

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY DECEMBER 1, 1966

The Christmas Opening

Saturday marks the official opening of the Christmas shopping season in Boone.

The traditional Christmas lights will be turned on along the Street, Santa Claus will join in the bright parade, and the days of the gifting effort will have arrived.

The parade will also serve as a preview to the Jaycees Beauty Contest and the fifteen beauties who will vie for the honors Saturday night are expected to participate, and will likely be joined by Miss North Carolina.

Business men of the town took care of the costs of the decorations through a special subscription, the Optimist Club was in charge of the project, and members of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, Town workers and Power Co. employees did the actual work.

As usual the shopping district will

be bright and gay, and we never lose a good chance to urge our people to trade at home, with the folks who pay the taxes, and fund our local efforts and institutions. We have the leading shopping center of the northwestern Carolina hill country, our merchants have prepared well for the holidays and deserve our continued support.

Meantime, the Optimists, the Jaycees, the City, Power Company, beauty contestants, merchants, Youth Corps workers and perhaps many others are due thanks for arranging the colorful parade, the decorations, and for making the shopping center ready for the festive season.

Come, visit us Saturday, and return often during the shopping season. And of course, you can do your shopping more conveniently and have better selections if you don't wait until the last minute.

To Ask Tax Cut

Governor Moore brought a message of cheer for the "hard-pressed" taxpayers last week, when he announced that he would ask the 1967 General Assembly to cut taxes.

The Governor did not say whether the "general and broad tax reduction" would come in the income tax category, or in the sales tax levies, the two major sources for the State's general fund revenues. North Carolina does not, of course levy a tax on real estate.

If the Assembly heeds the suggestions of the Governor, it will be the first tax reduction in any recent administration, and the move is sparked by the prospect that the income which has resulted in sizeable State surpluses, will continue into the next fiscal year, or perhaps be enhanced.

Of course there will be those who will want the tax to stay where it is, for the citizens of the State to enjoy

continued better educational and other public facilities. Fact is, we would like some things, like making the free schools actually free, doing away with the fees, and the selling efforts of the children aimed at raising funds for minimum school needs. We would also like to see all the youngsters have hot lunches, money or no, and of course all institutions operated by the State could stand some more revenue.

But Governor Moore is familiar with the budget, and with the mounting needs, and wouldn't recommend a tax cut if it would slow the progress of any State function.

With the millions in Federal money being sent into the State for various purposes, and no end in sight, no doubt a tax cut is indicated.

Anyway, the gubernatorial announcement is in the nature of something new under the sun.

Toy Trends

There was a time when an orange in a Christmas stocking was a luxury and a delight to a child. But since orange juice has become a staple on the American breakfast table the orange has lost its charm as a seasonal gift.

So it is with toys. One could hardly expect the modern tot to ask for a carpet sweeper or a rocking horse. Kids play at being adults. Since mother uses a vacuum cleaner, not a hand sweeper, and father goes to work in a car, not on horseback, small girls and boys want copies of power-driven household tools and transportation.

This runs up the bill for parents and grandparents. The price tags on some playthings this season are surprising, but

well-to-do relatives are buying the costly items.

There is nothing wrong with an expensive toy if it encourages a child to use his talents. A simple camera or toy sewing machine may start a child on a career.

Fortunately, youngsters do not let price enter into their enjoyment of a present. A kitten obtained from the city pound may outrate the most expensive gift a child receives, in a youngster's estimation. The criterion is the fun or the education the boy or girl gets from the playing. This means that adults must think in terms of childhood when they make up their gift lists.—Christian Science Monitor.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

When the snow started falling Monday, and kept on falling, and about closing time had laid a nice bed of ice on the outlying highways—we went bustling into the storm, cranked up our car and started home.

Our husband had advised against this earlier in the day. In fact, what he said was, "You'll never make it." Bosh, we said; why this is the world's greatest driver. A little snow doesn't bother us. After all, we learned to drive in snow. And a little ice? Bosh! Why we'll just creep along, and when we get to the foot of the hill, up we'll go and when you come home, we'll be snug and secure in the little, drafty house at the end of the impossible road.

So off we went, and all it took to stop us was a little-bitty rise in the highway. We didn't have snow tires, or chains, and there wasn't 100 pounds of cinder blocks in the trunk.

Right at the crest of a little hill, our car stopped, and we put on the brakes. And it started sliding backwards. Well, we'd steer one way, and then the other, and our mobile was slipping across the

ice like a candy bar wrapper.

Finally, it stopped; crosswise in the road. Along came a woman driver who was having absolutely no trouble driving on the slippery surface, and I noticed this with a good deal of envy. Now why did I have to get in this mess? I thought.

Then, across the hill came a truck, and we went running out, waving our arms like a great, double-jointed goose. We were thinking since we couldn't stop, on that hill, no one else could, but the truck came to a standstill, without complications, and we were again disillusioned.

Well, if it hadn't been for Grant Ayers, who was driving the truck, and another gentleman, who helped us get backed up and out of the way, we might still have been standing in the snow, holding our traffic.

When we got back to town, alas, we had to tell our husband what happened, and he reminded us that we once made light of his driving, and he drove us home, pretty as you please. And we think he's going to ask us to eat a certain column in which we expounded our vehicular efficiency to a great degree.

"Shall We Dance?"



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Cove Creek Academy, Walnut Grove Institute Do Well

Sixty Years Ago

November 29, 1906

Mrs. H. J. Hardin is visiting her aged mother in Lenoir this week.

C. G. Horton left last Saturday for North Wilkesboro where he has taken work in the finishing department of a coffin factory.

Dr. T. C. Blackburn with his niece, Miss Jennie Blackburn, left Tuesday morning for a business trip to Johnson City, Tenn.

A ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Austin of Blowing Rock Township, died on Monday from complication of diseases. The stricken parents have the sympathy of all in their great trial.

Rev. Mr. Weaver of Lenoir spent Monday night at the Blair House on his way to Jefferson to perform the marriage ceremony of Mr. G. L. Parks and Miss Beulah Bryant.

Miss Mattie Blair, after spending several months in Boone with her parents, left last week on her return to Scranton, Penna. where she will resume her work as trained nurse.

It is estimated that it costs the people of the United States about \$49,000,000 getting born about \$49,000,000 getting born married and about \$16,000,000 getting buried. But getting drunk costs about \$285,000,000 so that getting drunk costs more than getting born, getting married, and getting buried.

Mrs. E. S. Coffey and two of her little children have been quite sick for several days but we are glad to hear they are all improving.

Mr. Enoch Swift of Amantha was over Monday and gives a good report of the school at Cove Creek Academy being taught by Prof. Powell E. Herman and spoke in the highest terms of the work being done at Walnut Grove Institute.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 1, 1927

Mrs. Luther South, who has been quite ill with measles, is reported to be very much improved.

Mrs. J. D. Council has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. R. H. DeVault, in Bristol.

Miss Clark of High Point, a former teacher in the State Normal here, came up for Thanksgiving.

Mr. B. C. Johnson, chief engineer on the big Marmon dam project at Montezuma, returned Tuesday after a brief visit to relatives in Boone.

Mr. Perry Storey returned to his home in Cleveland, Ohio

last Friday after having spent several days with relatives in the county.

Born to Mayor and Mrs. W. R. Gragg, a daughter. The general mayor stated yesterday that he was not so particular as he once was about his "girls being boys," as they can all vote now.

Rev. F. M. Huggins, Mrs. Huggins and children of Abingdon, Va. spent a short while in the city last week. For seven years Mr. Huggins was pastor of the Boone Baptist Church and has many friends here who were delighted to see him again.

Fifteen Years Ago

November 29, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hayes of Blowing Rock spent last week with their daughter, Mrs. M. R. Maddux and Mr. Maddux. Mr. Hayes is recuperating from a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Clawson and son, Wayne, of Baltimore, Md. and Miss Reba Greene of Winston-Salem spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Greene.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Week before last we made mention of the community of Nine Times in the western part of South Carolina and expressed curiosity about the origin of this rather unusual name. This curiosity was satisfied by Mrs. W. H. Kilpatrick of Raleigh, a former resident of South Carolina.

In the days of pioneer settlements, people were moving ever westward seeking new home sites. Among them was a man from the eastern part of South Carolina. He loaded his family and personal belongings in a covered wagon and set out for new territory. Others had preceded him and he followed their trail. Heading due west, he had almost reached the Georgia line when he came across several trails leading in different directions. He tried one, found that it led nowhere, went back to his starting point and tried again. The same thing happened. He tried it several more times—nine times in all—and finally gave up in disgust. He told his family to get out of the wagon, that he was going to build a house and that they would live right where they were.

And that's how come Nine Times to be named Nine Times.

In all of North Carolina there are only two statues of men on horseback. One is the statue of General Greene at Guilford

Mrs. Fred Greene, who is teaching in Tryon High School in Bessemer City, and her children, Lorene and F. A. Greene, spent the holidays at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bingham returned to their home in Kannapolis, N. C. Sunday after spending a few days with Mr. Bingham's mother, Mrs. R. K. Bingham.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Honeycutt attended the funeral of Mr. Honeycutt's nephew, Mr. Jimmy Canger, in Hickory Saturday. Mr. Canger was killed in an automobile accident in Hickory Thursday morning.

Mrs. Bessie Brown Underhill of Valle Crucis, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. P. H. Hodges and Mr. Hodges, left Tuesday for a visit with her son, Mr. Clint Brown and family in Elizabethton, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilfong were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Rhinehart of Elkin. They attended the wedding of Miss Ruth Maston and Mr. Allen Wall at the First Presbyterian Church.

background and the other is the statue of Andrew Jackson on Capitol Square, Raleigh.

Inasmuch as this friend of mine is inclined to be sensitive about his age, I reckon we'd better not mention his name.

Anyway, I happened to meet him in Greensboro recently and stopped to talk with him.

"How are you getting along?" I inquired.

"I'm feeling fine" was the reply.

"How's your behavior?" was my next question.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed. And then, after a moment's hesitation, he added: "But maybe there's a good reason for that. The older I get, the more often I think of the words in that old hymn: 'Temptations lose their power.' And believe me, they certainly have lost a lot of power so far as I'm concerned."

Four hundred lives in exchange for one Englishman's ear seems poor bargaining, but that is the price North Carolina had to pay in taking part in "The War of Jenkins' Ear".

Approximately four hundred North Carolinians, a large number of whom were killed, answered England's call for troops to take part in the war which was fought as the result of a British soldier having had his ear cut off by the Spaniards.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Days Of The Year's End

December comes in after the first snows have swirled along the Street. . . This twelfth month will fetch the shortest days, and already those of us who have fairly long hours, get up in the dark, and return home after the shadows of evening have thickened. . . December always brings a feeling of urgency at home, at the office and along our Street. . . There are gifts to buy, packages to wrap, cards to send. . . There are gift advertisements in your newspaper, bright store windows, Christmas lights and the annual Christmas parade. . . It is a busy time, with the choked week-end thoroughfares and the busy householders and extra sales people relieving the merchants. . . December brings excitement to the children, fatigue to the parents, but interspersed is a lot of gaiety and fun and anticipation. . . December brings the tinsel trees, the Yule logs, the Carols, the old friends, the happiness of the Christian festival of the Nativity, and a care for the welfare of our fellows, which, unfortunately, don't last long, in too many cases. . . December often brings snow and frigid winds to the hill country, but it can't drive away the warmth that Christmas brings.

Birds Go Away

And many of the birds of summer have gone away, and the old residents of birddom, that stay the year round are gathering for the food the householders pass out. . . For the past couple of winters the crows have once in a while come to our back door for some of the corn meant for the squirrels and the bird seed placed for the songsters. Things have to get sort of hard when the crows go to fellowshipping in the town. . . Of course we have never joined in the crow shooting craze, have figured perhaps the noisy creatures had a proper place in the eternal scheme of things, and have watched them gobble up the feed they weren't supposed to have, without grudge. . . The New York Times comes through with one of its classic country type editorials, it's on the crow, and says:

"NOW THE CROWS own the rural countryside, and don't think they don't know it. . . Big and black, they strut the frosty pastures, haunt the harvested corn fields, fly up and down the valleys, hold loud and lengthy conferences in the leafless hilltop maples. Their voices echo, raucous and self-important as they proclaim their sovereignty. . . A good many crows migrate south for the winter, but by no means all of them. Those that remain moved down from the wooded hills, to the rural valleys, to the croplands, the barnyards and the nearby meadows. They gather in noisy flocks and fly from field to field, from refuse dump to feedlot, from orchard to pine grove.

"THEY EAT ALMOST ANYTHING they can swallow, hunting, pilfering, scavenging. . . Only the bitterest of winter weather limits their excursions. . . Despite man's enmity, they persist and thrive. . . There are probably more crows today than there were a hundred years ago. . . One reason is that the crow is a very bright bird, full of cunning and wisdom. . . He can spot an enemy as far as he can see and his eyesight is keen. He gets up early. He can outfly most of his natural enemies and out-thrive all his competitors. He lives by his wits, and they are first class wits. This is why the crows now talk like tyrants. They are in command of the winter countryside and they know it."

Ed Doolittle claimed this daily report wasn't necessary, that when the feller got through the Government would get out a pamphlet on it, the U. S. Department of Agriculture would get out some pictures, and it would be wrote up in the Congressional Record, all of it maybe costing less than a measley \$25,000.

Josh Clodhopper reported he had the answer for all our modern problems. He said he had ordered hisself a pair of rose colored glasses out of his mail order catalogue and when they got here he aimed to wear 'em all day and quit watching television at night.

Josh is the sort of feller, Mister Editor, that don't talk much but he has got a straight answer fer everthing and thinks he knows it all. Them fellers that thinks they know it all is special annoying to us that do. Personal, I think we was living in a age when they ain't no plain yes or no answers to nothing no more. About all a feller can do these days is to figger things out on a "maybe" and "perhaps" basis. That is, of course, fer everthing except higher taxes.

Zeke Grubb was agreed with me in this matter, told the fellers Saturday night his preacher warned the congregation Sunday agin holding to half-truths on account of maybe they was holding the wrong half.

Yours truly,
Uncle Pinkney

And Squirrels

For a great many years we have tried to keep some squirrels alive over on the side of Democrat Hill. . . Years ago, we loosed a number of the gray pets, and at one time they were plentiful, but now the most we have seen at one time for months is three. . . We hope the folks let us keep them, for we enjoy feeding them, and watching their antics. . . And strangely, there is one boomer, which eats at the same place but which gets the first table, so to speak. . . The squirrels stay away until he finishes and then converge. . . All mountain men know of this enmity between the two species of squirrels. . . Come spring, we hope to have some more of the frisky little creatures, and we hope hunters will let us alone in this little hobby, by sparing the shotgun.

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City Hours

Before Boone was even a fair-sized village, everybody got up before daylight, regardless. . . Our dad wanted to get done with his milking about 4:30 or 5 a. m. . . But when the town grew most of

the folks took on city hours. . . Where the general store used to open at 6 o'clock, now the modern stores will open at 8 or 9, and most everyone, except folks like us, who are rooted in the country traditions, stay abed a while longer than our ancestors. . . And nobody's gonna believe this, but our squirrels are that way. . . We used to go hunting before day and as soon as one could see the sights, squirrels would be out and going. . . But these squirrels of ours whose ancestors lived in town twenty years ago, will usually stay in their dens until near midday. . . A big snow will bring them out earlier, for some reason. . . The fancy little rodents are town creatures by heritage, and their carryings on are confined mostly to the latter part of the day.

Uncle

Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

(McKnight Syndicate.)

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

As my Pa used to say, I ain't been feeling too jubilant fer the last few days. The bad news was running ahead of the good news in the papers all week. But I reckon all of us has them sad spells at times. I was reading this piece where some Government expert said they was days when even the bumble bee don't feel like bumbling. It probable cost us taxpayers a heap of money to git this information but it was worth it.

Speaking of such items, I was reading where one of them science fellers has got a Government research grant of \$28,400 to go out in the sandy country near Palm Springs in California and learn how the desert cockroach lives and what it eats.

I bring this matter up at the country store Saturday night and Zeke Grubb was of the opinion judging from what it cost, Lyndon had ought to give us a daily bulletin on this project.

Ed Doolittle claimed this daily report wasn't necessary, that when the feller got through the Government would get out a pamphlet on it, the U. S. Department of Agriculture would get out some pictures, and it would be wrote up in the Congressional Record, all of it maybe costing less than a measley \$25,000.

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