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"The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first objective should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive these papers and be capable of reading them."—Thomas Jefferson.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1966

Future Farmers Week

Next week is to bring a more worthy observance than most of them. It will be a week when the up-and-coming young generation of farmers, organized as the Future Farmers of America, will take a bow, and we can all take a new look at the importance of our agricultural enterprises.

The theme for the week is to be "Agriculture Is More Than Farming."

This brings on the term "Agri-Business," which has been used to describe farming and all the inter-related businesses. Like the chain of agriculture begins with the suppliers to farmers—those who provide goods and services ranging from machinery and chemicals to insurance and technical services. Farmers, the producers of raw materials, have been called the center link. Then come marketing, processing, transportation and distribution. Taken as a whole this agricultural complex employs millions

of people and is America's largest industry.

It is heartening to us that so many young men have gone into the Future Farmers organization as a tribute to the soundness of our farm enterprise. Vocational agriculture courses in our high schools have no doubt stimulated the desire of many of our boys to enter the farming business and to get the training needed to carry on the vital business properly. Some of these will go on to college or technical schools, but about a third will return to the farm, we are told, with the knowledge that additional education is available to them in young farmer and adult farmer classes conducted by teachers of vocational agriculture.

The Future Farmers organization supplements the regular instruction opportunities for leadership development. Its goal is the training of young men for a wide scope of agricultural occupations. This is needed and is vital work.

The Cost Of Welfare

"Even in the Great Society it would be cheaper to send the unemployed to Harvard."

Anyway that's how the Charleston, S. C. News and Courier wryly comments on the antipoverty program. The editorial has to do with some revealing facts concerning training projects in Virginia, as disclosed by Senator Robertson of that State:

"Examples: 36 unemployed kitchen helpers were being trained at a cost of \$33,601. Sixty unemployed persons were being trained as nurses' aides at a cost of \$78,390. Eighteen unemployed workers were being

trained as bricklayers at a cost of \$70,579.

"Senator Robertson did a little arithmetic and found it cost \$3,921 to train each bricklayer and \$5,497 to train each plumber's helper. Even in these days of inflation, you can get a good deal of College education for that sort of money."

Whether one is for against the anti-poverty or other welfare programs, the costs are supposed to run pretty high in the light of the results obtained—often greater than the optimistic preliminary estimates.

Signs On The Way

We are pleased that we are to have some signs at the entrance to Boone, signifying that this is Daniel Boone Country, and since this corner started the talk of a Daniel Boone statue, we're glad to settle for the signs as a step in the direction of the elaborate memorial which we had imagined.

But this is not to say that signs should be in the form of the usual commercial billboard, which are on hand, but should be something different—designed not only as a reminder to the visitor that he is in Daniel Boone country, but also with an idea of having something with esthetic appeal.

If something could be designed, perhaps in the form of medium-size monuments of native rough granite, with some sort of permanent word-

ing "Daniel Boone Country," should be good. Extended promotional material, we would suggest, would tend to destroy the whole notion. The Daniel Boone, of Burnsville, who is a clever worker in wrought iron, might be helpful in this regard. We expect something definite to be on the way before long.

Incidentally we don't aim to stop our statue promotion. We had always leaned to the man on a horse theme for public memorials, but since we had regarded our Dan'l as a foot traveler, we won't be satisfied until we see, somewhere on the commons, the old-squirrel shooter and frontiersman, with the long rifle and his hound. We still think we should have the signs and also the statue. We have spent a heap of money on less worthy projects.

Inklin's In Ink

For sometime now, we've had this yen to drive a straight-shift vehicle of some sort, and haven't been too overpoweringly concerned about whether it was a car or truck, old or new.

But our many offers to drive our Valentine's old truck passed on deaf ears until the other day, when we started talking about trading for a car with a straight transmission.

All of a sudden we were bouncing down the alley way in a pick-up truck . . . in low gear . . . unable to change. Fortunately, there's a radio in the truck, and we heard our Valentine calling us: "KKK, 888, where are you?" KKK, by the way, is a radio code, not an indication of our affiliation.

"We're down at the end of the alley," we said. "In low gear—unable to get into second."

"Look again, KKK," said the radio. "The truck has four forward gears, not three."

Oh.

And so, with mild exasperation, we did note that there were four, and took off in the first of them, still unable to change, and finally bumping to a stop. "KKK, 888 calling," we said into the speaker. "Do you have to use the clutch the second time you use the gears?"

"Only if you want to keep on going." "Well, it's making a lot of noise—like saw blades hitting each other."

And that was the fastest trip you ever saw. Our spouse climbed into the truck and instructed us about the gears and clutch and said painfully were we still interested in driving the truck? Which we were.

We got where we were going, but on the return trip—smack through the middle of town—kept pulling up in front of stores and peering stoically into their windows. Actually, we were on our way home in low gear, and hated to go very far at a time.

We've Come Out Of Wars Before



Henry McCarrn

FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

M. A. Teague Loses House And Food Stores In Fire

Sixty Years Ago
February 15, 1906

Mr. W. L. Bryan has been right unwell this week.

Mrs. Malinda Horton, who has been ill in Wilkesboro, continues to improve.

Miss Ida Hardin and Joe Sutherland, both of Sutherland, have been visiting at the home of J. F. Hardin.

Master Frank (Coodge) Lovill has been very low with pneumonia and is still a very sick boy.

Mr. B. J. Council, Sr., of Vilas is most seriously ill, and today (Wednesday) he is no better.

F. A. Linney is beyond the Ridge this week attending court and we suppose incidentally looking after the nomination for Solicitor in this district.

On Wednesday night of last week Mr. M. A. Teague lost his house and almost the entire contents by fire, including a year's supply of flour, groceries and other provisions. He earned his property by honest, hard toil, and it is to be hoped that the people will contribute to the family as liberally as they can in this their time of absolute need.

Mr. Claude Green, son of Mr. Allen Greene of Meat Camp, who has held the position of

depot agent and telegraph operator at Collettsville for some time, was married yesterday to Miss Annie Pearl Suddreth of Caldwell. The bridal party will arrive at the home of the groom's father today where more than a hundred invited guests will be present to join in the festivities of the happy occasion.

Mrs. David Wilson of Johnson County, Tenn., had a cancer that weighed a pound taken from her left breast last week by Dr. Hogshead of Banner Elk and is making a rapid recovery.

Owing to a perfect epidemic of measles raging on Brushy Fork the school there has closed temporarily until the disease abates.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago
February 17, 1927

Mrs. W. R. Lovill returned last weekend from Johnson city where she visited a brother who had been very sick for a few days. She reported him some better.

Miss Edith Knight of Boone received a message Sunday to the effect that her aunt in Greenville, S. C., was critically ill. Miss Knight left immediately for Greenville.

Miss Amelia Clark, former

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

Something we didn't know until recently: one of the principal reasons why there was such bitter antagonism toward Joan of Arc was due to the fact that she wore male attire. As a result of this, and several other charges, she was sentenced to life imprisonment. Tricked into wearing male attire again, she was condemned to death and was burned at Rouen by the English.

And get this: the death sentence was revoked 25 years after she had been executed.

One of our readers sends in this inquiry: "There are two brothers; what relationship would their grandchildren be to one another?"

The children of brothers are first cousins. The grandchildren of brothers are second cousins. The great-grandchildren are third cousins.

One brother's son and another brother's grandson are first cousins once removed, although often popularly referred to as second cousins.

During World War II, Mrs. A. J. Cook of Fayetteville, N. C., had seven sons in the service, and there was at least one member of the family in every branch of the service. Three were in the Army, two in the Navy, one in the Coast Guard and one in the Marines. All except the one in the Coast Guard saw foreign service. All came

home safely, although one was a prisoner in Germany for almost two years.

Happening to look through the Raleigh telephone directory this morning, we came across these two names.

Mrs. Queen Esther Hall, 1120 Smithfield.

Various V. Hall, 1507 Lincoln Drive.

A few days ago we were coming down in one of the elevators at the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh. There was some kind of a convention in progress and the elevator was crowded. So much so that after leaving the fifth floor there wasn't room for anyone else.

As we were passing the third floor, somebody was buzzing with considerable energy. The elevator girl shouted: "Loaded." Back through the door came a man's cheerful response: "So am I!"

My great grandfather, Micajah Lassiter, was twice married, writes Mrs. L. E. Teague. His first wife bore him nine sons and one daughter; his second wife gave him nine daughters and one son. The son of this last union was my grandfather. This great-grandfather lived to be ninety years of age. He left twenty children, ninety-six grandchildren, eighty-one great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

A Long Ways . . . With A Wagon

Last year a couple of fellows finished a wagon trip a good deal longer than that traversed by our annual Wagon Train. . . . They bumped and jolted all the way across Canada, and Bill Stiff of Fort William, Ontario, allowed as how, "There's no better way to see Canada." . . . The second man on the wagon was Cecil Rivers of Calgary, Alberta . . . (no particular significance to the name other than that, we too, have been known to do uncommon things) and Rivers, while he said they both enjoyed the 3,700 mile trip, admitted he was glad when it was over. . . . Which sounds like a remark another Rivers would have made, exuberantly, that is. . . . But anyway, if anybody's got the urge to cross the Dominion of Canada in a wagon, these chaps say that the trip was not too expensive and that many people along the way offered them free food and lodging. . . . Happily, on their arrival in Nova Scotia, they received diamond rings and other gifts from merchants.

THEIR ONLY TROUBLE occurred when the team of horses bolted in Manitoba and their wagon collided with a car in Fort Williams, without injuries. . . . The Rivers had commented that they left Calgary in a rainstorm and ended the trip in a rainstorm. . . . The Nova Scotia travel bureau awarded the men honorary memberships in recognition of their journey. . . . We always say if you feel the urge to travel 3,700 miles in a wagon and want good luck, always start out in a rainstorm, especially if you are needin' a diamond ring — the hard way, that is.

Court House Talk

The court house issue has been raised again, and we'd say that the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners is right in being anxious to find out what the folks think about it, before the county takes action. . . . That is what the Commissioners tried to do in 1903, when the issue finally developed into an argument as to whether the courthouse would be remodeled, a new one built or certain other improvements made in the county, like building a bridge or two—maybe one over the Watauga River. . . . The Democrat went all out for a new courthouse, said the old courthouse was a sort of public disgrace. . . . As a matter of fact the old courthouse, which was later converted into the first Watauga County Bank building, and had a square-pitched wood shingle roof, was only 31 years old, when in 1904 the folks decided it wouldn't do. . . . Our present courthouse is almost 62 years old, and it is inadequate, tolerably dilapidated, and there is little question but that a new one is needed. . . . However, we'd believe, off-hand that remodeling a building of such great age, could easily be a grave mistake. . . . At any rate architects can determine that.

A Mite Of History

Incidentally, Watauga's first courthouse stood roughly on the lot where Mrs. Paul Coffey's home stands. . . . It burned in 1873, on the 29th of March. . . . A new courthouse was built the same year on a lot at King and North Water Streets bought from Joel Norris for \$300. . . . Captain Thomas J. Coffey and his brother, William Columbus Coffey, erected the building which was torn down only a few years ago, for \$4,800. . . . The building committee was composed of Henry Taylor, Duddy Farthing and Jacob Williams. . . . The county commissioners were J. E. Finley, Thomas J. Coffey and W. H. Calloway. . . . The present courthouse was built in 1904, after a year's controversy, mass meetings, etc. . . . A contractor named Cooper erected the structure from bricks burned on a lot north of the building. . . . Without a central heating plant, of course, the various offices were equipped with fire places. . . . Whether the people would be in a notion to take the building of the needed county structure at this time, we don't know, but again, there can be no valid question about the need.

Changing Times

The closing of the schools for 16 days due to the snows, brings memories of less plush times, when nothing closed 'em down. . . . There were no buses to stall or skid, no pipes to freeze, the school master wanted to get on with the work, and when we viewed a big snow when our daddy had bounced us out early in the morning, we'd feel sure we'd get to stay home and slide on a hill or try to track a rabbit or do something that was fun. . . . But we'd be told, "Your mother will help you wrap up good, and the wind will be behind you . . . coming back, it

may be quieter. . . . The fresh air will do you good." . . . and we didn't have a chance. . . . And actually the kids in Boone, in relatively late years, had no closing problem, since most of them walked anyway. . . . We missed a sight of good snow fun by being born when nothing could keep one away from school, unless he came down with the measles, the mumps, chicken pox, or some other contagion, which was not unlikely. . . . But there again, we couldn't win. . . . We just had to be there, it appeared to our folks, with the sandwiches and chestnuts in our pockets, the books in the across-the-shoulder homemade bag, and rabbit gums and slidin' on the hill in our noggin.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

The fellers at the country store Saturday night was general agreed that the world of today was hurting all over more'n it was hurting in any one place. You don't git deep thinking like this, Mister Editor, from our State Department, and it ain't often you git such grass roots philosophy from the Congress.

What brings this matter up was one of the fellers—and I ain't callin' his name at this time—reported he was taking next Tuesday fer a holiday on account of it being George Washington's birthday. He allowed as how that was one day of 365 ever year when he took off complete. Personal, I never heard tell of him hitting a lick at the blacksnake on the other 364 but I didn't say no-thing.

But this got Ed Doolittle to wondering what Washington would think if he could take a quick look today at the country he was the father of. Ed, that has took to crutches since the Great Society got in full swing, was of the opinion ole George would ask the Lord to fergive him fer ever starting this mess.

Zeke Grubb was agreed with Ed, claimed we was going round in circles and getting no place fast. Fer instant, said Zeke, we got machines that can take ocean water and make it fitten to drink, but we was poisoning our rivers with all kinds of chemics faster than we can treat the water back like it was. And we got pills fer everthing that can git wrong with us, pills to slow us down, speed us up, make us sleepy, keep us awake, and just about everthing that keeps us from feeling natural. Furthermore, allowed Zeke, they was putting more safety gadgets on cars but was making 'em bigger and faster and ever year we set a new record fer folks gitting killed on fancy highways. We was gitting telephones, reported Zeke, that show you who you was talking to, but we live so fast in them big cities a feller don't even know his next door neighbor.

This was a pretty long speech fer Zeke and some of the fellers give him a round of applause. Bug Hookum was agreed with Ed and Zeke, said he had saw a piece in the papers where we got more television sets in this country than we got toilets. Bug reported he didn't have neither and he figured ole George would be on his side. We was better off, claimed Bug, in George's time when all we knowed about science was when you thumped a watermelon and it went "plunk" it was ripe, and if it went "plink" it was green.

I admit, Mister Editor, they was two sides to this matter, that maybe we ain't making the best of things, but I'd rather be here now than in George's time, even if they was calling garbage collectors "garbologists" in Washington.