written us, as Virginia O'Hanlon did the New York Sun 65 years ago, asking us "is there a Santa Claus," we would tell her:

Dear Georgia:
Your daddy's right, we are an authority on Santa Claus, and if you see it in the Democrat it's so. . . There is a Santa Claus. . . Just because you don't hear the hoofs of his reindeer on the roof, and the crack of his long whip, or hear his joyful shouts over the housetops, is no sign he's not around. . . The toys and the candies and the fruits and the gaiety and the brightness follow in his wake.



Don't be disturbed, Georgia, when the skeptical ones turn thumbs down on Santa, because he doesn't walk right in when you are wide awake.

Many Things . . . Unseen

You can't see the tv picture in the stillness of the December air, but it is there, and mysteriously makes its way through the strongest wall to show up on your screen. . . You can't say there's no music in the air because you can't hear it without the benefit of a radio receiver. . . You can't see the joy in mom's heart as she stuffs the turkey, or the mellowness of the friendships, or the simple faith of a little child, but all these priceless treasures are there.

Things . . . One Feels

As a matter of fact you can't see Christmas itself. . . You feel it, it is the spirit of Santa Claus. . . What would it be like, Georgia, if there were no giving, no sharing of one another's burdens, no joy when the bells peal forth and the carolers sing their songs of the advent. . . or if there were no consciousness of having done good deeds. . . And we would be mighty sad without stockings by the fireplace, or without the notion of a celestial hitch of reindeer.

Our Belief . . . Holds Firm

Yes, Georgia, there's bound to be a Santa Claus. . . We've loved him and defended him against his defamers and against the unbelievers—the stingy parents, doubting teachers, and unthinking youngsters through the long years. . . We have gone to the bat for the antlered team, and the storied "ho, ho, ho" of the shakily-bellied, rotund elf from the polar regions, and for his toy shop which makes glad the hearts of youngsters all around the world. . . We've contended for the sleigh on the shingles, and the concern for the welfare of the little children, and for the goodness and mercy and mirth of Saint Nicholas through all the years.

He'll Be Here . . . Always

And there will always be a Santa Claus, we would say, Georgia, as long as there are little girls and boys and folks to be good to, and people who need kindness and help and compassion, and as long as there are those to administer to their needs, and who have mercy, and kindness and love one for another.

We'll Defend Him

Santa Claus is seen in the giving and in the receiving. . . His spirit of love, his scattering of generosity over the land in a great glittering torrent is part and parcel of the system which free Christian men have devised. . . You may never see the old boy with the great white mane and the snowy whiskers, Georgia. . . or see the hoofprints and the sled runner marks in the snow. . . But there is a Santa Claus, and we shall hope he will live forever. . . If or when the fires of hate and of Godlessness cast their searing flames over this land of ours, if there is anything which can sustain us it is the things that Santa Claus stands for. . . We shall continue to defend him with might and main so long as we shall live, God bless him, as he goes about doing good and making glad the hearts of little angels like you.

Some Gems . . . Of Thought

That tomorrow starts from today and is one day beyond it robes the future with hope's rainbow hues. — Mary Baker Eddy.
I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past.—Thomas Jefferson.
We are made wise—not by the recollections of our past, but by the responsibilities of our future.—George Bernard Shaw.
Stay young by continuing to grow. You do not grow old; you become old by not growing.—Wm. A. Foster.