WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1957

Fishing, Hunting Top List

When you see a lad sending a redworm diving for suckers or vedeyes in New River. or view a youngster taking a bead on a rabbit late some afternoon, you're not only taking a look at some folks having a lot of fun, but are seeing a small segment of the biggest business in the sports category.

According to an American express travel survey, while four million golfers are crowding more than 5,000 courses, thirty-two million sportsmen are fishing from the Catskills to the high Sierras, and will later follow the flyways of migrating ducks, and stalk deer from Maine to Louisiana.

Fifteen per cent of the sportsmen are women, and the fair sex accounts for four and a half million anglers. Despite the ruggedness of the sport, a half million women go out for hunting.

Fishermen and hunters will spend three billion dollars this year on lodging, equipment, boat rentals and guides.

When Leroy Sossamon of Bryson City

attended Appalachian back in depression

times and visited the Watauga Democrat

office now and again, to pass the time of

day, we didn't know verses about the high

hill country were flitting through his mind

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sossamon's book,

The verse is well written, and we sub-

mit a few lines from the Daniel Boone

Two sentinel peaks stood hard north

Here a summer's wind made merry sport,

And a valley sprawled below:

And the buck with his maiden do

"Backside of Heaven," which has just been

like summer zephyrs.

But they were.

ple of Boone.

poem:

Tackle companies will realize more

than \$243,000,000 and hunting suppliers another \$350,000,000, according to a national survey conducted for the United States fish and wildlife service.

The sportsman will dole out 85 millions for license fees-38 millions for fishing, nearly 47 millions for hunting, to say nothing of the many unlisted items of expense which go into a trip to the coast or up the inland streams in quest of fish, or into the swamps and mountains for deer or quail or bear or pheasant.

And, fishing and hunting contribute appreciably, not only to the pleasure of the local citizens, but to the economic welfare of Watauga county. More and more hunters and fishermen are coming from the lowlands to try for a trout or to do some grouse shooting in the autumn, maybe settling for a bunny. And while fishing "ain't what it wuz," to quote an old redworm dunker, a lot of people are lining our creeks and rivers. They'll be back with their guns, come fall.

Came down at twilight oft to drink

From out this trinkling fountain

That threaded many a chestnut grove

From its springhead on Rich Mountain.

Boone pitched his camp beside this spot

He made his bed by a chestnut's trunk

Now always for me, this college town;

Close to the brook's west bank.

Where first he stooped and drank;

And the last verse from "Friends in

With The Greatest Of Ease

By Alexander

The Address of the Party of the



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

1

Fluff, Guff, and Stuff

IT'S JUST AS WELL, perhaps, that expert advice is not always followed by everyone. A doctor of psychology poses in print the

question, "Should your son or daughter attend a large university to study science?" His answer:

"No. Send him or her to a medium-sized liberal arts college. It was found that 39 small liberal arts colleges produced the largest proportion of famous scientists listed in 'American Men of

If enough people heeded this counsel, the small colleges would soon become large universities, and by his reasoning, turn out inferior

IT WAS THE SAME learned doctor, I believe, whe wrote: "Women follow instructions more exactly than men do, can wriggle out of tight social situations, and make fewer social 'boners'. Men should consider this when choosing their wives."

That's right, fellas-be sure the wife you is a woman!

PIDDLING PUDDLE-Over in Merrie Olde Englande, they've solved the riddle of Piddle

or, if you prefer, settled the muddle of Puddle. The county council, says a news story, recently voted to change the ancient name of the little community of Puddletown to Piddletown, which is more dignified, they decided, and would also conform with the name of the river Piddle which flows through the middle of the town of 761 population. "Piddling nonsense!" roared the shocked Puddlers. They insisted Piddle was even more undignified than Puddle and demanded the name be changed back. The startled council said it had meant no harm and agreed to go back in a huddle on the muddle of the puddle. They changed it back to Puddletown.

Well, everybody to his own taste, I always say, but personally, I'd just as soon be a piddler as a puddler-and vice, as well as versa.

CLEAR AND FREQUENT-"More women than men" states an item, "are being used on airport control tower microphones because feminine tones broadcast more clearly than a man's." Also on a higher, you might say, frequency.

NO PROBLEM-"Inflation can be whipped." declares an article in the Harvard Business review, "but only if the public is willing to make sacrifices."

Probably, but when the prices are inflationary and the income is not-the sacrifices are auto-

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

A PRAYER ... FOR THE PARENTS

Mrs. C. E. Ulery, who came up with her family from Florida many years ago, to establish a summer residence in Boone, and who loved the community, her people and institutions, passed away a few days ago. . . . In cleaning up the desk, we ran across a prayer which Mrs. Ulery had recently sent us by Mrs. Rivers, with the word that "maybe you can use it sometime. Titled "A Prayer for Parents," the sheet came from the Bible of Mrs. C. E. Harrison, Mrs. Ulery's Sunday School teacher for twenty-five years. . . . A part of the bulletin of the Riverside Park Methodist Church, Jacksonville. Fla., the prayer contains sound logic, is good for parents, we think, and gives an insight into the sort of priceless values Mrs. Ulery cherished. . Originally used in line with a Mother's Day observance, we think it's just as good right now:

"O God, make me a better parent. Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and to answer all their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them, talking back to them, and contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them to be to me. Give me the courage to confess my sins against my children and to ask of them forgiveness when I know that I have done them wrong.

"May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my children. Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes or resort to shane and ridicule as punishment. Let me not tempt my child to lie and steal. So guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

"Reduce, I'pray, the meanness in me. May I cease to nag; and when I am out of sorts help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue. "Blind me to the little errors of my children and help me to see the good things that they do. Give me a ready word for

honest praise. "Help me to grow up with my children, to treat them as those of their own age; but let me not expect of them the judgments and conventions of adults. Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves, to think, to choose, and to make decisions.

"Forbid that I should ever punish them for my selfish satisfaction. May I grant them all their wishes that are reasonable, and have the courage always to withhold a privilege which I know will do them harm.

"Make me fair and just, so considerate and companionable to my children that they will have a genuine esteem for me. Fit me to be loved and imitated by my children.

"With all thy gifts, O great God, give me calm and poise and self-control.-Amen."

IN THE PULPIT ... ANOTHER SON

* Rev. E. F. Troutman, always happy, it seems, was doubtless even more chipper the other day, when he told us his second son, Jerry, was to preach his first sermon at the elder Troutman's church, Grace Lutheran, last Sunday. . . . Jerry is in his second year at the Lutheran Seminary, Columbia, S. C. . . . His older brother, Edwin, completed his seminary work five years ago, and is paster of the Falls Church, Alex-andria, Va. . . . The Troutman boys are to be congratulated on taking up the Christian ministry, and our fondest hope for them is that they shall follow closely in the footsteps of their father, whose presence and ministry have contributed so magnificently to the welfare of this community.

CURIOUS PUMPKIN . . HERE AND THERE

Mr. A. A. Greene of Vilas, fetches us a curious vegetable combination, which leans both to the pumpkin and squash. . . . Grown on a squash vine, the stem end of the thing, obviously a pumpkin, encases, acorn-like, a perfect squash. . . . So there's nothing to hinder one having a mess of squash and a pumpkin pie, off the same stem. . . . Bitsy imported cars flitting in and out amongst the American behemoths of the road, like rabbits in a horse race. . . . The crowds which are gathering to take a ride on the Tweetsie train signaling success for the project. . . . Charles Blackburn says dry weather is playing havoc with crops in northern Virginia, and that cattle are being placed on feed in many cases.

published, was written during the author's Sometimes I shall be far away residence here, and the volume carries When the fingers of night close softly down word of a mountain man's love for the hill country, of his knowledge of its people and their traditions, more specifically peo-To strangle the sounds of the day. But a path in my heart will always be;

Boone":

"Backside Of Heaven"

In a far-off mountain town,

Leroy's book appears to be a job well done. We are enjoying its pages. It may be secured locally at the College Book Store, and at the Horn in the West Gift Shop.

cember 22 of that year the barkentine

"Ephraim Williams" was spotted five miles

Midgett and his men saved nine men

The latest Midgett rescue was only three

years ago in 1954 when the Honduran

freighter "Omah Babun" struck a bar

250 feet from the Hatteras shore. The

Coast Guardsman who discovered the

stranded ship was Ellery Midgett II. The

off the Cap flying a distress signal.

90 Years Of Life-Saving

that day.

The Midgett family of Cape Hatteras, N. C., makes its living saving lives. It's a family occupation, has been for

nine decades. Since the 1870's generations of Midgetts have rescued mariners along this lonely wind-swept shore.

Don Wharton tells this unique family history in an August Reader's Digest article titled, "The Mighty Midgetts of Hatteras," condensed from the American Mercury. Wharton reports that as surfmen and station keepers in the old Live-Saving Service of the 1870's the family was represented in a dozen stations along the Outer Banks. Today, three Coast Guard Stations are headed by Midgetts and other Midgetts serve elsewhere in the ranks.

For at evening I must down Through twilight shadows this winding street

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago July 29, 1897

John D. Rockefeller has given the Baptist people a gift of \$250,000 which has paid off their joint mission debt of the home and foreign mismisions. Rockefeller's gift was contingent on the two institutions raising the same amount, making \$500,000 in all.

The report that the papers gave of a man being murdered by a Mormon elder down in this state a few days ago has been denied, so we are not able to state further about the matter. We hope it is not so, however.

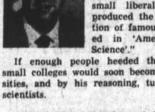
On Tuesday morning Mr. James Smith, who lives near Popular Grove, lost his home and entire contents by fire, leaving himself, wife, and five little children without food, shelter, or raiment. Mr. Smith is a hard-working man, and it is the duty of the public to help him as much as they can. He says he will be more than thankful for any contribution, be it ever so small. Married at 6 P. M. yesterday, Mr. J. G. Lovin of Montezuma, to Miss Maggie, youngest daugh-ter of Mrs. Patrick of Shulls Mills. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother, and a sumptuous repast was spread for the invited friends and relatives. The Democrat extends congratulations. On last Sunday James Bower (col.), who wished to make a short trip to Blowing Rock, stole a horse from the stable of J. M. Moretz and proceeded on his journey. Mr. Moretz missed the horse and followed the young negro, and recovered his horse at Blowing Rock. The negro is young, but deserves severe punishment for this bold act. Moses H. Cone is buying more lands adjoining his large tract known as the Norwood lands. If reports are true, he will soon reach out his sions within two or three miles of our town, which will nearly connect Boone and Blow-ing Rock. We wish him much success in his enterprise in our county.

has never known, just as pleasant as possible Miss Mary B. Elrod, of the Middle Fork section, was in town Monday to consult a physician, and was a pleasant caller at our office. She and her mother, now 85 years of age, live together, make their own support, and money enough to pay their liabilities-more than many strong able-bodied men are doing.

Private Cloy Winkler, of Camp Sevier, was a visitor at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Wingler, near the village last week He is in the best of health, and says he is enjoying camp life splendidly. On his return he made a brief stop in Iredell county, to look after some business (?) matters.

mer Brown was in

So This Is New York



The oldest hero among the Midget clan was John H. Midgett, surfman at the Cape Hatteras station back in 1884. On De-

surfman who fired the line to the ship's bow and secured the buoy that pulled the Babun's 14 man crew ashore was Edward Midgett; and the boatswain's mate who helped direct the rescue was Edison Midgett.

Ten members of the family have received the Life-Saving Medal of Honor, the highest Coast Guard award for rescue work.

On Learning To Say 'No'

(The Clarion-Ledger and Jackson Daily News)

The "yes men" in this world contribute but little to its upbuilding. . . . It is the "no men" who accomplish worthwhile things. . . . "No" is one of the shortest words in the English language, and one of the most meaningful. . . . "No" is the concentrated Declaration of Independence of the soul.

Saying "no" at the proper time indicates you have courage in your heart and iron in your soul. . . . "No" is the citadel of character, and can remain impregnable forever. , .. "No" is the only path to reformation. . . . If you want to quit a bad habit, no matter what it may be, you must learn to say "no" and mean it.

"No" is the steam-gauge of strength, the barometer of temperament, the infallible measure of moral force. . . . "No" has saved more women than all the knights of chivalry.... The girl who can say "no" and stick to it never becomes a prostitute. ... "No" has kept millions of young men

from becoming thieves, drunkards, profilgates and criminals of all kinds. . . . "No" is the high wall that preserves the innocence of the innocent.

"No" is the thick wall of the home, keeping the father from folly, the wife from indiscretion, the boys from ruin and the girls from shame. . . . "No" is the one word you can use when you can't think of anything else. . . . "No" is a word that requires neither explanation or apology. . . . 'No" is the mule power of the human mind. . . . "No" is the word to say when you mean what you say and have the courage to stick to what you say.

The best rule of life is to live'your own life. Make your own resolutions. Form your own program. Determine your own conduct. Plant around these a barricade composed of the word "no." Then nobody can push you around and nobody will dare step on your toes. "No" is a mighty fine word. Use it frequently.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago August 1, 1918

Mr. Joe Flannery, after an absence of 49 years, and long mourned as dead, arrived at the home of his son, Mr. Sam Flannery, on Brushy Fork, a short while ago, hale and hearty at the age of 85 years. His son had never seen the light of day when he departed, and the wife, after many years of waiting for her departed husband was married again, and passed to her reward only a little more than a year ago. The son is de-lighted to have his father with him, and in the bigness of his heart, will bend his every energy to make the last days of his father, whom he

last week where he is holding a position as Gas Inspector at the Government plant there.

Little Ruth Cottrell, who has been visiting at the home of Rev. D. P. Waters, at Crouse, N. C., returned to her home in Boone Tuesday evening.

Mr. Thomas Simmons, of Blowing Rock, who has been a very sick man for sometime, removed to a local hospital for treatment last Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Powel is off for a visit to his father in Polk county this week, but will be back in time to fill his appointments in Boone next Sunday.

Fifteen Years Ago July 30, 1942

Mr. Earl D. Cook of Boone, has purchased the stock of goods at Rutherwood, formerly owned by the late Eller McNeil, and is closing out the store at greatly reduced prices.

Dr. A. P. Kephart, Republican nominee for Congress in the ninth district, on Monday announced the appointment of W. H. Gragg, mayor of Boone, as district chairman. By virtue of this designation, Mr. Gragg will also be campaign nanager for Dr. Kephart.

Mrs. James G. Ray died Sunday evening at Watauga hospital, after a long period of failing health. Mrs. Ray, however, had been seriously ill for only about two weeks. She was 60 years old.

"Uncle" Noah Winkler, 94, one of Watauga county's oldest citizens, died Saturday after a long illness. Several weeks ago Mr. Winkler came from Caldwell county to the home of a daughter, Mrs. Z. T. Greene in Boone, where he could be near homefolks, and since that time his condition never appreciably improved.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Stallings were in Abingdon. Virginia, Monday selecting their fall line of copper lustre china.

Mrs. L. G. Flick and son, Jimmie, of Somer-field, Pa., are visiting for a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gragg.

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Chatting with Billy Graham, I asked what he thought of this big town, now that he has finished his crusade against the devilish asthis "Sodom-on-the-Hudson." He turned his handsome head slightly, stuck out that firm chin and said, "New York City is really a wonderful town. It has its sin-ners-but so does my Montreat, North Carolina. Never have I had such an experience before as facing a million people. There are good and bad folks here-just more of them. And I've reason to believe that by speaking straight to them in language they understood, many of them have come

to accept God in a way they never

did before. At least that is my

New Yorkers don't try to keep

up with Texans. The Lone Star

Gothamites that it is pitiful, es-

pecially when it comes to wearing

sport shirts instead of coats in hot

weather. An Amarillo resident

he breakfasts in an air-conditioned

home; drives to work in his air

conditioned car; spends the day in an air-conditioned office-

then asks his secretary to make

him an appointment for a Turkish

Another place which seems to

be doing us one better is Cuba

Down in Havana, according to the

Cuban Tourist Development

bath.

ere the other day was telling how

inhabitants are so far ahead of

fervent hope and my prayer."

Board, a man sits before a micro phone . in a cigar factory and reads the daily newspapers to the employes while they work. The workers love it, and ask for certain sections to be read first. After the newspapers are finished, favorite novels are read. Apparently the only effect is better cigars. Of course, one might accuse these folks of swiping this idea from the late Mayor La-Guardia who read the comics New Yorkers over the radio.

Out at the airport, a tall man rushed in with his baggage and dashed ahead of a line, she auting that he had to make the 6 o'clock plane to Chicago. The passengers stared at him in surprise and then annoyance as 'he burst ahead of first one group then another getting their tickets and baggage checked. Finally a small man tap ped the tall one on the back and urged him to be patient. The big one snapped out again that he had to make that 6 o'clock plane to Chicago. "So do I," quietly said the small one. "You see, I'm its

Finally saw the show, "L'il Abner" and was not especially impressed. It is a colorfully-costumed and at-times amusing musical. but there is more emphasis on Al Capp than there is on Broadway entertainment. Did Al ride herd too hard? The hillbilly motif is strictly of the Esquire or New (Continued on page eight)