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This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

THE GRAND CANYON GAS BOMBS AT HOME 3000 BULLSEYES MUSHING FOR GOLD

This is written with scenery. On the left the sun is sinking, and Arizona sunset. Come out here, if you want to know how it looks. On the left the moon is up, gaining color as the sun goes down. And from this spot you could walk a few feet, then jump down one mile. This is the grand canyon of the Colorado, with its thousands of towers, mountains, forts, peaks of every shape and color rising up from the canyon's floor one mile down.

The western horizon is a rim of gold, the farewell effort and defiance of the sun, rolling down to China. And the canyon below is changing its colors and shadows, obedient to fading sunlight and growing moonlight. It would be worth your while to see that. Shadows and bands of color a mile high, exposed layers of old earth that took millions of centuries to build laid bare by the rushing waters, each with its color and character, each an open book to the geologist, showing exact age as plainly as you read it in a painted face.

A genuine artist, with soul, temperament and similar things, would be sick and probably faint if he could look up from these towering peaks, carefully padded with rubber, to ward the east and west. Below the pale moon, almost full, the sky is a dark rose purple. Below the purple there is a dark broad band of heavy blue. The moon, queer of heaven, rides in triumph on a colored throne as wide as the sky.

Somebody should warn owners of mills in Passaic that they are running risks. This nation was interested when gas bombs first appeared in the big war. It will not be pleased to hear of employers fighting a strike, legal in character, using gas bombs against their workers, and turning heavy streams of cold water on women and children, when tear gas failed to do the work.

Now the workers have bought two thousand gas masks to be ready for the next attack, which is not pleasant reading in this prosperous republic. They are doing pretty well here, industrialists are not exactly starving to death. They should warn those Passaic idiots against upsetting the apple cart. Employers have considerably more to lose than employees in the game of violence.

A solemn Washington dispatch says the President and the Cabinet discussed the Wall Street scare, and "President Coolidge let it be known that he felt that there was nothing making place in the business world symptomatic of a letup in the present prosperity."

The trouble just "nervous prosperity" among those of the gamblers afraid of their own profits.

The revised income tax rate will bring hundreds of millions out of the income tax proof non-taxable securities, and business will boom more than ever.

You read of young Americans going to the dogs via the Charleston jax and bootleg whiskey. Then Samuel Moore, seventeen year old captain of the high school rifle team at Newton, Mass., reassures you with his new world's record.

That young gentleman, it sounds unbelievable, made three thousand consecutive bullseyes between eight o'clock in the morning and five in the evening. Neither Charleston nor premature hooch has ruined that young man's nerves.

The world has been much explored since and before the days of Marco Polo, and the exploring goes on. Ten expeditions are about to start for the polar regions, some to find

Fall Trip in Great Appalachian World

Col. Fred A. Olds sends the Democrat the following story, which will be of a good deal of interest locally:

If you do not know Prof. and Mrs. Isaac G. Greer of Boone, in the county of Watauga, you have missed something worth while. They are true children of the Appalachian world—the "High Places," and they are the most accomplished performers on that most venerable musical instrument, the dulcimer and singers of the old-time "ballads." The mountain region is the land of song, for along the coast singers and but few and musicians even fewer. It is no wonder, then, that the Greers are in great request as exponents of the music of our great-great-great ancestors. Up in the mountains the folks sometimes call the ballads, "Lonesome Times," but wait until you hear the Greers give "Black Jack Davy," "The Ship Carpenter," the real version of the "Arkansas Traveller," or "I've Got a Gal on Sourwood Mountain," with the plaintive notes of the dulcimer played by Mrs. Greer as a most distinctive background for the voice of her husband.

This is a sort of introduction to the Greers. It will enable the reader to appreciate all the more the pleasure of a day's pilgrimage with these fine folks; a day in the "high places." We went out of Boone westward by Brushy Fork Cheese Factory, where they make Cheddar cheese, golden in color and the immense white Swiss cheese, one of which weighs say 125 pounds. There are now three other cheese factories in Watauga, one in Avery county and one in Henderson county. There were a few years ago 34 of them all, all cooperative, but nearly all gave up the business because the price of milk dropped from the "war price" of 22 to 25 cents. But they will be revived. The number of cattle has also greatly diminished for the same reason. The same thing may be said as to horse raising, folks up there saying "there is no sale for horses."

Our route led by Vilas and by Valle Crucis, (the Valley of the Cross) named by the once-bishop Ives because of the shape of two valleys, which intersect. At Valle Crucis is the home of Mrs. Finley Mast, whose sister Polly is one of the most accomplished weavers in America. The weaving is done in a charming old log house on the dear old looms. One quietly and gladly slips back 100 years or more in that lovely place, which is easily one of the "show places" in all the south. At Valle Crucis there is an Episcopal mission school, where in winter time there are 25 girl boarders while in summer the building is a hotel. A church of stone from the spot, is in process of erection. There is a considerable apple orchard.

We called, in that place, on "Aunt Sophronia," aged 83, who lives in a tiny house, like a picture in a child's book. Her spring, which had never before failed, had gone "plumb dry." We went "right over a mountain" to Banner Elk. There are many "Elk" creeks, and this particular one was named for a pioneer. Banner Elk though 4000 feet above the sea-level, is in a lovely valley between Grandfather and Beech mountains, each 6000 feet high. The feature of the place is the Presbyterian school, the church, hospital and orphanage. The water tower is of stone gathered on the spot and its lower part is the office of the head of affairs, Mr. Edgar Tufts. Nearly all the buildings are of stone. There are Tennessee and Virginia buildings, for a good many students come from these states. In sight is the Grandfather Orphanage, under the same management.

At the hotel in the village we fared sumptuously, and also saw some particularly good paintings of rhododendron and other flowers, painted by Miss Lowe, the landlord's daughter. She was selling bags of the fragrant

the Pole again, others to seek new lands, and, perhaps, oil, gold, etc. Others go in the interest of science.

In Canada frozen roads are packed with gold seekers, defying the temperature fifty degrees below zero, in a new gold rush; gold seekers mushing in dog sleds, racing to the new strike where "gold is showing over a stretch of country five miles in length, with good ground still unstacked." It won't remain unstacked long. Say "gold" and people move as when you cry "fire."

AN APPRECIATION

The Comrades Sunday School class of the M. E. Church wishes to express its thanks and appreciation to the public who so kindly assisted us in going beyond the goal in our recent campaign to raise money to finish our Sunday School room in the dome.

balsam fascicles, to raise funds to care for children in the orphanage in which there are 66.

We next took a passing look at Cranberry, the iron mine which was reopened September 1, after several years' idleness. The finest ore comes from this mine, but it seems the world was overstocked with it. No county in all the state suffered more than Avery from the long and fierce drought of 1925. It looked really like a dead world. The heat was also phenomenal for that region. The streams were pitifully shrunken, springs dry, trees on the mountain sides, particularly where their roots were near masses of rock, had died by the hundreds. It was like a land of despair, yet 4000 feet above sea level, for that is the average of the entire county. The writer saw the dead and dying trees, literally by thousands, in other sections of the mountains also.

We took in part of the Asheville Bristol highway, a costly one, made possible by an immense amount of blasting, for it lies in a world of stone, sometimes so white as to be nearly blinding. At Nowland, the county seat, (the highest in the south) we found a wide stretch of territory with its once splendid forest cut away; a cut-over region, with no end of stumps. We wanted to go to Crossnore, but the way was blocked by the blasting for the new highway, so we headed for Linville town, where in the flat valley we saw some green grass, restful to the eyes, after the withered sort we had been seeing. The Linville River was very low and had lost its wonted charm. We stopped at McRae's house, under the "Avery peak" of Grandfather mountain, and 5280 feet high, and looked for flowers. Most were gone but the snow queen's lace persisted. (Some of the mountaineers call this flower "Bee Houses.") We found some fine farms in well shaded places.

The route lay along the Vonahloose section of the highway, 17 miles toward Blowing Rock. None of the streams crossed by this road were flowing except one; the latter near that queer rock known as the "devils forefinger." We carried a little at the Rock house, inhabited at certain seasons by the natives who gather galax leaves, make baskets and distill oil from the bark of the birch trees. These folks strip bark in many cases so complete, as to kill these fine trees. Looking up from the roadway one saw one of the three peaks of Grandfather, with its fringe of dark balsam (fir). The highway was all the way over 4000 feet at least above sea level; at some places a mile (5280 feet.) Beside it was the Gragg house, with legs of chestnut trees of great size. In older days it was a wayside inn. Further along was Blue Ridge Adventist church, and then came the stately mansion, facing Grandfather of Elliott Daingerfield, Fayetteville born and bred, a noted artist. He has been in poor health a couple of years.

We reached Blowing Rock, where high as it is, 4000 feet, the trees were dying. The dust of the highway was as fine as flour. We dropped at Boone beside the usually attractive prong of New River but it had shrunk until it was a puny brook. In the meadows in which Boone (3300 feet) lies we saw the scarlet mint, called there "Beebalm," the high white spikes of the black cohosh, like silver spires; the Joe Pye weed with its big purple flower masses called the queen of the meadow; there; queen's lace, white, pink and brown; the life plant, called there "Jackscrew," out of which a much advertised patent medicine is made.

We reached the conclusion that Mrs. Nature would have done well to let our Blue Ridge (the oldest of all mountain ranges) stay at least 20,000 feet high, so as to catch the clouds. We also decided that if the glaciers had extended to North Carolina, instead of stopping at Maryland we would have plenty of real lakes. We further agreed that it is queer there has been so little use of the abundant stone in housebuilding.

Watauga had a killing frost May 26, this year. It then had the drought. Next year, no doubt, it will be as usual—like a garden.

DEEP GAP BREEZES

A rural free delivery mail service will start out from Deep Gap postoffice beginning on the first day of May next. Every one on the proposed route should certify to the postmaster of said postoffice by April the 20th or earlier that they will place a box on the route if you wish to be served. Let's cooperate to the limit and make this route a successful one from every standpoint. It is badly needed as it covers a territory far remote from a postoffice.

Mr. Jason Moretz has been indisposed for some time, but at this writing is much improved, being able to stir out again.

The two lots purchased by Mr. A. G. Miller in Florida are in the town of Panama City on the beautiful St. Andrews Bay. The writer had occasion to visit this place while in that state. The scenery is grand and the Gulf of Mexico is only two miles distant with a beautiful villa on the front.

The trip written up in the Democrat by Mr. S. C. Eggers was much enjoyed by the writer. He depicted the scenes in a most graphic manner so much that it seemed that the reader was one of the party. Your article sure was a treat, Mr. Eggers.

It is reported that a revival meeting is now going on at the Gap Creek Baptist Church. There has been so much talk of a revival at this church for so long and put off from time to time that we do not know that it has started, but this is the current report.

The city detective from Atlanta, Georgia, and two others were in this section and from the information received it is believed they are in quest of a fugitive from justice down that way.

It seems that justice, like the mills of God, grind slowly, but the last court at Wilkesboro made the way of the whisky transgressor seem hard. One defendant near the line of our own county was made to pay \$300.00 fine, and got a suspended sentence in the bargain.

He no doubt sold lots of the vile stuff to Watauga boys in his hey day. More courts like this is what we want. Judge Shaw is a real judge and does out his medicine in large doses.

The weather has been rather cold here. At this writing it is still snowing. March is coming in like a lion and perhaps will go out like a lamb. Everybody seems to be having more or less cold and it keeps our people hustling to keep wood and build fires.

Mrs. Cordia Wellborn visited at the home of Alfred Watson last Sunday.

The Watson sisters have set out some frost proof cabbage. It seems rather cool here for setting out cabbage, but there was an error and the plant company shipped the plants earlier than they were needed. Another

BLOWING ROCK ITEMS

There was an old time square dance at the Watauga Inn on last Thursday night, given in honor of Dr. Alfred Mordecai and all of the young people enjoyed themselves very much and the music was wonderful made by Messrs J. M. Foster and Mr. Denys Loudermilk.

Mr. G. M. Sudderth went to Knoxville last Thursday and purchased a handsome new Franklin car.

Mrs. W. L. Alexander and two children are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Coffey for a few days.

Bainhardt-Seagle Hardware Co. has rented the T. C. Robbins building and are going to put an up-to-date hardware store here, which will open in the next thirty days.

The Southern Bell Telephone Co., have their engineers arranging for the building of their lines to Blowing Rock.

Mrs. Proffit who has been teaching at the Blowing Rock graded school resigned her position last Friday to join her husband who is in the real estate business at Asheville.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Klutz a baby boy on Sunday evening.

Mr. N. C. Greene made a business trip to Lenoir Monday.

Mr. Robey Adams of Boone was in Blowing Rock Monday and told Mr. G. M. Sudderth that he came up to the bank to renew Mr. Groundhog's note, that he had asked for three weeks more time, and we hope Mr. Adams and the groundhog will bring us better weather if they have anything to do with the weather.

BEAVER DAM DOTS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Matheson a baby boy.

Mr. Charles Winebarger who had his house burned up some time ago, has moved to the Abel Winebarger place.

Dave Henson, who owned the Chas Swift place on the head of Beaver Dam, sold out to Ray Carrie.

Chicken raising seems to be the order of the day now.

Mr. Jethro Wilson who has been sick for some time is some improved. Mr. Milton Henson who lived in West Virginia died and was brought back here for burial and his widow moved her things up to Miss Pattie Henson in a house nearby.

There has been a new store erected on Peter Cable's place.

Mrs. Wilburn Reese has just returned from a visit in Tennessee.

Rev. R. C. Eggers filled his regular appointment at upper Beaver Dam Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. W. Swift was unable to fill his appointment at Timber Ridge on Saturday and Sunday.

order will be made to take the place of those that arrived too soon.

COVE CREEK ITEMS

Cove Creek won two basket ball games from the Sutherland High on last Wednesday. The games were played on the local court.

The regular monthly tests were given last week, there being but one more month of school. The attendance has been good and it is hoped that this month's record will not fall below the average.

Mr. M. A. Adams has been elected as pastor of the Cove Creek Church. Since Mr. Adams left Watauga he has lived in Rutherfordton. There will be services next Saturday morning at 11, at which time Mr. Adams will announce his decision regarding the call to the pastorate.

Henry Mast is at home from Florida.

At a recent meeting of the local committee the present faculty was re-elected for the next year, with one exception. Mrs. J. P. Horton having resigned to take work in the Banner Elk School with her husband.

Mr. Jordan Billings was elected for the additional high school teacher and Mrs. Hattie Swift Johnson for the vacancy in the grades.

HODGES GAP ITEMS

Do you know that over \$10,000 of real estate has changed hands during the last two months at Hodges Gap. The latest transaction was handled by Smith and Gragg of Boone, they having purchased John Green's farm at a handsome price. Just watch Watt and you will see where to place your money where it will bring you a quick dividend. Also Bill Sturgill purchased 20 acres. Mr. P. C. Wike and Monroe Gragg purchased from Bill Sturgill the old store building in Hodges Gap and putting in goods. In addition to this and various other assets we have a dog kennel, chicken ranch, corn mill and hospitality galore.

The latest report is that they are progressing fine on Grumblers Highway leading into Hodges Gap.

BOONE BAPTIST CHURCH

10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. worship.
6:30 p. m., B. Y. P. U.

Sunday School was off a little Sunday, 178 being present. The mens class took the lead over the women. Come out Sunday. Cold weather does not keep you away from your business. Why let it keep you away from your church.

"Why Do Christians Have to Suffer?" is the subject of the pastor's sermon Sunday morning.

The Womens' Missionary Society have their general business meeting Monday at 2:30 p. m. All the members are asked to be present.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

By A. B. CHAPIN

