

The Watauga Democrat

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THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1937



It is with a feeling of profound gratitude that The Democrat wishes its many friends a happy and prosperous New Year. Through your unstinted support you have enabled us to constantly expand and to envision even greater service to the community and county. We promise you that your newspaper will strive day by day and week by week to justify the faith you have placed in it. No newspaper has had a finer group of friends—we thank you sincerely and we hereby consign to you subject to your acceptance:

- One book full of assorted good wishes; 365 pages of happy and prosperous days; Sewn together with the thread of sweet content; Bound in concentrated appreciation; Tooled in the gold of sincerity, and Wrapped with friendship born of time and experience.

Fireside Philosophy

By C. M. Dickson A good way not to expose one's religion to the weather... Until the style of shoe heels changes, women certainly can't make much headway rearing back on their dignity. No one who wants pure water should drink below the head of the spring. If the adage, "Every tub stands on its own bottom" be true, no one should bother about being his "brother's keeper." It's all right for the goats to pasture with the sheep until the "end," but it's mighty hard on the sheep. Both far-and-near-sighted—a man who decries taxes of any kind or dimension, but who wants a liberal share of public funds "doled" out to him and "kicks like a bay steer" if he doesn't get it. A large man is easily lost sight of in a big crowd, much less a small man. If a steer has a "bridle" on him, his is the first thing a catt's man sees when he goes to buy the steer. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," conversely, all play and no work will certainly make him no sharper. Our "limb-dwelling" ancestors had one advantage over us—as the poet says (paraphrasing just a little), they dwell on "higher ground." As the length of dresses go "upward," the price of commodity should go downward. Eve did make a mistake by eating the wrong apple, but she partially atoned for it by refusing to remain a nudist. It's by no means an unpardonable sin to die like Lazarus (in poverty), but a decent man doesn't want a dog to lick his sores—especially a "cur" dog. A thought for pedagogue—why an illiterate old slave will raise his hat to a lady and go to the back door to ask for bread, but a young buck who has been "schooled" will push the lady off the sidewalk and then want her to entertain him in the parlor. According to the Bible, there will be no chemical process by which all the fire can be taken out of the "hell" that is prepared for the wicked.

Up in the clouds by Beulah Earle

TENTH INSTALLMENT

Monty Wallace has just arrived in California, having broken the East-West cross country airplane record. Natalie Wade, mistaken for him by a newspaper reporter, writes the exclusive account of Monty's arrival and succeeds in securing a trial job with a paper in exchange for the story. Natalie becomes attached to Monty. Although she discovers Monty's love for her is not sincere, Natalie admits that she loves him. She is assigned by her paper to report Monty's activities for publication. Jimmy Hale, the newspaper's photographer, becomes Natalie's co-worker.

Natalie discovers that Sunny is jealous of her friendship with Monty, and that she is trying to prevent them from being alone. After driving to a mountain resort with Sunny and Jimmy, Monty again declares his love for Natalie.

They would be talking, these men, of casual things over their short-wave sets while the man she loved went to his doom, for all they knew, over the Atlantic.

When a storm struck their ship over the Alleghenies as they headed for the southern route of flight, her last hope of Monty's safety fled. That storm would overtake him in mid-Atlantic. It would hurl him down into the angry ocean.

Her imagination pictured him going to destruction and she wished that she might go with him.

But Jabe Marion laughed at her fears when she said something of the sort.

"Monty knows what he's doing," he declared. "It's a daring thing, but he is using that storm to cut his flying time on the first leg. It means a tail wind for him most of the way."

Their own ship mounted higher and higher to escape the fury of the wind. Both pilots stuck to the forward cabin. Now and then she was sure that they were anxious about the fate of their own plane.

But at last she knew that the danger was past. Moonlight shone on a rolling sea of clouds beneath at last and when they made their early morning stop even these clouds had disappeared.

It was still early to have word from Monty. But it seemed to her significant that he had nowhere circled a vessel or shown the great white MAC on his under wing surfaces to any person anywhere.

The night had been madness and now the day flight over the desert stretched before her like a terrifying sentence of imprisonment.

Jimmy had paid her little heed. But he had hung over Sunny Marion throughout the night and even now was clinging to her arm as they moved about the hangar grounds after breakfast.

Jabe Marion had been kindly but there had been little understanding in him. He wondered apparently that a mere newspaper writer could be so much concerned at the outcome of the flight.

Father and daughter now moved together toward the tri-motor, and Jimmy Hale stood for an instant at Natalie's side.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, kid," he said huskily. "Plenty worse fliers than him have made it easy across the Atlantic."

She thanked him for the courage that word gave her and climbed with him into the cabin of the ship.

Another stretch of dreary hours, another and another and at last they were dropping down on the home port. Natalie wanted to leap and race to the flight office for word of Monty. But she managed to sit still till the plane grounded. Then she walked with the others to the company hangar.

A couple of young men from the office came out to meet them.

"Any word?" she cried out when she could not keep silent any longer. She faltered when they shook their heads.

But when they came closer and said quietly that Monty was overdue at the first control station, she gave a little cry and slumped to the ground. Blackness engulfed her and she knew no more till the brought her to in the small office.

Her eyes, opening, lighted first on Jimmy Hale's white face.

Sunny stood beside him and her face showed genuine alarm. But that glance of triumph was still there, it seemed, as Natalie struggled to sit up.

"Gosh, kid, you gave us a scare," cried Jimmy. "Don't take it so hard. You know Monty Wallace. He isn't licked yet."

"I know," Natalie said softly, "but it frightens me to think of him alone out there."

"Just scared, I guess," she told him. "And tired. Let me get at a typewriter and I'll give you a yarn."

"Forget it," Mack bade her. "Take the day off till you get into shape."

But Natalie insisted on writing what she could, and as she wrote her courage came back. For she found herself writing the story of the millions who waited for word of the world flier. And the story was one of prayer and confidence.

"If the lift of human hearts can keep his plane aloft," she wrote, "then Monty Wallace is safe."

It seemed as she wrote that this must be true, that Monty could not fail and she finished with new strength, to wait for the delayed news from him.

Jimmy had gone on to the office. Sunny and Jabe Marion had gone home to rest, leaving behind instructions that the first word should be relayed to them. But Natalie could not rest. She could not leave the side of the little radio operator who huddled over his short-wave set.

It was dark outside the small office, when at last the operator stiffened suddenly to intense listening.

"Great scott, what a flight!" the operator shrieked, rattling his key like mad. "Moscow? The second control. Boy, oh boy!"

Natalie was on her feet, shrieking. She grabbed the office telephone then and yelled the news to Mack Hanlon who had taken the late watch, while the little operator poured details into her ears.

"He passed up the first control. Broke all records across the Atlantic. Had gas enough left for Moscow. Went straight through riding the tail-wind."

Mack was yelling in turn at the other end of the line. Someone was using another line to notify Jabe Marion and Sunny.

"Refueling O. K. at Moscow," Natalie shrieked on. "He's off for No. 5, taking the northern route. That's Siberia. They can't stop him now."

She banged out another story for the early extras and then raced for home and bed.

Jimmy got her on the line just before she turned in and his enthusiasm nearly matched her own.

After that she slept. The fight for her was as good as over. She wanted to be ready to write the story of his success.

It was late when she waked but she did not lose heart when she found that Monty was again unreported. That day she wrote another story and even when nothing had been learned of him that night she went home in serene confidence that success was his.

Morning, however, sent her into panic again. She had left word that she was to be called when the report came but there had been no call. The telephone told her that nothing more had been heard. She knew that he carried gasoline enough to cover two legs of the flight at once if he chose. But now he should have been ready for the flight to Nome and he could not make that without refueling.

Another day passed and another and then it was certain that he was down somewhere. No possible hope could be held out. He was down somewhere in Siberia as Jimmy Mattern had been.

Matern had come through after tremendous hardships Natalie knew that if Monty still lived he faced the same difficulties. Somewhere in the awful wilderness of Russia's old prison colony he was dead or fighting for his life.

The girl went under then. She could not hold up longer. She could not battle through her daily story of the search for him.

Mack Hanlon saw it and told her she must take a rest.

"You've been working on your nerve," he told her. "You've got to quit for a while. Your job will be here when you want it. The old man told me this morning. But you've got to get yourself in shape. It's no good trying to go on."

But idleness was almost as bad, it seemed, as work. For days she stayed in bed but it seemed that she could not rest. When exhaustion finally claimed her, she would go into a dim consciousness that passed for sleep but she would wake as tired as before, as little able to think or to fight.

Jimmy Hale called up now and then and told her he would let her know the instant anything was heard but he would not come to see her.

"I can't do it, Nat," he said, "while Monty is missing. If he's all right, I'll be up, and if they find him dead, I'll stick with you till the end of time. But I can't come up now, kid. Don't ask me."

At last she understood what was the matter with Jimmy. He was putting up his own fight. He had denied his love for her and had fought his battle, but he knew he would have it all to do over again

if he saw her. And besides, there was some strange honor in him that would not let him come to her while there was a chance that Monty would be back.

Perhaps, it was not quite that either. It was too much like waiting for Monty's death and all that he might hope it meant to him.

With Monty alive, Jimmy could come back knowing there was no hope for him. With Monty dead, he might come back with hope. But not to know was too much for Jimmy Hale.

Her heart went out to the boy. And then one day when she was sitting on the ocean shore trying to get back her strength to meet the dread news she was sure would one day come, she saw that Jimmy walked with Sunny Marion along the rocks above.

The girl seemed to be a shadow of herself. Natalie sat up. For the first time it occurred to her that Sunny might be as hard hit as she. Surely the tragedy of uncertainty ought to have brought them together before this.

Sunny was spreading a blanket on the rocks and Jimmy left her there presently without seeing that the girl below was Natalie Wade.

When the boy was gone, Natalie climbed up to where the golden girl sat staring at the sea.

Sunny sprang up at sight of her as though she saw a vision. "Natalie," she cried. "Please Natalie, don't come up here. Don't look at me like that."

"Don't be silly!" Natalie tried to laugh. "You and I ought to go together. If we're going to get crazy over the same man, we might as well get it off our chests by talking to each other."

Sunny stood helpless while Natalie climbed the rock to her side. When the dark girl took her into her arms, Sunny burst into tears. "Oh, Nat," she cried, with sobs. "I cheated. I loved him so. I was bound you shouldn't have him. You know, I think I was out with him that night!"

"Let's forget about that," Natalie begged. "Let's just talk about him."

And so, clinging to each other they sat together beside the sea until a madman raced his car along the beach and ran screaming to where they sat.

Jimmy was speechless when he reached the two. He was not much given to running, though he could run as he had once demonstrated.

(Continued Next Week)

Fire losses of Great Britain and Ireland amounted to more than \$15,000,000 during the first quarter of 1937.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed to the undersigned by O. E. Hampton and wife, Blanda Hampton, on the 4th day of April, 1936, to secure the sum of \$53.45, said mortgage being recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 8 of Mortgage Deeds on page 288, and default having been made in the payment of the moneys therein secured, as therein provided, I will on Monday, January 17, 1938, at the courthouse door of Watauga county, at 1 o'clock p. m., sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to wit:

Being the O. E. Hampton interest in the J. Hampton estate in Blue Ridge township, Watauga county, North Carolina, and being Lot No. 7 of the division of said estate, as shown on a plat of said lands made by I. A. Bungarner, surveyor, which plat, together with a record of said partition proceeding, is on record in the office of the clerk of the superior court of Watauga county, to which plat and the registration thereof reference is hereby made for fuller and more complete description of same.

This 14th day of December, 1937. W. S. HAMPTON, Mortgagee.

NOTICE

North Carolina, Watauga County. To All the Heirs of Sarah Elizabeth Townsend.

You, and each of you, will take notice that a paper writing has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Watauga County, which purports to be the nuncupative will of Sarah Elizabeth Townsend; and you, and each of you, are further notified that if you wish to contest the proving and probating of said will that you will appear before the undersigned Clerk, at his office in Boone, N. C., within six weeks from the date of this notice or the undersigned will allow the said will to be proven and probated.

This 27th day of November, 1937. A. E. SOUTH, Clerk of the Superior Court for Watauga County. 12-2-6p

FOR BETTER HEALTH By DR. J. ROSSLYN EARP Director, New Mexico Bureau of Public Health.

PNEUMONIA A fever ushered in by a chill. A pain in the chest or side, or sometimes in the abdomen. A cough which brings up a rusty colored sputum. The pulse is rapid, the breathing rapid, too, and difficult, so that even the little muscles on each side of the nose may be brought into play. Here we have the typical picture of pneumonia, that most fatal disease of winter and early spring. It is estimated that there are from 350,000 to 375,000 cases in this country every year. Thousands are carried off in the prime of life.

When I was a medical student I was taught that I could do little more than to secure for my patient good nursing, and that was nursing which would save the patient's strength so that he might husband all his heart's resources for its critical struggle.

But now there is a serum available against pneumonia caused by pneumococci types 1, 2, 5, 7, 14 and 18. This makes about 85 per cent of all cases of pneumonia. But if the patient is to get the advantage of this life-saving serum it must be given early and the serum must be selected according to the type of pneumococcus with which he is infected. A committee of the New York Academy of Medicine recommends that free laboratory tests should everywhere be made available, that free serum should be available to physicians that request it, that adequate funds should be granted to the department of health for pneumonia control work and for research.

The carrying out of these recommendations in your community in the near future may be a matter of life and death to you or to someone whom you love.

D. C. Bailey of Toledo, Yancey county, produced 1,100 pounds of Burley tobacco on six-tenths of an acre and recently sold it for \$300.

Having qualified as the executor of the will of T. L. Critcher, late of the county of Watauga, state of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to present them for payment within 12 months of the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are asked to make immediate settlement.

This December 8, 1937. R. H. VANNOY, Executor. Will of T. L. Critcher, Dec'd

NOTICE OF SALE

Pursuant to power and authority contained in a certain mortgage deed dated July 1, 1927, and executed by W. J. Wagner and Mira Wagner to Bank of Blowing Rock, which mortgage deed is duly registered in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county, North Carolina, in Book 12, at page 66, securing a certain note to the Bank of Blowing Rock and default having been made in the payment of a note secured by said mortgage deed, and said mortgaged deed having been transferred to J. E. Wagner, dated June 29, 1936, which is duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 44, at page 594, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Watauga county at 12 o'clock noon, on the 5th day of January, 1938, the following described property:

Beginning on a railroad culvert, Harrison Baird's corner, and runs north 33 degrees west with Byrd's line 8 poles and 2 to a stake; thence north 48 degrees with Byrd's line 4 poles to Taylor street; thence north 46 degrees west 29 poles with Taylor street to Watauga avenue; thence south 50 degrees west 22 poles and 51 with Watauga avenue to a stake; thence south 40 degrees east 10 1/2 poles Brewer's line to a stake; thence 48 degrees east with Cook's line 3 poles to a stake; thence south 40 degrees east 9 poles and 9 links to rockline; thence north 49 degrees east with railroad 40 poles and 16 links to beginning, containing 2 4-5 acres.

This 6th day of December, 1937. 12-9-4c J. E. WAGNER.

SKIN FAULTS? Bonne Bell Rx 1006 ... USED AS A CLEANSER WILL CORRECT THEM Special Demonstration Now McGuire's BEAUTY SALON Phone 91 Pat McGuire, Manager

Gypsy Marriage Vow All gypsy customs reveal their great horror of obligation or establishment of any kind. When gypsies take a marriage vow, they do not promise to love till "death do us part." Shuddering at such a ball and chain idea, the dusky bride and bridegroom promise only "to separate the moment love ceases."

NOTICE The undersigned having qualified as the administrator of B. R. Brown, deceased, this is to notify all persons who are indebted to the said estate to come forward and settle the same immediately, and all persons having claims against the said estate will present the same for payment or rejection within 12 months from this date or this notice will be plead in bar of its recovery.

This 16th day of December, 1937. ROSCOE TOM BROWN, Administrator. 12-23-6u

East Tennessee & Western North Carolina Motor Transportation Company.

Buses leave Boone for Johnson City, Knoxville, Chattanooga, all Alabama and Western States points at 7:30 a. m.; 12:20 p. m.; and 9:05 p. m. Leave Boone for Lenoir, Hickory, Statesville, Salisbury, Charlotte, Asheville, Wilmington and all South Carolina, Georgia and Florida points at 8:25 a. m.; 1:10 p. m.; and 5:10 p. m.

For further information call bus station—Phone 43. E. T. & W. N. C. TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as the executor of the will of T. L. Critcher, late of the county of Watauga, state of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to present them for payment within 12 months of the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are asked to make immediate settlement.

This December 8, 1937. R. H. VANNOY, Executor. Will of T. L. Critcher, Dec'd

BOONE DRUG CO. The BEXALL Store RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION SERVICE G. K. MOOSE, Manager

PASTIME THEATRE BOONE, N. C. "PLACE OF GOOD SHOWS"

Program for Week JAN. 3 TO 8 MONDAY, JAN. 3 "LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN" With Robert Montgomery TUESDAY, JAN. 4 "A STAR IS BORN" With Janet Gaynor and Frederic March WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5 "EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS" With Beverly Roberts and Patric Knowles THURSDAY, JAN. 6 "SHE LOVED A FIREMAN" with Dick Foran & Ann Sheridan FRIDAY, JAN. 7 "ALCATRAZ ISLAND" with John Litel & Ann Sheridan SATURDAY, JAN. 8 "TWO-GUN LAW" with Charles Starrett OWL SHOW Saturday Night Beginning at 10:30 "THE LIFE OF THE PARTY" with Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard Special Bargain Matinee, 10c, 15c Night Shows, 10c and 25c. MATINEES AT 2:30 & 4:00 NIGHT SHOWS, 7:30 & 9:00