

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY BY RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY, INC.

R. C. RIVERS, JR., PUBLISHER

An Independent Weekly Newspaper

Established in 1888. Published for 45 years by the late Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00. Outside Watauga County: One year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25. 3% sales tax to be added on all North Carolina subscriptions.

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 mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1961

Work For Men On Relief

Much as has the old WPA been maligned, we have spells of thinking the system was better, even with whatever leaning on the shovel handles was done, than the direct grants system of aiding those who otherwise can't get along.

And in Oregon they think so too and are requiring able-bodied men on assistance rolls to work on public projects and the policy is attracting inquiries from all parts of the country.

The program began in January 1959 in Polk county. Public welfare recipients were put to work clearing brush along county roads. Other counties soon began similar programs.

Last winter the program reached peak proportions, with 29 of the State's 36 counties using 1,300 men to work on county roads, parks and woodlands. The program is used only when other work is unavailable for persons on relief, and most of the men, it is said, are entirely willing to work, and get a credit of one dollar against their general assistance

grant for every four they work. The program is said to stimulate better work habits for men who have been idle for long periods and improves their morale and that of their families.

At any rate a great number of letters, most of which commend the program, have been received by the State public welfare commission, said Andrew Juras, assistant administrator. The letters are from professional welfare workers, governors, legislators, other officials and private citizens.

Off hand opinion would be that a man able to do some sort of work, would in the long run enjoy a more normal life, and have a decidedly better outlook if he could return to the feeling, that, after all, he's fetching home the beans and bacon, or doing a good share of it, rather than following the shade from day to day, while the time for the arrival of the public assistance check reluctantly rolls around.

Driving No-Hands

Among the wonders which are in the making, to make living even softer, is one which will permit one to sit in his automobile and rush through the countryside, no hands, while the highway itself does the driving.

Announcement comes that the feasibility of automatic highways is about to be made by the Federal government. The projects will cost fifty million dollars and be in operation within two years.

Word is that the electronic road would provide automatic control of cars that use it. Equipment to steer, accelerate and brake will be attached beneath the car when it enters the highway.

A one hundred mile strip on two inner lanes of the 41,000 mile interstate system now being built would be set aside for the project. The exact site of the test hasn't been selected.

Automatic lanes, one each way, will be separated by guard rails from the conventional four lane roadbed that will

flank them. The objective of the controlled lanes is to provide safe transportation between cities at higher speeds than the general maximum of 65 to 70 miles an hour now in effect on freeways. It is believed that this will increase the carrying capacity of the highway and thus eliminate the need for more and more expensive roads as traffic increases over the years.

And, of course, it might enable those who loiter along busy highways at thirty-five to get in the groove, get to their destinations in a normal length of time, and still have the pleasure of looking over the countryside, a pleasure that is denied those of us who try to keep pace with the tempo of the traffic when we get on the open road.

And we'd suppose that the flitting back and forth from one lane to another would be avoided when electronics take the wheel.

Teen Drivers

The Greensboro News releases a study of the academic, driving and social habits of twenty thousand Junior and Senior High School youngsters in the United States and Canada by a national insurance company, and the meat of the thing provides interest:

—The poorest students are those who drive their own automobiles. Grades start to suffer when the car is used more than two days out of a five-day school week. Those who use the car at least four days are more than twice as likely to be D or worse students than the two-day users. The best records are made by students who confine their car use strictly to week ends.

—Good students who yield to the car craze suffer the sharpest drop in grades.

—The longer a car has been used, the less the chance of a boy or girl's being a good student.

—By far the greatest scholastic damage occurs when a High School Junior

obtains a car.

—Among students with neither car nor job there are twice as many A and B students as among students having jobs and cars.

Aside from these correlations, the study noted what most teen-agers, their parents and friends already know: The involvement rate of youthful drivers in automobile accidents is about twice as high as the average adult's and the severity of their accidents is considerably greater.

"Parents simply must realize the urgency of exercising more authority over their teenagers in the matter of how and when they drive," the report concludes.

And this is not to say that there is not a high percentage of first class drivers among the teens. As a matter of fact they have been trained in school to operate under the wheel. But the figures speak for themselves.

Middle-Size Autos

(Hickory Daily Record)

Before the dust which was created when the new, 1961 model automobiles arrived has settled, news is released that it won't be long until the 1962 models are heading our way.

We are delighted to hear that practically all of the makes are shedding their fins, and the general rule will be "middle-sized" or "family-sized" cars.

In other words, assurances have been issued by the manufacturers that most of the 1962 cars will fit into our old garages.

Nevertheless, the word is that there will be a wide variation in specifications and styling, as the auto builders vie with one another in attempting to hit on a truly popular model—one that will send sales soaring.

According to a correspondent who went to Detroit to get the latest information directly from the "horses mouth," the industry's new styling for 1962 is not

as restrained as this year. While fins are passe, except for Cadillac, there are said to be razor-like blade treatments, with chrome capping, to accent silhouettes. It is also acknowledged there will be a little more chrome and a little more horsepower among the twenty-five name plates to be offered for 1962. However, the industry is not returning to the era of "flash and firepower" against which customers rebelled.

Following the lead of the Ford Motor Company, the rest of the industry is switching to cars that will have to be lubricated only at 30,000-mile intervals.

There also will be more built-in safety features such as padded dashboards, heavy cushioned headliners and attachment points for front-seat belts, for which there has been a growing demand since the industry agreed to supply them at or near cost.

Britain: 'I Say, Mate—Is She Annoying You?'



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

July 11, 1901

Work on the new Methodist church at Blowing Rock has been resumed.

The Dougherty Bros. are doing considerable work on their buildings of late.

"The Lenoir News" says that Mrs. Williams, of Hartland, N. C., is carrying the mail between that place and Lenoir, while her husband, the contractor, is attending to the farm work. This is the first woman that we have heard of working for Uncle Sam in this capacity.

Solicitor Spainhour and family, of Morganton, have been in town for the past week. They were traveling by wagon and buggy; having a most delightful trip, camping out, fishing, etc. They came through Wilkes, Grayson county, Va., Alleghany, Ashe, on to Watauga, and left on Tuesday for their home, via Linville. They have been out near a month and report a very enjoyable time.

The third term of school at Watauga Academy will open on Monday, August the 5th. We are told that the prospects for the next term are most flattering.

We are told that friend T. P. Adams, of Silverstone, is contemplating buying property and moving to Boone. There is always room for such men as "Dock" Adams in our town.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Edmisten, of Blowing Rock, died of whooping cough last week.

Cherries are ripe, and the small boy is happy.

Mr. Porter Sigmon, of Lenoir, is now holding a case in the "Democrat" office, and it seems that he is well up in the art of "type sticking." It is indeed a little odd for us to have some help, but maybe we will get accustomed to it. And by the way, we will now try to give our delinquents an occasional call. Be ready for us, boys, we are coming.

John McGinnis, who was so seriously hurt by a Negro in Caldwell county some time since, continues to improve, and we learn that he will be brought back to Watauga soon.

Judge Council left Sunday for Newton, where he is holding Catawba court this week.

Thanks to Mr. Lee Cook, of Linville, for remittance covering arrears on two subscriptions. He writes: "I am a Mitchell county Democrat. Send both papers on."

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

July 13, 1922

The Critcher Hotel is being thoroughly painted, and when completed it will present a very nice appearance indeed. The big building has been thoroughly worked over, and has all modern conveniences.

The beautiful little house, built by the Watauga Furniture & Lumber Co., for a Fourth of July float, has been purchased by Mr. M. P. Critcher, given a pretty site near the hotel, and will be used as a play house for his children. The little building is a fine piece of carpenter work and is a splendid advertisement for the company.

Mr. J. E. Finley, of North Wilkesboro, known and admired by all Wataugans, is a visitor in Boone, and says his chief pleasure here will be in meeting and striking hands once more with friends of former years. He will be at the Hotel after Sunday. He is now be-

ing entertained at the home of B. J. Council.

Mrs. John P. Hagaman, of Lenoir, returned to her home Monday after a visit of ten days to her native county. While here she and her three sisters, Mesdames Maggie Ward, Eliza Hodges and Mattie Dougherty, who spent most of the time together, went to the Adams grave yard, had the plot thoroughly cleaned, and then decorated with loving hands, the graves of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zach Adams. Mrs. Dougherty is from Maryville, Tennessee.

Mr. Julius Roubinowitz, who has been connected with the Davidson Department Store since it was opened here, was married in New York City on the 30th to Miss Alice Silverton, of Philadelphia. He has returned to Boone to look after some business here, his bride to come later.

Contractors Poe & Triplett, of Lenoir, arrived Monday evening, bringing with them teams and equipment, and earth was broken for the large administration building at the Training School. It is located just west of the old Watauga Academy, and will have a frontage of two hundred feet on the Boone and Blowing Rock turnpike, and will be, in the main, three stories high.

The showery weather continues. Mr. McCoy Moretz and family of Charlotte, are visitors to relatives in Boone and other parts of the county.

Fifteen Years Ago

July 11, 1946

Summer school enrollment at

Just One Thing

By CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

months.

It was a brief, rather curt note. We had sent a gentleman in Greensboro notice of the fact that his subscription to The State magazine had expired. In a few days the letter came back with the following notation at the bottom: "So has the subscriber."

Tommy Royster of Oxford, says that the charter of the Town of Oxford shows that when that place was incorporated, the corporate limits extended in each direction one thousand yards from the center of the courthouse, which would form a complete circle. And then Tommy adds:

"Just a few years ago, in a lawsuit in this county, a Superior Court judge changed the corporate limits of the town by a few yards. The survey, from which the tax listing of real property is made on the tax books of Oxford, used the center of the courthouse door as the starting point. A portion of a certain gentleman's residence—his front rooms and the front porch—were within the corporate limits, according to this survey. The Superior Court judge ruled that the corporate limits should be from the center of the courthouse—and not from the center of the courthouse door. This change relieved the gentleman of the burden of city taxes assessed against his front rooms and porch."

Biweekly, means once every two weeks.

Bi-monthly, means once every two months.

Bi-annually, means once every six

Every once in a while somebody pops up and wants to know what man has the shortest name in North Carolina. So far as we know, it's Mr. Ek, who lives up in Asheville, and is in the insurance business up there.

This isn't original; somebody sent it to us a few days ago, and we thought you might like to read it:

WOMEN
BAD MEN want their women To be like cigarettes,
Just so many, all slender and trim

In a case . . . Waiting in a row To be selected, set aflame, and discarded . . .

When their fire has died.
MORE FASTIDIOUS MEN
Prefer women like cigars, These are more exclusive . . . Look better and last longer; If the brand is good They aren't given away.

GOOD MEN treat women Like their pipes; And become more attached to them

The older they become. When the flame is burnt out . . . They still look after them. Knock them gently (but lovingly)

And care for them always.
NO MAN SHARES HIS PIPE.

Personal nomination for the ugliest-sounding word in the English language—SPLITCH! Especially when you sort of drag it out.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Preacher's Diary . . . Historical Notes

We have heard the oldtimers of another era talk of Rev. I. W. Thomas, an early-day Baptist preacher in this section. . . . Mrs. Nancy Alexander, whose column in the Lenoir News-Topic provides some of our favorite reading, has been publishing some items from the diary of Rev. Mr. Thomas, which reaches back to the days before he came to Boone.

The early day ministers exercised great influence in the settlements, where their saddle bags yielded books and newspapers for the families they visited. . . . They preached and conducted prayer meetings hither and yon without set salaries and without too much hope of a monetary stipend at all. . . . They ministered to the ill, tilled the soil, labored as craftsmen, and became counsellors and leaders in the far flung neighborhoods they served. . . . Rev. Mr. Thomas' diary gives an insight into the activities of these early day ministers, a measure of their faith, and some interesting historical sketches. . . . We reprint some of his notes:

—1883—

Nov. 8: Reached our new home in Boone. Trust we will be contented. The Lord be with us.

May 11: Worked very hard, planting, plowing and putting a belfry on the Academy this week.

June 11: Today I qualified as Superintendent of Public Schools of Watauga county and examined S. G. Blackburn, and granted him a certificate.

June 27: This evening I closed my school in Boone. Have taught about eight months out of the past nine.

June 29: Today my wife and I read the Gospel by Mark to an old colored sister who came to our house, expressly to get us to read to her. She seems to be a good Christian.

May 6: Have been attending court, trying to sell religious books. Have been right successful. Received \$10.00 at a very needy time.

May 25: Had a meeting of the local board for the Normal School here.

I was chosen Secretary of the Normal at a salary of \$15 for the term. I am poor and needy, and the amount, though small, will help me support my family, while I attend the Normal to better prepare myself to discharge the duties of County Supt.

Oct. 18: Spent most of the past week mending and making shoes. I love to provide for my family.

Aug. 31: Tonight we experienced a heavy earthquake shock. It is the first I ever felt, and it excited me very much. I thought of the end of the world.

—1889—

March 4: This is the day President Harrison is to be inaugurated. May he make us a good President.

April 19: Went to Post Office. Mr. Dougherty gave me a petition to circulate among the people of Boone to retain him as Postmaster and let me do a good deal of the work. Don't know how it will terminate.

May 16: Helped some in P. O. Ploughed and planted corn. Tonight went to see Brother Spainhour. He wants me to take the editorship of the Watauga Democrat. I can't do it. Must try to serve the Lord.

June 25: Worked on building a safe for the court house till noon. Then went down to Widow Norris' and married James Hayes and Ann Norris. Former 60 years old; latter 56. Large crowd present. He gave me \$1.

Oct. 18: Preached at Yadkin Church to a good congregation. A number of brethren met me from Lower Creek and Lenoir, to consult me about taking those churches and moving there. I agreed to this, if called, and would move next spring, if they liked me and I liked them. Spent night with A. E. Nelson, had prayer Nov. 8.

This week's Topic informs me that the church in Lenoir has called me to her pastorate.

Nov. 19: Got home tonight from Baptist State Convention in Henderson. Heard I had been called to the care of Lower Creek Church.

Dec. 2: Spent day at courthouse with Board of Education. Received \$61.25 for my services as county superintendent since last June.

December 3: Received a letter from State Mission Board at Raleigh informing me of my appointment as missionary for Lenoir. May the Lord direct me.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVARIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

It may be that I'm gitting a little impatient, but it seems to me this cold war business with Russia is gitting as one-sided as a drunk's hat. The American taxpayers is footing most of the bills but it looks like this country ain't got much more say-so in the thing than a hog's got at a hog-calling contest.

I was reading last night where the United Nations has estimated the budget for the Congo at \$120 million this year. But Russia, that can finance big armies and missiles and trouble-makers all over the world, including the Congo, has refused to pay a dime of it. In the end, the American taxpayers will git the honor of paying most of it.

We've give away so much money fer foreign aid to countries all over the world that most of them now thinks it's a permanent arrangement sent down from Heaven. Fer instant, when we trimmed our hand-out to India last year ole Nehru hollered louder than a calf tied out at milking time. It looks to me like we got to make a stand someplace, Mister Editor, or the bats in the belfry is going to eat the bee in our bonnet.

And when we make our stand this time, I hope they don't have no Yalu River stuff in it. This thing of fighting with one hand tied behind our back ain't the

kind of war the United States fights. It just bleeds us down, and makes us spend a dollar to their dime, without gitting no place.

On the home front, I see by the papers where the Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee in the Congress predicts that prices will "edge up" a little this Fall. It seems to me they has been edging up fer some time now. About the only thing holding steady is sea-going yachts and Cadillac cars. About once a month everything else "levels off" at a new level. Sooner or later we're going to run out of levels and git into orbit.

And sometimes a feller can find plenty of troubles right in his own house. Fer instant, my old lady come in last night from a meeting of the Home Demonstration Club and I made the bad mistake of asking her what they talked about. "The home," she says, and afore I could git out the door she was going into details. "We decided," she says, "that the man in the house ain't carrying his part of the home work."

This is treason, Mister Editor, and I aim to find out if any tax money is going into these club projects. I've writ to my Congressman in no uncertain terms. I'll let you know which way he dodges on this one.

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY.