

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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R. C. RIVERS, JR., EDITOR AND MANAGER
JEAN RIVERS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1962

And it came to pass in those days - - -

there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And, so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—From the Gospel according to St. Luke.

The Season's Greetings

As this is written pop and mom are gathering up the last of the items for the great season of gifting.

The pantry shelves have been stocked and the goodies assembled for the gustatory dissipations of the Yule.

The trees are shining forth brightly, and getting a little old to the householders who happily decked them with loving hands some days before Santa Claus drew a comparison between the size of the opening in the chimney pot and that of his poudrous belly, and decided he could make a go of it.

Company's expected and there are weather-eyes on the sky and on the pressure zone maps and an anxiety lest there be some delay on the way.

And there's joy in the notion that we are to see some of our good friends, and mingle a mite with folks we love during the couple of days

we are off from work.

And as the choristers sing out the praises of the Most High, there's happiness and at least fleeting joy and humility and an enhanced regard for one's fellowman.

It's Christmas, and it's fellowshiping, it's caroling, and the oft-told stories of the man's march over the hills with his wife and of the Star over the stable and of the Wise Men and the Shepherds and the Celestial Choir.

It's a time of good will and of charity and of the counting of one's friendships, and of what they have meant in all the days of our lives. And it's a mighty good time for the Watauga Democrat to contemplate its happy days on the Street, and to wish for all of its patrons—advertisers, printing customers and readers—A Merry Christmas.

It Should Abide, Always

We are all concerned that everyone has enough at Christmas time, which is well and good. But hunger pains are just as severe come New Year's or Ground Hog Day, or Easter or the Fourth of July. That we may preserve the spirit of Christmas

Dear God
help me to have Christmas
in my heart every day
so that I may give gifts
of summer dandelions
or winter pine boughs
and know joy

Help me to see
a snowflake
or a grain of sand,
a blade of grass
or a turning leaf
that I may know beauty

Help me to hear
silence and church bells,
laughter and music
that I may know

within us throughout the year; that the happiness and love which it brings out, might abide should be our greatest concern.

We like a little prayer by Deborah Killips which appears in Good Housekeeping:

the sound of Your voice

Help me to feel
someone else's smile or tear
that I might know
understanding

Help me to learn
about different people
and religions,
different customs
and lands
that I may know
the width
of Your kingdom

Help me to receive
Your gift of love.

Small, Medium, Large And Otherwise

(Orlando Sentinel)

I went into the store with my little grocery list. I was supposed to get a medium-sized box of soap, a small-sized box of corn flakes and a large size of toothpaste. They didn't have any of it in those sizes, so I phoned my wife: "D'yuh want the regular size soap, the trial package, the economy size, the giant economy size or the washday special?" I asked. "Forget the soap," she replied. "I'll get it myself."

"What about the corn flakes, then?" I asked. "You want the king-sized box, the queen-sized box, the gargantuan-sized box or the Sonny Liston special? They don't have small boxes but they offered to pour some out of the king-sized box in a sack." "Okay," she said.

"Now the toothpaste is more complicated," I continued. "They have

a one-ct. sale on the regular economy size, but not on the giant economy size. They also have it in the travel size, the family size, the king size and the bonus size. With the family size you get a coloring book and a box of crayons. With the travel size they throw in a toothbrush.

"You get a bottle of mouthwash for 10cts. extra with the bonus size. And on the giant economy size you get a refund of 25cts. if you send in the empty tube. Could you squeeze out the toothpaste in a saucer so we could send the tube off? In addition, they have the super giant economy size with a trial size tube attached to it. But they don't have one called 'large size,' so what do I do?"

"Just come home," she said. "I'll brush my teeth with soda."



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

December 18, 1902.

On Saturday evening of last week, Wm. Edmisten, son of Mr. W. D. Edmisten, happened to quite a serious accident. He was carelessly handling a revolver when one of the chambers discharged, the ball taking effect in his thigh, barely missing the femoral artery. The patient is getting on nicely and the indications now are that he will soon recover.

Many fine hogs have been butchered in the village within the past two weeks, but the one killed by Mr. E. S. Coffey

was the best in the lot, weighing 412 lbs.

Mr. John F. Hardin will be at home from Dec. 25 to the 29th for the purpose of buying horses and mules, if any are offered that he can afford to buy.

Mrs. Maggie Boyden continues to improve from her recent illness.

Clyde Hartley of Blowing Rock, was placed in jail here last week. An affray was the offense upon which he was committed.

Rev. Billings filled his regular appointments at the Primitive church on Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Toppings was down from

the Rock Saturday doing some dental work.

Mr. Luther Woodie has returned home after spending some days visiting his aunt, Mrs. R. T. Brickell.

Another cold wave has struck the valley of the Watauga and answers well for the beginning of winter.

F. A. Linney, Attorney at Law, will practice in the courts of this and surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all other business of a legal nature.

A severe wind storm occurred on last Tuesday night.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 20, 1923.

Deputy Sheriff George Hayes captured, or rather found hid in the woods, a still and equipment for the making of moonshine liquor. It was found somewhere in the Lance's Creek section of the county.

The Peoples Bank & Trust Co. have made some very material changes in their banking rooms which adds much to the convenience of both the public and the operatives of the busy institution.

We are told that the Teague boys, sons of Mr. George Teague of Brushy Fork, have rented the garage on depot street owned by Mr. Floyd Ward, and will open a general jitney business here in the near future.

Mr. Fred Aldridge, son of Mr. J. A. Aldridge of Foscoe, is with home folks and friends for the holidays. He is doing service for Uncle Sam in the navy on the Pacific coast. He was in town Monday.

Measles has about spent its force here, still there are occasional new cases breaking out. The latest are in the homes of Messrs. Wyke and Setzer.

Both of the banks of the town will be closed on Christmas day and it would be well for those who have business to transact to remember this.

Rev. F. M. Huggins left on Monday morning for a meeting of the State Mission Board in

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Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Can you see the head of Christ in the above picture?

Some people can see it immediately; others never are able to locate it.

There's an interesting story connected with it.

A Chinese photographer was riding one day through the snow-covered countryside of interior China. His soul was troubled. He had been witnessing a great movement among his people toward Christianity. He longed to know the truth of what he had been hearing from Christian missionaries.

As he rode along, he said to himself, "Lord, if I could only see Thy face, I would believe."

Instantly a voice spoke and said, "Take a picture! Take a picture!"

He looked out at the melting snow, forming pools of water and revealing here and there the black earth. It was a most unattractive scene. Nevertheless, being thus strangely compelled, the man descended from his vehicle and focused his camera on the snowy countryside.

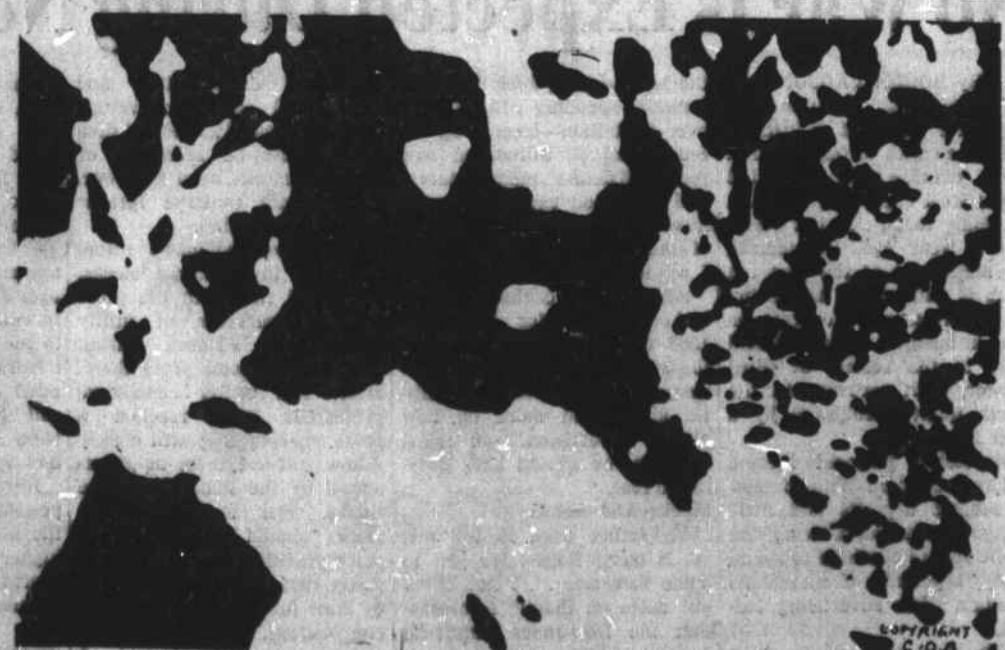
He developed and printed the film on returning to his home. He looked at it... nothing but the snow and the ugly gobs of black dirt. He continued to look, and suddenly there came

to him out of the picture a beautiful head of Christ; the face carrying a most kindly and benign expression. And the man sank to his knees and said, "Master, I believe! I believe!"

Can you see it? Maybe we can help you a little.

The Face takes up the major portion of the central part of the picture. Part of it is in shadow; part is in the full light. It is a full-face view—not a profile. (There's a part of the picture that looks like it might be a profile, but that isn't it.) The Face is cut off at the top, just above the eye-brows. The eye toward the right of the picture is in full light; the other eye is in shadow. The large white spot in the upper part of the large black area is a high light on the cheek; the large white spot further down in the black area is a high light on the chin. That large splotch of black in the lower left corner of the picture is a sleeve, showing through a tunic. The tunic is all that white area in the lower central part of the picture.

Have patience and you'll eventually see the Face. Perhaps you can get better results by standing off at some distance and squinting at it.



KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

To You Our Friends...
A Conglomeration Of Good Wishes

To wish you the joys
of the Season and every
Happiness in the New Year

Bright and Happy
New Year

Merry Christmas
God bless
an Christmas with joys
As radiant and bright
As the star
that led the wisemen
On that calm and
holy night

Merry Christmas
Sincere Wishes
for
Christmas

Bringing
Sincere Wishes
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Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Zeke Grubb's preacher come by the country store Saturday night, said he was just setting at home feeling sorry for his wife and figured he'd come out and get some fresh air.

First off, he told the fellers him and his old lady got along fine. He said they made a deal when they was married that she'd handle the little things and he'd take care of the big ones. She decides how they'll spend their money, how they'll raise the younguns and things like that, and he takes care of the big things like Cuba and the Berlin wall.

He reported this plan worked out real good and his wife would be mighty happy if it wasn't for the female members of his congregation. Last year, for instance, she put on a little lipstick on account of some members thinking she was too plain. The first Sunday she went to Church with it on, some of the ladies was up in arms, said she looked like a no-good hussy.

He told the fellers the young wimmen in his congregation wouldn't pal around with his wife because she's too straight-laced and the old ones wouldn't have nothing to do with her on account of her wearing shorts around the house.

The good Parson said if his

old lady dressed a little fancy she was spend-happy and if she dressed plain she was a tight-wad. If she gits friendly with some lady in the congregation she was picking favorites, and if she don't she's stuck up. If she goes calling with him they say she's nosy and if she stays at home she's peculiar.

He said ever time his wife took on a little job in the Church somebody claimed she was trying to take over, and if she didn't take the job they said she didn't have the proper interest in the Church. He told the fellers he aimed to write a sermon on preachers wives and put it in his new book, "Moving Sermons."

And he reported that him and Rufe Zinder was having a little trouble. He said his sermon last Sunday was on the Fairiseas and Publicans. Rufe wasn't there but his youngun went home and told Rufe he was preaching about the Republicans. The good Parson said he tried to explain it to Rufe but Rufe said he didn't care how you spelled it, he didn't appreciate nobody preaching about his party. In fact, said the Parson, Rufe got this nonsense spread around so bad that a delegation of Democrats come to his house Thursday night and demanded equal

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