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R. C. RIVERS, JR., EDITOR AND MANAGER  
JEAN RIVERS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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## Seems As Though Baby's Grown Some



## Assembly May Go On Road Again

There are indications that even the new State House, and all its fountained and terraced beauty won't be able to hold the General Assembly for the duration of their current session. It seems right likely that again the Legislative body will become a road show.

Invitations are being received from far and near and that some of the invitations will be accepted seems fairly certain.

And there would be little point in our repeating our still-held conviction that, even though our lawmakers sometimes do a lot of amusing things, we don't believe they ought to be "road-showed" like was the case with first run movies a few years ago.

And of course there is the danger that Congress might get in the notion of some state-by-state junketing, and

their argumentations would never end.

At any rate we like the invitation the Raleigh solons received to visit at Cullowhee which was directed to "Tarheels who have a sincere appreciation for the finer things of life to stop for a while and set for a spell," and continued: "Whereas, the elevation of the soul, spirit and thought comes to those who look to the mountains, and growth in stature, in wisdom and in strength necessarily follows a visit to the lofty crags and verdant valleys of the Blue Ridge."

If we were in the Assembly, as much as we dislike the notion of moving the sessions here and there over the land, we would be warmed by the message from the high hills and might find it hard to resist the closing line of the letter, "You'll come."

## Sanford And Road Bond Proposal

Referring to the fact that he did not make road bonds an issue when he came into office Governor Sanford has issued a statement in which he points out that "we have let to contract more highway and road construction than in any similar period in history. We have built more secondary roads than any administration except Kerr Scott's," and adds:

—Because we have a single state system (only two or three other states work it this way), we are able to support 10 per cent of all state highway mileage on 3 per cent of road taxes collected in America and with the fewest highway employees.

—We have the best road system in America, county totals and percentage paved, except for New York and Ohio, and the use is so much greater in those two states because of the heavy population that we would rank well ahead of both of them in mileage of highways available to each resident or motorist.

—The great state of Texas today has less miles of paved secondary roads to date than were paved in North Carolina by Kerr Scott alone.

—In the brief time since I have been in office, we have paved more secondary roads than the total paved to date in Louisiana, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, and Rhode Island.

—California has 28,000 paved to our 27,000 but has almost twice as many miles unpaved as do we.

—South Carolina has 4,372 paved secondary miles compared to our 27,000 miles, or 16 per cent compared to our 46 per cent. Georgia has 12,000 paved, or 18 per cent. Tennessee has 16,000 miles or 29 per cent.

—During the remaining year and a half we expect to build roads as rapidly as possible on existing revenues and we will be able to keep up the pace by legislative action in stopping diversion, and the administrative action in improving efficiency.

... I believe we can meet the pressing needs of the people without bonds.

Sounds all right to us.

## The Big Presses Roll Again

The monstrous presses of the New York newspapers, silenced for 114 days from the ITU strike, roared with new life Sunday night as a news-starved city waited for the millions of copies to be speared from the great machines.

And it is hard to see how anyone gained by the close down which financial experts estimate has caused the metropolis the loss of from \$250 to \$450 millions, or about \$4 million a day.

Some of the results of the strikes: —About three-quarters of the 350 blind news dealers had to close down, and many of them were forced to go on relief when their savings dwindled.

—The average New Yorker found himself without a prime source of news, the columns and the comics.

—There was an exasperating search for information like, "How do you find a job or an apartment without the want

ads?"

—How does one find out about a funeral of a friend or acquaintance in a great city, or who's playing at the movies?

—Department store sales slumped more than 10 per cent from a year ago, night clubs and restaurants suffered, apartments stayed vacant longer and stock brokers got fewer orders.

—Funeral parlors said mourners' attendance dropped and florists reported a drop in orders for flowers. Employment agencies and real estate brokers, unable to advertise, said they got fewer calls from clients and buyers.

In spite of the radio and tv, which render highly useful service, there is still basic dependence on the printed word. Whether in Manhattan or Mudville; Cleveland or Centerville; Boston or Boone, the folks want their newspapers and depend upon them to a greater degree, judging by mounting circulation, than ever before.

## Same Sad Spring Song

(The Chapel Hill Weekly)

Some sage, unquestionably locked in mortal combat with a regimen of Metrecal and hot tea, once observed, "Imprisoned is every fat man, a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out."

And so he is, remembering with an added urgency in time with that semi-annual fandango the mercury performs in the confines of the tube. February was the cruelest month of the year. The last of the ducks had winged on South, unfruffled pinfeathers a jaunty rebuke to frustrated gun barrels and miffed retrievers. Before that the links had gone brown and sere; the back-swing scattered spray as if the club had cut an unseen surf, and the inward retreat became a rout to one last rampart of firewood.

The eye jaundiced, the muscle slackened; a certain stiffness in the trousers swelled into a constant hazard to the integrity of the same never meant to be ob-

lity's dike.

—Spring's sudden onset has caught us flatfooted, but otherwise the much sought adjective must go begging for want of being apt. And so begins a rite of spring such as Stravinsky in his wildest atonality never could conceive.

But begin it must—this clashing of grass on mower blade and rasping of rake on gravel, until by fall our sleek self has earned his parole once more.

It bespeaks a disharmony with nature: to shed while all else burgeons; to molt in spirit while the world is in an orgy of foliage.

This time it will be different, we said, and it may be yet. The notion of Spring comes and goes as though on pulleys, and with our resolve to start; trapped somewhere between the furnace and the shade on the lawn, not knowing where our prow is pointed.

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

April 2, 1903.

Watauga Academy commencement begins on Thursday of next week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cottrell of Deerfield, a baby boy.

Showery weather and the grass continues to grow nicely, regardless of the fact that we have had several right severe freezes of late.

Married on last Thursday at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Philip Greer, Miss Alice Greer to Mr. Charles Greer of Trade, Tenn., Rev. N. C. Combs, officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Greene returned from a visit to Cove Creek Sunday and report the health of Mrs. Sarah Mast as being in a most precarious condition.

The amount of Irish potatoes in Watauga county this spring is immense, and we are told that they are selling as low as 30c per bushel.

The Jefferson Recorder of last week says the family of Mr. T. W. Anderson, which came here some time ago from Tenn., has removed to Blowing Rock where Mr. Anderson will go into the livery stable business.

Mrs. Maggie Boyden of Boone, who is in the Billingsley Hospital at Statesville for treatment, was again operated upon for internal tumor on last Friday and it is gratifying indeed to us to state that the operation was a decided success and at last reports the patient was getting along nicely. Her brother, Dr. J. B. Council and

Dr. Long, both of Salisbury, with the hospital surgeons, performed the operation.

Will there be an effort made to locate the Appalachian Training School in this county? This is a matter of no small importance, and there is not much being said or done about it. What do you say?

The reports of the condition of the fruit prospects in the county since the hard freezes of last week, are, to some extent, mixed. Some say it is all killed, while others assert that very little damage has been done to our staple crop.

Prof. Francum closed an eight months term of the Cone school at Blowing Rock on last Friday. That philanthropic gentleman, Mr. Moses H. Cone, has been duplicating the county and State fund at that place for some time and despite his interest taken in the education of the children in that neighborhood, we are told that the average attendance was not near as high as it should have been.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

April 2, 1924.

On Tuesday, April 17, the Geo. Phillips property, fronting Water Street and the railroad, which has been subdivided into lots will be sold at auction to the high bidder. It is valuable stuff and should bring a good price.

Little Miss Virginia South entertained a number of her friends at a birthday party from 3 to 5 p. m. yesterday. Abundant refreshments to the liking of the kiddies were served, which were much enjoyed by

all of them.

Mr. W. R. Gragg is making some substantial improvements on his dwelling.

Mr. Floyd Ward has purchased the J. D. Council corner, opposite the Watauga County Bank, and will erect thereon a modern filling station. The old store building has been moved to the rear and will, we suppose, be rearranged for a dwelling. The location is ideal.

The spirit of spring it seems, has bit friend Watt Gragg. He is vacating his property, putting a brick retaining wall in front, and making other very slightly improvements on his valuable holdings.

Attend the mass meeting at the court house on next Monday at 11 a. m. It is very important that every business man, every tiller of the soil and all others, who have the welfare of the farmers of the county at heart, to be present.

Mr. Poly Moretz is rushing to completion a residence on a lot he recently purchased from F. A. Linney, lying north of the court house.

### Fifteen Years Ago

April 1, 1948.

Lt. J. M. Deal and Mrs. Deal and daughter, Sandra, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Bingham spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bingham at Pinnacle.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Owens, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Harrell and son, Ray Baxter, Jr., of Gastonia spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cooke.

Mrs. Texie Fox returned to her home at Vilas Monday after spending last week at Watauga Hospital where she underwent treatment.

Mrs. R. C. Mabrey of Concord and two children, Betty and Sara Lynn, are visiting Mrs. Mabrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Brown.

Miss Nellie Moretz of Detroit, Mich., is spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Robert Howell of Meat Camp and with other relatives in Hickory.

Miss Maisee Jean Jones of Fayetteville, spent the Easter holidays with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Jones.

Mrs. W. L. Henson of Mt. Pleasant, spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Reese and Mr. Reese here.

Mr. Paul Fletcher has returned home after undergoing an appendix operation at Wilkes Hospital at North Wilkesboro recently.

Mr. Tommy Holloway, Jr., left Friday for Milwaukee School of Engineering, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he will enroll for a three year course.

Mrs. Howard Cottrell was called to New London last week because of the illness of her aunt, Mrs. Reid Reeves.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hodges of Statesville, spent Sunday with Mrs. Hodges' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Greene.

Mrs. Jack Farnsworth of New York City, spent Good Friday with her brother, Rev. E. F. Troutman.

Mrs. Chas. L. Lewis of Sherwood will return to her home today from Norfolk, Va., where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Narva Hagaman and Mr. Hagaman.

# KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

## At Blowing Rock . . . Old Times Reviewed

Recently we enjoyed a visit with some pioneer Blowing Rock citizens, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Sudderth, who are occupying the same home they have lived in for 55 years. . . . Mr. Sudderth, who has been retired for about ten years, is an old-timer in the mountain-top town, and actually was born near his present home eighty years ago. . . . Mrs. Sudderth is the former Miss Cora Blair, daughter of the late William T. and Mrs. Blair, who operated the Blair Hotel in Boone for many years.

## A Leader . . . Varied Career

Mr. Sudderth started his career as a teacher, and taught at Sandy Flat, Zionville and other places in the county school system, was cashier of the Bank of Blowing Rock for ten years, was employed by Wachovia Bank & Trust Co., in Winston-Salem, but couldn't get used to doing without the high hills and returned to Blowing Rock after a year. . . . He was one of the organizers of the Peoples Bank & Trust Co., in Boone, and its first cashier. . . . He got his law degree from Wake Forest College and practiced civil law for 25 years. . . . He was Judge of the Watauga County Recorder's Court and was once appointed Clerk of the Superior Court but decided against the job and didn't qualify.



MR. SUDDERTH  
... as a patriotic speaker

## Mayor . . . Gifted Speaker

Mr. Sudderth says he doesn't know how many times he has been Mayor of Blowing Rock, but has been intermittently throughout the years. . . . He recalls that in 1909 the total tax take of the town was about four hundred dollars. . . . A gifted speaker of his time, he was frequently called upon to make public appearances, and we borrowed the picture published herewith from him, which shows him pocketing his notes after delivering a patriotic address in the Blowing Rock Park at the close of the last world war. . . . In later years he enjoyed going out on fox hunts and mingling with his friends. . . . Possessed of a rare sense of humor he liked the Pink Baldwin stories, and frequently fellowshipped with the grizzled tall-tale teller, of the tall timber.

## We've Known Him . . . A Long Time

Our friendship with Mr. Sudderth dates back to our short-breeces days when the Rivers boys had a motorcycle which gave a lot of trouble. . . . Mr. Sudderth kept the contraption at his home for a week or two, got into its innards and put it to racing up hill and down dale like a bucking bronco. . . . He was the first man we knew to own one of these speedy, spluttering cycles, and enjoyed working with them and with automobiles. . . . On one occasion, we recall, our cycle went plumb dead near the Bank of Blowing Rock right in the midst of Mr. Sudderth's business hours as Cashier. . . . When we entered the door, dusty and distraught, he was waiting on a customer. . . . We waited and told him our troubles. . . . Obligingly, he locked the door, went out on the street and made the adjustments on the motor bike, cranked her up, and went back to his banking. . . . A man worth his salt always likes the folks who were good to him in his gangling days, and we have enjoyed a long and happy friendship with this good and outstanding Blowing Rock citizen. . . . And we liked our visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sudderth. . . . Among our favorite people, they rank mighty high, and we wish for them the best in all the days of their retirement.

## On The Links . . . Bingo!

Guy Hunt called us Sunday evening to bring us the happy news that he'd made the perfect shot down at the Tri-Counties golf club near Whiteset. . . . Guy used a no. 6 iron to hole the sphere in one shot from the number 7 tee, and because the tone of the club. . . . The management presented him with a new set of clubs, bag and cart, to the value of about three hundred dollars, and a membership in the club, to add to his overflowing cup of joy. . . . Bert Ellis, J. C. Cline, Shula Aldridge, and Ray Farthing accompanied Guy when he realized the fulfillment of the gol-

er's dream. . . . Another good friend of ours, with whom we have trudged many happy miles around the golf course, Jack Cobb, made his ace last fall. . . . Now we shall hope that the next man to hit the jackpot on the green will be Dr. Taylor Adams, the dean of the group with which we have duffed—a gentleman and a scholar. . . . And congratulations to Guy on his achievement. . . . Such fun couldn't have come to a better fellow!

# Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Ole Patrick Henry told some of our ancestors if he couldn't git liberty to give him death. I was just setting here reading the papers and studying my latest literature from the Department of Agriculture and wondering if ole Patrick could stand the kind of liberty we got now.

For instant, this Washington column writer says national, state and local taxes will take 34 cents of ever dollar earned by the American people in 1963. In 1929, he says, these taxes was taking 11 cent.

This column writer claims taxes has got so high they has give rise to a brand new profession in this country, the "tax avoidance" experts. He allows as how a field of experts as big as the legal profession has sprung up that don't do nothing but specialize in finding legal loop holes fer avoiding taxes. He told about one big manufacturer that hires six of these tax avoidance boys full time. The manufacturer explained that it pays better, after you reach a certain point, to find ways of getting out of taxes than it does to earn more income fer the company.

And I ain't got much faith in this campaign they rot going now to cut taxes. What they take off here they'll put on there, and by 1964 the tax take will be up another 2 cent on the dollar. I agree 100 per cent with that new car bumper sticker they say is going round the country: "A Vote Fer Anybody Is A Vote Fer More Taxes."

And they was a couple disturbing items in my dosage from the Department of Agriculture this week. First off, they was a small item announcing that the price of elephants has doubled since 1952 and was climbing all the time. When that item sits in the newspapers and folks starts hoarding elephants things will git pretty crowded.

But the most serious item was about them science fellers at the University of Wisconsin hitting on a discovery in wheat culture that might produce 100 to 150 bushels to the acre. About the best you can git now is 40 to 50 bushel. We already got Government wheat stored from Alcatraz to the Statue of Liberty and if the yield gits up to 150 bushel a acre it could cause a national panic.

(MacKnight Syndicate)