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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1963

## Singing On The Mountain

Sunday was a sort of red letter day for thousands of people from over the tri-state area, who packed up and came for the Singing on the Mountain.

Many come to this annual event on the lower slopes of the Grandfather a day or so ahead, pitch a tent, or sleep in improvised shelters in truck beds or on the ground, so as to have the proper vantage point when the sermonizing and the singing begin.

To venerable Joe Hartley go the honors for the establishment of the singing, which as we understand it started out almost forty years ago, as more of a Sunday School picnic. Formerly billed as the "Great Pentacostal Meeting" and Singing, the event has ballooned from a very small gathering to a nationally-known event which draws thousands to the shadows of the great peaks of the Grandfather where they sing and preach and fellowship to their hearts' content.

Mr. Hartley, one of the pioneer citizens of the Linville community, who loves the great soaring moun-

tain and the people who reside in the high hills, has lived in Linville for the most of his years, where he has done forestry work, raised fresh vegetables from his own gardens and been a potent force in the building of the Linville community and in the development of the area round about.

The founder of the singing on the mountain, despite the accumulation of his years, remains spry and takes a keen interest in the affairs of the country, and more specifically of the mountain area. Orthodox in his opinions about basic right and wrong, and intolerant of all sorts of wrong doing, he is progressive and forward-looking and was a great force in the promotion of the 105 highway from Boone to Linville, which has done so much for the region.

We shall hope Mr. Hartley will spend many more happy years in the vicinity of the Grandfather and will manage a lot more Singings to cheer his heart and bring joy to the assembled multitudes.

## The Big Day Draws Near

Saturday, when Watauga County does her bit in the celebration of the North Carolina Tercentenary, will be a big day for the area and more specifically for those who have labored so diligently in bringing to a successful culmination this historic event.

The event is being widely publicized, and with Herman W. Wilcox, the energetic chairman of the celebration, its success was assured from the first. Many others of course, on the various committees, gave tremendous support to Mr. Wilcox in his endeavors, and the organization thus formed has worked as a unit to bring about the historical observance.

The publicity value of the gathering is great, but more than that perhaps, is the re-kindling of the zeal for local historical material by

the people of the county. That is to say, that it is easier now to dig out some facts about the early days than it was before the celebration effort made our people history-minded.

It is a happy time the county will be having Saturday and we want to join in extending a welcome to the distinguished visitors: Dr. Crittendon, Dr. Frank Graham, Fred Kirby, Jeff Wilson, former Governor Luther H. Hodges, Mrs. Roscoe McMullan, Dr. I. G. Greer, Congressman James T. Broyhill, Her Majesty's minister Dennis A. Greenhill, and all the others from away who are taking part in the observance.

We are happy that you can be here to help us observe the tridentary and to share in the local historical aspects of the occasion.

## Privilege Brings Obligation

Any human privilege, be it free speech or the privilege of driving an automobile, carries certain inescapable responsibilities and moral commitments on the part of individuals who exercise that privilege.

Our "rights" are taken for granted much too often as something to be enjoyed and used to our own advantage. Whereas a right should properly be counted a privilege to be treasured and used and practiced.

Permission to drive an automobile is a privilege given to citizens with the expectation that they will comply with certain obligations and responsibilities.

This, naturally, includes obedience to all traffic laws and rules. Traffic regulations which have been

developed over the years on the basis of experience are made for public protection, hence they are not to be regarded lightly.

When the rules are ignored or minimized, tragedy too often follows.

An obituary, clipped from the paper, listed the death of a man, 36 years old, 15 years after a traffic mishap. He had spent the entire time in a hospital bed, completely paralyzed.

It's a harsh picture but it serves as a stark reminder that having respect for and obeying the traffic laws may make the difference between a similar fate and a normal, happy life.

## Tar Heel Employment Sets Records

(Lenoir News-Topic)

Nonagricultural employment set a May record in North Carolina, rising 18,800 above the job total of May, 1962.

State Labor Commissioner Frank Crane said the total of 1,263,000 people employed in non-farm jobs last month set new highs for the month of May in both manufacturing and non-manufacturing employment.

Factory employment totaling 521,600 last month was up 3,200 from the May, 1962 figure, Commissioner Crane said. Non-manufacturing

jobs, totaling 741,400 in May were 15,600 higher than a year ago.

Weekly earnings of the 521,600 Tar Heel factory workers advanced \$2.40 during May to an average of \$68.47, Crane said. Largely responsible for the increase in earnings was a 1.2-hour rise in the factory workweek to a May average of 41 hours. Hourly earnings registered a one-cent gain over April, bringing the May average up to \$1.67.

Total non-farm employment increased 3,000 from April to May.



## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

June 25, 1903.

The executive committee of the Training School held a meeting here on last Tuesday. The plans for the building and propositions for the work were discussed and we hope to publish the full result of the meeting next week.

A fine rain on Monday evening. The cherries are ripening, but the crop is rather light.

Friend Will Clarke and wife, of Statesville, are visiting relatives in the county this week.

John Critcher, of Bamboo is rapidly recovering from an attack of Typhoid fever under the treatment of Dr. Little.

The glorious Fourth approaches, and it promises to be a gala day in Boone. Be sure and come, and don't forget your basket for the picnic dinner.

Mr. L. N. Perkins and family, of Lenoir have moved back to their old home two miles east of Boone. We are all glad to welcome the estimable family back to our midst permanently.

We are sorry indeed to know that friend Pin Brown, of Bamboo, remains quite feeble, but hope he may yet improve. Consumption we are told, is preying upon him.

H. C. Miller of Todd, is opening up a nice stock of general merchandise at Blowing Rock this week. The business at Todd will be continued under the management of his brother, W. S. Miller.

Mr. W. A. Watson, of Lenoir, and Miss Minnie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Farthing, of New River, were married in Salisbury on last Wednesday. Mr. Watson is one of Lenoir's prominent merchants and will make his future home there.

The prospects for the Training School are good. The students of Watauga had a very

enthusiastic meeting last week and subscribed \$130 and pledged themselves to the support of the Executive committee.

On last Friday night the steam saw mill and all the machinery belonging to Jordan Henson on Beaver Dams, together with a lot of custom lumber on the yard, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$1,000 to \$1,500.

M. B. Blackburn, J. W. Farthing, J. F. Hardin, B. J. Council and J. C. Ray have been appointed a local advisory building committee for the Appalachian Training School. The first three constituted the committee for Watauga Academy, and did their work well.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 26, 1924.

Mr. W. R. Gragg spent the day Monday in Johnson City in the interest of his business here.

Mr. Vance Palmer of Beech Creek was in town for two days this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Scott of Mt. Airy, N. C. spent Monday and Tuesday in town.

Mr. Fred Shoun of Mt. City, Tenn. visited relatives and other friends the latter part of last week, returning Monday.

Mr. J. W. Brawley and wife of Greensboro were week end visitors at the home of Mrs. Brawley's brother, Attorney W. R. Lovell. Mrs. Lovell came up from Johnson City Sunday, returning Monday.

Rev. J. Morton Atkins, formerly pastor of the Episcopal churches in Watauga County, but for a number of years located at Warwick, N. Y. was a pleasant visitor among friends here yesterday afternoon. He is now located at Sewanee, Tenn.

The Dixie Theater Building will soon be ready for use, and work is being rushed on the walls for the remainder of the

handsome block of buildings in which it is located. The forms for the concrete foundation for the Daniel Boone Hotel are practically in, and work on these two projects will be pushed to the limit.

### Meat Camp News

Rev. I. A. Wilson preached at the Proffit Grove Church Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Clay Miller and mother Mrs. A. P. Eller went on a trip to Boone last Monday.

Mr. Qualley Arnold of Asheville but now a student at the A.T.S. spent the week end at the home of Mr. Alex Wilson's.

Miss Hazel Proffit spent the week end in Boone at her uncle's Mr. John Lewis'.

Mrs. Belle Reece of Mabel, visits her parents Mr. and Mrs. Oris Dancy.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Hodgson and little son of Ashe county, visited at their cousin's Mr. Albert Hodgson's over the week end.

### Fifteen Years Ago

June 24, 1948.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Isaac and daughter, Dolly, of Miami, Florida arrived here Monday. They will occupy their summer home "Wildacres" at Shulls Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac are connected with the school system in Miami while Miss Isaac is a senior in the University of Miami.

Mrs. G. L. Hodges, Mrs. E. S. Caudill, and daughter Betty, returned to their home in Wayne, Mich. Monday after a short visit with Mrs. H. L. Hodges and friends in and around Boone.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Richards and family left Sunday for their home in Los Angeles, Calif., after visiting a week with Mrs. Richards' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hodges of Boone.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Stallings and Mr. Will Walker attended the jewelers convention at Mayview Manor on Sunday and Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bell and family from Napa, Calif., have been visiting Mrs. Bell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hodges of Boone.

Miss Betty Ellis left Monday for Farmville, Va. where she will enroll for a four weeks course in the Spanish work shop of Farmville State Teachers college.

Miss Maude Wilcox left Monday, June 21, for Charlotte, where she will attend the workshop training school for cafeteria managers.

Mrs. Clyde Edmiston and Miss Faith Thompson of Villas left for Chester, Pa., where they will visit with a sister, Mrs. Charles A. Safian and Mr. Safian.

Miss Sue Coffey has returned to her home at Laxon, after spending the past few weeks visiting with her sister, Mrs. Walter H. Adams, and Mrs. Ernest C. Lane of Portsmouth, Va.

Miss Francis Farthing has returned to Concord after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Farthing.

Miss Roberta Critcher was a week end guest of Miss Lois Eller of Mars Hill. Miss Eller, former ASTC student, will leave Thursday for Houston, Texas to visit relatives.

## THE ROCKET . . . Back Again

This corner feels better now that the Blowing Rocket is back in business, and for good this time—winter and summer. . . . Born in the skimpiness of 1932 with C. V. Henkel of Statesville its publisher, and Archie Robertson its talented editor, the Rivers brothers had a hard time of making the press that summery day, while we pinch-hit for Bob Reynolds at the polls, as he wound up to trounce Senator Cameron Morrison and take a long-sought seat in the upper house of the national assembly. . . . But in between the courthouse and the old Democrat office, we finally got the fuse of the Rocket kindled on a muggy night, and it managed twelve issues the first summer, in spite of the depression.

IT WAS A HARD JOB in that day of one linotype machine and two people to do the work, along with the Democrat and miscellaneous printing, but we came through in tolerable shape. . . . We reactivated the Rocket partly on account of the happy memories of the many splendid people who struggled to get up the ads and the copy in the un-hurried days of the past.

AT ANY RATE, Gary Dalton, who got his degree at Carolina's fine school of Journalism in June, and who's been newspapering during vacation time right along, is the editor and is doing good. . . . A lot of compliments are reaching his office, and the Democrat office too, and we're obliged for the fine reception the Rocket is receiving. . . . Next to the Democrat, of course, the Rocket has rated second in our affections, and it might be referred to as our second love, in newspapers. . . . We shall bend every effort toward making the Rocket a good newspaper—with an eye single to serving the best interests of Blowing Rock and the Holiday Highlands region of which it is the delightfully charming capital.

## Whistle Pigs . . . Continue To Abide

Motorist on the Parkway in Blowing Rock slows down while a mama groundhog and her four piglets, slowly march across the pavement, in "sheep fashion" formation. . . . We often see the little critters along the Federal highway, where they will keep moseying along—their only peril being the same danger man contrived for himself—the speeding motor car. . . . The ground hog has been trapped, poisoned, gassed, had his subterranean tunnels blown up with dynamite, but still he thrives. . . . His troubles multiplied when "chuck hunting" became a popular sport. . . . Hunters with high powered rifles equipped with scopes, can fetch sudden death to a moaning whistle pig at a fantastic distance. . . . Turner Watson says he's downed 35 since he got back from Florida a few weeks ago, and reports a record crop of the groundhogs. . . . But we'd say the luckiest chucks in the country are those which took a liking to the Parkway and its environs. . . . If they'll develop a little more respect for automobiles, we'd say they are in for long and happy lives.

## Birthday . . . Coming Up

This edition of the Democrat winds out seventy-five years of continuous publication. . . . We had aimed at getting out a monstrous anniversary edition, and there was wide interest in the proposal. . . . However, due to overtaxed mechanical facilities, and delayed expansion plans, we decided against the project for next week. . . . Besides soliciting advertising for the event would be a little like having some one pay for the ice cream at our birthday party. . . . But before long we will be coming out with a progress and historical edition of the newspaper, which will take a while to produce but which will be worth waiting for, we assure you. . . . Meantime, as we wind out the 3900th week of publication, we'd make our best manners to our multitude of friends and patrons, who have allowed us to stay around for so long. . . . Like the community, the Democrat has growing pains, emergency equipment is being added to take care of the situation, and when the shoe company is through with the building next door, our long-laid plans will begin to take shape. . . . For the immediate future the Dem-

ocrat will maintain weekly publication. . . . A semi-weekly is perhaps the next step, even though we do have the notion of a daily before we retire from the realm of paste pot and shears and presses and linotypes and deadlines.

ALL OF US at the Democrat are working with might and main to provide consistently good and constantly improving newspaper service to the area. . . . That we have done this, is evidenced by the generous way we have been received by the people through the multiplying years. . . . As we wind up the seventy-five and take dead aim at the century mark, we thank you, good friends, for your good will and your forbearance, and we don't aim for any grass to sprout under our feet as we move forward in this beautiful county, where luckily for us, our upbringing took place.

## Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

They ain't nothing no more that can't get "surveyed" or "compiled." For instance, I see by the papers where the National Macaroni Institute has just completed a "survey" and found that the per capite consumption of noodles and macaroni by Americans in 1962 was 4,424 feet. . . . I think Americans has got'fetched in the head over this fad since we got them Univac things and electric brain gadgets. Here is another piece about a New York outfit making a "survey" on girl watching. It shows the average male observes a passing female on the street for a average of 5.5 seconds. And men in groups stares longer than individuals, it says. And construction workers stares at girls longer than anybody else, averaging about 8.9 seconds to the girl.

And some of the Commerce Department officials has made a survey on cigarette smoking in this country. They report that in 1962 cigarettes was smoked at the rate of 11 a day per ever American over the age of 14, and the cost was 6.9 billion dollars. They go on to report that men smokers is outnumbering the wimmen smokers but the wimmen is catching up fast. In 1955, the piece says, they was 7 million wimmen smokers and today it has jumped to 25 million, with the men still holding the lead at 37 million.

I was reciting these figgers at the country store Saturday night but most of the fellers was unimpressed. Clem Webster said he couldn't care less if Americans was eating 10 foot or a country mile of noodles per capiter, and Bug Hookum claimed it wouldn't bother him none if ever woman in the U. S. took to smoking cigars. But Ed Doolittle allowed as how he had saw a few figgers from the Federal Reserve Bank that had shook him up. One out of ever two people in the U. S. that voted in 1960 is now getting Government checks from Washington and the number is increasing every year, Ed reported.

Clem Webster said they wasn't no cure fer it, that the voters has got their Congressman over a barrel. If he don't vote fer more benefits, he don't get re-elected, and what a Congressman craves most in this world is to get re-elected.

Zeke Grubb allowed as how the voters has got a sure bet in this deal, said it reminded him of the story about the loving husband that called the paper and wanted to put in a ad offering \$1,000 reward for the return of his wife's pet cat. When the feller on the paper ask him if this wasn't a pretty high reward for a cat, he answered, "Not this cat, I done drowned it."