# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT Lot Of Dancing, Lot Of Whispering

PUBLISHED	THURSDAYS BY RI	VERS PRINTING	COMPANY,	INC., OWNER
	R. C. RIVERS, JR	, EDITOR AND	MANAGER	
	JEAN RIVER	S, ASSOCIATE E	DITOR	Net construction of
	RACHEL A. RIV	ERS, MANAGING	EDITOR	And stranger and the
No Marine and States	An Independ	ent Weekly News	paper	
	the second se			

## Published for 45 Years by Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

SUBSCRIPT	ION RATES
IN NORTH CAROLINA	OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA
One Year	One Year\$4.00
Six Months \$1.80	Six Months \$2.50
Four Months\$1.30	Four Months
All Subscriptions I	ayable in Advance

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIPERS-In requesting change of address, it is important to mention the OLD, as well as the NEW address. Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class matter, under the act of

Congress of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

"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

## The Flesh Of The Swine

Those of us who used to look for-ward 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, ressaured us with "the onliest way hog meat's gonna hurt ye, is when ye ain't got any of

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 swipe 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

ation's largest writers of homeown-

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

# **KING STREET**

## **BY ROB RIVERS**

tater bugs and leaned on letters

from our readers to fill this cel-

umn. . . . We told of the wakes

when funeral parlors hadn't ar-

rived and of the long sessions

around the coffin. . . . We noted

the birthday of Isaac Walton,

and quoted some of the philo-

sophies of the noted fisherman.

profound respects were paid to

the memory of a good friend

and a good neighbor. . . . Mrs.

Ada Penn Coffey went away

and added to our sorrow "par-

ticularly since she was one of

the few neighbors left who was

around during the days of our

upbringing." . . . We talked of

old newspapers as wall paper,

and of shortened days of wan-

**Uncle Pink** 

Uncle Pink, who claimed he'd

lived since Adam and of trous-

er zippers and straw hats in

wintertime. . . . Our regrets were told when friendly, good-

whom we'd fellowshipped a long

. Austin South died, and he

was referred to as the good

neighbor, like the Biblical Sa-

maritan. . . . Blowing Rock

opens liquor store as "dry cause

fades." . . . Gifts kind readers fetch us, like honey and stuff.

. Bright days of October draw

. . . We failed to find

comment. . . . Cat Week got

the full treatment, along with

our old ambition to be a banjer

out if Boone's curfew law yet

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 cir-

cuit rider. . . . This corner con-

tained observations on Christ-

mas shopping, jingle bells, and

we wrote our letter to Santa

Claus, in which we asked for

"a few intangibles from the

master of the reindeer team,

who is so closely allied with in-

"And Suddenly . .

it was Christmas." . . . and we

extended our good wishes to all

tangibility."

stands and reflected on Thanks-

picker.

giving.

time, went into the long sleep.

with

natured Pat McGuire,

We spoke with visitors about

ing summer.

. June Russell died and our

## 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. . . . In Janus-like fashion we look back to a good year—a time when our friends and readers have been particularly good to us . . . and look ahead to new challenges, and public responsibility, to fellowshipping with you through this column. and to noting the things which have concerned us, and to offer our hill-billy notions, often in the lingo of other days.

. A lot of things have happened during 1965. . . . The new high school, the burgeoning growth at the College, the mushrooming of the tourist industry and good business all around. . . . We have offered comment, joked with you, shared with you some of our hopes and joys and have talked of the little things. . . . We've seen a lot of people leave the town and the county-some of them for good-and we've shed our part of the tears when the fabled white horse has made his silent way into the homes of our friends.

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." . . . we've talked of the old watch chains and the status bellies of other days . . . of souse meat and big punkins and possums and yams. . . . We have written of the going of old businesses on The Street and the opening of new ones, of long-handled underwear, of the days when exfords were slippers; of overgaiters and celluloid collars. . . we've eulo-gized the groundhog, dug into the history of St. Valentine's Day, and told of the massive snows we've known . . . we've lamented that Dan'l Boone couldn't have been buried down by Boone Creek so's someone could have known for certain where the old-squirrel shooter mingled with the clay,

## Wooden Indians

We've complained over the going of the wooden Indian from the cigar store, greeted March with a hidden dread of her stormy whimsies and quoted bits of verse from the wisdom of the ages . . . we've thanked our friends for bringing us good things from Florida, "from down the country," or from their fertile Watauga we've hailed the farms tourists without forgetting the old settlers, and dealt with the hominess of the old days while doing all we could to produce a greater degree of modernity We've noted the little things, and we've seen sorrow, like when A. D. Cook met his tragic death and we said, "his retiring nature, his qualities of

patience, of understanding and of goodwill, marked him as a man of uncommon stature and of exemplary tendencies."

And Spring Came and we talked of new-fangled kites and of sassafrass tea and of poke sallet and of the 'receipt of a bag of sassafrass roots from a friend in Tennessee . . . and in the midst of our enjoyment of the small things, Barnard Dougherty died . . . and we were greatly saddened, for we were close during the long years. . . . "Such

And now as the New Year **Old Automobiles** under way, we start all over again this thing of filling a We wrote of the old cars, and those that first came to Boone, of the first garages and of the progress which had come with the pistoned rubber wheel. We told of the death of Ed Farthing, "who was a devoutly religious man . . . he believed in the good and in the wholesome things." ... We greeted Easter as the "time of the priceless beginnings again and of God's wondrous cycle of recurring fulfillment." . . . Of-ten columns weren't easy to come by, and we wrote of things like lead pencils, and pocket knives and shoe pegs and jim-son weeds, and fords in the

creek and frosty footlogs and

the like. . . . And then we

would feel better and write

about important things, like new

super markets and good roads

and the need for going to school. .... We noted the new Baptist

Church plant and recalled the

old ministers and the parishion-

ers of another time. . . . The Wagon Train fetched us some

notions, and we lauded the first

**Hound Ears** 

cherry pie.

turn

ed northern trip. He visited the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other Atty L. D. Lowe of Banner cities.

> Messrs, Roby Greene, Oscar Hardin and George Suddreth, all students at the University; Miss Jennie Blackburn of Tusculum College, Tenn.; and Miss Cora Blair, of Davenport College were with home folks in Watauga during the holidays.

FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

UNC, Tusculum, Davenport

**Students Home For Holidays** 

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

to Elk Park on December 31 on the account of the illness of her little grandson, Harold Winters.

Mrs. J. L. Goodnight.

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

studying medicine at the Uni-

# Just One Thing

### BY CARL GOERCH

Sixty Years Ago

Elk is in town this week on

Mr. W. T. Newland and Miss

W. J. Palmer of Lenoir was

in town Monday. He tells us

that just at this time he is run-

ning only five steam saw mills.

**January 4, 1906** 

legal business.

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.

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

**Thirty-Nine Years Ago January** 6, 1927

Mrs. J. K. Brown was called

night spent the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mr. Grady Mast of the Cove

**AFTER ANOTHER** 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 Mr. J. W. Clarke. we wrote.

## Prof. B. B. Dougherty returned Monday from an extend-

#### 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 Dav

enport College spent Christmas week with her parents at Vilas. She passed through on her reto school last Monday.

ter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank of Waynesville spent the holi-

days with homefolks and friends in Boone. Mr. Johnson, who is 13

a civil engineer on the state highway forces, has returned to his work, but Mrs. Johnson will

remain here for a few weeks.

Misses Eunice and Essie Good-

Mr. Hugh Watson, who is

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

White House Party

henry Mccarn

versity of North Carolina, spent

the Christmas holidays with his

mother, Mrs. Minnie Watson,

Miss Catherine Moore, daugh-

east of Boone.

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.

friends are hard to come by."

those who have abided us. .

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 Moretz were visitors at the home of Mr. Stansberry Christmas day.

Elizabeth Tuttle were married

er'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 organizaeducation 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**

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

The story, again and again, has been told about how rough it was in the moun-tains, 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 coun-ties were proclaimed a disaster area by President Elsenhover.

eident Elsenhower, inter called from New York: "Thank wens," she said. "The papers up here all carrying stories about how the phone lines are down, the reads are mesable and everyone is starving. I no ideo I could get you by phone." tray helicopters were buzzing the a daily, dropping food packages and s of hay to those stranded in the hay to those stranded in the de. But, it has been said, this effant 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 some where, 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 aero-planes was about."

planes was about." Another group was out the next day dug their way up to the porch of a sumbled-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 sarefully. Then smiled: "Well, now, tharky very much, but it's been a hard winter, and I don't believe we'll give any-thing this year."

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 Carthage 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 hirth 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

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 re-turning from his date. He turnaround, 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. Flet-

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

Wadesboro. She was named Dozine be-cause 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. and they have one daughter, who is the 12th granddaughter of Dogins's late parents. And this daughter also was born at twelve o'clock noon,---W. B. Lit-tie,

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 re-turned to Atlanta, Ga., after spending the Christmas holi-days 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 daugh-ters, Misses Joanna and Gail Klutz of Lenoir visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith during the holidays,

column with fun and with fancy. with fact and philosophy, and with whimsies, but most of all with little things about us little people, who don't figure in the big headlines. . . . The Man being willing, we'll keep banging 'em out for another year. . . . Thank you again if you've been reading this stuff.

Uncle Pinkney

## **HIS PALAVERIN'S**

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

The fellers at the country store Saturday night was advo-cating the overthrow of the U. S. Guvernment by peaceful means. What they was doing was coming out agin taxes in all shapes and forms.

# Ed Doolittle claimed they wasn't nothing invented by man that had took on as many shapes and forms as Guvernment taxes, special since the Democrats got their feet riveted in the public their feet riveted in the public trough back under Franklin Roosevelt. He was of the opin-ion the only thing under God's heaven that wasn't taxed today was a man's liberty and he was (Continued in page six)

# Motinu Lars We talked of a visit to Hound Bars, where the late Alex Woody used to farm and graze his cat-tie, and of the Robbins brothers who built the fantastically beau-tifully retreat. . . We noted the death of Adlai Stevenson "the man of eleguence and of wis**dem**" . . . we wrote of