

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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## Signs Of The Season

The Indians didn't have calendars, but they communed so closely with the seasons that they could accurately measure time by the leaves on the trees and the snows in the winter. When the leaves fell and the snows began to fall they reasoned that summer and the hazy days of autumn had gone with the chill winds and that winter in fact was upon the hunting grounds.

We had always leaned to the notion that winter breezed in with December but now they say the time of the big winds and the deep freeze starts December 22 at 8:17 a. m. eastern standard time. Sunday brought a taste of snow along with gusty winds but the storm had petered out by Monday and again there was bright sun and moderate temperatures.

We used to wish for a white Christmas and hoped that then there would be a general thaw. Now, with the winter tourist business, the ski runs and all,

we're wishing not only for a White Christmas, but a white winter, and when one of these comes again, we'd suggest the hills would be full of visitors, just like summer time.

But in spite of the fact that snow has become a saleable commodity when the happy holidays are over and we start the New Year with proper toasting and ambitions, we get a lot of consolation from the fact that each day gets just a smidgin longer, and when the first spring days arrive we think of the long winter and we're glad for the blossoms and the buds and the warming sod.

But now as the days shorten, mountain men are pondering whether she will be a wild, frigid no-holds-barred session, or a moderate season like we've been having lately.

Old Man Winter is hard to predict. He can play hard and fast or assort the blizzardy days with spells of warmth. Not even a Ramon calendar can be for certain.

## Pertinent Driving Hints

There's to be a crackdown on speeders in North Carolina. A new gadget for patrol cars can tell how fast one is driving, coming toward, racing from or passing the trooper and tough times are in for those of us who don't lighten the foot on the gas pedal. And with the things which test the breath, the jolly tipsters of the highways are in for trouble.

In England, we hear, they have successfully cracked down on drinking drivers with a 40% reduction in accidents.

Anyway it is good that the arm of the law is to have new sinews and as the holidays approach the following hints from the National Foundation for Highway Safety are pertinent:

—Drive so that your license expires

before you do.

—Tailgating driver? Keep your distance and keep out of a collision.

—Alcohol never made anyone a more thoughtful or careful driver.

—The quick and the dead can sometimes be the same people.

—Defective brakes? If you can't stop, don't start.

—Politics in the Nation's capital? Slashing 60% from the new national highway safety program. Or is it unconcern?

—Each year two out of five drivers under 20 are involved in traffic accidents.

—A drinking driver killed is tragic, but killing others is horrible.

—The good you do lives after you. Why not live longer to do good.

## Busy Chipmunk Sleeps It Off

Tired of raking leaves and performing other prewinter chores?

Consider the chipmunk and he consoled. The chipmunk spins not—but, brother, does he toil!

He, too, is preparing for winter. And, more foresighted than man, he has been doing it all summer.

Tirelessly, he has been stuffing his tiny mouth and jowls with nuts, acorns, ragweed seeds and corn, mushrooms and blueberries.

He, too, is preparing for winter. And, more he has also been happily filching sunflower seeds the little rascal knows birdwatchers did not put out for him.

He has made hundreds of scampering, mouth-laden trips to his underground home, carefully storing his loot against the cold months ahead.

He has constructed his home with infinite care and patience. A small entrance tunnel or burrow slopes down sharply from the cleverly

concealed doorhole until, several feet below the surface and well out of the frostbite zone, it levels off and extends for yards.

The chipmunk is no bum. He likes to live well. His home has up to four storage rooms, opening off the long, narrow central corridor. It also has a bedroom—and, no kidding, a bathroom. The chipmunk is a gentleman.

By late fall, Chippie has more than enough food put away for any kind of a winter. He sighs contentedly.

And then what happens? The little guy is so tired from his labors that he becomes drowsy, lies down to rest—and goes to sleep for three months!

When he awakes, it's spring again. You think that's tough? It should happen to us—beginning about leaf-raking time and continuing through the snow-shoveling season.

And maybe it would—if we worked as hard as the chipmunk. And if our families would stand for it.—Statesville Record & Landmark.

## Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

We attended the beginning session of the animal health course being offered at Watauga High School by the agricultural department.

It was all new information for us and extremely interesting. There is one point in particular we don't intend to forget and that is that animals with rabies don't usually foam at the mouth.

We always thought we'd be especially good at spotting a dog that looked like it had tried to lap up a bowl of shaving lather. But we'll admit we haven't been too wary about the regular-looking kind. And Dr. John Martin, who is teaching the course, says that the rabid animal is not always aggressive, but often times tends to be a loner, regarding anyone who approaches as an enemy and trying to get out of the way.

To eat or not to eat: When you read that potatoes have elements bad for the heart and

steak doesn't. And then someone proclaims that potatoes (apparently one serving thereof) have 150 calories and lean steak accounts for more than a thousand.

Then way off in the Midwest, a medical researcher comes up with advice that growing teenagers and adults should stay away from milk of all things. However, we're hanging on to the notion that milk is the number 1 health food. It seems if it weren't, we'd all be morbidly ill.

One authority says count your calories and another says don't count them—unless the reason is medical. Not only are there diet foods, but foods to put weight on what national magazine columnists call "the skinnies." Or "the lucky skinnies" which brings up one of our pet peeves—the fashion model who weighs as much as a number two pencil, modeling clothing for people like us who weigh as much as a pencil making machine. Maybe a whole factory.

## Getting Into The Act



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

## G. P. Hagaman Succeeds E. S. Coffey As Bank Cashier

Sixty Years Ago

December 5, 1907

At the annual meeting of the directors of the Watauga County Bank held in Boone on Monday last, George P. Hagaman was elected Cashier for the ensuing year to succeed Attorney E. S. Coffey, who has filled the position so acceptably ever since the bank was established. His defeat was due to the fact that his successor's bid for the position was far below that which he (Mr. Coffey) had been getting or could afford to take.

The collection taken at the close of the Thanksgiving services at the Baptist church Thursday night for the benefit of the Thomasville Orphanage amounted to \$11.15, notwithstanding the fact that the audience was unusually small.

Friend W. E. Shipley will take notice that George Winkler of the New River Stock Farm, weighed two thoroughbred Short Horn yearling heifers last week that weighed 998 and 932, respectively. These are as pretty cattle as any one should wish to see.

Miss Ola Pendley, of Blowing Rock, was in the village Tuesday and on her return was accompanied by Miss Cynthia Blackburn, of Boone.

Rev. Ballard and wife spent Tuesday night at the home of Rev. J. H. Brendall on their way from Jefferson to his new field on Green mountain circuit.

Married at the residence of the bride's father, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Roy Dotson to Miss Ennis, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Hagaman, Rev. J. H. Farthing performing the ceremony.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 6, 1928

Mr. Roscoe Little of Salisbury was in town last week. On his return he took his mother, Mrs. H. D. Little, who will spend the winter in Rowan.

Rev. C. H. Moser left Sunday afternoon for Cherryville, where he was called on account of the serious illness of his father.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the parlor of the Baptist parsonage Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. P. A. Hicks performing the ceremony. But oh my! we promised not to tell and we must be as good as our word. Guess all you like.

had been rearrested and released under bond. When the case was called at the last of term of Avery Superior Court, Hicks was called and failed, and his bondsmen had posted a reward of \$50 for his apprehension. The fugitive was arrested Thursday at Valle Crucis by Deputy Sheriff H. A. Hagaman and Mr. Henry Yates.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 4, 1952

Mrs. Essie Winkler of Sugar Grove is ill at Watauga Hospital.

## Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

There used to be a well-known saying: "Go west, young man; go west and grow up with the country." Mr. G. W. Miller writes in to tell us of something that happened a good many years ago that this saying reminds him of.

My wife's grandfather, who was a prosperous farmer living in the eastern part of the state of Arkansas. He disposed of his farm and most of his belongings, rigged up his covered wagon, and then his wife, children and little pet dog started on the long trip west.

For weeks he drove his team in the direction of the setting sun. Finally, one evening, he arrived at the Mississippi River. In those days travelers had to ford the river because there were no bridges. Arriving at the banks of the Mississippi late in the evening, too late to cross that day, the family pitched camp for the night. Next morning after breakfast they all made ready to resume their travels.

In the excitement of all this, the members of the family, so intent on getting across the water themselves, forgot about the children's dog. As a result, he was left behind on the eastern bank of the river. The children cried, but it was too much of an undertaking to recross the river, so it was decided to go on. On their way, and were soon at their destination, where they planned to establish their new home. Their experiences here were not what they had expected. The second summer almost every member of the family had typhoid fever. Aside from being sick; they were all unhappy and extremely homesick for familiar surroundings and familiar faces, so they decided to return to the Old North state.

On their way back, they came again to the Mississippi River, and again found it necessary to ford the

Mr. Edgar Cooke of Augusta, Georgia spent the week with Mrs. Cooke and their children.

Miss Elenor Geer, a student at Wake Forest College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her mother, Mrs. Rex Geer.

Mr. Dixon Qualls, student at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Qualls.

Lawrence Barden, who is a student at Duke University, Durham, spent Thanksgiving with his parents.

## After Another

AFTER ANOTHER

stream. They crossed at the same ford and arriving on the eastern bank late in the evening decided to pitch camp.

Early next morning they were awakened by the scratching and whining of some animal. Upon investigation what should appear but the pet dog that had been left behind in the wooded, sparsely-settled area more than two years before. The children cried with joy.

The third day from this, the youngest child, who was sick with the fever, died and was buried by the father near the roadside of the westward trail. The remaining members of the family returned to North Carolina and purchased a farm about three miles south of their original home that had been sold.

A little clipping from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch that we have saved for a long time goes this way:

"Don't underrate an apostrophe.

It means a lot to you and me;

Man's laughter shows a merry wit—

Manslaughter, just the opposite.

Recently we heard from Mrs. Robert L. Morehouse of Oakwoods, North Carolina who is intrigued by unusual names. She sent us some samples of names she has collected:

Messmore Kendall is a grand name, and she likes Ernie Leary who took Della Weller to see "Flora Dora". Then she sent along Keller Eller, who policed in North Wilkesboro, and Dewey Bule, a recent graduate of a North Carolina college. Edsal Bed-saul isn't too bad, she adds, and the OMP's Funeral Home has a final sound.

Then in a postscript she tells us of a man, or woman, named Better Biter.

# KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

## The Red Carpet... Has Seen Its Day

The red carpet has been rolled up—not that royalty has passed its flower—but that one will never again tread the scarlet velvet runner from the station platform at Grand Central to the train platform . . . where the 20th Century Limited will never again receive rail passengers for its grinding run to Chicago . . . The most luxurious of American trains which started its initial run 65 years ago, symbolized the hope and the vision the New York Central had for the Twentieth Century . . . "The Century" as the queen of the glistening rails was known, pulled out for the windy city the last time Saturday night and for all we know made her 16 hour run right on time . . . A victim of the jet age, (a new generation had come to care more for fantastic speed than for elegance)—the famed train joins the ghosted legions which include the Washish Cannonball, the Memphis Special and the hundreds of little local trains which have huffed and puffed themselves into oblivion . . . and those of us who've ridden days on end behind the speeding, smoky, moaning behemoths of the rail sigh again when another of the mainliners leaves the tracks for good, on account of there's no more business for the Pullmans.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY steamed out of New York on its first run June 15, 1902 . . . She carried 27 passengers on a maiden run that took 20 hours and provided sleeping cars, a barber shop, a library and dining car . . . The time was later reduced to 18 hours and the last run was made on an average of a mile a minute including stops . . . Porters came to know regular passengers on the 961-mile run, who depended on the train's guaranteed schedule . . . In the early days the Century offered a partial refund if the train was late . . . In sunshine and shadows, in rainstorms and in snowy blizzards the huge Hudson locomotives, the Commodore Vanderbilts and later the diesel units hauled the Century, and she was usually on time . . . The deluxe all-room train with bar lounge, two diners and observation lounge car, including locomotive originally represented an investment of \$1,384,000 . . . During a single run its crew comprised eight engineers, eight firemen, three train conductors, six brakemen, three baggagemen, a train secretary, barber, tailor and maid along with one Pullman conductor for each of the sleeping cars . . . The engine was changed only once between New York and Chicago . . . In her halcyon days the grand old train sometimes ran in seven sections and over the years her gross revenue has been greater than any other of the world's limiteds . . . There was no fanfare when the throttle was opened the last time on the head end of the limited and she gathered speed on her last run into the darkness . . . It was that the traditional red carpet was rolled out for the last time but the memory of the gilded Queen, the proud courser of the polished steel will remain with all who've slept across the country while the whistle moaned its mournful lullaby, and the wheels banged a staccato tune on the rail joints.

Ed allowed as how this cut in spending they was bragging about didn't amount to enough to offset them traveling junkies our Congressmen would take this winter, along with their wives, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Fer instans, said Ed, we still got 400 Federal hand-out programs run by 150 different Government agencies.

Clem Webster of the Great Society was defending the Congress, said he had saw a report from the Bureau of Labor Statistics where a family of four wasn't living the good life of these times if it didn't have \$9,000 a year to spend. Since Clem ain't got but two in his family, Ed couldn't pin him down on these statics, but Ed allowed as how under them figgers, most of the folks in this community ain't been living the good life.

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Bug Hookum reported he was reading the other day where President Thomas Jefferson didn't have but two helpers outside his regular Cabinet, one fer foreign affairs and one fer the home front. Farthermore, said Bug, this piece reported we had a balanced budget all the years Jefferson was President.

Confidential, Mister Editor, I don't put much store by Bug's opinion on things. He was so lazy he ain't never contributed nothing fer the upkeep of the country. He makes me recollect a story my Pa used to tell. He said he had two Plymouth Rock roosters and one of them was so lazy that when the other one crowed fer daylight he just nodded his head in approval. But, like Clem Webster was saying at a recent session, them science fellers might come up with a lecture spark to put to fellers like Bug and he could git to be a wheelhorse in the community.

It ain't that Bug was tight with his money, he just never earns enough to git tight with. Josh Ciothopper was the one that was tight with a dollar. The fellers at the store claim here a few year back, when Josh had to have his car towed in and found it was going to cost him \$10, he snaked the door open and put on the brakes.

I reckon, Mister Editor, I was about the only one at the country store that was perfect.

Yours truly,  
UNCLE PINK

Why? Dr. Clement Clarke Moore was ashamed of his poem, very famous, "Night Before Christmas" and would not acknowledge that he wrote it for more than twenty years.

Lighted candles in the window supposedly light the way for the coming of the Christ Child. Many people once believed that Christ appeared at Christmas, concealing his true identity.

Ed Doolittle was reporting to the fellers at the country store Saturday night that he couldn't give this term of the Congress a passing grade. Now that they was gone home to mend their fences, said Ed, he figgered this session would go down in history in the minus column.

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