

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1960

Can Buy Tags At Home

One of the best things that has been accomplished by Herman Wilcox through the Chamber of Commerce, that is, for the convenience of the motoring public, is the establishment of an automobile license bureau in Boone.

Before this move was made a year ago, motorists had to send to Raleigh for their tags by mail, or go or send to an adjoining town to renew their rights to operate their car.

So well received was this accomplishment, says Mr. Wilcox, that more than seven thousand tags were sold here for the current year, and there were over six hundred transfers of tags.

At the same time, the office has been a convenience for our neighbors in adjoining counties many of whom found it expedient to get their licenses here.

Since every effort is made at the Chamber of Commerce bureau to render quick, efficient service, Mr. Wilcox should have the complete cooperation of the people in some suggestions he has made calculated to further improve the service.

Be sure to remove card from envelope. Write name of your county in space provided on front.

Sign insurance declaration on back of card.

Have correct amount of money ready, including one dollar for driver training program in the schools.

And please bear in mind checks cannot be accepted.

Tags will be on sale between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. Monday through Friday and 9 a. m. to 12 noon Saturday, it is pointed out.

Tags this year will be yellow numerals on a black background, the reverse of last year. Incidentally, we are hoping that the new administration will give us a rest from the constant switch between black and yellow. Black is traditionally the color of mourning, while yellow has traditionally been used to reflect cowardice. Since we are not grieving and have never been particularly scared, let's come forth with some bright, new colors, just for a change.

Kennedy Elected

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who received more votes than Vice-President Nixon, has at last been elected President, nearly six weeks after the people of the country went to the polls and expressed their preference.

That is, the electoral college met last week and made the thing sort of official. Of course Congress has yet to officially count the electoral votes on January 6th.

Then, if nothing happens, on January 20th, Kennedy will in fact become President of the United States.

As is usual, there is renewed opposition to the manner in which the Constitution says a President of the United States must be elected. Some say that the system should be abolished altogether, and give the candidate with the greatest popular vote the prize. Others say the time-honored college should be retained, but that the runner up should be given credit for his share of the electors in states he loses, and various other

methods have been proposed. However, it would appear to be a good sound bet that nothing will be done and that the Executive will be chosen by the electors for some time to come.

Of course, we would think that an elector should be legally bound by the result of the election in any given state, and should not be free to vote against the wishes of the voters themselves.

Be that as it may, our pet peeve is the elapsed time. That is, it takes from early November to mid-December to find out who's elected, then a lame duck administration holds forth, with reduced prestige for five weeks more before there can be a change. There should be a way to make the transfer less involved.

And of course, we think everyone will be glad to get down to calling the successful candidate, President Kennedy, rather than the awkward-sounding President-elect.

He Had It Figured

The late David P. Lavietes, who did big-scale pipe manufacturing from the stools of rhododendron and ivy in Boone during the war, and who later moved his plant to Sparta, used to tell us that the smoking pipe business was going to burgeon beyond belief in the years ahead.

We couldn't see it at the time, since most everybody we saw had a cigarette lipped, and we just couldn't see where the people could be found to keep the briarwood fires smouldering.

But now comes word from the Pipe and Tobacco Council that the pipe industry is booming so fast the manufacturers can't get enough briar root or block merschaum to meet the demand, and that in Washington, Missouri, the center of the corncob pipe industry, one factory is running three shifts trying to keep up with orders.

The retail value of pipes sold last year hit \$44,000,000 in spite of the continuing boom in the cigarette market, and sales this year may reach \$50,000,000. Sales of pipe tobacco may hit \$80,000,000.

And the pipe smokers are buying

better grade tobaccos—30 to 40 cents an ounce—but the average price paid is only 20 cents.

Ninety per cent of the pipes sold in the United States are manufactured in this country, but still the greater part of the blocks used are again coming from Algeria and other Mediterranean countries.

It is interesting to know that more and more people are enjoying what always appeared to us to be a more pleasing smoke by stoking one of the odiferous pipe bowls, and also of interest to us is that Mr. Lavietes' faith in the future of the industry has been borne out.

We believe also, that maybe if we had wanted his industry a little more it would still be here, and that if he had lived, American briarwood would have established itself firmly, and have taken an increasingly large share of the business. He demonstrated conclusively the quality and beauty of pipes made from local burls. And any mountain man could tell you that there'd never be a shortage of ivy or laurel burls in these parts.

Yields To The Bald Facts

(Baltimore Evening Sun)

Those who consider the barber shop one of the less inhibited market places of ideas have always been puzzled by one paradox. Common-sense logic, if puzzled often enough and loudly enough, can be counted on to carry the day in all cases but one. A good big man ought to be able to beat a good little man, shouldn't he? A club can't expect to take the pennant without power in the outfield, can it? You can't win a football game if you give up the ball on interceptions, can you? Impeccable logic, to which even the most obtuse barber must bow.

Over the years, however, one piece of logic which has made no headway at all

is the plaintive question, "It shouldn't cost as much to trim a thin fringe around a bald pate as to shear a full mop on a younger customer, should it?" The answer, the illogical frustrating answer has until now been, "Yes." Finally, one barber who may be thrown out of the lodge for his heresy, has answered, "No." Mr. Domminick St. Angelo, of Teaneck, N. J., will henceforth barber on a sliding scale of \$1.75 for the full head of hair down to \$1 for a few wispy remnants. Mr. St. Angelo, apparently, is running for no higher office than that of a successful barber. A pity. The egghead is his for the asking.

Happy New Year, Anyone?



FROM EARLY DEMOCRAT FILES

Old Time Bear Hunt Recalled

Sixty Years Ago

December 20, 1900.

Editor Democrat:

On the 7th inst, a party consisting of Clarence Mason and Robert Farris, Norman and James Shook, Emanuel Brewer, Larkin Townsend and James Cornell, eight of Watauga's hardy mountaineers, went on Grandfather Mountain to hunt for a bear. After traveling for some distance their dogs bayed and they made great haste to the spot indicated by the noise. Not knowing however that a bear den was near, but after an examination they discovered bruin in a dark cavity in a cliff, he being about eight feet from the mouth of the hole which in all probability was selected for his winter quarters.

Bruin's movements indicated that he looked upon this high-handed invasion of his premises with disfavor, as the men were armed with six guns and an axe, he considered it nothing short of forcible trespass. Cornell shot, the ball striking the bear above the eye. Other snapped, but owing to the dampness their guns failed to discharge. In about a minute after the shot the bear made for the mouth of the den, and as he passed one of the dogs snapped him on the hind leg. The bear turned and caught the dog in his arms, wounding him seriously in several places. About this time Monroe Shook shot him with a rifle. The bear arose to his hind feet, released the dog and ran, but the dogs pursued him so closely that he was bound to stop at short intervals for a fight, the hunters trying in vain to get close enough for another shot, but the bear would again flee. This manner of procedure was kept up for three miles. At about night one of the party gave him a third shot.

He was lying stretched on the ground as if he was dead and the dogs standing around him. Cornell fired, the ball striking him in the shoulder. He rose and ran, going over a cliff fifteen feet high, snorting, growling and biting off laurel and other shrubs in his path. The dogs pursued him some distance and again brought him to bay. As night had now fallen the party concluded to camp on the trail. They built a fire, arranged to spend the night, and the dogs soon returned.

The next morning the chase was resumed, and the party was gratified to learn that the bear had not moved from the place where the dogs had left him. He was still lying down and bleeding but the dogs soon had him up again, and before the parties could get in shooting distance he took his departure. He would only go about fifty feet at a time and then stop and fight the dogs. He kept this up for a distance of about two miles, retreating on the approach of the hunters, but finally getting tired of constantly retreating, he took his stand in a cluster of laurel, where he would pitch first at one dog and then another, and while there he was again shot three times. He ran a short distance and again stopped in another laurel thicket. Charles Farris got within ten feet of him and snapped, but his gun failed to fire. Townsend, not knowing the consequences that might follow, climbed about thirty feet in a tree almost directly over the bear. The bear went a little farther and stopped for the final fray. Cornell got behind a tree and as he was passing around it and was almost in the act of shooting, the bear made for him in a great rage with his mouth open for a fight. Cornell fired, the bear turned and jumped

on a log, and Cornell shot him again, and as the bear fell back, he caught Brewer's dog in his arms. Brewer, fearing the fate of his dog, could stand it no longer. He rushed toward the bear, unarmed, and it took two strong men to hold him back. But in the meantime Brewer had his pants torn off him, and in the excitement put them on hind part before.

After the bear appeared to be dead, he was shot twice more for fear there would be a great mistake made. When Townsend saw the bear going towards Cornells with open mouth he made for a tree and climbed about thirty feet and it took some little argument to persuade him that bruin was dead before he could be induced to come down, and I am informed that four of the men toward the closing exercises thought it safer to be perched from twenty to thirty feet in the timber than to be on the ground.

The next thing was to get the animal out. It took five and six of these strong men at a time to get him to the road half a mile away, where he was skinned and quartered. Then each couple of the party bore off in triumph a quarter of the wild king of the Grandfather to the house of Mr. McRae, the Scotchman, whose residence is on the Yonahlossee Road about three miles from where the bear was brought into the road. After depositing the game with Mr. McRae, the party proceeded to their respective homes, the most of whom live near Banner Elk, reaching home near midnight, tired and worn. John Farris started at once for the treasure with wagon and team, reaching home the next night.

The bear was very fat and weighed something over 400 pounds net, the fat in some places measuring near six inches in thickness and the hide measures eight feet in length.

The writer had the pleasure of eating some of the meat, which was very fine. I have but little doubt that this was the same bear that was caught in a trap by Samuel Aldridge, son of Harrison Aldridge, Watauga's famous bear hunter two or three years ago, as this bear had a missing toe, corresponding with the toe left in the trap of Mr. Aldridge.

L. D. LOWE
Banner Elk, N. C.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 27, 1945.

Watauga county residents got a slight respite from the frigid wave which has persisted here for the past two weeks. Friday, as clearing skies and higher temperatures permitted some thawing where the sun shone, but the weather man gives little promise of any appreciable relief from the cold wave.

Mr. Harry Johnson, aged citizen of Beaver Dam township, recently suffered a serious fracture of the hip in a fall on the ice. He is now a patient at Banner Elk hospital.

In a recent issue of the School Review, a nationally known magazine, an article appeared by two local educators, Dr. Ralph W. House of the college and Mr. Cratis Williams of the High School. Each has made a special study of the use of diacritical marks, and in this recently-printed article they present some of their findings.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

A Day's Brightness . . . Subdued Afterglow

For brightness and gaiety and good fellowshiping with one's friends . . . for fueling the warming fires of charity and of good will and of peace and well-being . . . for feasting and neighboring and having a care for one's friends, and as a matter of fact for one's enemies too, Christmas is the time.

We love the Christmas trees, glowing in the living rooms and on the lawns, the brightly-wrapped packages, well-eyed and shaken, the happy confusion when the gifts are passed, and the mounds of wrappings and of ribbons and cards when the excitement crests. . . . We like the festive board and the great fowl, and all the rich and fattening vittles, and the good humor and the mellow spirits of the diners, and the restful quiet which settles down after one has dined too zestfully, and catches a snooze within the kindly arms of his favorite chair.

And when the merrymaking is over, we'd submit there is nothing more forlorn than the bough of the Christmas tree, which died bringing brightness to the scene and the colored ornaments, which seem to have lost their lustre.

And the wrappings and the packing cases and the ribbons and bows are all cleared away, and the homecomers are getting ready to make the trip back, without the degree of bubbling gaiety they exuded when pop and mom watched the skyways or the highway or the shining ribbons of steel for their arrival. . . . And there is food in abundance left over for the jaded appetites, and those of us who had a few days off, get down to the business of getting ready for other Christmases along a Street, strangely deserted after the hustle and bustle of the shopping crowds of the week end.

And we loved the time off, and Santa Claus, for whom we've argued all our life, and the spirit of the observance, and most of all those who came by for some visiting even though there's ice on the hill, which makes for hazardous driving as well as walking . . . and we're obliged for the many expressions of good will which reached us. . . . We liked the gifts, but better still is that intangible, which comes wrapped in the esteem of our family and of the folks along the Street and along other streets in other towns and in other cities, who have tolerated us through the long years, and whose friendship we cherish beyond all measure.

We had a happy Christmas, and we thank you, as we settle down to work again, which is also a continuing joy for us through the multiplying years.

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Office Procedure . . . No Confusion Here

The Sanford Herald brings the following definitions of office procedure from Uncle Mat's Line Caster, which should be good for a smile or two:

Program—Any assignment that can't be completed by one telephone call.

Channels—The trail left by inter-office memos.

Coordinator—The guy who has a desk between two expeditors.

Consultant—An ordinary guy more than 50 miles from home.

Activate—Make carbons and add more names to the memo.

Implement Program—Hire more people and expand the office.

Under Consideration—Never heard of it.

Under Active Consideration—We're looking in the files for it.

Conference—A place where conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labor and the loneliness of thought.

Informed Source—The guy who told the guy you just met.

Reliable Source—The guy you just met.

Negotiate—To seek a meeting of minds without a knocking together of heads.

Unimpeachable Source—The guy who started the rumor.

Clarification—To fill in the background with so many details that the foreground goes underground.

Making a Survey—More time to think of an answer.

Note and Initial—Let's spread the responsibility for this.

See Me—Come down to my office; I'm lonely.

Let's Get Together on This—I'm assuming you're as confused as I am.

Give Us the Benefit of Your Thinking—We'll listen to what you have to say as long as it doesn't interfere with what we've already decided to do.

Spearhead the Issue—You be the goat.

Point up the Issue—To expand one page to 15.

The Issue Is Closed—I'm tired of the whole affair.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Aside from the fact that I ain't got too many years left, I sorter hate to see 1960 passing into history.

It has been a pritty good year in a heap of ways. Most Americans has enjoyed a fair amount of prosperity nad there ain't been no very serious outbreak of brush-fire war in the world. Unless they hurry, Tommy Manville and Elizabeth Taylor will git through the year without another wedding. Government double-talk has been reduced to talk-and-a-half, the Democrats got through the year without dedicating Grand Coulee Dam again, the Republicans has quit talking about balancing the budget and with parties put in a good word ter Santa Claus.

And I see by the papers where our national debt at the end of 1960 ain't but 265 billion dollars. In the same paper I saw where the people of the United States is carrying 265 billion dollars worth of life insurance. If the missile war comes and we all git wiped out, the insurance money will be there fer the national debt

and we can start over again facing Adam and Eve with a little surplus. Yep, Mister Editor, things could be a heap worse. And if the all-out war don't come, I think them Congressmen will manage to keep the Government in the hands of the politicians. After all, in a country where they want to shoot the umpire fer one wrong decision there ain't much chancet fer a dictator.

Fer 1961 I wish everybody Health, Happiness, and a reasonable amount of Prosperity. By a reasonable amount of prosperity, I mean I'm hoping folks git along fairly good. Too much prosperity can be a dangerous thing. Fer instant, we've been mighty prosperous while we was running up that 265 billion dollar debt. And Bug Hookum, that was bragging not long ago about the \$3,000 he owes, ain't never had it so good.

At the end of every year I usually go through the motions of making a few New Year resolutions. My old lady, who is a authority of such subjects, says a feller that don't make some New

(Continued on page seven)