

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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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, MAY 4, 1961

## Clean-Up Time

Clean-up time is here again, and the city government, and various civic groups are working toward a more thorough going effort this time than is usual.

Many of the householders in the community, and many business places as for that, try to keep their premises clean throughout the year but their efforts are almost entirely in vain when their neighbors don't follow their example.

The city has adequate garbage disposal. We have personally had no trouble in the matter of trash removal, and there would seem to be little use of allowing trash to be strewn all over the city, and scraps of edibles to make gathering places for the bands of dogs which are constantly on the prowl about the city.

During the high winds of the winter, huge paper packing cases, all sorts of wrappings and smaller boxes, were blown down the street actually at some times proving a sort of menace to traffic. This comes from business places allowing trash to accumulate around their

premises to clutter up the town when the breeze raises.

Besides the paper litter, bushels of beer cans and whiskey bottles are to be found about the community, which on removal, would maybe be replaced. These not only clutter up the place, but create the impression among strangers to the community that it maybe isn't, after all, the sort of place where one should stop.

We shall entertain the hope that all of our people may join together in the next few days to make the clean-up days the best we have ever had. On many vacant lots dry refuse can be burned with precaution and permit, and the city will be glad to move everything in containers.

Increased numbers of teachers will be at the college this summer, the influx of tourists is expected to be greater than ever, and we should have everything looking good when they come. Our visitors will enjoy it that way, and we'll like it better too.

## Says Hour Is Late

President Kennedy speaks bluntly to the people at what had been billed at a political speech in Chicago, when he said that his first one hundred days in office have convinced him that global Communism threatens the survival of our civilization and "the hour is late."

In an evening which was supposed to have been dominated by partisan political considerations, it was evident that the Executive felt increased concern over the deteriorating situation in southeast Asia and the U. S. setback in Cuba.

"Every new piece of information, every fresh event, have deepened my conviction that the survival of our civilization is at stake, and the hour is late." He called for a new measure of effort and devotion to meet the challenge of expanding world Communism, and challenged the notion that the tide of history is on their side.

"The tide of history is not on their side, or on ours. For history is made by men, and it will move in the direction

that strong and determined and courageous men compel it. . . . Our greatest adversary is not the Russians," he said, "it is our own unwillingness to do what must be done."

Kennedy also rejected the arguments that the people wish to hear "brighter, more pleasant prophecies," and called for a program of strength "which would put our unparalleled power and wealth and capacity in the single-minded service of freedom."

In this day of international strife and universal distrust, and of greed, and selfishness, the enemies of the system have grown strong. The forces of freedom maybe have been weakened by smugness and high living. In an effort to muster unity and loyalty, the President has enlisted the support of all men in both major political parties, they are rallying to his support, and politics as usual maybe won't exist where the peril to our system is of such lethal magnitude.

## Liquid Diet Sales

New "pre-counted" 900-calorie liquid diet foods have become part of everyday life like nylons, frozen foods and small cars. As a result sales of packaged weight control drinks may top 200 million dollars this year, writes Don Wharton in a May Reader's Digest article, "900-Calorie Liquid Diets — And How They Grew."

Surveys have indicated that women users of liquid diets outnumber men users three to one; that more women over 40 use them than women 21 to 40 — although among men the reverse is true. Out of every 100 users of a liquid diet about 29 use it for three meals a day, 28 for two meals, 43 for one meal (lunch being the favorite). One person in three claims to use it seven days a week.

Purchases seem to be motivated almost as much by convenience as by

health or fashion. The man getting his own breakfast, the working girl in a hurry, the office worker who doesn't want to fight crowds at lunch, the career woman who comes home too tired to prepare dinner—all these buy liquid diets because they're convenient, treat the weight loss as an extra bonus.

Executives and secretaries sometimes take a liquid diet to the office. One family takes cans on auto trips to be ready for stretches where there are few good restaurants.

Wharton reports Metrepol, the pioneer product, in a few months became a household word. It helped increase sales of its manufacturer from 43 million dollars in the first nine months of 1959 to 84 million dollars in the same period in 1960. Profits which had totaled four million dollars, soared to more than ten million dollars.

## Memories In The Attic

(Elizabeth Swindell in the Wilson Times)

I cleaned out the attic recently. I found so many things that brought back memories that I could not work for reading old newspapers, letters, and looking at pictures.

I ran across some boxes that brought forth articles of clothing that should have been used as rags. There was the silk petticoat heavily scalloped with silk thread and the big shaded chrysanthemums that were so stylish when I was a girl.

And for the information of the younger set, a camisole. They were worn before the days of slips. And flesh crepe de chine was the material and the straps over the shoulders brodered with baskets of flowers in different colors. Very pretty, too.

And do you remember when you carried a dorie instead of the compact. I also came across some very fancy hat pins, not the short kind but the long ones with the decorat-

ed heads, that could easily stick you. And the story goes that the girls of the Gibson age used them if the boys got fresh.

A pretty pair of bronze slippers, with the buckles that were very expensive in that day, were stuck in one corner. And speaking of pointed toes, these had as sharp a point as the most extreme today. And next to them was the slipper bag. This was used to put your evening slippers in to take to the dances. You wore everyday slippers and carried your evening ones in the slipper bag.

The long and short of the cleaning up was much stuff hauled out as old chairs and the like. But the major portion stayed where it had been, only pushed about so you could sweep. For as some one said, "I bet you never get all the stuff out of the attic. It will just stay here on and on."

## Forever Blowing Bubbles



## SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

### From Early Democrat Files

#### Sixty Years Ago

May 2, 1901.

The Confederate Veterans will meet in Boone on Saturday, May 11. Glad to see Hill Cottrell of Lenoir over at the entertainment last week.

Martha Mulwee, who is in the last stages of consumption, is thought to be very near death's door.

J. P. Robbins and family of Shell Creek, Tenn., have moved to the Pond Bottom Farm on New River.

We are told that in some parts of the county the price of cow pasture has advanced to two dollars per month by the land owners, since the stock law came in.

Mr. Noah Winebarger and others of Meat Camp, made garden at the Lutheran parsonage one mile east of town on last Tuesday. The building, we are told, will be occupied by Rev. Mr. Hall and family of Hickory.

Mr. J. R. Hagaman and family who have been living in Boone since Christmas, have returned to their home on Brushy Fork.

There are many reports extant concerning the railroad, the latest being that Capt. Duvivant of Morganton has been notified by the company to report at Blowing Rock this week with a large force of hands to begin permanent work on the line at Coffey's Gap. We hope the report is true and that the work will begin at once.

Saturday was a sad day in Boone. It was the time for the pupils of Watauga Academy to bid farewell to those with whom they have associated and labored the past session. The parting was indeed sad as many tears, sighs and tremulous voices were in evidence when the final goodbyes were spoken. We are glad to learn that it is the intention of the majority of them to be present at the opening of the next session in August.

#### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

May 4, 1922.

Mr. Frank Critcher, formerly of Watauga, but for some time a resident of Hampton, Va., is a visitor for a few days at the home of his brother, Mr. M. P. Critcher.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Perry and two little children were in town Monday, the doctor having fully recovered from injuries received while attempting to open the safe of the Valle Crucis Bank, which some amateur burglar attempted to rob some weeks ago.

At a meeting of the board of aldermen of the town of Boone held last Saturday, Mr. W. R. Gragg, the efficient Mayor of the town, for reasons unknown to us, tendered his resignation and Mr. Conrad Yates was appointed to fill out his unexpired term.

Mr. Floyd Tate, keeper of the plant for the New River Light & Power Co., has greatly improved his motor-driven pleasure boat which he piles on the big power dam. He had added to his equipment a splendid camera and those wanting pictures of that scenic locality can get them on short notice. For a small fee the pleasure seekers can get an ideal sail of three miles or more if they like.

The contract for the erection of the Watauga County Bank Building was awarded Saturday to McGhee Brothers and Hodges, the price not being given out for publication. The buildings will occupy a frontage of 110 feet on Main

Street and 100 on Depot Street and the building will be two and three stories high. The bank will be located on the corner, the second story possibly to be used for a Masonic Hall. Next, on King, is the Hardware Store which extends entirely around the Bank Building and fronts on both streets. A general store is next, while the fourth will be used as a post office.

when stricken, and was dead by the time a physician arrived, only a few minutes after the attack. N. B. Smithey, prominent local merchant and head of the Smithey chain of stores, sustained a broken arm in a fall at a building in Elkin Monday. His right arm was broken near his shoulder and he spent Monday night in the hospital at Elkin.

#### Fifteen Years Ago

May 2, 1946.

Hon. Brandon Hodges, distinguished attorney of Asheville, has been secured as commencement speaker at the 43rd annual commencement at Appalachian State Teachers College.

Solom E. Cline, 51 years old, for the past two years superintendent of the Baker-Mebane Hosiery Mill of this city, died at his home in the Rivers Apartments Monday afternoon from a sudden illness. A heart attack was given as the cause of his demise. Mr. Cline had just returned from work

## Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

If you want to pass a few minutes in deep thought, suppose you try to think of a word which contains all of the vowels. Here are six of them, and there probably are many more: abstemiously, arseous, facetious, nefarious and veriparous. One of the most common of all—sequoia.

Said Edmund Harding of Washington, N. C., during the course of his speech before the state convention of commercial secretaries: "I'm not a Catholic; I'm an Episcopalean. An Episcopalean is a Catholic who has flunked Latin."

Writes Mr. James MacClamorch of Greensboro:

"What is the difference between a fort and a fortress? I have asked the question a number of times but I never have received a satisfactory answer."

Best answer we can give Mr. MacClamorch is the one that is contained in the dictionary. A fort is a fortified place occupied only by troops. A fortress is a fortified place, especially a large and permanent fortification, sometimes including a town.

Mr. Richard Duffy of New Bern told us recently that she had a cook named Annie Artie Lazzina Hanclapp Deepenie Ecclesie Bessie Lena Carrie Perella Pitts. She married a preacher by the name of Stanly. The cook, I mean, not Mrs. Duffy.

Mrs. W. B. R. Guion, also of New Bern, has had in her possession for several years a wedding announcement which was published in a newspaper. It reads like this:

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. J. B. Robinson announces the marriage of her daughter, Nadene, to Mr. Alvin Harris, Stacy, August 12, 1938.

Her other daughter, Fannie Louise, announces the fact that she is yet unmarried and on the waiting list though many people suppose otherwise.

Coming down on the train from New York some time ago, I ran

into a most interesting individual who said that his home was in Jacksonville, Fla.

He and I were sitting in the smoking compartment, talking. He proved to be a most interesting conversationalist and we sat and chatted for about half an hour. Finally I said I believed I'd retire.

"Come back to my berth," he said, "I want to show you something."

I went back to his berth with him. He opened his suitcase and my eyes popped out when I saw what it was that he was dragging out.

It was the biggest pair of feet imaginable. If they had been real, the owner would have had to wear about a size 16 shoe. They were made of some kind of heavy rubber and were painted so that they looked absolutely life-like. There were wonderful bunions and corns.

#### AFTER ANOTHER

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers at the country store Saturday night was discussing a item from the Government saying crows was costing American farmers millions of dollars ever year, Ed Doolittle put in a good word for the crows, allowed as how crows wasn't costing him half as much as the Government. He figured crows hadn't cost him more'n \$4 annual and he wished he could say the same fer Government.

Zeke Grubb said he was glad the subject was brung up on account of him not taking that crow deduction on his income tax report. He said he aimed to go home and write it on the barn door, along with his other records, so's he wouldn't fergit it next year. On second thought, said Zeke, since it was deductible, he figured the crows was a little worse at his place than over at Ed's, maybe about a \$6 deduction annual.

From crows the fellers natural got to talking about corn. One thing about a session at the country store, the various problems at home and abroad is took up in logical order and solved afore adjournment. In the Congress, they is apt to go from crows to the Congo in the same meeting and hold the whole problem over fer the next administration.

Bug Hookum brung up the idea, come next Fall, of having a old fashioned corn shucking in

Washington. Bug claimed that a corn shucking at the national level would do more fer good will between the farmers and Congress than a new Amendment to the Constitution.

It was agreed by all that the farmers should have charge of this national corn shucking. If the Congress handled it, claimed Bug, the cost would raise taxes. The farmers could handle it economic and without any long debates on protocol. If the Congress was in charge, said Bug, the Senator from Indiana would want to set at the head corn pile, the Senator from Iowa would challenge the distinguished Senator from Indiana and by the time they got this settled, the crows would have done eat up the corn.

Zeke's idea was to string a pile of corn around the Washington Monument, and in places around them Government buildings that would be convenient, then invite all Government officials from the President on down. When the gala affair was over, Zeke said, a delicious barbecue chicken dinner prepared with crows would be served. Them Congressmen, allowed Zeke, would never know the difference.

If you're in favor of this national corn shucking event, Mister Editor, we'd appreciate a little publicity.

Your truly,  
Uncle Pink

Needless to say, that ruined the rest of the day for Mr. McIntyre.

Mrs. Corrigan from Irregan, Oregon!

So it was with a feeling of genuine satisfaction that he settled down in an easy chair to look at some of his mail. The very first letter was from a friend in Iowa. In it was this query: "By the way, have you ever heard of Mrs. Corrigan from Irregan, Oregon?"

Needless to say, that ruined the rest of the day for Mr. McIntyre.

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### Of Names . . . And Short-Cuts

The inclination to call the new President Jack, or John resulted in the issuance of advices from the White House that the Executive would like to be referred to as JFK or Kennedy. . . . Which set us to wondering how the word Jack ever managed to become a synonym for John. . . . Men have traditionally taken short-cuts in the matter of names and in everything else, due perhaps to a smidgin of laziness and impoliteness, but there's no saving there—both have four letters.

James was long since simmered down to Jim—how come we don't know, William was dubbed Bill, Bob did away with Robert in most circles, and we're hard put to find out how Dick came to be a shortening-up of Richard.

We think it maybe came natural to use Joe for Joseph, Will for William, Ed for Edward, Alex for Alexander, Andy for Andrew, but we never particularly liked the perverting of Henry into Hen.

On the distaff side, it took some imagining to make Margaret come out Maggie, and to get Sallie out of Sarah, but Lizzie seems the logical shortening of Elizabeth.

In lots of cases the changing of names does result in shortening, and sometimes it doesn't but we'd agree that the main purpose is to prevent the uttering of another syllable or so.

Like the time we had a serious family discussion with Pink Baldwin, when we were trying to find out the full name of the bearded tale-teller of the big hill. . . . "To tell you the truth," quoth old man Pink, "my name ain't Pink, a-tall . . . it's Bill—they just set to callin' me Pink fer short."

\* \* \* \*

### In Days Like These . . . Things We See

In nature's boring days, one doesn't have to note the calendar pad to tell there's a change taking place over the land.

Like the towel-haired youngster digging for fish worms in the barn lot on a dewy morning and doubtless dreaming dreams of the crawlers being gobbled up by giant trout and bass and suckers. And the dandelions yellowing the good earth, and the robins bobbing about over the landscape, sometimes turning a head to listen for some sort of commotion in the soil, and never failing to yank forth a red worm from the spot where the stirrings originated. . . . And the redbreasts are starting their nesting, and may be seen flying to the thick-branched trees with beaks full of straw, which they gathered meticulously, never dropping one of the pieces of nesting material when they open their bills to pick up another.

The cherry trees breaking forth in full bloom . . . the big sweet sort, which grow to giant size and which seem to be peculiar to this part of the country. . . . Boone's street is no longer edged with these monstrous trees like it used to be. . . . Only Jefferson perhaps had more in the old days. . . . Most folks don't venture forth on the aging, brittle limbs to get the succulent fruit, which provided such delicious pies, and make a field day for the songbirds.

The apple trees beginning to show their delicate white and pinkish hues, and the lilacs in leaf. . . . Sugar maples close to putting out their tender lacy green blooms, and the black earth slithering away from the mole board plows.

But a lot of folks don't see the beauty and the pageantry of nature's spring time wonders. . . . They resent the winds which sweep over the hills, and the showers which nurture the stirrings in the good earth, and the chilliness which freshens the air. . . . They see the discomforts of this fitful time, and the capriciousness of April and of May, and the frosts, and the spring time colds "which hurt a-body so much more than in the plumb cold weather."

Those of us who grow weary sometimes of the long winters and of the fuel bills and sometimes of the snow, should feel repaid with a few days of springtime in the hills . . . of daffodils and tulips and golden bells and service blossoms and dogwoods.

On the dismal side, we've hoped it would never be our lot to be called away in springtime's balmy times, when all the hills and valleys and slopes are coming to life, maybe even before the rhododendron and ivy bring color and brightness to the rocky bluffs and lush wooded valleys. . . . Seems like it would be a powerful bad time to leave.

## Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

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