

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

N. C. Top-Award Winning Weekly Newspaper, 1965

An Independent Weekly Newspaper

ESTABLISHED IN 1888

Published for 45 Years by Robert C. Rivers, Sr.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS BY RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY, INC., OWNER

R. C. RIVERS, JR., Editor and Manager
RACHEL A. RIVERS, Managing Editor
JEAN RIVERS, Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

IN NORTH CAROLINA		OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA	
One Year	\$3.00	One Year	\$4.00
Six Months	\$1.50	Six Months	\$2.50
Four Months	90c	Four Months	\$2.00

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

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

MEMBER NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

"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, APRIL 14, 1966

Build It "Old"

Now that the County Commissioners have entered into an agreement with an architect for a new County court house, and, as we reported last week, have decided that the new structure shall occupy the property where the old court house now stands, we should like to be among the first to render an appraisal of what the new facility should look like.

First of all, it should look old—not dingy, not dusty, not poorly lit—but stand as stately as the one it will replace, sport long narrow windows, and wide steep steps and lean on bright round columns of white.

It should have dignity, and as most old buildings, grace, with which to step into its first months of duty. It should reflect the heritage to which this area has only recently thrown its full support. It should gently stir memories of the old days, and should in this fashion maintain its close tie with the people.

We understand modern architecture. We think it has grace—and polish and promise, but it would be

criminal to plunge our County headquarters—into a square orange crate of a house.

In the way of a court house, we will require something with walls up which ivy might crawl comfortably; something tall to throw a cool shadow on summer days; and something warm and familiar to greet a visitor in winter.

We will need a court house with plenty of room for county records, a court room with sufficient heat, and stairwells that creak, but not too loudly as one goes up and down them on business errands.

The day is coming when Boone will be on every tongue, and she and Daniel Boone will be on the same breath, and—of all things!—a statue of the pioneer will be erected in memorial.

Passers-by should see our new County court house and feel respect for the country discovered by Indians and frontiersmen.

Our Courthouse should reflect all this, and visitors should remember it as an aristocratic building.

Uncle Gets A Pay Day

Friday is pay day.

The idea of March which used to fetch along more terror to the taxpayer than the warning voice brought to Julius Caesar, became the middle of April for the Revenue Service and doubtless just as many of us are late as were before the time was extended.

"What's the use of working," the fellow said, "when the government aims to take it all from you anyway."

Being slightly on the old-fashioned side, in that we still have tucked away a tad of patriotism, we can think of a lot of reasons why we should keep plugging and working and expanding in order to earn more and more money on which to pay more and more taxes.

In the first place, no matter what

the bracket, part of the money one earns is his own. After all the taxes are paid, and the high cost of living added up, we the people have more stuff, more goods and services, more land and chattels, more homes, more food, and more of the comforts of life than any people have ever had in the history of the world.

This isn't to say that we get hilariously happy when we mail the checks to IRS and to the State Department of Revenue, but still we think we're getting a great deal in security, in services to our people, in conveniences and in the care and outfitting of those who fight at the outposts of freedom.

The taxes are high, we wish they weren't, but still, when the books are balanced, we are getting a bargain.

Deadline Draws Nigh

A good many additional candidates have filed for office in the last few days and several others are apt to take the plunge by the time the books are closed.

We are heartened that so much interest is being taken in politics on the county level, where in these times of inflation the modest salaries afforded would have to come second to the desire to be of service.

Others who would like to go be-

fore the voters in May to see if they will be tapped to tote the ball in the grand finals of party politics in November are reminded that next Friday is the last day they will be able to stake out a spot on the primary ballot.

Where so much interest generates, and so many qualified men come forth for county office, the people ought to have it easy in selecting competent officials.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

About mid-afternoon Easter Sunday, our Aunt Virginia noticed that her dog, who recently had three puppies—White, Blackie and Brownie—was promenading with only two of them.

The family had been residing in a nearby barn owned by Mr. Bynum Taylor of Water Street. Aunt Virginia returned shortly and said she had been to the barn and could hear the puppy crying under the flooring of the grain room. To get that close to the lost one, she had gotten down on her knees and crawled through a tiny opening in the side of the barn, which had been boarded up for years.

We and mine finally agreed that the third puppy might be sick, or hungry, and we made our way into the old barn to see what we could do. After considerable deliberation, we decided that we could do nothing without yanking up the floor boards, and spouse decided that the puppy was probably alright and if it didn't come out in the morning, we would take more serious action.

We went home and started looking at

color slides, and the phone rang just about supper time, and Aunt Virginia said she just wouldn't be able to wait until tomorrow, and would somebody please come and find the missing pup.

It was after dark when we arrived, and before taking it upon ourselves to go prowling about someone's property at night, Aunt V. called Mr. Taylor and explained the dilemma. He was very much in favor of finding Brownie, and we struck off to see what might be done about it.

Again we looked, and again we decided that we just couldn't get the little one out without tearing down the barn, and since the mamma doggie was comfortable asleep in a manger full of hay, it appeared that the puppies had cuddled up under the flooring and all were probably well.

Monday morning, Blackie and White came out to play, and pretty soon Aunt V. spied Brownie and called to share the good news.

Now she hears a fourth puppy under the flooring. And how many more are there we don't know.

Who's A Has-Been?



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Mountain Men Go West; Told There's Good Living Here

Sixty Years Ago
April 12, 1906

It is stated in an Asheville dispatch that hundreds of the Western North Carolina people are leaving for the West. This seems discouraging. Many get the idea that money almost grows on trees in some places but when they get there they find that at has to be toiled for. There is a good living here for all if they have the determination to earn it.

Walter Gentry of Jefferson spent Tuesday at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. G. Horton in Boone.

Master Homer Moretz accompanied by his parents returned from the hospital at Salisbury Monday and despite the painful and trying ordeals through which he has passed of late he is in good health looking well

and is the same dear little boy. J. Luther Banner of Montezuma State District Deputy Grand Master A F & A M was present at the meeting in Boone on Friday night looking after the work finances, etc. of the Craft. Luther seems well up on Masonry and will doubtless be successful in the position he now holds.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago
April 14, 1927

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ayers Monday a daughter.

Mrs. Lunda Bingham Gray of Cove Creek has as her guest Miss Jennie Ring of New York City.

Mr. H. W. Horton and family who spent the winter months in Miami, Fla., are on their way back home and are expected in Boone at any time.

Mr. T. C. Hodges of Boone aged 68, and Miss Mary Watson aged 55 of Caldwell county were married in Boone Tuesday evening J. W. Bryan, Esq. officiating. The young (?) couple has our best wishes.

Mrs. Casey, her daughter, Mrs. A. E. South and two little girls, left early Tuesday morning for Birmingham, Ala. to visit with Mrs. Casey's mother, Mrs. Gunlock, who is ill at her home in that city. The trip was made in a Chevrolet car with Mr. John Steele at the wheel.

Sorry to her of the very serious illness of Mrs. John McBride, of Sherwood. She has been in declining health for several months and was recently taken worse. Much anxiety is felt by loved ones and friends over her condition. She is suffering with a complication of diseases.

Dr. J. M. Gaither of Boone is in Greensboro this week attending a meeting of the State Dental Society.

Fifteen Years Ago
April 12, 1951

Lt. J. M. Deal, Mrs. Deal and children, Sandra and Jimmy, of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bingham and children, Rebekah, Bill, Jr. and Carol Steele of Pinnacle and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bingham of Concord spent the weekend with Mrs. R. K. Bingham.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hood of Lenoir and Miss Ruth Farthing of Shelby were weekend visitors with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Farthing.

Mrs. R. E. Agle and children, Mollie, Bobby and Jimmy spent the weekend in Bessemer City with Mrs. Agle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Eury. They went especially to get little Richard Agle who had spent two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Eury.

Mrs. Herman F. Duncan and daughter, Susan, of Greensboro joined Rev. Mr. Duncan at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Councilll for the weekend. Rev. Mr. Duncan spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Councilll.

Mrs. Mack Luttrell, who has spent several weeks with her husband in Johnson City, Tenn., returned to their home here Saturday. Mr. Luttrell was here for the weekend.

Mrs. Joe Mast of Myrtle Point, Oregon is spending a month visiting at the home of a cousin, Mr. A. N. Mast at Sherwood and with other relatives in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Linney and Mrs. Paul A. Coffey returned to their homes Sunday from Charlotte where they had visited with Mrs. F. A. Linney at Memorial Hospital since Friday. Mrs. Linney is slightly improved.

Dr. and Mrs. Gus Langhron of Forest City spent Monday and Tuesday with Dr. Langhron's aunt, Mrs. W. H. Gragg and Mr. Gragg.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Sunday's Newspaper . . . Big And Fat

Sunday morning, while the coffee was a-makin', we mechanically went into the driveway to get the Winston-Salem Journal. . . . And instead of getting the normal weighty edition, we fetched back an armful of newspaper—4 or 5 pounds, to set a record for a Twin-City periodical. . . . The edition, which was published in line with the city's 200th Anniversary Celebration, appears on the face of it, to be a masterful job, and we are saving it back for some good long evenings of pleasure. . . . It comprises a history of the Forsyth metropolis, of the people who founded it and nurtured its growth, and is a tribute to those who publish the Journal, and to everyone who had anything to do with the mammoth edition. . . . It will no doubt be cherished for years to come for its authentic historical value, and newspapermen will want to keep it around for the added reason that it's a top-notch job of newspapering.

A First In Boone

We've had an especial liking for the Journal for several reasons. . . . One is personal, and comes from the fact that we've had some good friends who've done service on the newspaper, and another is that the Journal was the first daily newspaper to be sent up to Boone for breakfast time, forty-some-odd years ago. . . . Those were the days when Clinton Nance sold some subs around Boone, and when J. Lee Hampton, the best county-seat, courthouse reporter we ever knew, made his tobacco-chewing way to Boone now and again to hang out a heap of good copy, when on the face of it, there was nothing to write about. . . . The Journal, like everything else, has grown immeasurably since those skimpy, pinchy days and continues to give wide coverage to the northwestern section of the State. . . . No other daily newspaper covers the news of this region like the Journal or does so much to promote the welfare of Boone, Watauga County and adjacent areas. . . . Editor Sanford Martin was plugging for us when the counties in this corner of the State were generally known as the Lost Provinces. . . . The late Mr. Martin's successors have followed faithfully in the big tracks he made, and we have benefitted to a considerable degree. . . . We congratulate the Journal on the outsize edition and wish for it continuing success, as it constantly lends us a hand in letting the people know what's happening around here.

"Brown-Bagging"

We were brought up in an atmosphere where one was bound to know at an early age what a carpet-bagger was. . . . As we recall it, he was labeled as a sort of cross between a devil and a witch. . . . But be danged if we knew till lately about a brown-bagger. . . . That is we hadn't heard that appendage for the guy or gal who totes his or her likker in a poke. . . . But we know now, and the decision of the Attorney General's office that one just ain't in his legal rights when he totes the fifth anywhere 'ceptin' to his own domicile, and then the seal must be unbusted, is in the way of making an issue in the State of more than passing concern to the politicians as well as to the baggers in general.

Had Two Notions

It seems that the AG's office had once held that one could tote a sack of grog, but that's been over-ruled and it seems that in some localities word has gone out to the enforcers of the law that the brown-baggers and/or locker-key carriers are to be arrested for illegal possession of spirits. . . . That, in essence, a fellow just can't have the condiments for a toddy at any place except right in the home. . . . which, some contend, is about the worst place there is to imbibe, especially when there are children. . . . Country clubs, for instance, had been generally understood to be a man's second home, where he could have some good food, fellowship and fun, and maybe some of the members have tided bags. . . . We don't know, not being a politician of any appreciable size, what's going to happen, but we'd hate to be the one who decides that all this people who take a drink away from home from their flasks are to be arrested. . . . Which all adds up to the fact that the medley of prohibitive laws in the State should be clarified, to say the least. . . . We wouldn't suggest that the fellow who carries a bag around, brown, white or

black, is doing himself any good, but from what we see in the papers he always has thought he had the right to do that if he wanted to. . . . We would say, though, that a blanket arrest of these people wouldn't be particularly promoting the peace and dignity of the State. . . . The ones the legal gun is being pointed at, don't do violence to society anyway. . . . But we'd add our firm conviction that things would be better without the bottle, bagged or unbagged, if such a happy day could be achieved.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

(McKnight Syndicate.)

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

I see where one of them Washington column writers named John Cramer that works for a outfit called the Scripps-Howard Newspapers has sneaked up on a possum hiding in the Pentagon woods.

He come aerost a agency there that ain't hit a lick at a black-snake in four months. The Big Brass in the Pentagon explained that all them workers was waiting for a big computer to git installed and they was running four months behind with the installing. This column writer said the name of the new agency was IPS of RPB of OD of AI&DSC which stood for Input Preparations Section of Report Preparations Branch of Operations Division of Army Information & Data Systems Command.

I brung this item up at the country store Saturday night and some of the fellers was disagreed in the matter. Ed Doolittle allowed as how it wouldn't make no sense to hire a Lunch of carpenters to build him a barn four months afore he got the lumber to build it. He was of the opinion this was more of that non computus mentus business the storekeeper was talking about last week.

Zeke Grubb was agreed with Ed, said them workers could've been earning their pay fer four months by cleaning junk piles, picking up beer cans and helping Lady Bird in the America Beautiful program.

Clem Webster of the Great Society argued everybody was missing the main point, that it would take four months fer them workers to learn the name and call letters of their new agency and that didn't nobody want to be working for someone he couldn't spell or pronounce. I'll let you umpire this one, Mister Editor, and if you git to any decision in the matter, put it in your computer and send it along.

Incidental, Ed told the fellers the "image" of the Great Society was getting worse all the time, reported he had saw where they was a big rash of phony \$5 bills in New York and Boston. He claimed it was a sad state of affairs in the Great Society when them counterfit boys was stooping to \$5 bills. Anything under a \$20 bill nowadays, said Ed, had ought to be thrown into the poverty program collection pile.

It's a great pity, Mister Editor, some of the sessions at the store ain't recorded fer history. I read once that some of the best writing in the world was in newspapers but it was enjoyed and forgot like the weather. It's the same way with some of the sessions at the store. I reckon they was times when some of the greatest philosophy of this age has come from fellers like Ed, Zeke, Clem, Bug, Josh and the storekeeper.