

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1966

Water Vote Next Tuesday

Voters of the town of Boone are asked to go to the polls next Tuesday to decide whether the town will issue \$75,000 in bonds for the purpose of augmenting and improving the town water system, which is having a hard time keeping up with the demands of the growing community, especially during long dry periods.

The plan which the city is offering to the voters has been widely discussed, has been presented to an open meeting of the voters, and has been worked out with the approval of the Health Department. It would appear to be the most practical thing to do in the premises to vote for the bonds, which, it is explained, are water bonds and will not bring an increase in land taxes.

For many years city officials have worked diligently trying to supply enough water to meet the growing needs. In the meantime, the old gravity system high on Winkler's Creek, has been reduced to a comparative dribble, but the foresight of the administration in providing wells be-

fore the streams began to dry, has prevented an all-out type of emergency in the water department.

The proposal to be submitted to the voters Tuesday has been worked out carefully, and deserves the approval of the voters of the town.

Certainly this city or no other can enjoy continued growth without continued expansion of its water system. A commodity which used to flow in abundance over the country and which was so lightly regarded in the old days, has come to be relatively scarce, and this scarcity has brought about one of the principal problems of the modern economy. The synonym "free as water" no longer applies, even in the land of tall hills and big trees, where rushing brooks have all but ceased to run.

The Democrat joins with other public-spirited citizens in its approval of the proposed bond issue. We hope that the water bonds will get the overwhelming sanction of the electorate so that the community may continue to grow and prosper.

Pearsall Plan Meets Test

Saturday is the day when the voters of the State will decide whether or not to adopt the Constitutional amendment, known as the Pearsall plan, which is designed to meet the segregation crisis and reduce the control of the schools to the district itself.

In this immediate section where the percentage of negroes is very small, and where there has been perhaps more than the usual degree of goodwill and fellowship between the two races, the issue of whether the schools should be integrated hasn't been a hot issue, as is the case in the lowlands. However, one may scratch a little beneath the outward calm and find that most of the people haven't yet decided that the welfare of the two groups can best be served at this time by mixed schools.

We don't know whether or not the Pearsall plan will provide a solution for the problems which have come about as a result of the Supreme Court decision two years ago. The special session of the

Legislature thought it would, the Governor thinks so, and a lot of people of both political parties are persuaded that its passage, even with the implication that some schools might conceivably be closed as public institutions, would prevent some of the violence which is beginning to flare in other sections of the South.

At any rate, the State Legislature has acted in the premise, and most of the people seem to be inclined to follow its lead. At least, Carolina, where race relations, generally speaking, are better than in most other sections of the country, has taken some sort of action, and has disclaimed violence as a means of resolving the issue.

In any radical change, especially one of such wide implications, mistakes will be made, and the Pearsall plan is not a cure-all. Believing, however, that it offers the best hope for our schools, and for all our children, white and colored, we shall support it.

Fifty Years Of Cooperation

For fifty years, American consumers have had the protection of the Federal law to insure that they receive the best and purest food, drugs and cosmetics available in any country. But even before the advent of Federal regulation, they benefited from the quality controls and high standards maintained by reputable firms in these industries.

This year, the Food and Drug Administration, the nation's watchdog over high standards in the production of food, drugs and cosmetics, is observing the Golden Jubilee of Federal protection for consumers. And, according to the Health News Institute, one of the most important themes in its anniversary celebration will be the deserved recognition of the great degree of voluntary cooperation it has received from the very industries it was set up to regulate.

Recently, the Institute said, FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick gave some

specific examples of this cooperation. The drug standards contained in the U. S. Pharmacopoeia, the National Formulary and the Homeopathic Pharmacopoeia, for example, have been adopted by the FDA for its own.

And in certifying drugs as to purity and effectiveness, he said, if the FDA's analyst and the manufacturer's analyst come up with different results, they may join forces and work side by side, studying each other's techniques, until the reason for the difference is found.

Without this willing cooperation on the part of industry, Commissioner Larrick observed, "effective enforcement of this country's food and drug legislation would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, to achieve." That it has succeeded so well, the Institute adds, should call for a vote of thanks from consumers for both the FDA and the food and drug industry.

there is something we can do about it.

The enemy has nuclear weapons and the means to throw them against America. When he is ready to attack, he won't wait. Why should we? Let's get ready.

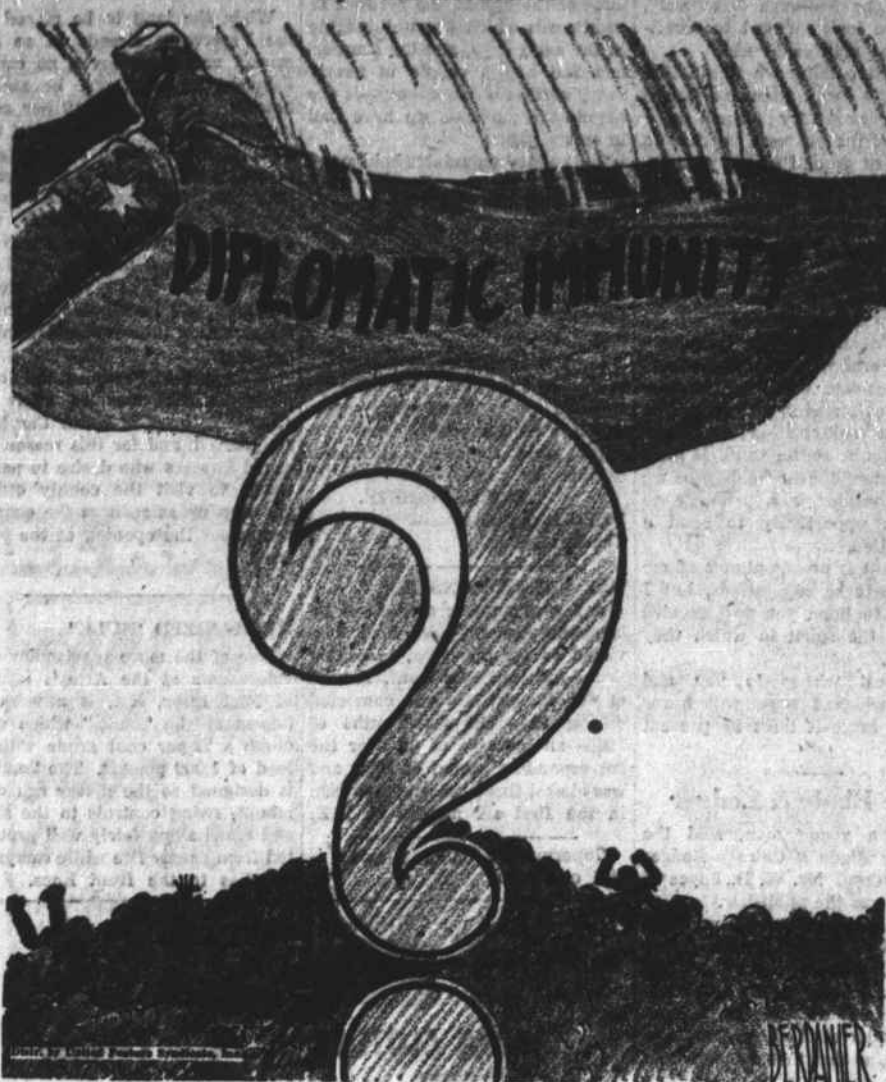
Our first job is to learn how to take care of ourselves and our families in any emergency. Civil defense can help us with that.

These facts cannot be denied: We're on the potential battle fronts, right along with the big cities. The enemy can attack our nation, hard and horribly. We can survive, recover, fight back to win—if we are prepared. Civil defense is that preparedness.

It is up to us as individuals, and to the community as a whole, to see that we have a civil defense organization strong enough to insure our survival.

WHAT GIVES IN THE SHADOW

By Paul Berdancier



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

"The Life You Save . . ."

THE SMALL PERCENTAGE of motorists who drive without regard for the life and limb of their fellowman are, paradoxically, a quite considerable group.

When the U. S. Safety Council predicts, for instance, that some 480 Americans will die on the nation's highways during a given holiday weekend, these drivers seem to think it's up to them to see to it that the reputation of these gentlemen as experts remains untarnished by going out forthwith and reaching the predicted figure—topping it, if humanly possible.

They just can't bear to have the safety experts proved wrong.

BY 1965, the Automobile Club of New York estimates, there will be 81 million motor vehicles in the United States. Placed one above the other, the cars would make a column 65,000 miles high—more than a quarter of the distance to the moon.

But many impatient motorists can't wait. They make it all the way from this world to the next with only one car.

UP UNTIL NOW, another item states, we have had only one atom-powered submarine, but

soon there will be two. Thus, atom-powered subs will share with old forms of transportation the ability to run into one another.

How true. The story goes that back in the 1880s, or maybe it was the 1900s, there were only two "gasoline buggies" in Kansas City. But one day on the city's main thoroughfare, they managed to collide.

AND ON ANOTHER automotive front, a couple of fellows have designed a "futuristic" car that is only 45 inches high. "It's practical," they say, "and if we wanted to be ridiculous we could design one that's only 24 inches high, provided the driver and passengers would consent to lie flat." (Might save harrowing details, at that, as both driver and car often end up that way.) "The only alternative," continued the designers, "would be to redesign the human body." (At last report, they were working on that.)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT SPEED RANCH, UNSUPERVISED, there are people who actually advocate changing all of our holidays to fall on Monday, thereby giving people more "long weekends" in which to kill themselves, and some who still argue that police "speed traps" are unfair to motorists!

IN THE WORDS of a young man who appeared on a recent television show—"How long, America, how long?"

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

September 3, 1896.

The Populist convention meets in Boone today.

Misses Nellie and Tate Blair of North Wilkesboro are visiting their uncle, George H. Blair, of New River.

The workmen are now engaged in tearing down the old Methodist Church here. A more modern and convenient one will be erected on the same site as quickly as the work can be done.

Mr. E. E. Jurney of Waverly, Tenn., died at Elk Park on last Monday at 2 p. m. The body arrived in Boone at 5 a. m. Tuesday and was interred here that day.

Bob Taylor is making a vigorous campaign in Tennessee.

A fatal disease among cattle has broken out in the vicinity of Charlotte and is spreading. One man has lost 20 cows from the disease, which is supposed to be anthrax, whatever that may be.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 6, 1917.

Messrs E. R. Bryan and O. Lester Brown have taken employment with the engineering corps now engaged in making a permanent survey from Shulls Mills to Boone, beginning on Monday last. This looks very much like a railroad, but there has been no contract entered into between the people and the company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Watauga County Bank was held in the bank building Tuesday afternoon. J. H. Mast, F. A. Linney, J. W. Horton, B. B. Dougherty, L. A. Green, E. E. Adams, W. C. Coffey and L. N. Mast were elected to serve as directors for the ensuing year.

Mr. W. Everett Beach, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Beach of Boone, but for several years a resident of Seattle, Wash., was married on the 22nd ult. to Miss Lola Edith Edwards of that city.

Mrs. B. F. Hargett of Pineville, N. C., with her daughters, Annie and Ruth, is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Norris, in East Boone. Rev. Mr. Hargett, beloved pastor of the Boone Methodist Circuit thirteen years ago, will join them the last of the week.

Five Ford cars were sold in the village Monday and one of the agents said that 25 could have been sold as easily, if he could have delivered them on that day. It is said that there are now owned in Watauga well over a hundred Ford cars, to say nothing of the heavier machines.

Fifteen Years Ago

September 4, 1941.

Edward E. Barry, 73, publisher of the Johnson County News at Mountain City, Tenn., died Sunday after a brief illness. . . . Mr. Barry who was well known in Watauga County, published the Johnson County News for the past 28 years, and prior to that time was engaged for many years in the publication of The Tomahawk.

George Ragan, former resident of the Meat Camp section, met instant death Sunday morning about four o'clock when struck by a locomotive of a freight train near his home in the vicinity of Matoaka, W. a. . . .

Dr. Alonzo F. Myers, chairman of the department of higher education, New York University, is spending some time in this vicinity. He is one of the nation's leading educational figures, and is chairman of the National Education Association.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

THE CLOCK . . . WHO'LL WIND IT?

The Gastonia Gazette some time ago reminded us of the days when the winding of the family clock, was the prerogative of the head of the family—a sort of rite which was performed each evening about the time the last youngster was shepherded into the land of nod by a tired and harassed mother, and which somehow wasn't to be performed by anyone else, even though a youngster had grown tall enough to stand on a cane-bottomed chair and reach the Waterbury on the high mantel. . . . Ours was a one-day creation, and the crank type key was used to wind the timepiece, one side taking care of the weight which caused the mechanism to run, while a cranking on the other side caused the striking of the hours. . . . And the Gazette reminds that "a word of reproach could be wrapped up in the remark that 'papa forgot to wind the clock'." . . . We used to wonder how any mortal man could always remember to wind the clock, every night, years on end, at virtually the same hour, and dutifully check the time with the pocket watch, which had double cases, and closed with a snap, which often annoyed the preacher when he was running overtime.

AND THERE WAS A SOLACE in the quiet tick-tock of the brass clock, with its blackened case, which Jim Bryan had fixed a hundred times, and a re-survey of the things which should be done around the house when the hour was chimed. . . . There ought to be a good weight clock in every living room, like they used to have. . . . One of the things adds atmosphere, and besides within the case one can usually store a few of the most important small items. . . . The only trouble might be that since there has been no clock for so long, pop would most certainly forget to wind the mechanism at bed time, when he'd just stirred from a preliminary television nap, and was trying the difficult trick of getting ready for bed without being completely awake.

RABBIT MORETZ QUILTS THE TOWN

Rabbit Moretz, for a long time a mainstay in the local post-office, recently resigned his position, and moved his family down Florida way, where they expect to reside permanently in the land of the sunshine and the flowers. . . . And those of us who have fellowshipped with Rabbit throughout the years, as he delivered the mail, come hail, high water, snow or driving rain, are sorry he decided to go away. . . . Faithful to duty, kind and courteous to the patrons of the office, Rabbit went about his daily rounds in high good humor and the arrival of the postman in his case was apt to be good news, mail or no mail. . . . We shall wish for Rabbit the best in the sunnier clime, and at the same time will entertain the hope that maybe he won't be gone too long.

PROGRESS . . . MAKES THINGS HANDIER

The machine age has brought along a lot of changes. . . . We note by the tv that a man can now leave the comforts of his bath room and shave with his electric razor in his car. . . . Can procure a pen with which he can sign a check under water, can swim with his watch on, and can stop his automobile with a slight push on the brake pedal with a baton, if he happens to have his foot in his mouth when he reaches the red light.

A BOVINE ODDITY . . . HAS FIVE LEGS

Mr. C. H. Blackburn, Jr., tells us that an attraction at the livestock market in Boone next Tuesday will be a freak Holstein cow, which through some quirk of nature has five legs. . . . The two-headed calf sort of thing has appeared throughout the years, but we don't remember having heard of an overabundance of pedal extremities in cowdom. . . . Anyway the two-year-old cow is normal in every way except that a fifth leg grew in between her hind legs, complete with hoof. . . . The extra leg, of course, has no locomotional function—fact is, it likes about six inches of reaching the ground, but except for size, is about like the other four.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Joe Smith is a hard man to find, I learned on looking for him. Not only has this mythical American been nominated for high office but this column has used his name for years when it appeared that the pronoun "it" seemed too conspicuous. So when it was announced that a Colonel Charles Cobb, former Kentuckian, was setting up national headquarters for Joe Smith for Vice President here, I went over to see what was going on. At the address given, 140 West 42nd Street, the name of Joe Smith was not on the building directory, neither was that of Colonel Cobb. So I caught the self-service elevator and rode all the way to the top. An office door with a chiropractor's name on it was open. This gentleman had no knowledge of Joe. On another floor, a tailor looked me up and down as if I needed a new suit of clothes. Then I climbed the stairs to the penthouse and en route, two cuddling pigeons on the roof looked at me with some suspicion. No Joe Smith there. I did find an office, however, with no name on it but with a personable girl inside. Miss Emma Eckert, she turned out to be, and said she was much interested in Joe Smith. On the wall were two slogans, one saying: "We get too soon old and too late smart." Another stated: "Work fascinates me. I can sit and watch it for hours." I thanked the girl and made my way to the elevator. Maybe Joe Smith was up above there in that clear summer sky; or perhaps he was

down among those small-looking people moving along on the sidewalks. Or maybe he is just in the hearts of the common people. . . .

In the front of a candy store near 5th Avenue is one of those new-fangled gadgets which serve you sweets 24 hours a day. It seems hard enough to stay away from them—and an expanding waist-line—for eight hours, but even death can be made easy, they say. Anyway, after stopping in front of the machine and looking for awhile at its automatic mechanism which holds those sleek-looking, lethal chocolate bars, I looked furtively around then jabbed in a quarter—and out came a delicious time-bomb of some 300 additional calories!

New York is not like that often pictured in the movies, you will find if you do not already know. A young fellow from Georgia came here for the first time and arrived at the Pennsylvania Station. He entered a taxicab and when the driver asked him where he wanted to go, the lad replied in his best movie-hero manner, "Grand Central Station—and step on it!" The cab shot out of the station and went so fast that the young fellow spent most of the way to the station on the floor.

Large companies are glad to receive new ideas—but they would rather get them in their own way. The reason is because often (Continued on page seven)