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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, JUNE 29, 1961

IRC To Expand

Good news comes with the announcement that the International Resistance Company will build a ten thousand square foot addition to its manufacturing plant in Boone.

Work is expected to start right away, and contractors are of the opinion that the project can be completed in about three months.

This expansion amounts to a nearly 30 per cent boost to the IRC facility in this city, with resultant advantage as to the employment potential of the plant.

Incidentally this increases IRC's overall plant facilities in the United States to nearly five hundred thousand square feet, of which about 100,000 square feet have been added in the past eighteen months.

The Boone division produces power wire wound resistors, fuse resistors, selenium rectifiers and diodes, high frequency and high voltage resistors, volt-

meter multipliers, resistance strips and discs and printed circuit resistors.

We are delighted to know that IRC has found in Boone a favorable situation in which to operate one of its manufacturing plants and that its growth has already justified such a large expansion program. This would indicate that IRC has found here good neighbors, an adequate amount of quality labor, and good treatment at the hands of local people and government. It is a happy situation that claims made for the community when the plant was being secured have been justified.

We congratulate IRC on the success of their Boone division, and are glad that it has been possible for them to conduct a growing manufactory here. The IRC payroll has contributed greatly to the health of the economy of the city and county, and we shall hope for their continued growth.

Horn Blows Saturday

Horn in the West, Boone's outdoor drama, which has survived all the ups and downs which most of such ventures have experienced, will open again Saturday night for what its sponsors believe may well be its crowning year.

The play has been reworked, portions of the script re-written and there is unquestioned improvement. Also the musical score has been improved upon, it is said, and the whole tempo of the production has been quickened and sharpened.

For the opening night a group of newspapermen are to be the guests of the Horn, both at dinner and at the theatre, and it might be a good notion to annually set aside the opening night as "press night," when some special recognition could be given to the members of the fourth estate from this and other areas.

Incidentally, the Democrat takes occasion to offer a word of welcome to the visiting members of the press, and feel

sure they will enjoy the cordiality with which they will be greeted both at the banquet and at the Horn.

Horn in the West, it is now believed, has weathered its greatest financial storms. Last year those who had signed the three hundred dollars notes guaranteeing its performance, didn't have to pay a cent and the notes were returned to them. Of course the drama is the recipient of a State grant, which enabled it to go forward without local assistance, due to improved attendance, perhaps better business practices and an improved production.

Indications are that better business will be accorded the drama again this year. It has become an important part of summertime in the Boone, Blowing Rock and Linville scenic triangle, has kindled interest in the history of the region, and again shows how Boone people work as a unit in promoting and sustaining worthwhile public causes.

For A Safe Fourth

The National Safety Council opened a double-barrelled Fourth of July safety campaign aimed at traffic accidents and drownings.

"Everyone deserves a safe, happy Fourth of July holiday," said Howard Pyle, NSC president. "It is up to all of us to help make this possible by eliminating accidents on the highways and waterways of our nation."

"Though traffic accidents are still the nation's prime killer, they were out-numbered in some states by drownings over the last Fourth of July holiday."

Last year's Fourth of July holiday traffic toll was 440 lives. Drownings and boating mishaps claimed 160 lives. Other accidents, including fireworks, fire-arms, heat exhaustion and falls killed more than 100 persons.

"The Fourth of July is almost always celebrated outdoors," Pyle said. "This means travel, swimming and sporting

events, coupled with their inherent hazards. To get the most out of all these activities we must remember safety—safe driving and safe play means going by the rules for the protection of yourself, your family and others."

Pyle stressed two points:

1. Everyone learn to swim. It's the best possible insurance against drowning.

2. Install and use automobile seat belts for all driving, near home and on trips.

"Seat belts will reduce injury and help save lives in case of accidents," said Pyle.

"But the need for accident prevention—before the fact—cannot be stressed too strongly," he said.

"On this 185th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, let us all strive to free ourselves from the tyranny of accidents."

Dr. Fred M. Dula

(Lenoir News-Topic)

all matters.

Lenoir and this entire area has been shocked and saddened by the sudden passing of Dr. Fred Mast Dula. This native son of Caldwell was one of Lenoir's most active citizens and also most widely known.

In addition to the outstanding record which he had made in his profession, he had contributed most commendable service to his city through several terms on the Lenoir City Council. He was most conscientious when it came to tackling problems affecting the people of the city and when he became interested in various projects he worked on them with tenacity and left no stone unturned to carry them to completion. He was a very frank man and left no one in doubt as to where he stood on any and

Dr. Dula had little time for hobbies but enjoyed politticking and golf. He had been a member of the Lenoir Rotary Club and the Masons, and other organizations through the years.

Lenoir has been fortunate to have had such community leadership in a man whose dedication and love for this city and area has never been questioned. It is a pity that Lenoir and this area has lost a man of Dr. Dula's force and qualities at a time when it could have been expected he would serve for many more years. He will be greatly missed by his family, a host of friends from far and near and a wide circle of acquaintances in this and other communities.

The House That Jack Built



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

June 27, 1901

The splendid sale which I am having on ladies' and misses' trimmed hats is proof of their popularity. H. C. Miller, Todd, N. C.

The hardest rain of the season fell in this vicinity on last Saturday, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. It was simply a most terrific thunder storm that lasted nearly twelve hours with hardly a cessation. Bridges, fences, etc., in town, that withstood the recent high water, were swept away and gardens, etc., were badly damaged. The storm, however, seemed to be local, as the river only three miles from town, was not much past flooding.

Prof. Dougherty is adding much to the appearance of his home by erecting neat palings around it, and doing much other work on the premises.

We are asked to announce that there will be a picnic at the 'double rocks' on the turnpike, three miles from town on next Saturday. The people generally are invited to attend, taking baskets of dinner with them. A nice time is expected.

Mr. W. V. Calaway is now prepared to furnish you any kind of lumber you want, either dressed or rough. Call on him, at Shulls Mills, N. C.

Miss Mary Cole Boyden has returned from Greensboro, where she attended the State Normal last session.

A carload of corn is at Newland and Watson's that will be sold in limited quantities at 80 cents per bushel.

Mr. O. L. Coffey has been quite sick with flu but is better now.

Items from Shulls Mills
Meadows are looking fine; small grain is good, and there is about a half crop of apples in this neighborhood.

Mr. J. A. Woodie has about two hundred head of sheep on his land.

Mr. Lee Coffey, son of S. W. Coffey, was thrown from a horse and was badly but not seriously hurt.

Advertisement
"You never can tell what a woman will do next."

"I can." "Well, what?" "Talk." "That's it—a woman will talk and tell her friends of the wonderful cures made by Johnston's Sarsaparilla. We must thank the thousands of noble women in this country for making Johnston's Sarsaparilla (quart bottles) famous."

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 29, 1922

Captain and Mrs. B. L. Smith of Forest City, are visitors with Mrs. Smith's sister, Mrs. J. D. Rankin. Captain Smith is an instructor in the Summer School.

Rev. Mr. Cotton, of the Anti-Saloon League, will preach at the courthouse next Sunday at 11 a. m. It is hoped that all the citizens of the community will be out to hear Mr. Cotton. He will also speak at the Baptist church at Blowing Rock Sunday night at 8 o'clock.

We regret very much to hear of the death of the Rev. John J. L. Church, which occurred at his home at Tamarack a few days since. This old patriarch will be sadly missed, as he has been a familiar figure in Watauga county for many years. May his be a

peaceful rest.

Blowing Rock was filled to overflowing last week end with tourists.

The remainder of the needed material for the completion of the new Methodist Church in Boone is being delivered on the grounds as rapidly as possible, and it is the hope of the committee that active work on the building will begin within the next few days, but as it is getting so late in the season, they will be content if they can get the massive structure enclosed and the auditorium completed by winter.

The hay crop in Watauga is now, much of it, ready for the scythe or sickle, and the crop is heavy. However, the showery weather is much against harvesting it.

Mr. J. M. Moretz has just finished setting an acre and a half to celery on the lands of Mr. R. M. Greene. He took great pains in preparing the ground, and, as Watauga's climate and soil are ideal for the growth of celery, we expect his to make good in his efforts to raise it for the markets.

Mr. Alvis Hadley and Miss Lucy Vannoy, both of North Wilkesboro, were happily united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage last Thursday evening, Rev. F. M. Huggins officiating.

Governor Morrison ordered a special term of court in Wake county to begin July 3 for the trial of R. G. Allen, J. H. Hightower, and H. H. Massey, officers of the defunct Central Bank and Trust Company on charges of embezzlement. Judge W. A. Devin has been designated to hold the court.

Fifteen Years Ago

June 27, 1946

John F. Kennedy, 29, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, former U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, and hero of naval fighting in the Pacific, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination to Congress from the 11th district,

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Since this happened in a small Piedmont town and the principals might be identified, we'll repeat it without names. But this little town has a "character"—a confirmed and imprudent loafer, with little learning but lots of wit.

He was leaning against the filling station while the tourist was getting his gas tank filled. The tourist, a real sharp traveler, was making sarcastic cracks about the village—how many theatres did it have? And where was the nearest bar? and so on.

"How many millionaires do you have in this town?" he asked.

"Oh, there's lots of us," said the local yokel calmly.

Beginning in 1840, every president elected in a year divisible by 20 died in office.

(Harrison, 1840; Lincoln, 1860; Garfield, 1880; McKinley, 1900; Harding, 1920; FDR, 1940.)

The superstitious have already decided that the man elected vice-president in 1960 will be the more important man on the ticket.

Law enforcement note:
When a stranger came into the

Boston; Mayor James M. Curley gives up his seat at end of his year.

Mrs. J. D. Owen who has been spending some time in Salisbury, Spencer, and Winston-Salem, has returned to the home of a daughter, Mrs. Louis H. Smith and Mr. Smith.

Mr. Frank F. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, after serving over three years in the U. S. Navy, first in the Armed Guard and later as executive officer on the LST 900, in the Pacific, is now located in Auburn, Alabama, and connected with the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, in the School of Forestry.

In a wedding of charm and beauty Sunday afternoon, June 16, at the Methodist Church in Valle Crucis, Miss Mary Hazel Farthing became the bride of Howard W. Mast Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Miller left Wednesday for Lancaster, Pa., where they formerly lived, and will spend a few days with friends there.

Dr. Len D. Hagaman, who practiced medicine in Boone, prior to his admission into the Navy, will return to this city July 1, and re-establish his medical office in the Boone Drug Co. building, it was learned Monday.

Planes are landed by radar in test at AAF all-weather field.

Sheriff Oscar H. Haynes, of Webster Parish, Shreveport, La., father of Mrs. Jack Hodges of Boone, is in a hospital in that city as a result of having been shot by escaped convict, George A. McGee, as the sheriff tried to secure his arrest. McGee was killed by the officers at the home of a sister, Mrs. Virgil Jones, after a gun battle in which tear gas bombs were also used. Sheriff Haynes was shot in the left side with a .22 calibre rifle, and information reaching Boone is that his condition is improved. Mrs. Hodges is with her father.

Watauga settlements of North Carolina before the state of Tennessee was formed, he was asked to account for his being there. If his explanation was not satisfactory, he was required to give bond for good behavior, or to leave.

We asked of D. M. Calhoun if he knew of any schools where the "crop holiday" system was still used, and he said he didn't. Mr. Calhoun, superintendent of Bladen's schools, said parents nowadays were too concerned about their children getting the maximum benefit from their school and were unwilling to interrupt their studies.

Until recent years, some rural schools would "take in" during July or August for several weeks of classroom work. Then when farm work became heavy and the children were needed at home, school would suspend until the work was done. These holidays varied according to the type crop to be handled. In tobacco sections, it might be in September; in a cotton county, it might be during cotton-picking time in November.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

An Anniversary . . . Years Of Happiness

This edition of the Democrat rounds out seventy-three years of continuous publication, seventy-two of which have been in our family, and occasionally when these anniversaries come around, we look over our shoulder at as many of these years as we can remember, and at such times we can recall few unpleasanties—the lane back is lined with happy memories of doing the things we wanted to do all along, and of sunny days with loyal friends and congenial acquaintances.

Many of those who patronize Boone's oldest business establishment perhaps don't know that the newspaper was founded by J. F. Spainhour, later of Morganton, July 4, 1888, and that exactly one year later Bob Rivers, Sr., quit his carpentering over at Linville, and became publisher, with no experience, and little to go on except the certain knowledge that if hard work at the type cases and farming in spare time would do the trick, Boone would have a newspaper, even if it was a small single sheet. . . . D. B. Dougherty, father of the noted Dougherty Brothers, served as editor in those days of fist and skull journalism, when newspapering was completely personal and if the best advertiser quit, the good earth in back always brought forth the food for the family.

In those days when a neighborhood lad sometimes learned to set type and worked a few weeks, but which were generally without payroll at all, when if there had been an income tax it would have clean missed our dad, and when the nearest the Federal government ever got to the people was through a revenueur or a deputy marshal or the village postmaster, there were no complicated machines to get out of kilter, no tax forms, no payroll reports, no labor laws and it was a matter of one standing on his own two feet and banging out a living, without fear or favor. . . . The Democrat was twenty years old when the first automobile chugged up the street, was nigh thirty when the oil lamps gave way to the incandescents and forty before the publisher's sittin' room echoed with his first cracking erratic radio. . . . Five hundred pounds of newspaper would last our dad about three months, a twenty-five pound bucket of ink would likely have to be re-filled every few years, and Mrs. Etta Horton could sew a new tympan cloth on the frisket of the old Washington hand press when the occasion came up. . . . There was no typewriter and dad transferred the news items and editorial material direct into type. . . . Court week, the Confederate reunion and the county singing fetched in the most folks, while a Sunday afternoon baptizing in Winkler Creek near the J. W. Farthing home lined the banks of the cool, clear stream. . . . The buggies and the hacks and even the bicycles brought summer visitors to Blowing Rock, and oftentimes the publisher was called from his corn crop or his hayfield to meet some dignitary from afar.

They were good days. Money was scarce but the households along the street relied on their gardens, their milk cows, and their swine for a living, and the general store wasn't relied upon solely for our food. . . . The local and county folks read the paper, visited the old newspaper office where they got some additional State and national news from our pop, one of the very few people in town who had daily newspapers. . . . The Charlotte Observer, Raleigh News & Observer and the Atlanta Constitution arrived a few days late and were avidly read by the yellowish flame of the oil lamp on our center table. . . . The Democrat had no desk when we can first remember, and our dad carried his "saving letters" in his hip pockets and receipts and the like in his vest.

And when times changed, we are grateful to say, one thing remained unchanged—that is, the willingness of the people to support the Democrat, which they have done through thick and thin, through days of tragic sorrow, and through times of contentment. . . . And as our family rounds out six dozen years of newspapering in the community, and as we pause for a brief look backward, we thank you, your fathers and your grandfathers and all, for your help and most of all for your friendship and many evidences of good will. . . . That's what's made the long road back such a happy place to travel.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

I aim to come through Independence Day this year without a scratch. My plans call for setting in a rocking chair on the front porch and rocking with the grain. I might get a mosquito bite or two but that'll be pritty good compared to all the broken bones I'll be reading about in the papers.

Back when I was a boy it wasn't so dangerous to venture out of the house on July 4. We had a old mule named Jerry and he had a heap of faults but he never turned the buggy over on account of rounding a curve at 90 mile a hour. And they wasn't no 7-cent road tax on his oats. Pa would hitch up the wagon and we'd all go to town on Independence Day. First off, we'd go in some store that was open and get a nickel's worth of cheese, a ten-cent can of sardines and a box of crackers and then we'd all eat like a hog. Nowadays if a family wants to come to town and eat like a hog, they'd have to sell a hog to get the money.

I was reading a piece in the papers about a feller named Elwood Haynes and his contribution to Independence Day. On July 4, 1894, at Kokomo, Indiana, ole Elwood cranked a one-horse-power, two-cycle engine on a rubber-tired buggy and took off at 7 mile a hour.

When Elwood twisted the crank

that Independence Day, he started somepun. The piece said a stone marks the place where America's first gasoline automobile sputtered off down the road. And I reckon, Mister Editor, they is a million stones today in this country erected in memory of folks who has died by that device in the pursuit of happiness on Independence Day.

Of course, I ain't hankering to go back to them days of crackers and sardines and ole Jerry. But sometimes I do git right homesick to pick up a newspaper and read where the big argument of the day is somepun gentle like gitting off the gold standard. Back in them days the papers was full of discussions about things. Now everything is a argument. In a discussion folks exchange ideas but in a argument they just swap ignorance. You could have a real discussion around a store counter eating crackers and sardines. Around these new-fangled eating places today, about all you git is a argument.

Talking about arguments, I see where two writers is having a argument on how many wimmen a man can love at the same time. I don't know nothing about wimmen, but I know men, and I'd say that if a feller has a hankering fer wimmen he can love as many, as time, opportunity, and wimmen permits.