

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

ESTABLISHED IN 1888

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY, INC.

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An Independent Weekly Newspaper

Published for 45 Years by Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES (EFFECTIVE FEBRUARY 1, 1963)

IN NORTH CAROLINA		OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA	
One Year	\$3.00	One Year	\$4.00
Six Months	\$1.80	Six Months	\$2.50
Four Months	\$1.30	Four Months	\$2.00

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—In requesting change of address, it is important to mention the OLD, as well as the NEW address.

Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION  
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1963

## Enrollment Continues Climb

Prediction of a record enrollment for the Spring term at Appalachian State Teachers College by Registrar Herman Eggers again pinpoints the important place the college holds in the community.

Enrollment is expected to reach 3,160, including 2,484 who attended the just completed winter term, 25 new students, 250 in Saturday classes and 300 in the growing extension classes.

While Registrar Eggers points out "the final tabulation will vary one way or the other," the veteran administrator's figures can be counted on to be pretty nearly correct.

The impact of the students on the community—in business, social, church life and other activities—

was brought home again this week as they made a short exodus from the school between terms. We miss them.

More appropriations, to meet the growing classes, will be needed, and Dr. Plemmons and his able staff of administrators have continually warned of these growing needs. Their studies have shown—and these studies have been verified with each new registration—that Appalachian will continue to expand.

For many years now, new buildings, better facilities, and added faculty have been furnished. College officials have said that much more needs to be done, and must be done if the institution is to continue growing.

## Safety Belts

Not every seat belt is a safety belt.

The gain in auto seat belts in the past few years has been so phenomenal that there is no doubt whatever that they are here to stay.

There is an abundance of scientific evidence that a reliable seat belt, installed properly, and used constantly can save lives and reduce injuries in an accident.

However, be on your guard: make certain the seat belts you buy are reliable. In this booming market some products are being rushed into production which differ widely in quality as well as price. The price tag alone is far from the best assurance.

The Robert W. Hunt Company, an independent testing laboratory which tests seat belts for the American Seat Belt Council, has found many belts on the market do not meet the minimum standards set by the Society of Automobile Engineers.

Some belts have failed webbing strength tests; some buckles latch falsely or fly apart under stress; sometimes meeting standards, sometimes not.

Despite the efforts of many states to require seat belt manufacturers

to submit proof that their belts meet standards, there continues to be evidence of poor quality control in the manufacture of some seat belts.

To assist the car owner in determining which belt will give his family the best protection in case of accident, the American Seat Belt Council offers this advice:

(1) Don't look for a bargain. A seat belt should be purchased as an insurance policy—seek the best protection within your means. The few dollars saved may mean nothing in an emergency.

(2) If you don't know seat belts, buy from somebody who does. Pick your supplier carefully. Automobile manufacturers, reputable mail order houses, major oil companies and similar organizations with reputations to consider investigate carefully in choosing their source.

(3) Insist that the entire belt meet S.A.E. specifications—not just the webbing or the buckle. Your best assurance is the ASBC seal of approval which now appears on two out of every three belts sold. This certifies the belt meets S.A.E. standards on a continuous inspection basis.

(4) Double-check your installation. The best belt improperly installed is not a safe belt. Be certain the mechanic has followed the manufacturer's instructions. Remember, it's your life at stake—not the mechanic's.

## Demand For Skilled Workers

By 1965, demand for highly trained workers will be so great that for every five professional and technical persons there will be seven jobs, according to Changing Times. But for the unskilled and for those whose training has gone out of use there will be only three jobs for every five such workers.

An article in a recent issue of the magazine reports that persons under 18 or over 45 with no special skills will have a difficult time. "The best guarantee of a safe future is to upgrade yourself or, if you already possess a marketable skill, to be sure to keep in current," the magazine advises.

Ways to get in these programs, suggested by the magazine, include:

The Manpower Development and Training Act, enacted in 1962 and designed to pinpoint types of skills that are badly needed, state by state, and then train people to meet the needs.

The Area Redevelopment Act, which set up a program in 1961 to cope with chronic unemployment in depressed areas.

The National Defense Education Act, enacted in 1958 to provide federal and state funds for a wide variety of day and evening courses for students and working adults who want to become highly skilled technicians.

Information on all three programs is available from state employment offices.

## Seasonal Note

(Christian Science Monitor)

It is a wondrous thing:

In a world where millions speculate when, where, if, some nuclear cataclysm will bring all civilization toppling down, there nevertheless is something about a five-year-old on a pair of ice skates: It will make a man stop his car where the road edges the pond to see whether the youngster can keep standing up until she has reached her parent's arms again.

He hopes she can. Not because any great harm will have been done to anyone if she does not, but because he wants to see her gleeful smile of triumph, and hear her shout

of laughter. Indeed to experience these things he will risk sharing her disappointment, her tiny sense of tragedy, if she falls.

He knows he must partake of them, if they touch her, and he would rather not. He has his own share of the world's cares. And of course, it may be that he hopes her success will lighten his own sense of things somewhat.

But he does not really ask himself why he stops beside the pond, or why he watches her wavering pathway. And if you asked him why, he would wonder why you didn't know.

## Sticky Business



## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

February 26, 1903

E. B. Miller of Moretz was in town yesterday. He is quite uneasy about his son in the Philippines, as he has not been heard from in several months.

Since the blizzard last week, we have had some lovely days. The days are bright and warm and the nights are cool and frosty.

J. P. Councill of Vilas is having a sale of personal property today and will move to Hickory in the near future.

Aunt Sallie Hodges of Poplar Grove spent the first days of this week with relatives in Boone.

Mr. Alex Tugman of Meat Camp was married last week to a Miss Miller of Ashe County.

At this writing, Wednesday morning, we are sorry to state Mr. John Councill, of Blowing Rock, is considered in a dying condition and all hopes of his recovery are abandoned. He is rapidly sinking and it is thought that consumption, that dread disease, will have gotten in its work within the next few days.

Messrs. Joe Prensell, Lee Hodges and others on Brushy Fork leave for Washington this week, and a number of others from different parts of the

country will turn their faces to the West early next week. Mr. W. H. Penley and family being among the number.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Geo. W. Bower, that occurred at his home in Jefferson the 17th. Mr. Bower was a lawyer of some prominence and well known to a majority of our people. He had been in failing health for several years.

Commissioners' Court on next Monday, and we take it that we will have a lot more road talk before the Board. More roads and less talk is the idea.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

February 28, 1924

Owing to the heavy snow that is now blocking the highway the mail from Trade, Tenn., and the Winston-Salem Jitney, both failed to arrive yesterday. The men in charge of the highway were removing the snow rapidly yesterday, but the mails were due before they had time to act.

Mr. A. L. Holshouser died Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. He had been in poor health for some time but not considered serious by his family. Death came as a sudden shock to his dear ones. Funeral services were held Monday morning at the German Reform

Church. Mr. Holshouser was 76 years old. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. Metta Greene.

Married on last Saturday, Miss Grace Winkler to Mr. Jeff Hollars. Squire Greene tied the knot that made the happy couple one. Here is wishing the popular young bride and groom much happiness and a long and useful life.

W. Oliver Robertson of Johnson City, Tenn., and Miss Wilma Critcher, the attractive daughter of Sheriff Critcher, were happily united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage in Boone Monday, Feb. 25.

We are sorry to learn that ex-sheriff E. R. Eggers of Beaver Dam continues very ill, his main trouble being his kidneys. He is under the care of Dr. Jones of Boone.

Well, it snowed. The farmers and others have been longing for a big snow, and Tuesday night they got it. It fell practically all day Tuesday but much of it melted as it fell. A night, however, it began to stick and yesterday morning the earth was covered to a depth of 12 inches, actual measurement.

The Citizens Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Company is the style of the new firm of Mr. F. P. Jennings and T. J. Whitehead. The company has offices in the Watauga Bank Building.

### Fifteen Years Ago

February 26, 1948

Mr. Paul Nave of Franklin, who has established residence in this city, is the field manager for the Coble Dairies in this area, and not the Sugar Grove plant manager, as was erroneously stated in this column last week. Mr. Emory Mitchell is the plant manager at Sugar Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Rowe returned to their home at Valle Crucis last week after spending several months with their sons, Henry and Howard Rowe, in San Diego, Calif. Mr. Rowe also visited a brother, Fred, in Couer de Alene, Idaho, whom he had not seen for 37 years.

Mrs. James McKeown and daughters, Carol and Linda, are at New Smyrna, Fla., where they will spend several weeks. They were accompanied there by Rev. M. McKeown and Rev. Sam Moss.

Mrs. Callie Shore of Boone is recovering from an operation performed a few days ago at the Caldwell Hospital, Lenoir. She is expected to return home during the present week.

Mrs. Dock Hodges of Adams is recovering from a broken arm sustained in a fall at her home some time ago.

Mr. Paul A. Coffey, who was taken to the Watauga Hospital last Thursday for treatment, remains ill but his condition today is described as improved.

Miss Marianna Ragan became the bride of Mr. Bill Max Gragg in a ceremony performed by Rev. Tipton Greene at his home in Boone last Saturday. Mrs. Gragg is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Ragan, while Mr. Gragg is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Gragg.

Mrs. J. W. Coffey has returned home from Wilkes Hospital, North Wilkesboro, where she underwent an operation recently. Mrs. Coffey is getting along nicely.

# KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

## Voice With A Smile . . . It's Silenced

Mrs. Jessie McGuire filled an important niche in the life of this community and the service she rendered as manager of the local telephone exchange in the days before numbers were used by the patrons, was often of vital concern to the Watauga Democrat. . . . When one called "central" and asked for John Jones, Jim Smith or the General Store down the street, Mrs. McGuire was depended upon to take care of untold business for him in case of emergencies. . . . For instance, when a physician was needed in a hurry, we have asked Mrs. McGuire to send our family doctor, and if he wasn't in, get someone. . . . In one life and death case, three physicians showed up, quickly, but the spark of life had grown too dim to be fanned again. . . . On another occasion she made hospital reservations in another town for a proud parent's first baby, when sickness messed up his arrangements, and got word to the paper boy that the family would be away for a few days.

\* \* \*

## Helpfulness . . . Unlimited

Mrs. McGuire would gladly tell us the time of day, or night, let us know whose house was burning, tell us where the great pale horse had made his silent way and taken away a friend, and let us know when a chum was down with the miseries. . . . She'd take care of your telegram, send a message of condolence, get word to a fellow who had no phone to get to one and call us right away, and still had time to talk to us sincerely and tearfully when there was trouble about our house.

\* \* \*

## Changing Times . . . Changed Ways

The day came though, in the march of progress, when we had to call by numbers, which cramped our style. . . . and we joined in begging Southern Bell for the dial system, which fine as it is, took away the "voice with a smile" from the lines. . . . and we have missed Mrs. McGuire and her personal service when we wanted to visit with her a minute or send word to someone. . . . She kept a helping hand outstretched and contributed immeasurably to the welfare of the community. . . . We feel bereft since she died. . . . She had helped us no end and always showed an active interest in the Watauga Democrat and those of us who produce it.

## No Visiting

(From Winston-Salem Journal)

Local get-well wishers should practice what hospitals in some parts of the other states are preaching. That is: During the current flu epidemic, don't visit patients in hospitals unless it is absolutely necessary. Visitors milling around hospitals bring flu germs in—not only to the particular patients they are visiting but to nurses as well. Patients who are in the hospital for some other ailment shouldn't have their conditions complicated by a case of flu. Nor, with an epidemic going on, should hospital staffs be unnecessarily exposed to the germ.

## Seed Catalogs

By JOE MINOR

With spring still several weeks off, seed catalogs are beginning to make their appearance on the local scene. Used to be that nearly all seed were ordered from these colorful booklets sent out by various seed houses from over the nation. . . . Now farmers and gardeners are able to purchase most of their planting needs locally, and the seed books' popularity maybe has diminished somewhat. Still the catalogs are available, and magazines and newspapers carry advertisements offering to send readers one "as long as the supply lasts" just for filling in the coupon and mailing. . . . We remember when nearly all the catalogs carried their vegetable offerings first, then a few pages of flowers and shrub offerings. . . . Now, the order in many of the booklets is reversed, and the flowers and shrubs are placed first, and in beautiful and glowing colors. Instead of the bright red delicious looking pictures of tomatoes and cantaloupes, the readers are first treated to illustrations of out-of-this-world photographs of flowers, fruit trees and green lawns. We still get a few catalogs regularly each year, and intend to send off for others as the coupons appear in our reading. They still offer good reading and timely planting hints, and we enjoy looking at them.

## King Street Bulletin

Rob wants it explained that he failed to finish this week's column and other matters for which he is normally responsible. He says he is down with the miseries" (flu to you). This troubles him no end, but he says he is "gaining on it."

Jean L. Rivers.

## Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Zeke Grubb's preacher come by the country store Saturday night, told the fellers he has come up with a new idea that's liable to shake up the preaching profession all the way back to Moses.

He said he got this idea from listening to all them commercials on television. He allowed as how you don't sell nothing nowadays by talking about it, you just sing about it. He figgers if you can sell refrigerators, soap and automobiles with singing, he can sell religion the same way.

He said he could just see himself now, walking up in the pulpit humming a little interlude to his sermon. Then when he got everybody's attention, a couple guitars and a bongo drum would get the congregation in the proper groove. And just as soon as the congregation got to patting their feet real good, he'd start singing his sermon. He told the fellers he wasn't much of a singer but with this modern music it didn't make no difference, that most of it was just hollering set to music. And he reported he could holler real good.

He figgers his plan has got great promise for the preaching profession. He says folks ain't too interested in what a preacher has got to say if he tells 'em the truth, and if he tells 'em the truth they'll run him off. This singing approach would solve all that, he claims. He wouldn't have to be saying nothing one way or the other, like politicians, so he could keep on winning friends and influencing people.

And he told the fellers he has got a trick up his sleeve in case the members get to nodding. Ever few minutes he's going to have all the folks sing along with him. In fact, he says he's thinking about calling part of his sermons, "Sing Along With Parson" and give it to 'em with the down beat and all the trimmings.

And he reported that Rufe Zinder was on the rampage again Sunday. They was having the Men's Bible Class and Rufe ask to take the floor. The Parson said it was a mistake to give Rufe the floor, that from then on it was the Gospel according to Saint Rufe. It seems that Rufe was snorting about one of the schools has done away with a little praying afore each ball game. He said he couldn't say nothing on account of Rufe would claim he was acin prayer, but he told the fellers he was acin using prayer like perfume to sprinkle on everthing that come along. He claimed he had saw politicians open a rally with prayer and then go out and accuse their opponent of stealing sheep.

The good Parson left a little early, said the Finance Committee was raffling off a steer and they had ask him to open the raffle with prayer.

Yours truly,  
Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)