

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

An Independent Weekly Newspaper
ESTABLISHED IN 1888

IN TOP RANKS OF CAROLINA NON-DAILIES

In 3 years the Democrat has won 14 State Press Assn. Awards, 8 of them Firsts. This year blue ribbon awards were in General Excellence, Advertising and Typography
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
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

IN NORTH CAROLINA		OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA	
One Year	\$3.00	One Year	\$4.00
Six Months	\$1.80	Six Months	\$2.50
Four Months	\$1.30	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

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1968

Our Best To You

This is the week of graduation in our High School and Elementary Schools, the traditional time of happiness for things accomplished, of hope for things unseen and starry-eyed stances on the fringes of new beginnings.

Though we've had a vested interest in graduation ceremonies at two Universities in our time, where mom and pop experienced excessive enjoyment, there's something sort of special about the high school graduation ceremonies and the eagerness of the boys and the girls as they look to college, to marriage, to business careers and see sunshine in the firmament where so many of their elders see only the murky clouds.

This year's graduates are looking forth on a world unlike the placid scene their ancestors saw. It is a world and a nation filled with strife, plagued by war and by famine, by material abundances, by riots and civil dis-

orders unknown except during the days of the American Civil War. At the same time we have a land of unbounded opportunity where one can still succeed according to his abilities and to his willingness to strive without ceasing in a highly competitive day. Amidst the turmoil, we have a highly sophisticated and demanding society, where superior knowledge and skills bring added rewards. Those who continue their educational careers and who are not disdainful of toil will best succeed in this land of free enterprise. We cannot too strongly urge our high school graduates to continue their educational careers.

To all the graduates, and to the youngsters who are being promoted to the High School we extend congratulations and best wishes. The doors of opportunity have never been so wide open to determined and educated young men and women.

One Of Them Could Be You

Memorial Day could become a memorable day on North Carolina's streets and highways if the trend isn't reversed from the recent Easter holiday period, warns the N. C. State Motor Club, which estimates that at least 28 persons will be killed in more than a thousand traffic accidents during the long weekend.

Since some offices will be closed on Friday, the state will count its highway toll from 6 p. m. Wednesday, May 29, through midnight Sunday, June 2, a period of 102 hours. A similar period last year claimed 30 lives and brought injuries to 645 persons in 1,032 accidents.

The three-day Easter weekend toll in April this year soared to a new high for all state holiday periods as highways deaths climbed to 41, eight more than the previous high.

Fourteen of the 30 traffic deaths

counted last Memorial Day were recorded on Saturday. Leading driver violations were: speeding, 207; failure to yield right of way, 138; driving left of center, 121; and following too closely, 98.

Thomas B. Watkins, motor club president, called upon motorists to make an all-out effort to stem the rising highway slaughter.

"We are alarmed and deeply concerned that highway fatalities are now running well ahead of last year's pace," he said. "An unusually large number of multiple-death accidents have exacted a high price. Weekends are the most dangerous time on our highways, with the most lives lost on Saturdays, followed by Sundays and Fridays. An extended period will make Memorial Day that much more dangerous, so please drive carefully and help reverse this trend."

Corn Bread Week

Governor Moore, in calling attention to the fact that this is Corn Bread Week in North Carolina, is happily hailing a commodity which has been the basis of well-being in these parts since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

His Excellency handles words of wisdom when he says: "No more hearty, tasty and nourishing food has yet been prepared than good old-fashioned hot corn bread such as came out of the ovens of our grandmothers and great grandmothers."

Our mom could make a mouth-watering pone from the meal ground down at the Dougherty mill, or where the waters of Winkler's creek turned the creaky wheel at the historic Winkler mill to propel the ponderous stones which crushed the grain to the exact texture needed. Our better half makes corn bread better than cake when Jim Sherwood's home condiment is in sup-

ply, or when we have some meal from W. M. Winebarger's or from the old Rocky Creek Mill in Iredell County and we started our corn bread week in a happy sort of observance for never have we known a better pone. Of course we'd agree right off that there are a lot of wrong ways to make corn bread. Properly concocted, however, with a cool glass of milk, corn bread always brings gustatory delight to a mountain man.

There should be a tribute to corn as such. Not only for the tasty pone, but for the grits, mush and big hominy. Corn supplied the motive power through the beasts of bruden before the day of the engines, it fattens the hogs and the cattle and the fowls. In this wider use corn brings a lot of living from the rich mountain coves and the mid-western expanses.

We shall observe the special week with little effort. Every week is corn bread week at our house.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

We notice in the 1967 annual report of Watauga's Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, this newspaper is among those thanked for co-operation and assistance in helping ASCS attain even higher accomplishments.

This recognition is much appreciated by us who feel we should be doing the thanking to ASCS; and the County Extension and Home Economics offices of Watauga County. Our thanks is for the enormous job they are doing to promote and better farm living and produce.

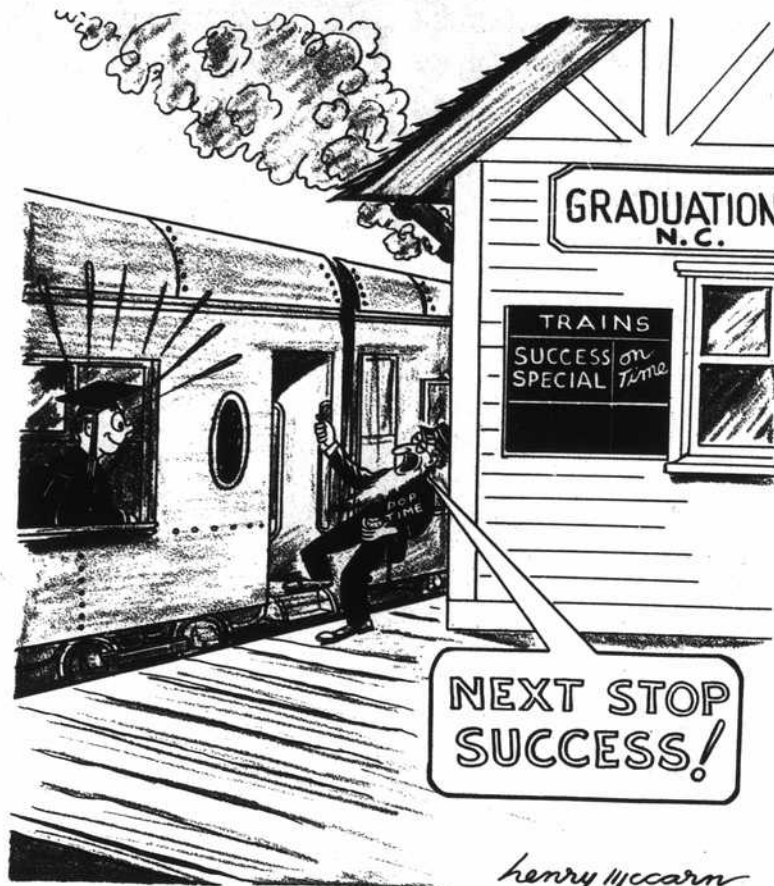
This gives us an opportunity to point out two plaques hanging in our front office. Both were awarded to the Watauga Democrat by the National Newspaper Association for service to agriculture. They are a couple of hard-to-come-by honorable mentions we received, respectively, in July of 1966 and 1967. Which doesn't sound like much until you stop to think:

The winning newspapers (and rightly so) are largely farm-belt publications whose one and only business is agriculture. They live, breathe, think and produce just this one topic of inter-

est. Commerce is all agriculture, economy is all agriculture—the farm-belt newspaper is completely engrossed in agriculture. But even so, that which appeared in this newspaper two consecutive years in a row was of such volume and such depth that the NNA saw fit to make an award on this basis.

And whose volume and depth were they rewarding? That's the point. While the certificates bear the name of the newspaper, we feel that they belong to the aforementioned county agencies, which filter down to 4-H work and Home Extension Club events. The credit belongs to these public servants; the congratulations that came from national conventions belonged to them and the people who so vigorously support the county agriculture program. With so many things going on in this mountain country and the facets of the economy continuing to expand, it's appalling what is being accomplished on the farm scene. We're most thankful to all these agencies for the fine job they do and for their unending co-operation in helping the Democrat reflect their achievements.

"All Aboard!"



Henry McCann

FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Watauga Railroad Co. To Talk Of Road Edgemont To Boone

Sixty Years Ago

May 28, 1908

There will be a meeting of the incorporators of the Watauga Rail-Road Co. held in Boone on June 2nd, 1908, for the purpose of organizing the Co., discussing the best means of building a rail road from Edgemont to Boone.

Miss Nannie Rivers, after a visit of near two months to her old home in Boone, left Tuesday for Patrick county, Va., where she will resume her labors as a teacher.

Misses Annie and Bertha Stanbury, who have been students at the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro returned to their home in Boone last evening. Their many friends here are glad indeed to have the young ladies back for the summer.

Many fish have been sold in Boone of late taken from traps on New River.

Prof. D. D. Dougherty and family left yesterday morning for a few days visit to relatives in Butler, Tenn.

David Ragan, of Meat Camp, has just finished plowing and planting a field containing twenty acres, the entire field having been plowed in one continuous furrow. The field is a pretty knoll and was plowed with a No. 20 Oliver Chilled plow, drawn by three horses in a breast. This strikes us as rather out of the common, and we doubt if there is another field of the kind in many counties around us.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

May 30, 1929

Mrs. Jim Earp, of Baird's Creek, has handed out the challenge to the ladies of the county for a chrysanthemum and dahlia show in Boone sometime this fall.

Miss Ruth Coffey, who has been employed as director of music at the Baptist College, Jonesboro, Ark., is at home for her vacation.

Misses Ruth and Rebecca Young of Winston-Salem are in Boone where they will spend some time visiting their sister, Mrs. Fred H. Hodges.

Mr. Clay Hodges of Sands had the misfortune of losing all the fingers of his left hand last week when in some way he became entangled with a rapidly revolving saw at a shingle mill near his home.

Miss Lucille Hopkins, who has been holding a position with the Wayne P. Sewell Producing Company, Atlanta, Ga., has returned to her home here and will remain during the summer.

Frank Robbins, Jr., is improving after having undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Davis Hospital, Statesville, Tuesday morning.

Fifteen Years Ago

May 28, 1953

Miss Helen Underdown is visiting this week with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lassiter of Erwin, N. C., and Mrs. E. G. Underdown of Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chester attended a meeting of the Belk Store managers held at Ocean Forest Hotel in Myrtle Beach, S. C. the first of the week.

Mrs. J. L. Reese spent sev-

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

Some few weeks ago we had occasion to quote a passage from the Bible: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves."

Mrs. Ehringhaus wrote us about it and said that we had used the wrong word that it was ravening, instead of ravening, instead of ravenous.

We forgot all about it until two or three days later and then we couldn't remember where the passage was located in the Bible. So we called upon a preacher and asked him to make an investigation. Preacher called back in a few minutes and said that we were right and that Mrs. Ehringhaus was right also. Passage can be found in Matthew 7:15, King James version says ravening. Revised Standard Version says ravenous.

Which reminds us of the movie so popular right now, "Far From The Madding Crowd." Most folks want to say "maddening."

Do you happen to know Jim Bennett of Burlington? Well, it doesn't make much difference whether you do or not, but Jim was telling us the other day about the first Christmas he could remember.

"I reckon," he said, "that I was four years old. We were living in Fayetteville at the time. Pop went out on Christmas Eve with some of his buddies and celebrated that occasion in what they considered a most fitting manner. When he came home he was tighter than a boiled owl. However, he still was able to recall that he had an obligation to fill. So he hung up my stockings and then went to bed. I don't believe I ever spent a more miserable night."

"How come?" we inquired in- cautiously.

"He forgot that I was in them," was the plaintive response.

N. C. farmland in 1810 varied

eral days visiting with her son, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Reese of Hillsboro. Gene is in the hospital at Chapel Hill. Mr. J. L. Reese came for Mrs. Reese and grandson, Ronnie over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Russell and Becky spent the weekend in Hendersonville with Mr. Russell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Velt E. Jewell, Mr. R. H. Hardin, Jr. of Winston-Salem and Dr. J. Watts Farthing of Wilmington were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grady Farthing and Mrs. Alice Hardin.

Do you know who was granted the first title of English nobility in the new world? It was Manteo, an Indian chief who befriended Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists on Roanoke Island and later made a visit to England. By order of Sir Walter Raleigh he was invested with the title, Lord of Roanoke.

There was another Indian chief on Roanoke Island; chap by the name of Wanchese. But Wanchese was unfriendly so he wasn't made Lord of anything.

The other day we were driving from Raleigh to Charlotte. At 7:30 it was still fairly bright. The sun had set but it was light enough to see fairly well even before you turned on your lights.

In Raleigh it would have been considerably darker at that moment, due to the fact, of course, that Charlotte is farther west than Raleigh.

We called up the Weather Bureau when we got back to Raleigh and asked them if there is any formula in connection with this. How many miles west would you have to travel in order for the sun to be setting one minute later?

Roughly speaking, it goes like this: The world is round, so this means that there are 360 degrees on its surface. Divide this by 24 (24 hours in a day) and you get 15 degrees variation in time per hour. In this latitude there are approximately 60 miles to a degree. Multiply 60 by 15 and you get 900 miles.

In other words, you'd have to travel 900 miles for the sun to set one hour later than it does in the place where you live. Divide 900 miles by 60 and you get 15. Therefore, in order to bring about a one-minute difference in the setting time of the sun, you'll have to travel in a due westerly direction for 15 miles.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Drinking Drivers . . . Curbed In Britain

With all her woes and her diminished strength and prestige, it appears that Britain has found a partial solution to the problems of death on the highways. . . . A stringent breath test which is required of drivers suspected of having lingered at the bar is working well. . . . In fact since the law was enacted last October, traffic fatalities have dropped as much as 33 percent. . . . Under the law the driver must take the test upon official request. . . . If the test shows more than 80 milligrams of alcohol in 100 milliliters of blood the suspect faces a maximum of 4 months in prison and a \$240 fine. . . . Many pub owners are complaining about a drastic drop in business, many Britons have switched to drinking at home and cab companies report better business when the pubs close at 11 p. m. . . . During the first three months of the law road deaths dropped 23 per cent and in December, the worst month of the year, fatalities were down 33 per cent from the previous year. . . . The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents concludes: "The new regulations have had a spectacular effect." . . . In this country where drinking and driving have been twin agents of heavy highway mortality, the experience of Britain in drastically reducing the lethality of the open road, should be of more than passing concern.

Thirteenth Doesn't Have To Be Friday

Thirteen has been traditionally regarded as unlucky. . . . We don't know precisely why. . . . And when it happens on a Friday it is supposed to fetch all sorts of trouble, maybe dating back to the times when Friday was always the day of legal executions of criminals. . . . But a local mother tells us that the thirteenth can be uncommonly troublesome, even if it happens on a Monday. . . . This is what she said:

At 7:30 a 15-months old child all ready for breakfast, fell into the commode. . . . After bathing, changing and re-dressing the youngster I find the gas stove won't function properly on account of there's no gas. . . . Off to the restaurant for breakfast. . . . Tummies full, the family is leaving and I fear father will react violently when a fellow remarks on the length of mother's dress (not one for reaching or bending over). . . . Happily, father doesn't hear the comment. . . . Son decides fish in wishing well need more than a penny. . . . Father doesn't think so. . . . Father has to go to work, already ten minutes late. . . . There, he finds this is white shirt and tie day. . . . Back home after dropping the two children at their respective nurseries. . . . Mother reads paper (enough to make a bad start on any day) while father changes clothes. . . . Father back to work. . . . Car quits in the middle of the intersection of 105 and 321. . . . Mother gets to work at 8:30, wondering what would have happened had it been Friday the thirteenth.

None of the fellers had never took Zeke for a philosopher, but politics was a subject the fellers enjoy, particular Ed Doolittle and Clem Webster, so Zeke was give the floor with the understanding that Ed and Clem was entitled to equal time in case Zeke's politics got too fur off base.

First off, Zeke said politics in this country was operated on the briar patch system. The whole idea is to git the other feller to do what you want him to do because he thought of it first. The surest way to figger a man would like to run fer office is to listen to him say he wouldn't have it as a gift. That's the old rabbit hoping the fox will throw him in the briar patch. Candidates was like wimmen, Zeke went on, they let a man court her until she catches him.

Pretty soon, said Zeke, that old rabbit in the briar patch turns into a tar baby. After the citizens final convince him that he had ought to run fer their sake and fer the general good of the country, the rabbit gits elected and the citizens was stuck with him. It's the voters that gits outfoxed, was the way Zeke put it.

Ed, that usual don't say nothing good about no politician since Lincoln, said that when you git right down to it, politics is a way of life in this country that all Americans had ought to be thankful fer. Sometimes, he said, it looks like one bunch of people trying to keep their rascals in and another bunch trying to git them rascals out and git their rascals in.

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Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

Sometimes the fellers at the country store was suprised at the ideas they come up with. Like Saturday night when Zeke Grubb, started talking politics. Zeke, that says he always votes fer the man that makes the biggest promises with the straightest face, allowed as how we got to face the noise in this national election year.

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Yours truly,
UNCLE PINK