

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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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 20, 1966

Linney Walker

In the death of Linney Walker the business community has lost a familiar and popular figure.

Linney came to Boone with his family in 1923, and he and his father, the late Will C. Walker, an especially good friend of this writer and of this newspaper, established Walker's Jewelry Store, in the old courthouse building, across the street from the Rivers old home.

As a young man in the community, as a soldier, as a business man, and a good neighbor, Linney had a lot of friends.

A Deserved Salute

We offer our best manners to the young men who compose the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and our congratulations on their civic enterprise on the occasion of Jaycee Recognition Week.

The Jaycees, in a national way, and specifically here in Boone, have and are rendering a special sort of service.

Locally of course we think of the Miss Watauga Beauty Pageant, the Little Miss Pageant, development surveys, the junior Champ competition, part of a national effort to develop future Olympic contenders and the operation of the Horn concession.

There are the activity in behalf of recreational activities, the assistance in the mental health program and the staging of "Cinderella" as a service project.

Daniel Boone Country

In the matter of hill country history, and the sod upon which the man of the long rifle trod, we got a bite.

Last week's editorial proclaimed Boone and the surrounding area Daniel Boone Country and said it was a downright shame not to have a statue of the famed pioneer downtown.

Apparently a drive for welcome signs at all entrances to Boone has been brewing for sometime. Interest has been keen among garden clubs and women's organizations and other rounding out the band wagon include the Boone Chamber of Commerce, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Southern Appalachian Historical Association.

All indications are that a committee may be formed from the membership of these organizations. This executive committee would then study various sign designs and get about the task of raising funds for the venture. We are given to un-

In late years he had suffered a serious affliction, but by sheer determination had managed to get going again, and to keep his business moving.

It is particularly sad to us to chronicle the going away of the last member of such a respected father and son business combination.

Mrs. Walker, who has been such a valuable assistant to Linney in the past years, will most likely continue the operation of Walker's Jewelry Store which has for so long been such a familiar part of the face of the King Street business district.

Most recently of course, our Jaycees sold Christmas trees to provide funds for gifts for the needy, promoted the Christmas decorations, and are constantly on the alert for other activities for public betterment.

Mentioned are only a few of the accomplishments of our Boone Jaycees—some of those which lodged in the mind of the writer. There are many more deserving projects which have been carried out.

To the Junior Chamber of Commerce, to the officers and to every member we offer felicitations not on a job well done, but on so many major jobs carried on to conclusion in such splendid fashion.

We join the community in a sincere thank you for your record of service to the community.

derstand that the welcome signs may contain the message that this is, besides other things, Daniel Boone Country.

And what an excellent opportunity for everyone to get in the act. We feel that this undertaking is—more than any other project—intended to benefit the whole community. It therefore should not be the responsibility of any one organization.

But let us not tarry too long. There's still the question of a statue of Daniel Boone, about which, after the entrance signs have been put up, we hope to drum up some heated enthusiasm.

The Daniel Boone Country promotion should get rolling before the statue of Daniel Boone is discussed probably. But we don't see why those of us who will wind up putting our money where our mouths are shouldn't consider both at the same time.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

It started about two weeks ago. Let's go to the cabin, said we, and A., our husband said it sounded like a good idea: The weather was fine and the dog would have room to stretch his legs. Besides, who wants to spend their life-savings for a tropical honeymoon trip in January.

And so, we packed up, and moved. The mice had taken a chunk out of all our favorite summer garments, and had made a nice multi-colored nest for spring. They had stored 22 caliber bullets in the stove and in the fire place. All the rat poison was gone, stored like precious wheat—in neat piles—to be indulged as a last resort.

The homeowner's policy said mice were a natural hazard (like hail, wind and thieves) and that it couldn't cover what was destroyed by rodents' teeth.

But since youth is said to be that magic era of inexhaustible energy and unrelenting optimism—that time in life when nothing goes wrong and roses forget their alliance with thorns—we bounced back like cartoon creatures and quoted an earlier generation: "Oh, well, that's just one of those things."

So why move in for a weekend, get all upset about being wiped out by rodents, turn tail and move back to the apartment? Nothing's that bad. And the dog has room in which to stretch his legs. Let's just stay awhile.

A. and I live, in summertime, on top of a hill, reached by a nearly impassable road. After work on Saturday, the snow was up over the bumpers on that road, and we were grinding through it, uphill. When enough snow had packed under the car, it stopped. Red lights flashed below us where a wrecker, come to pull another car out of the ditch, had hooked its cables to the tree, and was wrenching itself out of the same ditch.

By daylight Sunday, the wrecker was back on the job, eventually pulling our friend—who had so kindly offered to help us get up the hill—out of the ditch. By 1 p. m., we were finally able to drive around a bit.

But not up that hill, thank you. The mice who cheered us on during our vehicular troubles can have the place. William, our cat, a gentle soul, will see that they get to bed on time.

"You Did Get Permission From Pentagon?"

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

The Rebel Yell... Is Cherished

Having been brought up by a daddy who thought a Confederate veteran was just a little below an angel, and who perhaps never wanted to be completely "reconstructed", we grew up with the bearded followers of Lee and of Jackson and Stuart and Longstreet, and were taught never to question any of the tales about the gore at Bull Run, Shiloh or Chicamauga. . . . As a child we liked a photograph showing the men of the Confederacy, lined up double-file and reaching from the bridge over the creek (at the Democrat office) to the Blair Hotel (west of the Savings and Loan alley) . . . We liked those reunions and the fife and drum coming forth with "Dixie" and Sally Goodin. . . . To get the folks together en masse, an old soldiers' reunion ranked right along with court week and with the county singing. . . . But in all our closeness, as a youth, to the men of the gray lines, we have never yet heard the storied rebel yell. . . . We don't have the slightest notion how the old boys sounded when they were in this sort of voice. . . . As a matter of fact we don't know whether it was a shout of triumph, a rallying cry to the troops or just an outburst of gladness in the days when fun was an uncommon thing.

AT ANY RATE we appreciate the following letter from Mrs. Rose Swift Fuller, of Mountain City, whose father, Mr. Enoch Swift, we believe, was a veteran of the Civil War:

"THIS IS IN REPLY to a statement made in your paper some years ago—perhaps just after the last veteran of Camp Nimrod Triplett had died—which said that in all probability there was no one living in Watauga County who had heard the rebel yell. . . . I have heard it, and it is one of my most precious memories as it was given to me at one of the last meetings of the Camp at the College. . . . I spoke to the gathering and told them a story which pleased them. . . . Mr. Wesley Presnell, a one-eyed veteran, said it had been many a day since they had given the rebel yell, but that he believed everyone present would be happy to confer this on Enoch Swift's daughter, Rose Swift Fuller. . . . Never in my long life have I ever heard, and never will again, such a noise. Unless you have heard it, you can't imagine it.

"THE ORGANIZATION of Confederate Veterans conferred several honors upon me, which I treasure in my heart, but none gave me the pleasure and happiness as did the hearing and the gift of the rebel yell."

Conning The Skies

A long time ago if one aimed to take himself a fishing trip or go down the mountain and he was uncertain about what the weather was going to be, he'd ask 'Squire W. L. Bryan. . . He'd look knowingly toward all the points of the compass, and give an opinion. . . . He wasn't always right but that was about the best a fellow could do in those times. . . . Now of course one can get the weather reports by newspaper, radio and television, and like Squire, they sometimes fail, for as Dan Klutz says, most of these predictions aren't worth a cuss north of Bailey's Camp. . . . We've had reports on the thickness of the possum's fur, the depth of the corn shucks, and watched the red and gray skies with uncommon interest this winter. . . . We thought maybe we could build up as a forecaster like Boone's first Mayor did, but never have we been so wrong. . . . We'd look knowingly at the red clouds at the crack of day and with typical mountain-man certainty opine "It's goin' to be a whizzer by night." . . . And there would follow a series of red mornings and bright spring-like days. . . . We'd see the flame in the west after the sun had gone, and advise one and all that there was more spring-time breezes coming, only to have the next day break cool and drizzly, foggy and rainy. . . . We've looked into the north of a cool day and noted the dark billowy clouds, and in knowing fashion drawled, "There's snow there, I can smell it," but nothing happens. . . . We're gonna have to get us a new set of rules. . . . This nuclear age has upset this back-yard divining of the whims of the elements.

Fifteen Years Ago

January 18, 1951
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crawford had as their guests Monday and Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Scoggins of Cherry Point, N. C., and Mrs. T. H. Briggs of Sanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Osborne and children, Charles, Jr., Johnnie and Freddie of Morganton spent the weekend with Mrs. Osborne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Winkler at Sugar Grove.

Mr. Jack Kelley and Mr. Judson Haley of Washington, D. C., were weekend visitors with Mr. Haley's mother, Mrs. Helen McClesney.

It Always Happens

If there's one who falls during the winter in our part of town, it will be our big torso that takes the punishment. . . . A bright dry afternoon, we started up the first flight of the multiple postoffice steps (government buildings like a good many), caught our left toe against the edge of a riser and fell like a pole-axed ox. . . . Had just spoken to Mrs. Cleve Gross and Mrs. J. B. Hagaman, Jr., who had ringside spots for the big touch down. . . . There

were a lot of pre-Christmas shoppers all along the Street, in fact it was crowded, and we had probably the largest gallery in our history of such shenanigans, as we finally managed to get our ponderous hulk back to the perpendicular. . . . We looked neither to the right nor the left and beat it into the postoffice like mad. . . . The next day there was snow on the ground. . . . The first fellow we met on the Street said "Good mornin'. . . . You know you could do a flip today without working near so hard at it. . . . Boy, you were a sight to see when you hit the deck. . . . Now if I coulda had a picture of that. . . ." To which we replied, "mornin'."

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR: The fellers at the country store Saturday night was claiming the newspapers was getting 1966 off to a fast start. Ed Doolittle, allowed, as how all a fellow had to do to add to his knowledge and abstract from his peace of mind was to read the fine print.

Fer instant, said Ed, he had just saw where it cost \$3 million to publish in the Congressional Record the speeches from our elected representatives in the last session of the Congress. Ed announced he would like to quote Winston Churchill in this matter and say never has so many words been spoke and said so little and cost so much.

Zeke Grubb reported he had saw where a Washington column writer come out the other day with the official figgers on foreign aid since we started out in 1945 to save the world. They showed France had got more than any other country on earth, 9 billion dollars in the 10 year following World War II. Zeke was of the opinion all we was getting in return was more and more of General DeGall.

Clem Webster said he wasn't worried too much about General De Gall, that Father Time would eventual take care of this problem. But Clem reported he was getting mighty upset over the long-time effect of them crazy new Paris fashions they was sending to this country. According to Clem, men from Paris was coming over here wearing lace skirts, toting pocketbooks under their arms like the wimmen folks, oiled up with sweet smelling perfumes, and some of them was even getting what the wimmen call a "permanent wave" in their hair. He reported he had saw all this in Time Magazine.

Personal, Mister Editor, this was the first notice I've had that Clem was reading Time Magazine and I pushed him up a notch on my status stick. But I agree with Clem that ruining American manhood is worse than waiting for General De Gall to pass on to his heavenly reward. I can recollect after the first World War when our boys come home from France wearing them new-fangled wrist watches. And you know what that done fer American manhood. Today you can't find a pair of pants with a watch pocket. And, come to think about it, I ain't saw a pocket watch in a store window in several year.

Bug Hookum closed out the session Saturday night on a happy note. He reported they (Continued on Page eight)



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Hon. R.Z. Linney Weekends Here After Tenn. Trip

Sixty Years Ago

January 18, 1906

Mrs. Ben Hodges of Adams, is quite sick.

Mrs. Abner Sherley died at her home on Stony Fork Monday night of this week, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Allie Fox, who for years has been an invalid, died at the home of her brother, Mr. R. W. Presnell, one day last week.

M. F. Hopkins of Elizabethton, Tenn., representing David Bluestein & Co., Bristol, was in town last Saturday

Married at the home of W. C. Lyons, Mr. Pinkney Hodges to Miss Carrie, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Beach of Boone. May the young couple always have peace, plenty

and prosperity in abundance.

Hon. R. Z. Linney returned from Tenn. Friday evening and spent Saturday in town. He would not, however, express himself to any very great extent beyond Trade. Boy like he is a little bashful when interrogated along certain lines.

Esquire Bryan is off to Caldwell this week.

The Hickory Democrat announces the death of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McCoy Moretz on Wednesday last week.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

January 20, 1927

Born on Saturday night to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Winkler, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Maltba left

Monday for Slab Fork, W. Va. to visit Mrs. Maltba's sister, Mrs. Belar Gray, who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. DeVault of Bristol, Tenn., are visiting at the home of Mrs. DeVault's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Council.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bingham have moved from Sherwood, Watauga county, to the A. R. Sherman residence in Wilkesboro

where they will do light house-keeping. Mr. Bingham is assistant U. S. district attorney.

Mrs. Thomas Greene, of Meat Camp, a good woman of that section, died at her home on Monday night of last week, after a lingering illness.

The funeral was conducted Wednesday and interment was made in the cemetery at Meat Camp church.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Coffey of Roanoke, Va., have returned to Boone to live and are making their home temporarily at the home of Mrs. Coffey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Linney. Mr. Coffey has taken his former position with the Watauga County Bank.

Mr. Bob Swift of Boone has received the news of the death of his cousin, Miss Eva Shoun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Make Shoun, at Mountain City, Tenn., which occurred Monday morning.

The young lady has been afflicted for some time, her last trouble being tuberculosis. Burial was at Mountain City Tuesday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Owens of Gastonia were recent visitors with Mrs. Owen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Cooke.

Dr. C. E. Rollins will leave Saturday for a visit with his twin brother, Lt. Clyde T. Rollins in Washington, D. C.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

My grandfather, Samuel Thomas, of Chatham County, died at the age of 84 years, writes Mrs. C. R. Reid. My grandmother, Margaret Phillips Thomas, who was three years younger than my grandfather, also died at the age of 84. They were the parents of five children—two sons and three daughters, and here is what happened to them:

The oldest son, William K. Thomas of Fayetteville, died at the same age—84 years.

The next oldest son, John Thomas of Pulaski, Tenn., died next—at the age of 84 years.

The oldest daughter, Eliza Thomas Emerson of Bear Creek, North Carolina, was next to pass on to her reward, and she did so at the age of 84.

My mother, Sarah Thomas Womble of Sanford, was the next oldest. She celebrated her 84th birthday and then—realizing what had happened to these other members of her family—she began to worry. She spent practically the entire summer of her 84th year in bed, thinking surely that her time had come. However, she lived until two and one-half years ago and died at the age of 92 years.

Mr. Charles H. Ireland, former president of Odell Hardware Company in Greensboro, was a very colorful character. He always wore a frock coat, a red necktie, a red carnation in his buttonhole, and with his snow white hair and white mustache, he made an outstanding figure. He was, besides being an excellent businessman, an outstanding layman in the Methodist Church.

A few years after the turn of the century, Odell Hardware Company found themselves at one time in financial difficulties. Money was scarce. On one particular day Mr. Ireland reached his office and discovered that some firm in New York was drawing on Odell Hardware Company for \$6,000 the following day to cover some trade ac-

ceptance that had been given for merchandise purchases. In the press of the times this trade acceptance had been overlooked. At least this is Mr. Ireland's explanation as A. S. Myers recalls it.

Mr. Ireland was worried all day. It just seemed as though it was going to be impossible to secure \$6,000. So it was in a very perplexed condition that Mr. Ireland left his office that evening and wearily turned his way to his home on West Gaston Street.

After a light supper Mr. Ireland retired to his bedroom. There he kneeled at his bedside and prayed. He prayed far into the night. When he finally tumbled into bed he slept little. He was up bright and early the next morning. Eating a little breakfast he was down to his office by six o'clock.

When he reached his office he found a man there waiting for him. This man was almost a total stranger to Mr. Ireland. He introduced himself saying that he was a native of Greensboro and that he had watched the activities of Odell Hardware Company with interest. He complimented Mr. Ireland on the integrity of the men associated with the company and then finally he stated his real mission.

It seems that this stranger had accumulated some ready cash and had been looking around for some place to make an investment. And he had thought of Odell Hardware Company. He said, "I have some ready cash that I am willing to turn over to you today and you can use it in your business any way that you want to. You can give me a receipt for it and you can pay me any interest that it may accumulate."

And then Mr. Ireland asked the important question—"How much do you wish to turn over to me today?"

And the stranger answered, "Six thousand dollars!"