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"The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first objective should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive these papers and be capable of reading them."—Thomas Jefferson.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1957

He Served Well

Smith Hagaman served his day and age with competence.

A school teacher, county superintendent of schools, Superintendent of the Baptist Hospital, and business man, he gave of his best to whatever task he laid his hand.

He was tremendously interested in the Baptist church and its institutions and for more than a decade was administrator at the Baptist Hospital which grew and prospered during his tenure, as he went from place to place building up interest in the institution among the members of his denomination.

As a teacher of a large Bible class, and as a lay preacher he performed worthwhile service.

In the cause of education he was most valuable, and served capably at the head of the county school system in the last days of the little one-room schoolhouses, when consolidation was on the way and the modern school plants of today were being seen on the horizon of educational progress.

He was formerly a teacher, and during

his life was a friend and confidante of Dr. B. B. Dougherty who died four days earlier. They planned together for many of the improvements which have come to the mountain area.

In the avenues of public life, or of politics, he took an active part and had represented Watauga county in the Legislature many years ago. Believing that good citizenship could thrive only under good government, he was tremendously concerned in all public matters.

Like the minister said at his funeral, Mr. Hagaman apparently drew strength, stature and robustness from the towering hills where he was raised. A man of more than usual physical vigor, he was also strong in mind and in spirit and in his zeal for the welfare of the people of his community, county, state, and nation.

We will be missing our sessions with Smith Hagaman, and the notions we gathered from him. He thought progressively and constructively. His counsel was uniformly purposeful, and his activities wholesome and beneficial.

Language Of Restraint

Senator John Kennedy, Massachusetts Democrat, who spoke the other day at the University of South Carolina commencement exercises, shied away from his personal political plans, other than to state that he had only one plan—to run in 1958 for the Senate.

Of course the boyish-looking politician, with the thatch of unruly hair, who found favor with South Carolina delegates to the last Democratic convention, when Estes Kefauver edged him out for the vice-presidential nomination, saw the Democrats regaining their former foothold in the National capital, and even enhancing their hold on the Legislative branch of the government. Of course this is stock political talk, and while maybe true, is no startling disclosure.

What he did, however, that attracted the attention of some of the politically-

minded, was to remain silent on the explosive segregation issue and decline to comment on the chances for the enactment of civil rights legislation at this session.

And coming from an up-easterner that is news as is his statement that what the Democratic party needs is a "harmonizer"—one who can keep the party together despite sectional differences.

For a great many years Northern Democratic leaders have sought, apparently, to widen the cleavage which has come about over racial and other issues. It bodes well for the party, that one of her most popular Northern politicians recognizes the fact that there's going to have to be union in the ranks, or continued disaster at the polls.

Kennedy's gaining down this way.

A Useful Volume

The publisher of the Democrat is indebted to Senator W. Kerr Scott for a copy of the volume, "Addresses and Papers of Governor William Kerr Scott."

Edited by David Leroy Corbitt, division of publications, State Department of Archives and History, the book covers the controversial administration of Governor Scott, the things he did, the speeches he delivered and the accomplishments of his four year stay in the executive mansion.

As Aycock was known for his fight in favor of public education, Cameron Morrison for leading the movement for a primary road system, Kerr Scott will likely go down in the annals of State history as

the man who did most for the country road system, and who at the same time contributed a considerable share to the development of the educational system.

As legislator, commissioner of agriculture, Governor and now as United States Senator, Kerr Scott has been a fighter for the advancement of Carolina, her people and institutions. Regardless of the controversies which have raged about him, he's one of Carolina's most patriotic citizens and has accomplished a great deal for the people.

And we're happy with the sort of service he's rendering in Washington. He's apt to stay there.

Smith Hagaman

Winston-Salem Journal

In a sense Smith Hagaman had three careers. After years of public service in Watauga County as a teacher, legislator and superintendent of county schools, he came to Winston-Salem to carve out what might be called a second career of equally distinguished service.

Mr. Hagaman was a quiet, soft-spoken, unassuming man. But he was endowed with patience, persistence, and a broad humanitarian spirit. Called to Winston-Salem to become superintendent of Baptist Hospital in 1934, he found that institution handicapped by the effects of the depression. In developing his administrative policies, he placed major emphasis upon two objectives: (1) Expanding and making available the services of the hospital to all who needed those services, and (2) Materially strengthening the ties between the hospital and the Baptist Churches and people of the state.

In pursuing the latter objective Mr. Hagaman spent much of his time over the weekends visiting churches over the state. He was frequently the guest minister in

many Baptist pulpits. Through these contacts he became a highly effective ambassador of understanding and goodwill which brought the church and hospital much closer together during his 11 years as head of the latter.

His interest in public education in the meanwhile remained keen. In 1938 he became a member of the Forsyth Board of Education and continued to serve on this body for ten years. His broad experience as a teacher and educational administrator in Watauga enabled him to contribute materially toward the solution of the difficult problems confronting the Forsyth schools in the early postwar period.

In addition to his two public careers, Smith Hagaman pursued a third. In his early years he farmed and dealt in livestock. After retiring from public service he operated a laundry business at Boone. But he will be best remembered for what he did in education and humanitarian social service, and for his inspiring though self-effacing personality. To men of his type society is always in debt.

ROLLING OUT THE BARREL

By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

"What Is So Rare . . . ?"

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE June is the very best month in the entire year, ask any schoolboy.

The promise of its coming is the only thing on earth that makes the preceding nine months bearable. Fractious fall, fierce winter, and fickle spring can be faced with fortitude only because June will come again, just as sure as God keeps the sun in the heavens and the earth moving ponderously but surely toward its annual rendezvous with warming rays and balmy breezes.

It's release from imprisonment, promise of adventure—the threshold of summer. It's a string of Saturdays stretching into infinity. What if September is lying in wait out there somewhere to jolt one back to the harsh reality of books and rules—who can worry about that now? It's June!

But school children have no monopoly on June. It's for everybody. Edgar A. Guest, who wielded a more poetic pen than I, once eulogized the season in rhyme, so let's let him take over as a sort of "Guest" columnist:

"When the blue gets back in the skies once more,
And the vines grow green 'round the kitchen door;
When the roses bud and the robins come,
I stretch myself and I say: Ho-hum!

I ought to work, but I guess I won't;
Though some want riches today—I don't!
This looks to me like the sort of day
That was meant to idle and dream away.

When the sun is high and the air just right,
With the trees all blossomy, pink and white,
And the grass as soft as a feather bed,
With the white clouds drifting just overhead—

I stretch and yawn like a schoolboy then,
And turn away from the walks of men,
And tell myself in a shamefaced way:
I'm going to play hockey from work today!

Here is a morning too rare to miss;
And what is gold, to a day like this!
And what is fame, to the things I'll see
Through the lattice-work of a fine old tree?

There is work to do, but the work can wait;
There are goals to reach, there are foes to hate;
There are hurtful things which the smart might say;
But nothing like that shall spoil today!

Today I'll turn from the noisy town,
And just put all of my burdens down;
I'll quit the world and its common sense,
And the things men think are of consequence.

To chum with the birds and the friendly trees,
And try to fathom their mysteries;
For here is a day which looks to be
The kind I can fritter away on me!"

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 3, 1879

Mr. G. L. Bernhardt, of Lenoir, passed through town Friday.

Reports say Jophile Eggers near Zionville is very low and will not recover. He has been sick a long time.

Atty. E. S. Coffey and wife are visiting friends and relatives in Wilkes county.

We learn that an infant child of Alex Hagaman on Cove Creek died Sunday night with whooping cough.

Thomas Crosswhite of Mountain City, Tenn., whom we reported last week as being dangerously shot, was in town this week looking well and hearty.

Capt. E. W. Faucett, who has been teaching in Tenn., for several years, spent Monday night at the Coffey Hotel. He was on his way to Lenoir, where he will make his future home.

We are informed that the Quarterly Meeting at Fair View on Saturday and Sunday last was very interesting, and largely attended. The Rev. Mr. Grant, in the absence of Elder Blair, presided over the meeting.

Since our last issue we learn that there was an instance of \$1,400 on the mill property of J. P. Council, which was destroyed by fire last week. The insurance it is thought, is something like half the worth of the property.

The earthquake shock was so severe in Boone Monday that bricks were shaken from different chimneys in town. It is claimed by many that the shock was more terrific than the one of '86 which caused so much destruction in Charleston, S. C. Whether this be true or not, the shock was frightful.

Rev. Mr. Sherwood is a good farmer, as well as a good preacher. He bought 100 bushels of lime and has made a large compost heap with it, to use on his crop. The lime only cost him \$4.00 at the kiln, and others of our farmers would do well to follow his example, as lime is just what is needed for our lands.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 6, 1818

Mrs. W. L. Scott, of Jefferson, is a visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stanbury, in East Boone.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

REV. MR. EGGERS . . . HAS PREACHED A LONG TIME

Rev. R. C. Eggers of Zionville reminded us the other day that he was born June 30, 1888, just four days before the Watauga Democrat came into being, and that the county newspaper has always been in the home . . . His father and his grandfather were subscribers and Rev. Mr. Eggers has been a constant reader of the Democrat since he started his own home . . . Mr. Eggers states that he has been a minister for 43 years, and still serves two Baptist churches in the area . . . His longest tenure at any one church was at Poplar Grove Baptist, where he preached for eighteen years.

HE TRAVELED ROUGH ROADS . . . BY HORSEBACK

Mr. Eggers stated that during his horseback days, his feet had many times frozen in the stirrups when rain turned into ice, and recalls that he forded Meat Camp Creek 14 times from its head on down . . . In those days he recalls a flu epidemic which struck on Meat Camp, and he was ill at the home of Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Wilson for five weeks . . . In later years after the Linville River Railway had built its lines, he was released from one horseback appointment, and rode on the train from Boone to preach at the Watauga Church, above Foscoe in the shadow of the Grandfather . . . There he recalls that at some times five hundred people would gather for services . . . Mr. Eggers remains hale and hearty and has no immediate plans for giving up his work.

THE GREMLINS . . . MIX THE TYPE

Errors in weekly, and daily newspapers as well, especially in want ad columns have been a lot of fun for readers as far back as we can recall . . . The defunct Literary Digest used to carry a column of these ads and items, containing ludicrous errors, titled, "Slips That Pass in the Night" . . . And the Democrat has come forth with a liberal number of them, which strangely enough are liable to happen in clusters . . . A reader reminds us of the time the fellow advertised a "Wench for sale. Slightly used. \$400" . . . And of the farmer who sought to sell "100 Year Old Chickens" . . . We darsay the man disposed of his hoist and that the chickens went on their decrepit way to the butcher.

HOW TO HAVE FRIENDS . . . IN THE ACRID FOG

This is National Smoke a Cigar month according to a press release, which urges those who smoke and chew on the smelly stogies to obtain "understanding and sympathy" by following certain rules, among them being:

- Do not chew on the butt of a dead cigar.
- Do not talk with a cigar in your mouth.
- Do not smoke in a confined space.
- Do not cultivate a long ash, making nervous wrecks of onlookers.
- Do not dance with a cigar in your mouth.
- Do not leave cigar butts around the house.

Those of us who paid court to dame Nicotine a long time ago, would feel better about the observance if there were some cheroots around . . . We'd almost be tempted to join in stinking up the place if we had some of the old Virginias which were trade marks of our dad and of T. J. Sullivan, the veteran house painter.

A GOOD FELLER . . . CLEVER AND KNOWING

Men of intellectual capacity are often referred to here as being brainy, smart, cagey, foxy, knowing, but the other day we ran across another adjective, which we believe is more or less obsolete in usage, but which we like. It's "knowledgeable" . . . and of course, getting into the similes, which are always good here, there's "smart as a steel trap," "sharp as a briar," and "keen as a razor" . . . And a man is said to be clever, not when he's dextrous of hand or quick of mind, but when he's willing to share with his fellow man . . . It's often said, in describing a man who's prodigal with his worldly goods that "he won't let anybody out-clever him" . . . And he's the kind of man you'd want to visit.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

In all the disturbances in our world, it is refreshing to find a note of real confidence. George Coburn is a man who travels all over the world and has been in 88 countries including Russia. When I talked to him, he had just returned from New Zealand in his work as consultant on foreign trade and investments for a big paper company. He gets a lot of fun out of all this travel and said he took the job so that he would get paid for it and wouldn't have to work. But seriously, George is an optimist. I asked him if in all his travels he had gained any impression about a forthcoming third world war. His reply: "No, I did not. In fact, it is my studied opinion based on this wide observation that we are farther from a third world war than we have ever been before."

Madison Avenue here has come to signify a number of things, chiefly the ultra in advertising techniques. A story is told about one of the executives from this streamlined street who went to a party and stayed out so late that when he arrived home and was slipping up the stairs with shoes in hand, he heard the horrifying sound of the cuckoo clock striking four. Being a real smart executive, he promptly and perfectly imitated the cuckoo eight times more. Then he stole into bed. Next morning his wife remarked, "Henry, we must have that cuckoo clock fixed. Last night I woke up and heard it cuckoo four times. Then it burped twice and cuckooed eight times more."

Dr. Peter Steincrohn said in a press conference here that our bodies can take an astonishing amount of punishment and still function. An average man, he stated, can get along without his gall bladder, spleen, tonsils, and appendix. He can dispense with one of his two kidneys, one of his two lungs, two of his five quarts of blood, two-fifths of his liver, most of his stomach, 4 of his 23 feet of small intestine and (but is this news?) half of his brain."

Educational television is catching on throughout the country and this town is no exception, except that New York has not taken the lead in this important activity that it should. For example, the Metropolitan Educational Television Association here (META) was chartered by the state to develop such a broadcast service. The FCC allocated Channel 25 to this city for educational purposes—the only trouble being that this is an ultra-high frequency channel that could not be received by a single local set, unless it had a converter attached. So META now plans to use 25 as a closed-circuit educational channel or buy one of the seven existing VHF stations.

A group of people were being taken around the United Nations building and shown the various features. The guide was quick to point out the different physical aspects of the structures, now and then criticizing some of them rather severely. One of the group, a middle-aged, distinguished-looking man, said:

(Continued on page seven)