

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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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, APRIL 25, 1957

## New Payroll In Offing

It's good news that Shadowline, Inc., will establish a factory here in a building to be erected for the purpose by Watauga Industries, thus increasing the job opportunities and the living standards of our people.

The Chamber of Commerce, the special committees, and the incorporators of Watauga Industries are to be congratulated upon their fruitful efforts to bring added payroll to the community, and indications are that the required sum of money needed for the erection of the building will be reached. However, the goal hasn't been fully attained, and other investors are being sought and welcomed into the enterprise.

The quality that has set Boone apart as a progressive community, is the ability of the people to get together in a common cause, when an opportunity is seen. And since there are no great number of people with considerable sums of money, it takes

fairly united support to finance some of the projects. It is to the high credit of the town that folks are again getting together with their money to better their positions in the economic world.

The new plant is expected to employ perhaps one hundred in its initial operation, most of them women. Widely known in the field of apparel manufacture, the plant is expected to ultimately have six hundred on the payroll.

Such industries as this, and as the IRC, will enhance the growth and well being of the community, which also numbers education and farming as two of her chief assets. Taken together and nurtured by the public-spirited citizens of the best community in the State, these industries will continue to flourish no doubt, with a continuing contribution to the general well-being of our people.

## Fight On Polio Continues

One or more shots of the Salk polio vaccine has been given to an estimated 70 per cent of the eligible population (under age 20 and pregnant women) in North Carolina, according to Dr. J. W. R. Norton, State Health Officer.

"There is still a big job to be done to reach an estimated 30 per cent of the eligible population who have received no vaccine and to reach an even larger group of 50 per cent who have not received the second and/or third inoculation," said Dr. Norton last week.

Pointing out that this job must be done in order to provide the greatest possible protection, Dr. Norton said, "There is reason to believe that the poliomyelitis vaccination program in the State was partly responsible for making the 1956 incidence of poliomyelitis one of the lowest in the history of North Carolina. Only 301 cases were reported through last November 28," he said.

At the present time there is not enough Salk vaccine in the State to meet current

needs, but plenty will be available soon. The State Legislature has been asked to allocate \$125,000 to the purchase of vaccine.

In New York, Mr. Basil O'Connor, President of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, said last week that "We are entering the third polio season since the vaccine was licensed for use, with a much wider base of vaccinated persons than ever before, particularly in the most susceptible age group."

"As new vaccine is released this spring and summer, many more millions of people will join the ranks of the vaccinated," Mr. O'Connor said. "The job done thus far," he emphasized, "should not make us relax our efforts to make sure that all persons, especially those below the age of 40, are vaccinated against polio as soon as possible."

The State and national goal is to vaccinate all persons through age 39, so that polio may cease to exist as a major menace to the public health.

## Says Modernization Needed

The Post Office system "needs mechanizing and streamlining all the way through," a Reader's Digest article, titled "Our Horse and Buggy Mails," will say in the May issue of the magazine.

The publication today released a summary of the 5,000-word article by Wolfgang Langewiesche when the magazine learned that someone in Washington without authority from Reader's Digest had made the article available to certain members of Congress prior to the normal publication date.

"The present administration has begun some mechanization but we are years behind Europe," says the article which concludes with the appeal: "Let's create a modern mail system."

According to the article, which discusses Post Office methods, buildings and policies,

the service "uses the same methods of gathering, sorting and delivering the mail that it did 100 years ago" and mail is now "slower than it was before World War II."

The Post Office is one of the country's top 12 enterprises in volume of business, and third in number of employees. But it steadily violates the business principle of "stay ahead of the times—or die," the article states.

"The Post Office needs money for research and development. . . . It's asking for four million dollars this year. That's chicken feed! Especially when, for lack of research, it spends—beyond its income—half that much a day!"

Wages take 75 percent of postal costs. Mechanization would cut the costs, says the article, and enable the Post Office to stay on top of the mail flood.

## Why Easter Monday Holiday?

(Greensboro News)

A Georgian who moved to North Carolina several years ago started out on his yarn selling rounds one Easter Monday morning but soon turned back. He found all the mills, country stores and retail establishments closed across the face of North Carolina. "I asked somebody what holiday this was," he said, "and they explained, 'Why it's Easter Monday.'"

The Almanac lists Easter Monday as a

legal holiday in North Carolina and the Virgin Islands.

In North Carolina on Easter Monday people close up shop and go visiting, fishing, golfing, dancing, boating, et cetera. We don't know what they do in the Virgin Islands.

Why is Easter Monday officially recognized as a holiday only in North Carolina among the 48 states? We'd like to know.

## NEW STAMP DESIGN

By Alexander



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### Fluff, Cuff, and Stuff

WHEN IT COMES to cutting the national administration's king-size budget, it seems to be a sort of "let's you and him fight" situation.

Practically everybody agrees that it can and should be reduced, but any time the axe is poised over a specific item, the squawks are loud and long: "Oh, no, not here! Cut it over there!" Everybody's pet project is vital. Brings to mind a story about another paramount subject, particularly in this state, that of raising teachers' salaries.

A reporter was attempting to glean some grass roots sentiment for an article, and asked a native of a rural community how the local citizenry felt about it, with especial reference to the possibility of a resulting increase in taxes.

"Well," he replied, "it seems just about everybody is in sympathy with it, but hardly anybody is in favor of it."

WHAT PRICE RESPECT?—The sponsor of a bill in the state legislature to increase the legal speed limit on some roads to 60 m.p.h. said the primary purpose of his bill is to instill "respect for the law" by bringing the legalities of driving up to the practice.

Which is the same kind of obedience the old

man got from his mule. "In order to keep up the appearance of being the driver," he said, "I try to anticipate where he is going, and follow as closely as possible."

GRAVE HUMOR—Not even a tombstone is sacred, nor a departed brother immune, to the dry humor of a New Englander. The following epitaph (courtesy of Mrs. Pearl Bingham) was found, according to a magazine, in a cemetery at Medway, Mass., where they have the same brand of unpredictable spring weather that we in these parts know so well:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Uncle Peter Dan's,  
Who too early in the month of May  
Took off his winter flannels."

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD—A bear hunter was recently quoted in a newspaper as saying, "A bear dog is just as good on his first hunt as he'll ever be."

It figures. Otherwise, he likely won't be around for the second.

HEADLINE: "Trillion Dollar Economy Seen by 1977." (This is economy?)

WISH I'D SAID THAT, SO I WILL—It's hard to believe this country was founded to avoid taxation.

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

April 22, 1897.

Mr. J. M. Moretz, our hustling merchant, is off on a business trip to Hickory and other points this week.

Our enterprising merchant, Mr. M. B. Blackburn, has just returned from Baltimore, Md., where he has been purchasing his spring and summer stock of goods.

W. L. Bryan is attending Federal court in Statesville this week. Calvin J. Cottrell and John Brown, the jurors from this county, are also in attendance.

The turnpike needs work and all the roads we have passed over are in a very bad condition.

There has been more whiskey on hand for a few days than was needed.

Mr. George Gragg of Boone and Miss Addie Brown of Rutherford, were married on Wednesday of last week. Here is good luck to the young couple and a hearty wish that their lives may be happy and a blessing to those around them.

Dr. J. K. Moose of Lenoir, will be in Boone court week to practice dentistry. He is a regular graduate in dentistry, and has license from the State Board of Dental Examiners. Refer to any citizen of Lenoir.

Prof. Francum's school at Foscoe came to a close last Saturday and we have heard from good men that the closing exercises were the best ever seen in the county. The Professor talks of abandoning school teaching now and entering a new field of labor.

Yesterday morning at 11:15 the Southern Railway's northbound vestibule No. 36 collided with the southbound mail train no. 11 at the northern entrance to the siding at Harrisburg, 13 miles north of Charlotte. Three were killed and a number injured. . . . Three postal cars, two express cars and two baggage cars were smashed, some of them being completely splintered, and both engines were knocked into scrap iron. . . .

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

April 25, 1918.

The railroad grade is practically completed to the depot site in the village.

Our townsman, Hon. F. A. Linney, has again been chosen by the Republicans of this district as

a candidate for Congress and he has agreed to make the race.

Mr. L. A. Greene, chairman of the board of commissioners, returned last week from Kentucky, where he had been on a tour looking to the purchase of some real estate. . . . He invested \$15,000 in Kentucky soil.

Mr. James McGhee, who has been holding an office position with the N & W Railway at Crews, Va., since October, has returned, and will soon begin work on the new dormitory at A. T. S., he and his brother having the contract.

Privates Stewart Barnes, Walter Winebarger and Stuart Brown, all of Battery E, Field Artillery, at Camp Sevier, were visitors at their homes in Watauga last week.

On Friday afternoon the sophomores at A. T. S. went on a picnic on the railroad grade toward Hodges Gap. Caught in a shower as they were returning, and taking refuge at a brick kiln, they effected a class organization.

The young ladies of the dormitory have added a number of fine pictures to those in their parlors. This spirit is to be highly commended.

### Fifteen Years Ago

April 23, 1942.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Brewer of Boone in the Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem, last Sunday, a daughter, who has been named Olivia Linney Brewer.

Mr. Paul Lavietes, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Lavietes of Boone, has passed all tests as a flier in the naval reserve, and is now stationed at the Atlanta air base.

Miss Kathleen Carter, student nurse in Long's hospital, Statesville, spent the week end visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carter.

Mr. Coker Triplett, major league baseball player with the St. Louis Cardinals, visited with his family a few days ago, en route from the winter training grounds of the eards in Florida to St. Louis.

R. Ibi Robert Jacobs of Asheville, will arrive this evening to spend the night as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Lavietes.

Private J. W. Beach, who is stationed at Augusta, Ga., spent last week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Beach.

Mr. R. M. Greene, who is doing an excellent job in the upkeep of the town cemetery grounds, states that he is in need of some help in straightening some of the heavy monuments. . . .

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### WHICH IS FIRST . . . FIGHTIN' CHICK OR FEUDIN' EGG?

Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, folks have groomed their fightin' roosters, to do battle with the other cocks of the neighborhood, and as a child we'd banged dyed eggs together at Easter time, the winner take the busted one. . . . Not until Sunday, however, did we know that this egg fightin' business has grown up to a major event at Peter's Hollow, Tenn. . . . We are indebted to the United Press for diggin' out the story of how the folks have knocked their hardest eggs together for a hundred years, at Easter time, and how they breed the chickens for the durability of their eggs, rather than for the toughness of the chicks which come from the eggs at hatching time.

Howard Peters, of Unaka, came up the day before Easter with 20 dozens of his best fightin' eggs, all boiled in his own secret formula, and 200 people gathered Sunday after church, to hear the peck-peck-peck of close combat.

The players pair off, each holding a gaily-colored egg. . . . The opponents tap their eggs together until one of the shells cracks. . . . The winners, young and old, take on all comers, until a champion cracker stands alone.

Last year's champ, 61-year-old Raymond Lowe, says he fit with six dozen regular eggs and a half dozen special ones from his three "hard-laying hens." . . . Most folks use the regular "store boughten" eggs, but Howard Peters said he "went plumb to the other end of the county to find my fightin' eggs."

To get the best, toughest sort of feudin' egg some gather them from areas where the water is rich in limestone. Some feed their chickens big doses of oyster shells or boil the eggs for a long time in salt water. . . . All the crackin' eggs are dyed, most of them with home-made concoctions. . . . onion hulls and the like, and we'd hate to think that Peter's Hollow didn't use some calico scraps to "offset" the color onto some of the eggs.

Anyway, egg fightin' is big business in Peter's Hollow, and most anyone would admit the practice is a good deal more wholesome than gathering round and laying wagers, while a couple of game roosters cut themselves to death with steel gaffs fastened onto their normal spurs.

Coming from an old line of Easter egg busters, maybe we can appreciate more the goings on 'mongst the Peterses and the Lowes and the other hill people over in Tennessee. . . . We used to gather before Sunday School at the old Methodist Church and the eggs would all be busted before the first bell rang. . . . Usually if a kid managed to get himself a right good fightin' egg which seemed to be able to stand out against all comers, there would be the lad who'd come through with a painted wooden egg, or one of those permanent type nest eggs, and provide eatin' eggs for all. . . . Such a thing would likely be good for starting a feud, however, where grown folks are deadly serious about their egg bustin'.

### BERIBBONED TRESSES . . . LESS IN VOGUE

In the brightness of the clothes worn in the Easter parade, the color found in the egg rolling, and the laughter of the children, one thing is missing which used to brighten the scene. . . . All the little girls and big girls used to wear hair ribbons, some narrow, some wide, and the proper care of the tresses and the tying of the right sort of bow added to mom's problems, when the kids were being readied for meeting. . . . Mr. Blackburn, at his big general store, had a case containing bushels of bolts of ribbon, in scarlet and carmine, in yellow and gold, in purple and in pink and in white. . . . Supplying the hair bows in those days was big business.

### MAYBE NOT GLAD . . . JUST WINDING

We've spoken of the passing of the old weight clocks, and the watches one wound with a key. . . . The stem-winders were supposed to be the last word, but gave way to the handier and more efficient wrist watches. . . . Now comes the self-winder, which keeps its tension from the normal movement of the hand or wrist. . . . "The heck of it is," says our friend, "now, when a man shakes hands with me, I don't know whether he's glad to see me, or just giving his watch a winding."

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

New Yorkers are busy people but they are reluctant to part with their historic landmarks. This was brought vividly home to me on visiting again the tip of Manhattan which points outward toward the ocean and faces the Jersey shore. Here is the rounded remains of the old aquarium where fish once vied with humans in curious mutual stares and which before that was the famous Castle Garden. This grand auditorium was the Madison Square Garden of its day and its high spot was the result of a famous circus man's genius.

Some hundred years ago, Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale" was in her prime in Europe. She had the "voice and looks of an angel" and Phineas T. Barnum, America's first high-pressure salesman and publicity agent extraordinaire, conceived the idea of bringing her to this country. Europeans laughed. They thought that folks in our nation could not appreciate good music. But Barnum persisted. He had been billed long enough, he thought, as "Professor of the Art of Humpug." He must do something dignified. So he simply offered Jenny Lind a thousand dollars a concert for 150 performances here. She signed the contract.

According to the records, her arrival on a Sunday morning at the wharf was a "high mark in welcomes to the city." 30,000 people turned out to greet the winsome singer. Of course Barnum had

The concert was scheduled for 8 p. m. but the audience began to gather by 5. The stage was a great bower of blossoms, with a huge arch across having the words, (Continued on page seven)