

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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Education Is Essential

"We have entered an age in which education is not just a luxury permitting some men an advantage over others. It has become a necessity without which a person is defenseless in this complex, industrialized society. . . . We have truly entered the century of the educated man."

The then Vice-President, Lyndon Johnson, said those words in a commencement address in 1963. Their truth is becoming clearer every day.

Many young Americans are answering the challenge to become better educated. Last year, 18 percent of our young people between the ages of 16-24 were high school dropouts, as compared with 25 percent in 1960.

But this reduction is not enough. The frightening fact remains that too many teenagers still consider education a luxury. At the current dropout rate, by 1975 there will be 32 million adults in the labor force without a high school education—32 million people who will be unqualified for most of tomorrow's jobs.

To stave off this tide of unskilled workers in a booming economy, President Johnson has directed the President's Council on Youth Opportunity to launch the 1967 Stay-in-School Campaign. Every citizen, young and old, parent and teenager, is being asked to support this drive to assure that all who still have a chance for a decent education stay in school and get it.

A young person today, dissatisfied

with school and anxious to get out and work for the money he wants, is heading down a dead-end street if he pursues his dreams without a high school diploma.

He finds out too late that the job he longed for will be at best a dull, dirty one with little opportunity for advancement. Or, the jobless rate of 13 percent for school dropouts suddenly becomes very real to him as he discovers that he doesn't have the ticket he needs to get through the employers' doors.

The money he needs to buy the car, the clothes, or the stereo he wanted so badly just isn't there. He will make less money than those who graduated when he does find a job and his future in any job is limited. In short, a dropout learns quickly and cruelly what Lyndon Johnson meant when he called education a necessity.

For many of these young people, there is still time. They can go back and finish high school. For others, it is too late.

Those who are still in school and considering dropping out face one of the most crucial decisions of their lives. It is up to all of us to follow the President in urging them to go back to school this fall and stay there until they have at least a high school diploma. The education they get now charts the course not only for their individual lives but for the welfare of our country in the coming decades.

New Status For Cattle

Friday was a proud moment on the local agriculture scene.

The Watauga Livestock Market, owned and incorporated by Watauga County cattlemen, opened its doors to business and marked the beginning of new economic status for the cattle industry.

Watauga County was founded on agricultural endeavor. Its businesses grew up as side-products of the horse-drawn plow; its sources of revenue are eternally traceable to the soil and its products.

Not many years ago, cattle were a chief source of farm income here. But tobacco has become king, while broilers edge out cattle for the number two position. In 1965, cattle brought \$575,200 and in 1966 accounted for \$611,840 of the record total income of \$3,711,843.

The importance of cattle has been increasing, but the Market will provide a weekly sale and this will have two effects immediately. Area cattlemen will be able to sell at home, avoiding costly shipping and making possible the sale of cattle in larger lots. Secondly, buyers from other areas will be stimulated by the opening of a new territory and the dollar gains should jump accordingly.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

Being a country dweller, we failed to feel the impact of Boone's water crisis of last October.

Several businesses, you may recall, relieved the situation considerably by partially or entirely shutting down. These were the ones who used a great deal of water, such as service stations, laundromats and beauty parlors.

The problem was not a lack of water, for the reservoir was full, but somewhere between there and Boone, or the users of water in Boone, most of the water was disappearing. Finally, an underground line, broken and dumping the water supply into a creek, was found and the municipal mystery mastered.

Well-users just didn't know what Boone residents were going through.

But the folks on our hill found out lately. And it wasn't a matter of a broken line, or a faulty pump. There just plain wasn't any water.

We all began noticing it several weeks ago, when the faucet would sputter and choke and the water would stop flowing. By waiting awhile,

one could get enough water to finish whatever chore he was at, as long as it wasn't a matter of washing a whole dish or doing something extravagant like rinsing out a wash cloth.

And we were into he who was all soaped up in the shower when the shower stopped and didn't resume showering for more than an hour.

The well's dry, we said, while the men folk labored over the prospect of pressure valve malfunction and speculated that all the summer's rain would replenish the well, as it always had and always will. And we said, fearing the worst, the well's dry.

And that's what the well-digging people said. So for many days, we've been living off the well-spring of a 5-gallon can, which our spouse has toted to and from the city. We were planning to keep house on toted water for the rest of our days, but the menfolk voted to have the well dug deeper and managed to hit water again.

Which changes our mind considerably about the future of the bathtub industry.

Avalanche!



Henry McCarn

FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

\$60,000 Given For Macadam Road To Blowing Rock

Sixty Years Ago

September 5, 1907

The statement of the Bank of Blowing Rock this week shows quite a gain in business since the last report was published.

The stockholders of the Watauga County Bank held their annual meeting in the bank building on Tuesday and re-elected the same Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

The Macadam Road from Lenoir to Blowing Rock now seems almost a certainty. We are told that stock has been taken in the enterprise to the amount of more than \$60,000. We are told that Moses H. Cone has taken \$2,500 stock in the road.

Mrs. W. R. Lovill is visiting her mother at Sutherland this week.

I. G. Greer returned to the University this week.

Romy Storie, who has been spending his college vacation with his parents on the Blue Ridge, is, we are very sorry to hear, very low of fever.

Mr. Claude Greene, of Collettsville, who is just up from a severe attack of typhoid fever, is recuperating at the home of his father, Mr. Allen Greene on Meat Camp.

Friend Gill Hodges and family who have been with friends and relatives in Watauga for some time past, left yesterday for their home at Cheyenne, Oklahoma.

Miss Pearl Moretz, after spending several weeks with relatives in Watauga left this week for her home in Hickory.

Rev. Mr. Kistler, Lutheran minister, is off this week to spend a few days at the Jamestown Exposition.

Married on Wednesday of last week Mr. Green, of Beaver Dams, to Miss Maggie Sherwood, youngest daughter of Rev. J. L. Sherwood, The Democrat extends congratulations.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 6, 1928

Robert Harmon left Tuesday to enter school at Oak Ridge Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Greene left last week for Detroit, Mich., where they will make their home in the future.

Miss Ruth Benfield left Saturday for Concord, N.C. where she will teach during the coming school year.

Mr. Rana Triplett of Matney was here Monday and brought his daughter to the Watauga hospital where she will take treatment for a few weeks for some rheumatic or other kindred trouble.

Attorney Wiley H. Swift and family of Greensboro passed through town Monday en route to Mr. Swift's old home at Ammanth, where they will spend a short while before continuing on an extended trip north.

Mrs. Hooper Hendrix of Boone, who has been taking treatment at Grace Hospital, Banner Elk, for several weeks, underwent a serious operation Tuesday afternoon. A message from the hospital Wednesday morning gave the information that she had rested well during the night and seemed to be getting on as well as could be expected. Her mother, Mrs. H. J. Hardin, is with her at the hospital.

Fifteen Years Ago

September 4, 1952

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Underdown, Jr., and son, Jerry, of Scotland Neck, were week end guests of Miss Helen Underdown.

Mrs. A. J. Combs, and daughter, Miss Pansy Combs, of Lynchburg, Va. were week end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rush. Mrs. Combs and Mr. Smith are brother and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Buckland, Jane and Tad who spent the

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

Last time we were up in Asheville we ran into Jim Walker of Charlotte who told us about a little incident that happened up in the mountain country a number of years ago.

A gentleman conducting a boys' school received on the opening day of the session a note brought by a small mountain boy from the lad's father. It was crudely written and read as follows:

"Cur: Knowing you to be a man of no legs, I wish to put my bowie in yur Skull."

The school teacher was slightly alarmed, but after consulting the boy and some others who knew the idioms of the mountains, the real meaning of the note was discovered:

"Sir: knowing you to be a man of knowledge, I wish to put my boy in your school."

A headline that appeared in a recent issue of The Northampton County News, published in Jackson (with a slight change in the name):

MISS MARY SMITH RETURNED HOME FROM HOSPITAL GREATLY IMPROVED

Funeral rites were held last Thursday in Currituck County with many friends being present.

The other evening at the Ambassador Theatre in Raleigh, we happened to sit alongside a man who was hard of hearing. As we glanced at him we also observed that he was baldheaded.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

From Behind The Walls . . . A Gift

The other day we received a gift of a beautiful handmade and hand-tooled leather billfold from Bynum G. Holtzclaw, mailed to us from Grady, Arkansas . . . Bynum, a Watauga native, and we have been corresponding for some time, and we keep him informed of the happenings in his home area by the Democrat and by letters . . . Unhappily Bynum can't go home again . . . Like so many others he ran afoul of the law, and his last letter pinpoints his sad dilemma . . . He says "I was convicted of first degree murder April 10, 1940 . . . W. R. Lovill was my attorney and my father attended the trial with him . . . I was given a life sentence . . . This sentence was commuted to 75 years in 1964 . . . I was paroled October 9, 1965 to a preacher in Blytheville, Ark . . . My salary was \$6 per month, board and room . . . I left on May 8, 1966 and went to Lenoir, N.C., was arrested and returned to Arkansas . . . I have served 27 years and have 48 more years to go, I have cancer of the stomach and have been operated on . . . The paroles board has denied me further consideration, so I must stay here until I die . . . I am not able to do any work and none is required of me."

BYNUM is 75 years old and served five years in the Canadian army in the first world war . . . He doesn't condone in any way the action which resulted in his imprisonment in his letters to us . . . He is ill and lonely and hopeless . . . We think the least that could be done for him would be to write to him . . . He looks forward avidly to letters from us and to the arrival of the Democrat . . . He is glad for us to mention him in our column and solicits word from anyone interested . . . We hope that he may get a lot of mail to ease his mind in the long days of his discontent . . . We enjoy hearing from Bynum, appreciate his gift and ask you to write him at this address: "B. G. Holtzclaw, ASP 38443, Camp 2, Barracks 1, Box 500, Grady, Arkansas 71644."

He made a picture in the dark, mother put in the spices. It was a secret formula. Father came around to see how things were going, and to taste. "Just a dote more cinnamon," he might say or "Just a whiffle more cloves." Then came the welcome announcement, "Just right mother," and a lad knew that apple butter was made for another year.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

Dear Mister Editor: The feller that runs the country store was in bad trouble. Some salesman come along last week and give him a cardboard sign that says "THINK BIG." He nailed it up on the wall behind the cash register and when the fellers come in Saturday night for their weekly session they immed, give him a vote of "no confidence," like some of them foreign rulers git when they was thrown out of office.

Chewing Gum . . . Don't Swallow It

In the days when we bought Long Tom Chewing Gum, the round white stick known locally as dog tallow, and laid in a five-cent package of Walla-Walla slabs in the times of our childish prosperity, word was "don't ever swallow yer chewin' gum, it'll grow in ye" . . . The other kids didn't tell us what growin' in ye would actually do to our anatomy but we didn't chance it, ever . . . Now we learn by reading a heap of extraneous matter that a lot of gum is now being swallowed with a reckless abandon that would have chilled the short-breeches, barefooted crowd of a few years ago . . . Actually the Food and Drug Administration is pondering whether to require manufacturers to list the ingredients now covered by the words "gum base" . . . These include gutta hangkang, leche de vaca, mastic, searnduba, balata, nispero, jelutong, terpene resins, natural rubber and lanolin . . . The Williamson News adds: "then take corn syrup, flavoring and softeners and hardly enough room is left on the label to print: "Caution: Chewing Gum May Be Hazardous to the Mental Health of Those About You." . . . Those of us who stuck the stuff to the bedpost to use again the next day, might say: "Don't swallow hit, hit'll not only grow in you and fill you up, hit'll run all yer folks crazy."

First off, Zeke Grubb said we was living in times when most of the room in the newspapers was took up with the little things in life. For instant, he reported he had saw this little item on the front page of a newspaper saying miniskirts in London has got so short they was calling 'em minibelts. He claimed it would be mighty hard to think big on such a small subject.

Ed Doolittle was not 100 percent agreed with the fellers in this matter. He allowed as how you had to think big when you got to reading about the national debt and was talking to the loan man at the bank about your taxes. In fact, said Ed, you had to think big anytime you saw anything in the papers from Washington. He reported he had saw a item from Washington last week where the pentagon boys had spent \$215,000 fer monkeys last year to carry out some sort of experiment. Ed said the Congressman that discovered this item announced he was happy to find out they wasn't using them monkeys to run the Pentagon computers.

Apple Butter Time

The Hartford Courant kindles the memory and whets the appetite with this ditty:

A lad knew it was inevitable. On a pleasant Saturday morning mother would say, "We'll make apple butter today," and a 12-year-old faced the facts. The apple parer was fastened to the kitchen table, and sisters pared and cored the apples. A boy started the fire under the hanging kettle in the back yard. The process itself was not complicated. Sweet cider was heated to the boiling point, and quartered apples were added. Then the work began. All day long the simmering, fragrant mass had to be stirred. All day long the fire had to be kept just so. Occasionally a lad could induce a sister to stir a few minutes while he restored his strength with cookies and creamy milk.

Mother was particular about her apple butter. She used a combination of Baldwins, Northern Spies, Blue Pearmains, and Snow apples. The mass must not boil hard. "Just keep it simmering," was her edict. It was not hard work, but a lad who ought to be out in the woods on a beautiful autumn day thought it more monotonous than churning.

Toward day's end, when shadows were filling the valleys, and the flames beneath the ket-

Josh Clodhopper, that as a general rule don't think big or little most of the time, butted in to say he was going to quit raising wheat from now on and start raising monkeys. He was wondering if the U. S. Department of Agriculture had any quota on monkeys. Ed was of the opinion they wasn't no quota at the present time, but if a few farmers started raising monkeys they would shore put 'em on the quota list immediate.

I think, Mister Editor, Bug Hookum had the best idea of any of the fellers. He said we was living in an age when it was better not to think small or big or in any shape or form. How was a feller going to think, ask Bug, when he saw in the papers where we was getting square bathtubs in these fancy houses, when we was getting electric hairbrushes and working on a electric toothpick?

Personal, I'm mostly agreed with Bug in this matter. If you think big you got to think of Vietnam, rising prices, bigger taxes. Everything big is bad and everything little ain't even worth thinking about. My old lady, fer instant, will go to a sale and buy anything she thinks the store is losing money on, whether she needs it or not. That comes from thinking too much. When you write yore editorials, Mister Editor, don't git no headache thinking 'em up.

Yours Truly,
Uncle Dan