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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, 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

## The Open Fire

We built ourselves a fire on the hearth late in the day Sunday. Not that our house was cold, but for the cheer, and the joy one has before the crackling wood, and the mental pictures which can be seen in the glowing embers.

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 inefficient 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.

Start with the wood, which once was a tree. Its leaves gathered light and heat from the parent sun, and as it burns it yields 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,

## 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 hold. 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 better.

When we were little, we made a big to-do about perfecting our fudge recipe, 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 cocoa came in a new wrapper the other day, every imaginable recipe for the cocoa was included except the one for perfect chocolate fudge. When our spouse came home the other night, he witnessed something close to hysteria, as we pored over the recipes again and again. It's not here, we moaned, and he looked most sympathetic.

Days later, we went to the store again, picking up cans of cocoa, one by one, reading all the recipes—hoping one can

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.

of all inanimate things, the most nearly alive, and the ember seems endowed with a memory of the sun, or perhaps of life itself. In a strange way that defies definition, an open fire is a company.

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, strangely, a fireplace in an age that fractures 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.

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 see 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 especially 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.

## 'S' Mail As In Snail



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 Tomahawk 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 condition. 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 brother.

## Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

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 Seaboard 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 Governor. The latter was puzzled for a moment. Then he grinned and said: "I said the mansion."

"Oh!" exclaimed the driver apologetically. "I misunderstood you." And then he added: "Okay; Mansion Park Hotel."

Then I broke in and explained: "We want to go to the Governor's Mansion on Blount Street."

"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 Seaboard 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 gosh!" he muttered. "That sure was a bad break on

George, who is quite unwell. He tells us that during his stay there he conducted a revival meeting that resulted in seventeen conversions.

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

The snow last Saturday was 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 "beautiful."

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

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

February 3, 1927

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

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

Mrs. J. M. Moretz returned Friday from Raleigh where she went in the interest of legislation looking toward the es-

### AFTER ANOTHER

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. 48; connecting 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 incident 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 members of his family he had dreamed that he started to get in his car to go to Wilmington, he hit his lip with the car 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 opened the door to get in his car, preparatory to leaving for Wilmington, he hit his lip with the car door and had to have two stitches put in it.

tablishment by the North Carolina general assembly of a farm for delinquent women.

Mr. Fred Cook, brother of Messrs. Joe and Adolphus Cook, 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 contemplates living here permanently.

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

### Fifteen Years Ago

February 1, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. John Kirk and 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.

Mrs. Lillian Hopkins was a recent visitor with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Miller of Boone, Rt. 2 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 merchandise 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 Council and Mr. Grady Moretz, Jr., both students 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 weekend guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Glenn.

Miss Josie Roten of Greensboro and Mr. Henry Abernethy of Durham visited with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wilcox Sunday.

Mrs. Leon Reese of Zionville is a patient at Watauga Hospital.

## 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 used to spend our time working 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, and it was cold and snowy. . . . A man I worked with and I spent a good deal of time at 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 fellowshipping with the two young ladies who jerked the soda. . . . I made the mistake of telling of the big snows and the below zero weather which sometimes 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 build up in a strange town, and became known around the Drug Store as the biggest liar in Colorado, native or outlander. . . . In late years when I stray into northern or western sections 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 I fib about the weather.

summer's showery weather without his mud chains.

### Typo Fingers

#### Telegraph Key

The following, which was published 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 which had'n'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 which had'n'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 which had'n't been handed down to us: "The Poles for the Boone and Blowing Rock Telegraph lines have been planted. . . . Mr. George F. 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