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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 is 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, FEBRUARY 3, 1966

Storm A Unifying Force

We have always contended that one fine thing-in fact one of the finest-about Boone, is the fact that any sort of unusual circumstance has the effect of making every individual a little more concerned over the problems of his neighbor. The week-end storm was a case in point.

Contrary to some opinion we hear on the Street, this is not a big-snow area, so a blizzard of the proportions of the one which swooped down over the week end, doesn't come often. It has never been a place of consistently heavy snows, winter after winter, and we read that in spite of what some of the oldsters say, that there has been no great change in the weather during the current century.

So when these storms do descend in all their fury they create a community with a whole pandora's box of troubles. The car won't start, the pipes freeze, the fuel runs out, the roads are clogged, and the tires spin in the drifts and on the ice.

It's then we come to full appreciation of the worth of our friends at the gas stations, of the plumber, the fuel supplier, the mail man, the delivery man, and the folks who haul in the goods and the food, of the men of the State Highway Department and of the City, who do everything humanly possible to keep traffic moving, without regard to personal comfort, exposure, or danger to life and limb. All these people

have our sincere gratitude.

And the folks who keep the current flowing to warm the homes, and cook the food and light the dark places, are due commendation, along with those who see that there's water flowing through the mains.

We don't worry about the weather, but haven't generated any great affection for blizzards, as such. But, happily, they do open our eyes to our interdependence-one upon the other - and to the worth of good neighbors.

Zippy Mail

We have no notion our old friend Arthur Cox, if he's still living, would be interested in again carrying the mail into Boone from the south in his one-horse buggy. The freezes, the rains, the chill, and the slow gait wouldn't be tolerated by any mail carrier now, of course.

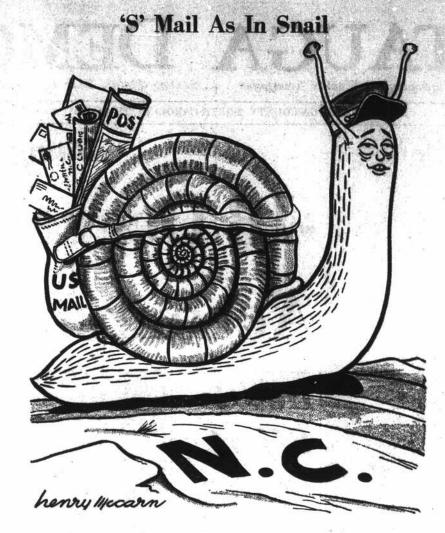
But we thought of Arthur the other day when it took from Thursday to Monday afternoon to get a piece of mail from Charlotte. In his time we got the Charlotte Sunday paper Tuesday morning, even if the carrier had to move a snow drift or two between here and Blowing Rock. There is something to be said for the "un-expedited" mail. Most of all, it always moved, slow as it was, in the general direction of its destination.

The Open Fire

of all inanimate things, the most nearly We built ourselves a fire on the alive, and the ember seems endowed with hearth late in the day Sunday. Not a memory of the sun, or perhaps of life that our house was cold, but for the itself. In a strange way that defies deficheer, and the joy one has before nition, an open fire is company. the crackling wood, and the mental

Consider the hearth. Once it was simply the floor of a cave, but ever since man tamed fire it has been the symbol of home, of safety, of reassurance in an uncertain world. Beside his hearth a man could rest and dream of tomorrow, for it was warmth, it cooked his food, it was security from feral foe as well as from cold and darkness. Around his fire man built his home, and at his hearth he knew the comfort of family and friends.

What does it add up to? A flame, a puff of smoke, and an ember. And, trangely, a fireplace in an age the



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

It Also Snowed On Saturday **Three Score Years Ago**

Sixty Years Ago February 1, 1906

Sorry to learn from the Tomabawk that Dr. Cottrell has again been suffering with his old throat trouble.

Miss Floy Cottrell has been added to the teaching force at the Training School. Her position will be in one of the primary departments.

Mr. Holden Moody had another stroke of paralysis on Monday and we are told that he is in a very dangerous condi-tion. Mr. Moody is getting very old, and as this is his second stroke, it is hardly probable that he will ever recover.

Mr. Jenkins of the Wilkesboro Millinery Co., spent last Sunday at the Blackburn hotel and on Monday made a big sale to M. B. Blackburn, bought some space in our columns and went on his way rejoicing.

Wm. Farthing, son of Mr. W. S. Farthing, was married last week to Miss Naomi, daughter of Mr. J. K. Perry. The contracting parties are both of Beaver Dam. Rev. Harrison Farthing performed the ceremony.

Rev. J. P. Hagaman was in town Tuesday. He was on his return from Grayson Co., Va., where he went to visit his broth-

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

tablishment by the North Caroer, George, who is quite unwell. He tells us that during his stay lina general assembly of a farm there he conducted a revival for delinquent women. meeting that resulted in seven-

teen conversions. J. H. Guynn has been suffering for the past two weeks with a mashed foot, but is able to be out again.

at least eight inches deep on a level, and much of it still remains despite the fact that the sun has shone brightly every day since the fall of the "beauti-

T. H. Taylor of Valle Crucis was over this week looking after some mica interests on the Rich Mountain.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

Lewis E. Norman was on last Friday confirmed by the United States Senate to be postmaster at Elk Park, Avery County.

Mrs. J. M. Moretz returned Friday from Raleigh where she went in the interest of legis-

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

The Frigid Winds And Drifting Snows

Whether it was Rachel's discovery of the little old woman with the wierd way of telling what the weather is going to be, or Jim Sherwood's hoot owl, we don't know, but the week end came a-snowin' again to pile down the third heavy layer in as many week-ends. . . Saturday night brought in the wild winds, to heap the snow in frigid drifts and to drive the mercury down to eighteen degrees below zero. . . . Sunday noon the wind was still driving the frozen snow, like bits of steel to freeze and cut the faces of those of us who sallied forth on foot to test our strength against the wrath of the blizzard. . . . While the sun came out, the fiery planet was without heat in these parts and very cold temperatures yet prevailed the first of the week. . . . In 1960 (we hate to mention it), the big snows came on Wednesdays, we think; this time they descend on Saturdays. . . . How long this will continue remains to be seen, but all would agree that the seven-day cycle is something to contemplate as each fresh layer of snow waits for icy company.

IN EARLY MANHOOD we summer's showery weather with. used to spend our time working out his mud chains. on newspapers in the high

reaches of the Colorado Rockies,

where snow shoes are as much

of a necessity for foot travelers

as snow glasses. . . It snows early and late, and winter hasn't

set in good till three-foot picket

fences are obscured. . . We were

doing a hitch up at Canon City,

near the mouth of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River,

A man I worked with and I

Mr. Singer's Corner Drug Store,

where we invested some of our

skimpy change in soda water,

milk shakes and the like. .

And we did a deal of fellow-

shipping with the two young ladies who jerked the soda. . .

made the mistake of telling of

visited Carolina, and got a big

laugh. . . And when I insisted

that it was the truth, cross my

heart and hope to die, I lost

what reputation I had managed

to bulid up in a strange town,

and became known around the

Drug Store as the biggest liar

in Colorado, native or outland

er. . . In late years when I stray

into northern or western sec-

tions of the country, I always

agree that it's sunny and mild

back home, even in the middle

of the winter. . . My veracity

has never been questioned when

Is Yet To Appear

The ground hog, known by

the purists as the woodchuck.

and by some of the less respect-

ful as simply a "chuck" is due

and as this is written, the long

range forecasts would indicate

the sleepy pig will see his sha-

dow, beat it back into his under-

ground hideaway and go back

to put in his appearance today

The Ground Hogarow

I fib about the weather.

the big snows and the below zero weather which sometimes

ent a good deal of time at

and it was cold and snowy. .

Typo Fingers Telegraph Key

The following, which was pub-lished in the Lenoir Topic seventy-five years ago, gives us an item of local history which hadn't been handed down to us: "THE POLES for the Boone and Blowing Rock Telegraph

lines have been planted. . . Mr. George F. Harper, who has the contract to string the wire will begin the job today and have it finished by the end of the week. . The office in Boone will be in the Watauga Democrat office and the operator will be a compositor on that newspaper.'

Uncle **Pinkney**

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I wasn't paying no attention last Wednesday to the weather but it wouldn't suprise me none if the Groundhog went back in his hole whether he saw his shadow or not. He probable stuck his head out and took a quick look around at some of the goings on and decided to hibernate fer the duration. If a newspaper blowed over his hole and he took a look at some of the items I've been reading, he probable packed up Mama Groundhog and all the littleuns and headed fer the South Seas I brung this item up at the country store Saturday night and Clem Webster said he had quit worrying about the Groundhog and had started worrying about wimmen. He reported his old lady announced her Ladies Aid Society had elected a "statistician" at their last meeting.

other six weeks of bad weather. We've had great respect for He said fer the life of him he the groundhog, even though couldn't figger what they wanthe's considered in any farming ed with one of them things. He area as being full of cussed said the only two places he ever knowed they had these varmets ness. . . We like him for his toughness, for his ability to was on the payroll of insurance weather the adversities man has companies and the Guvernment. thrown his way. . . He continues Leastwise, he allowed, them two to survive in considerable numwas ferever giving out figgers bers, even after he's become a on how many people was gitting prime target for the riflemen killed, ways they was libel to git killed, while the Guvernwho shoot, simply out of the urge to kill something. . . And ment was using the same figto tell the truth, as a good gers to show how many millions mountain man, we feel just a

was libel to need public aid. Zeke (

Mr. Fred Cook, brother of Messrs. Joe and Adolphus Cook,

The snow last Saturday was

ful."

February 3, 1927

Mr. Dysart Heffner, electrician at the Valle Crucis school. is taking special work at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

lation tooking toward the es-

AFTER ANOTHER

templates living here permanently.

Boone and immediately thereafter a teacher in the public school at Valle Crucis, is spending the week in the county meeting old friends. Boone to him was a real surprise. Says he had no idea of the proportions to which it has grown since he last saw it. He is now farming the land at the old

Fifteen Years Ago February 1, 1951

son, Tommy, spent the weekend in Lexington with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Kirk and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Shaw.

Mr. Lawrence Barden, who is a student at Duke University, spent the weekend with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. John G. Barden

recent visitor with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Miller of Boone, Rt. 2

home place at Rural Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kirk and

to snoozing. . . For, according to old beliefs, there will be an-

Mrs Lillian Honkins was a

who has spent the past four years teaching in Forsyth county, has with his family, returned to Boone where he will occupy his home near the residence of Mr. J. Frank Moore. He con-

Mr. C. H. Helsabeck of Rural Hall, N. C., who twenty years ago was a student at the ATS

tree. Its leaves gathered light and heat from the parent sun, and as it burns it vields that store of light and heat. Pine or birch, maple or oak, apple or cherry, it burns with a special flame and the fragrance of its own kind. The flame is,

Start with the wood, which once was a

pictures which can be seen in the

During the time we enjoyed the

fire, we happened to come upon the

following from the New York Times:

Granted, it is an anachronism, an in-

efficient way to provide heat, and it

makes smoke. There still is something

to be said for the open fire and the

hearth on which it burns.

glowing embers.

tures atoms. And yet, the memory persists, even in the dancing flame. There is independence, there is even identity, at the hearth. There is a man, and his fire, and his home, and his own security, at least as long as the ember glows.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

One of our greater weaknesses is chocolate fudge, and every opportunity we get, we make sure to eat all of it we can We like the kind that smells a little bit like vanilla and butter, and doesn't need chopped up nuts to hold it together. We're not opposed to caramel fudge exactly-but we like the chocolate

When we were little, we made a big but never memorized it because it had always and forever been published on the back of our favorite can of cocoa.

However, our favorite can of con However, our favorite can of cocoa some in a new wrapper the other day, very imaginable recipe for the cocoa was soluded except the one for perfect cho-olate fudge. When our spouse came one the other night, he witnessed some-ling close to hysteria, as we pored our the recipes again and again. It's ot have, we mouned, and he looked most rementative.

Days later, we went to the store again, icking up caus of cocos, one by one, eading all the recipes hoping one can,

with an old wrapper, came in the shipment. And this tactic, we reasoned, was wiser than calling up a lot of good cooks to find out if they might happen to have a dusty old can of cocoa, with our treasured recipe on it.

More days went by. Finally we went to the store again and this time we bought some chocolate milk mix made by the same cocoa company, and there it was: Our favorite chocolate fudge recipe.

But in all our years of boiling up the ingredients, letting them cool to such and such a temperature, adding butter and vanilla and beating until our arms fell off-we have never come out with perfect fudge. It's always been a little grainy. And we've varied the recipe to ee if that would make it better.

So the other night our spouse took our old favorite recipe and went to work in the kitchen. But you can't do that we protested as he began beating the fudge before it had cooled. You aspecially can't beat it half a minute with an electric mixer and put it in the freezer to harden up.

Which he did, and it was perfect.

A number of years ago I was standing in front of the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh waiting for a taxicab to take me to the oard station. The late Gov. Scott also was standing there, waiting to get a cab to take him to the mansion. I suggested that we occupy the same cab and I'd drop him off on the way to the station. He agreed.

A cab came up at that moment and we got in. "Where to?" inquired the

driver. "Mansion," said the Governor. The driver reached into his pocket, pulled out a pack of matches and handed them to the Gov ernor. The latter was puzzled for a moment. Then he grinned and said: "I said the

on' exclaimed the driver apologetically. "I misunderstood you." And then he added: "Okay; Mansion Park Hotel." Then I broke in and explain-ed: "We want to go to the Governor's Mansion on Blount Street." "Oh!" exclaimed the driver

"Oh!" he said again. And then there was no further comment from him until after we had put out Governor Scott. As we were continuing on our way to the Sesboard station the driver turned to me and said: "Say, that wasn't the Governor of North Carolina by any chance, was it?"

"It sure was," I told him. "My goshi" he muttered. "That sure was a had break on

my part, wasn't it?"

Polk Denmark of Raleigh called us some time ago at the office to tell us about the bridge across the Catawba River on N. C. highway No. 49; connect-ing Mecklenburg County, N. C., with York County, S. C. Here's the unusual thing about it: The bridge runs north and

south. The northern end of the bridge is in South Carolina, and the southern end of the bridge is in North Carolina.

The moral of this little incithe moral of this little inci-dent probably is: "Never tell your dreams before breakfast." A number of years ago, Coach Murray C. Greason of Wake Forest was going on a business trip to Wilmington. At the breakfast table, the morning of his departure, he told the mem-bers of his family he had dream-ed that he started to get in his car to go to Wilmington, he hit his lip with the car door and

his lip with the ear door and had to have some stitches put in. Mrs. Greason was going to Durham the same morning and told her husband goodbye. Then she went on her way. On her return, later in the day, she was very much surprised to see Coach Greason still in Wake Forest. You guessed it As he coantil

For guessed it As he opened the door to get in his car, prep-atory to leaving for Wilmington, he hit his lip with the car door and had to have two siles becomin it.

and Rev. and Mrs. Hugh A. Dobbin of Happy Valley.

Betty Cooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Cooke, left Monday to enter Orthopedic hospital in Gastonia where she will undergo an operation Friday. She was accompanied by her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chester spent Monday and Tuesday in Charlotte buying spring mer-chandise for Belk's Department Store

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Agle were in Greensboro last Tuesday night for the birthday celebration of Mr. Agle's brother, Mr. E. H. Agle.

Mr. John Councill and Mr. Grady Moretz, Jr., both stu-dents at the University of North Carolina, spent the weekend at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harmon and sons, Bobbie and Charles, were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Reed of Valdese.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Sowder and children, Lynn and John, of North Wilkesboro were week-end guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Glenn.

Miss Josie Roten of Greens-boro and Mr. Henry Abernethy of Durham visited with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wilcox Sunday. Mrs. Leon Reece of Zionville is a patient at Watauga Hosof Du

tad better when groundhog day stays overcast and the sun's unable to peek through, even a teeny-weeny bit.

> **Of Time And Tire** Chains

The placing of chains on the driving wheels of automobiles so they will hold on slippery surfaces dates back to our firs knowledge of automobiles, and they persist in about the same form after all these years. . . Even the fasteners are about as hard to manage and as contrary as in the T-model days, when the things were stashed with the side curtains under the back seat, since the gas tank was un der the front one. . . But in those days, they were always known as "mud chains", for every time a shower fell on the dirt roads, one had to get out in the mud and apply the things so's he could get going again. . We never thought in those times of their being used on snow or on ky surfaces, for we had no notion of ever using a motor car in winter time. . When the first bad weather came, the automobile was stored. . About April it was stored. . About April it was stored. . About April it was stored was held by a little bracket under the hood, wash ed off and driven for a few miles to get it all limbered up again...Blocking up the wheels was advised to protect the times how the continuing load... But one didn't venture far in We never thought in th

these figgerheads was marvels. He pointed out they could tell how long you was going to live, how much a baby owed in taxes afore it was borned, and how much taxes it was libel to pay afore it died. None of the fellers, Mister Editor, could figger out what a

"statistician" would do at a Ladies Aid Society meeting. Ed Doolittle final figgered it out that she would control the static at the discussion about money and projects. If they was anything, allowed Ed, that keeps wimmen raising static. it was money, how to git it, and how to spend it.

Bug Hookum was of the opinion they probable added a "stafistician" so's everybody would have a title. He claimed wimmen would work a heap harder if they had a title to go with the job. He reported since his old lady was made secretary of her club she ain't been home

more'n one day a week. Personal, Mister. Editor, they ain't no different from the men folks in this matter. I was men folks in this matter. I was reading in the papers where the city manager of some place re-ported they had been a improve-ment in the morale of his sani-tation department on account of a new listing on the payroll. Everbody he said, knowed that "maintenance and custodial per-sonnell" gits a heap more work done than plain janitors. Yours truly, If Thecle Pinkney

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