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4-H Club Week

When President Lincoln signed into law a bill that eventually led to the establishment of 88 land-grant colleges and universities he hoped "to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

Even though Lincoln was saddened by civil strife which was tearing the nation apart, he did envision a United States where higher education would be available to all.

Would he be comforted to know that well over half a million students are enrolled in land-grant institutions? Or that these educational establishments also are the fountainhead of agricultural, technological and scientific knowledge for the very young?

For more than a half century, our land-grant universities and colleges have been "extending" such information to 4-H Club members. Today more than 93,000 clubs, from Maine to California, are well into the 1962 program.

The agency that directs 4-H work is the Cooperative Extension Service, an educational arm of the land-grant system and the USDA. One of its functions is to supervise extension personnel and 4-H activities in some 3,000 counties involving 400,000 volunteer adult leaders, and 2.3

million 4-H'ers between the ages of 10 and 21 years.

As times have changed and population shifted, so have the Extension Service and its 4-H program devoted to the fourfold development of boys and girls: Head, Heart, Hands and Health pledged to clearer thinking, greater loyalty, larger service and better living.

This week (March 3-10) the entire nation joins in the celebration of National 4-H Club Week. President Kennedy has taken time to convey a special message to the 4-H'ers and plans to see a delegation in his White House office. Statesmen, business and civic leaders, and parents will participate in local, state and national events to mark the week.

And we have good reason to rejoice over our 4-H Clubs for they now have counterparts in at least 70 foreign countries.

Mr. Lincoln would take great comfort in that fact alone, we think. His sombre countenance might even light up with one of his rare smiles if he could see the widespread results of the stroke of his quill when he signed the land-grant bill a hundred years ago.

Let us hope and pray that the land-grant system will continue to flourish unhampered, and the 4-H with it, for the next 100 years.

Entertaining The Danes

The forty Danes who will come to Boone March 20 and 21 to present a program in connection with the Lyceum series at the College, will be well received in the community, and local citizens and church groups are asking about having the visitors in their homes. Those interested may get information by calling M. L. Walters at the physical education department at the College. The Democrat is glad these vis-

itors are coming. Right when a delegation from the State is in Europe trying to entice visitors, we get a select group for free, so to speak. A small town, with civic pride, our churches, clubs and schools could each arrange some way in which to make a lasting impression on these splendid people. Doctor Walters and we would appreciate notions along this line.

Girl Scout Week

It isn't often that we receive a present at someone else's birthday party. But that's what is happening in Boone, thanks to the Girl Scouts.

This week Girl Scouts of the U. S. A. are celebrating their 50th anniversary with the theme, "Honor the Past—Serve the Future."

The present we're receiving? Along with very welcome service to individuals, to other organizations,

and to the entire community, the Girl Scouts are giving us something even more important: the feeling that they are preparing to take over adult responsibilities, to maintain the good elements in our community life, and to meet the challenges of tomorrow.

Happy birthday, Girl Scouts—and thank you!

Tragedy From The Air

Ninety-five people were killed last Thursday when a Boeing 707 jet crashed while attempting a steep turn on the take off from Idlewild.

This ranks with the worst disasters in the air-age history, and travelers are already beginning to say that they won't chance a journey through and over the clouds anymore.

This is a dim view. There has never been a way of rapid transportation without attendant dangers. Trains have been making the headlines all through the years with wrecks. Ship disasters are common,

and automobiles have come through with the bloodiest record of any engine of locomotion yet devised.

Air travel is here to stay. It is important in these days when man's time is of the essence, and they have written an uncommon record of safety when the passenger miles amassed are considered.

Automobiles have killed more people than we have lost in the wars. But when the headlines tell every day of great numbers broken and killed on the highways we never hear anyone suggest that they aim to quit motoring on account of its lethality.

Young Lady, Move Over!

(Maryville-Alcoa (Tenn.) Daily Times)

Young lady, if you're sitting virtually on the lap of your boy friend while he is driving, you are being an accessory before the fact of a possible involuntary manslaughter charge.

This habit of young people in clinging to each other while one of them (sometimes who knows which one) is driving is a contributing cause of many automobile accidents. Does the young lady realize the distraction that she might cause her escort by sitting that close to him?

We think that most of the young ladies around here could move over several feet and still distract the young male enough to give serious

concern to his devotion to the task of driving. Those who do sit so close are evidently unsure of the extent of their magnetism and feel it necessary to make close contact so the boy will realize she is in the car. How many times have we read the unhappy story of the young girl whose face was disfigured or whose body was maimed because the young man driving her failed to take the proper safety measure? Would she gladly now move over a little and let him have full access to the wheel of the automobile which caused this destruction?—We think so.

A Black Page



From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

March 13, 1902

There are quite a number of our young men who will start for the west at once. Among the number are Messrs S. S. Moore and M. C. Harmon of Sugar Grove. Hope they will have a pleasant trip and a prosperous stay.

All poll tax payers remember to pay your taxes on or before the first day of May or you will not be allowed to vote. It is a State law and it must be obeyed. Whether you like it or not, you must take down the dose.

Dr. J. B. Phillips says he is improving some. It is hoped that he will soon recover and resume his practice among our people. The doctor is a good man possessing some noble qualities.

Some days since one of the school boys received a neatly done up package bearing the familiar mark "merchandise," and on opening it found two joints of a finger, the property of a negro long dead.

Messrs Col Greene and Hill Edmisten have sold their homes near Poplar Grove to Mr. Adam Hodges and will leave for Sullivan county, Tennessee, this week, where they will make their future homes.

Governor Aycock offers a reward for the apprehension and conviction of the party or parties

who burned Sutherland Seminary.

Sugar Grove item: The wheat crop in this section of the county is nearly all killed by the cold weather. The outlook seems to say hard times, but it is providential and we mustn't murmur.

An amendment on the public road on Brushy Fork has been surveyed and the hands ordered out, but we are told there is some friction among the hands and some of them have refused to perform the service. A suit will be brought, we suppose, to settle the matter. Why it is the hands refuse to work we are not informed, but we do know that the excuse rendered should be a good one for the amendment is badly needed.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

March 8, 1923

Mayor Hahn has adopted this schedule of costs for town drunks: first offense \$7.00, second offense \$27.00, third offense \$50.00. He has passed up one to the second degree, but has not raised the fifty bucks out of anyone so far as we have learned. He says a man who must get drunk had best go to the woods as there is no place for him in Boone while under the influence of liquor.

Mr. W. T. Blair, an aged and respected citizen of Watauga county, died at the home of a son, Mr. A. D. Blair, near Boone, Tuesday morning, following a stroke of paralysis Friday. Mr. Blair had almost reached his four score years and was a wonderful man for that age. His mind was bright and his interest in public affairs never lessened. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. . . . He was a Confederate veteran, having served the full four years in the War Between the States, and was never known to shirk a duty. . . . Interment was in the cemetery here Wednesday afternoon. His pastor, the Rev. G. C. Brinkman, conducted the funeral service from the Baptist Church.

Mr. Henry Brinkley has been appointed night watchman for the town, he having full power of the day police, and if he finds any mischief being carried on he is vested with power by the town. This is another good move by our progressive town.

Mrs. J. N. Taylor of Valle Crucis and little daughter, only a few weeks old, have joined Mr. Taylor here and the family will do housekeeping in a suite of rooms in the Blackburn Hotel.

Mr. L. L. Bingham, who has been doing efficient work in the Boone post office, has resigned and accepted a position as bookkeeper in the Taylor Garage.

Thomas I. Holloway, RFD carrier at Shull's Mills, retired February 28 after 34 years in government service. A veteran of World War I, he served as assistant postmaster at Blowing Rock before being appointed rural letter carrier.

John G. Lay, prominent citizen of the Bamboo section, died at the home on Tuesday of last week from an extended illness at the age of 94 years. Funeral services were conducted from the Three Forks Baptist Church Thursday and interment was in the Ray cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Greene have purchased the local retail shop known as the Fashion Shop from Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hunt.

Mr. Jones Ashley, laboratory technician at Watauga Hospital, remains ill at that institution, following an attack Saturday evening. Mr. Ashley was en route home from the hospital when it is thought he suffered some sort of stroke, and he was found by the street in an unconscious condition. Physicians have not definitely determined the nature of the attack and Mr. Ashley remains unconscious.

Mr. J. B. Hagaman, Jr., student at the Medical College of the University of Tennessee, Memphis, was a week end visitor at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hagaman.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

March . . . Gambols In Like A Lamb

March, fickle and blustery, noisy and calm—the month that got its name, no doubt, from the God of War, came to the hill country like the proverbial lamb, to bring promise, according to the word of the old folks, of going out "tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles, lion-like, hoarse with tempestuous breath."

March, the idea of which foretold the undoing of Julius Caesar, and of the income taxpayers some years thereafter, during which time the daffodils this year were pushed through the dark, cool, soil to bud and almost blossom in shielded spots, can at the same time bring forth mountainous snows to cover the countryside to fantastic depths. . . . She fetches forth the first merry songs of the birds, and maybe next day all but blows their feathers off with her frigid fury. . . . Sometimes she dries out the soil, and folks get their onions and some early potatoes in the sod, and again she freezes the streams and the early buds and stops the flow of the water pipes and coats the highways with ice.

When March does give down with appreciable snow, it's generally set down in the books, as witness 1936 when travelers were stranded and when the waist deep snowfall was accompanied by zero blasts. . . . But we've always had patience with March, and all her tempestuous uncertainties. . . . After all, she makes springtime's beginnings, and in spite of her stormy galavanting, she arouses the bud, stirs the latent seed, and sets the stage for the first movements in nature's burning days. . . . Even her most frenzied spells shriek out promises of brighter days, and her sunshine and zephyrs trigger the endless cycle of fulfillment—the bud, the blossom and the rich fruits of the harvest.

A Man's Religion . . . It's Close To Him

The manner in which a man chooses to commune with the great Divine Spirit, constitutes a privilege which is usually held in the golden silences of his own soul. . . . When Senator Kennedy felt obliged to defend his beliefs in the field of Christianity against the loaded questions of a large group of preachers while he was running for the Presidency, it appeared to us as if his freedom had been violated, or even more than that. It seemed to us like forcing a man to disrobe or tearing his skin to see if his heart was in the customary place, or probing his brain in an effort to locate an unorthodox thought or an unanswered prayer. . . . We felt the same way the other day when Colonel Glenn was being questioned at a Senate committee hearing. . . . And as we might have expected, there was one who wanted to know about the astronaut's religious faith. Senator Wiley used this extremely poor taste, and Glenn's answer was:

"I have some very definite feelings on that. . . . I cannot say that while I was in orbit I sat there and prayed. I was pretty busy. . . . He said a man should live as if every day should be his last, but said he falls so far short of that it is 'pitiful,' but always comes back the next day and tries again. He feels that religion 'should not be of the fire engine type'—a man should not call on faith only in emergency—and then put God back in the woodwork. . . . I am trying to live as best I can. . . . My peace has been made with my Maker for a number of years so I had no particular worries on that line."

And we shall hope that public figures will desist from continually trying to find out how a man approaches The Throne. . . . Senator Wiley, however, did bring forth a classic explanation of a vital faith, which should be good for many who use the Book and their faith in the manner of good luck charms.

Uncle Pinkney

(MacKnight Syndicate)

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see by the papers where them science fellers is claiming that people on earth will gradual squeeze themselves to death. They figger the population of the world is increasing by 46 million a year and it's a simple matter of figgers that in due time they won't be no standing room left.

I ain't no Fort Knox on science and figgers but I recollect when me and my old lady got married the nearest neighbors we had out here lived three miles away. Right now we got two neighbors that lives less than 300 yards away and I can see how we could git squeezed to death if this trend keeps up.

We was discussing this item at the country store Saturday night and Ed Doolittle allowed as how he aimed to take shelter in the stable with his mule when the population explosion got to the squeezing point. Ed says his old mule won't let nobody but Ed in the stable and as an extra precaution against any undue squeezing from his neighbors, he'll keep the mule's heels aimed at the door.

Some of the fellers claimed the population problem had its good points if it could be stopped at the right time. Zeke Grubb reported that, according to the latest per capital figgers, his part of the national debt was now \$4,165. Zeke says if they can hold off payment on the national debt

till the population is about to explode, his per capital part could be reduced to around \$150 and he'd be give the Government a whiteface cow in full settlement.

Clem Webster was predicting that the time is coming when all debts will be cancelled and everybody will start over getting in debt. Clem says Franklin Roosevelt claimed the national debt was just some-pun we owed to each other. If the New Frontier will go along with his idea, allows Clem, he'll consider the matter closed on the \$4,165 he owes.

Bug Hookum was lamenting how styles in worrying changes from one generation to another. Per instant, Bug said when he was a boy he was always worrying about getting run down and killed by a mule with a shuck collar on, and today Ed's got to worry about bedding down with the mule to keep from getting squeezed to death. He claims they ain't much future to a situation where we ain't got but two choices, bomb explosion or population explosion.

This is a mighty bad time, Mister Editor, for this feller McNamara to come out and say the folks back home is "worrying unduly" about the world situation. It would seem to me that a heap would depend on how much worrying he calls duty.

Yours truly,
Uncle Pink