

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

An Independent Weekly Newspaper
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IN TOP RANKS OF N. C. NON-DAILY NEWSPAPERS
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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1967

A Nudge That Hurts

LET'S YOU AN' ME SEE
WHO'S GIVING TH' ORDERS—HUH?



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Good Outweighs Bad

When a daily newspaper can conduct a survey of its coverage of youth and youth activities and deduce that there's a lot more good than bad being printed about youth, the weekly newspaper industry can be especially proud of its young people at the small community level.

Here, for example, young people are seen excelling in numerous worthwhile pursuits, such as music, education and scholarship competition, Red Cross volunteer service, sporting events, church work, charity work, funds drives, 4-H, Scouting and the list goes on.

Youth seems constantly to be positive rather than negative, constantly taking more interest in community affairs, and through constructive leadership, putting more and more spare time in on volunteer work.

The survey to which we allude was conducted by a large Midwest newspaper which analyzed its coverage of young people's activities over a four-week period.

The survey showed that for every

column inch of unfavorable youth news, 26 inches of positive news were printed.

For each time a youth's name was mentioned unfavorably, 91 names of young people were mentioned favorably. The count for the month was 45 names on the "bad" side against 4,121 on the complimentary side.

There were 638 news items favorable to teenagers and only 64 unfavorable items. The score on photographs was overwhelmingly favorable—302 to 2.

The survey seems to reflect credit on the efforts of the metropolitan press to reveal the huge majority of successful youth activities, even though in many cases it is impossible to assume that heart-breaking events do not happen in the younger generation.

Perhaps, then, the occasional charge that the press would like to downgrade youngsters is to be discredited, although the likelihood remains that an ugly situation lives far longer in the public's memory than the thousand accomplishments which offset it.

Open To The Public

The Artists and Lectures Series will get underway next week on the campus of Appalachian State University and will be open to the public.

The caliber of these programs is high indeed, providing enlightenment for everyone in the community and some valuable "cultural homework" for our young people.

The first of the Series programs will be an evening performance by McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone who has sung major operatic roles with nationally-known companies and who has appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show and in other television showcases. A first place winner of several international vocal competitions, McHenry will balance long-hair selections and renditions of spirituals in what may well be the finest of recent campus events.

Other programs to be presented at the university will be the Baltimore

Symphony Orchestra, the Yugoslav National Folk Ensemble, the Danish Gym Team, a world-renowned violin-piano duo and a session with John Ciardi, the poet. And there will be still others this school year.

While Appalachian is burgeoning in material growth, which is an offshoot of its rapidly enlarging role in North Carolina's higher education, it continues to expand its good relations in the community.

It's one of our biggest industries, delivering a huge payroll, and a growing one, to resident faculty and assistants; expanding its facilities for the student body; popularizing the high country for its educational resources.

Appalachian goes still another step, building the reputation of the Series and inviting the public to join the student body and faculty in profiting therefrom.

September

Last week it was Summer—or what has passed for Summer this year. Now it is September, a kind of fifth season. Autumn doesn't begin officially for another three weeks, and unofficially till color sweeps the woodland, so now comes in interim when Summer's leftovers are being disposed of and Autumn's finery is being readied.

Goldenrod beings to fade and asters, purple, white and all the shades between, now will make fencerow and roadside gleam. Bittersweet's bangle-berries begin to open their tan husks and reveal rich Autumn orange. Virginia creeper is a scarlet flame creeping up dead popples. Wild grapes begin to turn from green to frosty purple. Sumac berries are red as

burgundy and the feathery fronds are lemon yellow and orange and fiery red.

Pond and stream are wrapped in smoky mist at dawn, and at dusk the misty smoke has a tang of hearthfire. The midday sun is hot as August or mild as October; the sky is blue as June or gray as November. The breeze shimmers with thistledown and milkweed floss. On a gusty night the trees sigh and the leaves chatter, through with the whispery gossip of Summer. The owl hoots.

September is a kind of summation, a ripeness and a readying for the pause of Autumn and the sleep of Winter. Now we should savor the harvest, in every sense, and celebrate September.—New York Times

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

It was a disappointment when the First Watauga Horse Show had to be cancelled because of rain.

But, on the other hand, a raindate (this Saturday) had been publicized and so there still is a big show to look forward to. And we bet plenty of people are wondering if they'll win the black pony that's to be given away; youngsters six and under are excited about the lead-line class, and some of them will be in the pony classes as well; that at least three folks we know still have their eyes on the same trophy; that there'll be a lot of barrel-racing practice going on this week; there'll just plain be a lot of excitement.

A lot has been happening in the County's horse industry since the Cove Creek Horse Show got started and helped local horse people to pool their interests. And one of the finest things that has come out of it all, in our opinion, is the high level of sportsmanship folks have developed roundabouts. This is rubbing off on young riders, who are increasing in number regularly. Sportsmanship is the basis of horse-

showing, it seems. The same people don't win all the time, for after all, if there were only one combination that suited every judge who came along, horse show sponsors would buy blue ribbons and trophies for everyone, and riders would pay a dollar or two to ride around the ring before picking up their prize.

The Watauga Horse Show, which promises to be a regular event each fall, should be a further assist to the interests of riders. Someone wanted to know yesterday what would happen if it should rain again this weekend and we said we guessed they'd use the third raindate, which is Sept. 23. And that would be all right, as showing in mud and rain isn't much fun.

But we overheard the best solution last week, when a young lady who intends to be in the show announced that it isn't going to rain this Saturday, no matter what. And we wanted to know how she could be so sure. "Well, if every one concentrates on sunshine," she beamed, "everyone will breathe easier and blow more rain clouds away!"

Sixty Years Ago

September 12, 1907

Prof. B. B. Dougherty returned Sunday from the meeting of county superintendents held in Montreal last week. He reports a most pleasant trip and a very interesting meeting of the great educational body. Anson Critcher and family, of Mortimer, will move back to their old home at Blowing Rock this week.

Harley, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brendall, who completed his course at the D. & D. School at Morganton this summer, left yesterday for Washington, D. C., where he will enter college.

T. F. Coffey and family, who have spent some weeks in the village, left for their home in Manning, S. C., on Thursday of last week.

Miss Harriet Greer, of Caldwell, is the guest of the Misses Blackburn.

Rev. J. H. Brendall asks us to say that he will not be able to fill any of his appointments on next Sunday as he will be out of the state at that time.

The Confederate Reunion in Boone on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25 and 26.

Miss Margaret Sherrill has opened school in the new building at Valle Crucis. The good people of the community are to be congratulated upon procuring the services of this estimable lady and most excellent teacher.

Capt. Jones, of Lenoir, who did not arrive until Monday night tells us that the town of Lenoir voted \$100,000 bonds on Monday for water works and street improvements.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

September 13, 1929

Captain Roby Brown of Shouns, was a weekend visitor in town but his stay was entirely too short as many were disappointed who did not have the opportunity of seeing much less entertaining the "grand old man."

Mrs. A. W. Beach of the Rich Mountain section, who has been in rather poor health for several weeks is now the guest of relatives in Boone, taking treatment under Dr. J. B. Hagaman. The condition of the good lady is reported to be improving right along.

John F. Cook pitched a two-hit game of baseball for the Bamboo second team against Oak Grove last Saturday afternoon, the score being 11 to 6 in favor of Bamboo. In the last half of the ninth inning, Bamboo sent in three pinch hitters, three Hedge girls, and they did fine work.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Taylor of Chapin, S. C. spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bingham at Villas. They are visiting the mountains on their honeymoon. Mrs. Taylor is a cousin of Mrs. Bingham.

Mr. Charles Farthing and sister, Miss Elsie, are again off for Carson and Newman College Jefferson City, Tenn. Where they enter as second year students.

Miss Catherine Smith of Grand Blvd. is attending a conference of the college art teachers of North Carolina at Women's College in Greensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Linney are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Brewer in Raleigh and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Matheson in Mooresville.

Mr. Alonzo Payne of Marion, Va. and Mrs. Fred Allen of Miami Beach, Fla. visited last week with their sister, Mrs. W. G. Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Todd.

The great Wilkes fair is on at North Wilkesboro this week, and many Wataugans are in attendance. Edwin Hahn, Jr. was among those entering Oak Ridge Institute at the recent fall opening.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

AFTER ANOTHER

In 1760, near the close of the French and Indian War, the General Assembly of North Carolina put aside two thousand pounds for the purchase of Indian scalps.

Any person not in the actual pay of the province who presented to the Assembly the scalp of an Indian, proving that he had killed the enemy Indian or had been present at the killing, was to receive ten pounds. The person in pay of the province was to receive only five pounds for each scalp he produced.

We have a fellow feeling for Mrs. Fred Campbell of Waynesville and sympathize fully with the position she takes in connection with books that her friends have borrowed.

In a recent issue of The Mountaineer, Waynesville's progressive newspaper, we came across the following advertisement in the classified columns:

IF THE PEOPLE having books belonging to me will please phone, I will be glad to pick them up. Mrs. Fred Campbell.

Sign on the side of the Wake County Courthouse:
JAILOR'S OFFICE

We thought an error had been made in spelling so we looked it up in the dictionary as soon as we got back to the office. Either JAILOR or JAILER is correct.

Mrs. Will S. Fox of Henderson sends in this little item: "The late Mr. and Mrs.

George M. Stainback of the Gillburg community, Vance County, raised seven children, the youngest of whom has passed her sixtieth birthday. One son, who has been married twice, is a widower. Every one of the daughters are widows."

Lacy T. Edens of Rowland recently went on his vacation. When he returned home he felt inspired to write this little piece of poetry.

VACATION

Little bank roll, here we part;
Let me hug you to my heart,
In all the year I've clung to you;
I've been faithful, you've been true.
Little bank roll in a day,
You and I will start away—
To a good vacation spot—
I'll come back, but you will not.

We stopped by the other day to visit Mr. O. L. Boyette, who lives near Princeton in Johnston County.

Mr. Boyette has a big china ball tree in his backyard. Some time ago, a branch broke off and left a slightly decayed piece in the trunk.

Well, one day a bird came along and dropped a seed in this place. The seed started sprouting and guess what it turned out to be?

A blueberry bush. So now Mr. Boyette has a blueberry bush growing out of his china ball tree. He got enough blueberries off it a couple of weeks ago to make a pie, and there still are plenty of berries left on it.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Color Season . . . Will Help Out

There's no getting around the fact, says the Waynesville Mountaineer, that tourism in North Carolina and other Eastern States has been hard hit by rains during the past 60 days . . . The Mountaineer adds: "The estimates which the travel business is down range widely—some say seven per cent others nine and still others much higher . . . Smoky Mountains National Park officials believe the season will end with a nose count of visitors higher than last year . . . Of course the mountains have one thing in their favor over the coast—the color season can help to a large extent make up any deficit which might not be wiped out as of September first . . . There are some long range predictions that we are in for a beautiful fall and one that is ideal for travel. With so much moisture in the ground it would appear from the specialists that a beautiful color season is in store." . . . Cold weather is always bad for the tourist business in this section . . . When Boone residents wake up a-shiverin' and turn up the heat before August is gone, the folks down in the hot country are cooler too, and that makes for a slowdown in the travel to the hills.

BUT SEPTEMBER often brings some hot days to fetch us some late refugees from Old Sol's torrid beams, and with October in the wings, her fiery garments all fitted for her colorful journey through the hills the roads will again be jam-packed for the brightness of her journey over the high mountains and down the little ridges and into the quiet valleys . . . Autumn with her warm and flamboyant colors, and winter with her winds and her ice and her snow are times of economic benefit to the hill country . . . We too believe the time of nature's colorama will easily wipe out the travel deficit of the rainy, chilly summer.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

Visitors . . . Some
Are Unwelcome

Folks who come to see us—all sorts and ages and conditions of people, are always welcomed . . . Once in a while we have visitors over on the hill, however, who don't suit us at all . . . Like Thursday night when some one made two trips into our little private driveway with some sort of truck, and couldn't abide the pavement but felt impelled to run down the steep part of our lawn, diagonally to the corner of Rivers and Moretz streets . . . The sod showed two sets of tracks, and unhappily the driver of the machine managed to negotiate the considerable ditch at the bottom of his mad drive without cracking up or breaking his neck . . . Why the visitor would have made two tries at our little dead-end nook we don't know . . . Presuming that he's sobered up before now, if he'll come back some day we'll give him a hub cap he lost when he scraped a low retaining wall near our house which we had no craving to have scratched up . . . And we'd respectfully ask that he use the drive way next time . . . It was, after all, developed at considerable expense for vehicular traffic and for friends who sometimes walk up the hill.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR

I didn't git to the session at the country store Saturday night on account of some of my old lady's kinfolks dropped in on us for the week end. They didn't seem to know nothing about the bad shape things was in around Washington and the country in general and all they talked about was how much money they was making and how far ahead of the Joneses they was getting. I couldn't squeeze in a word in edgewise and all I could do was set and listen.

After they took off Monday morning I was thinking about having a word with my old lady about roaming kinfolks but I changed my mind. I was like the feller when the Judge ask him if he'd ever been mad enough to bop his wife one and he said he'd been mad enough but he didn't never have the nerve.

If you don't git to the session at the store Saturday night you ain't got what them Washington column writers calls a "consensus" on the situation, and all you know is what you read in the papers. The fellers at the store usual diagnoses the news and you git to the real bottom of things.

Velocipede Been Here Long Time

The youngsters used to recite a tongue-twister which went: "When the vimmin of the vaudeville ride velocipeds round the vestibule." But we wouldn't have known without the Statesville Record that this year is the sequentennial of the velocipede . . . A German forester named Freiherr Drals assembled the two-wheeled contraption and named it in the summer of 1817 . . . Velocipede means fleet foot, and since the first one had no pedals, one more or less walked sitting down, which in effect, he still does, but faster . . . A heap of shoe leather was left on the gravel and clay during the next 35 years at the end of which Moritz Fischer developed the pedals, chain and sprockets . . . In 1888 and Irish veterinarian named Dunlop introduced inflatable tires . . . In the nineties, dad said bicycling became extremely popular in Boone and perhaps elsewhere, a man's economic status being reflected by the quality of "wheel" he rode . . . 25 million bicycles are produced in the world every year, of which the United States builds 5 million . . . Germany leads in one statistic. There are 70 bicycles for every 100 families in that country—which makes the invention still as popular as the television set.

I don't know how the fellers will vote on them new birthdays but fer my personal, Mister Editor, having Thanksgiving on a Monday instead of Thursday was desecrating the graves of our Pilgrim forefathers. Them Councergemen had ought to be ashamed of themselves.

But it looks like we was slow but shore doing away with all our old American traditions. I can recollect, fer instans, when you'd go to church on Sunday and they would be a half dozen sweet, little old white-haired grandmothers setting in the front pews. Today nobody but the wimmen at the beauty parlors knows which ones was grandmothers and which ones was getting ready fer their first wedding.

And here's one I clipped fer the fellers Saturday night. The Civil Service Commission has give a new order for all workers: "In the event of attack on the United States and until further notice A, Section 831, 107 of Subpart A Subsections 831, 502 (B) and (2) and (C) (a) and (2) Subpart E are suspended and B, Part M-831 is added to the Commission regulations." I want to see Clem Webster of the Great Society diagnose that one, Mister Editor.

Milk Of Human Kindness

James Greer of Villas comes by in his pickup truck hauling a lot of roasting ears, which we always called "rosen ears", and gives us an armload of them, right fresh from his dewy gardens . . . He has our thanks

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY