

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: IN NORTH CAROLINA, OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA. Rows for One Year, Six Months, Four Months with corresponding rates.

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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, JANUARY 6, 1966

Lot Of Dancing, Lot Of Whispering

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

It's Here Again . . . A New Year

Like the traveler who walks through the mountains and stops at the crest of the hill to look at the wide vistas of new experiences, we also look back at the way we have come during the old year, before proceeding into the areas of new promise and hope.

WE STARTED OUT THE OLD YEAR talking of Shelley Cashion's going away and of his spring out at the golf course, "where he will always seem to live like the lively waters he put in easy reach."

Uncle Pink

We spoke with visitors about Uncle Pink, who claimed he'd lived since Adam and of trousers zippers and straw hats in wintertime.

The Groom Wore Green

We used a borrowed satire on the modern wedding one day when a column wouldn't quite jell and revealed our affection for the old-time Methodist circuit rider.

And Suddenly . . .

it was Christmas. . . . and we extended our good wishes to all those who have abided us. . . . And now as the New Year gets under way, we start all over again this thing of filling a column with fun and with fancy.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers at the country store Saturday night was advocating the overthrow of the U. S. Government by peaceful means.

Ed Doolittle claimed they wasn't nothing invented by man that had took on as many shapes and forms as Government taxes, special since the Democrats got their feet riveted in the public trough back under Franklin Roosevelt.



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

UNC, Tusculum, Davenport Students Home For Holidays

Sixty Years Ago January 4, 1906

Atty L. D. Lowe of Banner Elk is in town this week on legal business.

Mr. W. T. Newland and Miss Elizabeth Tuttle were married yesterday at high noon in the Baptist Church at Lenoir.

Frank Critcher of Colletsville has been spending several days with his brother, M. P. Critcher at the Coffey hotel.

James H. Taylor, Esq. and daughter, Miss Maggie, of Morretz were visitors at the home of Mr. Stansberry Christmas day.

W. J. Palmer of Lenoir was in town Monday. He tells us that just at this time he is running only five steam saw mills.

It is gratifying to the many friends of J. C. Horton to know that he is very much improved from his recent illness.

Miss Edna Holsclaw of Davenport College spent Christmas week with her parents at Vilas. She passed through on her return to school last Monday.

Prof. B. B. Dougherty returned Monday from an extended northern trip. He visited the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other cities.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago January 6, 1927

Born on New Year's day to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Tatum, a son.

Mrs. J. K. Brown was called to Elk Park on December 31 on the account of the illness of her little grandson, Harold Winters.

Misses Eunice and Essie Goodnight spent the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Goodnight.

Mr. Grady Mast of the Cove Creek section left Tuesday for Elizabethton, Tenn., where he has secured employment in the Bemberg plant in that city.

Mr. Hugh Watson, who is studying medicine at the University of North Carolina, spent the Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. Minnie Watson, east of Boone.

Miss Catherine Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Moore, was operated on for appendicitis at the Watauga Hospital Monday night. She is reported as getting on nicely and is expected out in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnson of Waynesville spent the holidays with homefolks and friends in Boone. Mr. Johnson, who is a civil engineer on the state highway forces, has returned to his work, but Mrs. Johnson will remain here for a few weeks.

C. M. Gray, a former employe of The Democrat and for the past few months manager of a Colorado newspaper plant, passed through Boone last week en route to his home in Wilkesboro.

Fifteen Years Ago January 4, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Mast, Miss Majorie Mast and Mr. Jimmy Mast returned to their home at Sherwood Sunday after spending the holidays in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bingham returned home Sunday after spending ten days in Miami, Florida and other points of interest in the State.

Mrs. T. M. Greer returned home Wednesday from Lewisville, N. C., where she spent several days with her father, Mr. J. W. Clarke.

Mr. Ralph Whatley returned home Monday from Griffin, Ga., where he spent several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Whatley.

Mr. Charles Williams of Suffolk, Va., was a holiday visitor with Dr. and Mrs. Graydon Eggers and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hardin and daughters, Joan, Leslie and Margaret Elizabeth, spent Sunday and Monday with Rev. and Mrs. Sam B. Moss in Fletcher, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Petrey returned here Sunday night after spending the holidays with Mrs. Petrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Hanawalt in Logansport, Ind.

Mr. Clifford Tuckwiller and Mr. Earl Sidney Tuckwiller of Clintonville, W. Va., were week end visitors with their cousin, Mr. L. E. Tuckwiller, and family.

Miss Wanda Hodges has returned to Atlanta, Ga., after spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Payne spent Monday in Greensboro with Mr. and Mrs. John Matthews.

Mr. G. W. Klutz and daughters, Misses Joanna and Gail Klutz of Lenoir visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith during the holidays.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Several years ago we gave a prize to our readers who sent in the most unusual stories. We are reprinting several of these here, thinking that you might find them interesting.

Miss Bessie Barnes and Mr. William Barnes, brother and sister, have lived in the same house in which they were born, neither of them ever having married. The house has never been moved from its original foundation, but these two people have lived in two counties, two cities, and on two different streets.

The house, when built, was located in Moore County. This section of Moore County later became a part of the newly formed county of Lee. So there are your two counties. It was located originally in the town of Jonesboro, which a few years ago became a part of Sanford. And there are your two towns. It was originally located on Carriage Street, but the name of this street was changed to Raleigh Street. And there are your two streets.

The same house, never moved, but located in two different counties, two different cities, and on two different streets.—Otto A. Zachary.

Mr. and Mrs. Corder, living in Robeson County, have three children.

At the time of the birth of these children the Corders were living in a rural community. There was no telephone in their home, and it was five miles to the nearest doctor.

The night the first child was

born, Mr. Corder went to the home of a neighbor to ask them to go for a doctor. It was on a Sunday night and the young son of the neighbor was driving into the yard after having been out on a date. So he turned around, drove into town and notified the doctor.

Five years later, on a Sunday night, Mrs. Corder needed the doctor again, as their second child was about to be born.

Again Mr. Corder went to the neighbor's house for help. It was about midnight and the same young man was just returning from his date. He turned around, drove into town and notified the doctor.

Two years later, on another Sunday night, the third child was born to the Corders, and the same young neighbor went for the doctor, but this time it happened when he was about to leave on a date, instead of returning from one.—Mrs. Fletcher Pate.

There's a lady in Moncure who is named Mrs. R. S. Stone. Before her marriage she was Miss Dozine Covington of Wadesboro.

She was named Dozine because she was the twelfth child born in her family. Now hold your breath. This twelfth child in the family weighed twelve pounds when she was born. She was born at 12 o'clock noon, in the twelfth day of the twelfth month. She married Mr. Stone and they have one daughter, who is the 12th granddaughter of Dozine's late parents. And this daughter also was born at twelve o'clock noon.—W. B. Little.

The Flesh Of The Swine

Those of us who used to look forward to hog-killing time, and who lived with the hog-meat from the first chill days of autumn until the last frosty days of spring, were thrown for a loss a few years ago when it was said that after all, the flesh of the swine would kill a-body!

Our good friend and co-worker, Leroy Kirkpatrick, reassured us with "the onliest way hog meat's gonna hurt ye, is when ye ain't got any of it."

But the markets came and one could get good beef, and the bad tales about pork continued and we just about quit eatin' high on the hog, and we haven't been quite as fit since.

But now the record's changing again, and the meat-packing industry is telling us that the hogs now produced are leaner and a far cry from the fat, big jowled, waddly swine which supplied the sinews for

the strong men of the past. Those old-time pigs, they say, were just too fat, but that the skinny breeds should be eaten for the essential vitamins and minerals they provide. The industry also tells us that pork is highly digestible.

We are glad to hear these good words for the pigs, which had been held in fairly bad repute from a dietitian's point of view. Our daddy always breathed easier when the big porkers had gone their last mile, and the smokehouse held several hundred pounds of hams and shoulders; when there was streaked middlin' meat, feet, home-made sausage, liver mush, souse, and tenderloin. This added to a crib of corn, plenty of home canned fruits and vegetables, a good cow in the barn and a lot of feed, made for a feeling of security when the snows came and the winds whistled.

Pass the chitlins!

Better Homes In Future

More American families have television sets than have bathtubs or showers.

The latest census found 6.9 million housing units without access to a tub or shower, compared to 6.7 million without a TV set.

Despite this apparent preference for soap opera over soap suds, the standard of housing in the United States is improving.

Economists say the long-term increase in building is helping to upgrade housing standards in two ways: First, it replaces many substandard buildings. Forty per cent of the 1.5 million housing starts expected

in 1965 replaces units lost to renewal projects, commercial expansion, fires, and other factors that frequently affect substandard housing areas. By 1975, it has been predicted 2.3 million housing starts, half of which will replace older buildings.

Second, today's new housing places more emphasis on comfort and convenience than in the past, and usually provides more living space per housing unit than older buildings do.

And, nowadays, few would dream of building a house without bathing facilities.

One In Five To Move

The odds are about one-in-five that you will move to a different home next year.

If you are age 22 to 24, it's even money that you will change your residence during 1966.

Aetna Life & Casualty, one of the nation's largest writers of homeowner's insurance, reports that over 35 million Americans now move each year. About six million move out of state; another six million cross county lines.

The younger and better educated people are those most likely to move, according to the insurance organiza-

tion's study of trends affecting insurance needs.

Those in their early twenties, for example, often move because they get married or take their first permanent jobs. A college education makes a man almost twice as likely to move as one with a high school education or less.

Predicting that Americans will become even more mobile in the future, it is pointed out that the median age of our population is now 28 and continues downward, and that by 1970 one child in three will go on to college.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

Since winter has been relatively unlike winter this year, talk is starting to go around that the mountains are headed for a February snow patterned after the great deluge of 1960.

The story, again and again, has been told about how rough it was in the mountains, and certainly there was tragedy in the confusion—one death that we know of. But ever since, mountain people have tended to take a light-hearted look at the year in which these mountain counties were proclaimed a disaster area by President Eisenhower.

Sister called from New York: "Thank Heavens," she said. "The papers up here are all carrying stories about how the telephone lines are down, the roads are impassable and everyone is starving. I had no idea I could get you by phone."

Army helicopters were buzzing the town daily, dropping food packages and boxes of hay to those stranded in the country side. But, it has been said, this is a self-reliant country, and where this

was evident, the comedy came in.

There was the band of youths who set out on foot to assist an elderly man who lived alone. After climbing mountains all day, they came to the cabin, and found no trace of the man. Trudging through the snow for five hours they finally reached Boone. Lost, they said. Apparently tried to find some stove wood somewhere, and got overcome.

"Not in the least," said the man, who was behind them. "I come into town this morning to see what all the aeroplanes was about."

Another group was out the next day—dug their way up to the porch of a tumbled-down home. They knocked on the door, heard no sounds and eyed each other gravely. They knocked again. A little old lady peeked through the door. "We're from the Red Cross," one of them offered.

The timid old woman looked them over carefully. Then smiled: "Well, now, thank you very much, but it's been a hard winter, and I don't believe we'll give anything this year."