

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Names Of Old Timers Are Not Available

Dear Rob, The picture on the first page of last week's Watauga Democrat has put all the oldtimers among Appalachian students and former residents of Watauga County in a dither here. I thought I knew everybody in Boone along about 1910-12 and, you know, I was only sure about two men on the picture, your father and Dr. J. W. Jones. I have not found anyone else who could recognize any of the others. Of course, if you want to relieve

our curiosity, you might run the names in this week's paper. I know the citizenship of Boone has undergone marked changes through the years. I do not know many people there now. With best wishes, I am Sincerely yours, IRA (IRA T. JOHNSTON) Jefferson, N. C.

(Note: Much as we'd like to tell you the names, Ira, we just don't know them. Fact is, we've made considerable effort to get the others identified. Thank you for your letter.)

Old Country Store Is Of Interest To Visitor

Mr. Editor: Hidden between the hills and around the curves of a rural road, winding its way from 105 to 321 highways near Boone, North Carolina stands the Old Country Store and U. S. Post-office, Valle Crucis, conveniently located inside.

For seventy years Howard Mast and his father and other members of his family have served this community while earning their livelihood by operating the store and post-office.

On a recent trip to this mountainous section we paused to browse awhile in this store, going from one department to another in orderly fashion. As we entered the front of the spacious building we, first, turned to the right to view the household display. There we found tempting pieces of brightly colored glassware—bowls, plates, pitchers, bottles, etc. in odd shapes and sizes for serving pickles, relishes and drinks or to use as conversational pieces.

Moving forward slowly, observing whatever came before us, next we found ourselves among the kitchenware. Such necessities as skillets, oven pans, kettles, coffee pots and

"what-have-you" intrigued us, momentarily.

Looking beyond we saw, hanging from the rafters of the barn-like structure, horse collars of golden fabricated material, singletrees, and saddles (handcrafted from durable leather) and feed for stock—cows, horses, pigs and chickens.

Turning, at the rear of the building, we climbed the sturdy, wooden stairs to see a most unusual sight of country cured hams, labelled with the names of the owners and dates of curing. In this loft of the building we also saw an assortment of furniture, old and new. Some ladder-back chairs, to be finished according to the purchaser's notion, were available. Also, novelty baskets, woven of light wooden strips and redwood splint containers, mounted on legs for decorative purposes were there for the shoppers choosing.

Retracing our steps downstairs, we entered the grocery department where a variety of products were being sold. Also, we saw the usual shelves of drug supplies. Just across these counters in a crowded corner were ready-to-wear clothes of various description, overall coats, pants, caps, shoes, etc.

As we slowly moved up to the front of the store, we saw an assortment of electric clocks for kitchen or den: a replica of Grandfather's Clock and one for the kitchen with vegetables pictured on the face at the hour marking.

Finally, choosing from a display of postal cards, scenes of various mountain attractions and vacation spots, we carefully made a selection of the most interesting ones, bought stamps from the Postoffice Department and mailed them to friends—a reminder that we were "having a good time, wish you were here".

ELOISE F. WOOD Belton, S. C.

Urges Paving Of State Road No. 1212

Dear sir, I live at the very end of State Road 1212. Four years ago, the 13 families who live on this road drew up a petition and presented it to the road commissioner. Nothing happened.

I have written our governor two letters. He has answered both very politely, but is firm in saying there are other roads with "higher priority."

Now we all live in what has been termed a "poverty area" by our president. This term is deeply resented by the families who live on State Road 1212.

We all WORK for a living. We don't accept doles from the government. We all have jobs to pay for the care of our homes and the cars we drive over this road. But one woman told me that her car had developed so many rattles from sinking into the ruts of our road that she didn't know what she was going to do. Most of us buy cars on the installment plan. There is little money left for repairs.

We complained about the state road to the Highway Commissioner. He DID send out some kind of contraption that dug deep trenches on the side of the road and took most of the gravel from the surface, so that now, after a rain, it's nothing but mud and slush. And now the road is so narrow that we dread the thought of meeting another car. I'm not very clever at backing my car around curves where I could go over a cliff and end my life!

The mailman and school bus use this road. It MUST be kept open all year. WHY can't it be paved? The state and government have the money to pay for it. OUR money! We ALL pay taxes.

I wonder what would happen if all the families on State Road 1212 would sue for new cars?

MRS. JOHN AVERY GUYTON Rt. 1, Sugar Grove N, Carolina

ON FOOD PRICES

The Department of Agriculture said that food prices are expected to average 3 1/2 per cent higher this year over last. The gain in 1967 from a year earlier averaged less than one per cent.

COURSES ABOUT RELIGION Santa Fe, N.M.—The New Mexico State Board of Education is considering installing courses "about" religion in its schools. If adopted, the courses would be "informational study of religious history, activity and other knowledge."

PAYS PARENTS' DEBT Omaha, Neb.—A clothing firm recently received a check for \$246.40 from a Texas man who said in a letter that it was for a 1926 bill plus interest that he found unpaid by his parents. The president of the firm is returning all but \$55 of the original bill.

Look . . .

ANNOUNCING

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Wataugans At Work



A member of the Boone Volunteer Fire Department since 1946, Cecil Farthing pauses a moment before returning the truck to the city garage six miles away. He had contributed his spare time Saturday to water the track at the Cove Creek Riding Ring west of Boone. Fifteen years an employee of the United States Post Office, Boone, Farthing is married to the former Carolyn Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Hayes of Vilas. Their children are Eric, 15; Randy, 13; and Pam, age 10. The family lives at 111 Highland Circle and attends the First Baptist Church where Farthing is on the Board of Deacons and serves as a Training Union leader. Veteran of three years service in the Navy, he is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ed G. Farthing. His primary hobby is woodworking, which for years was his father's business in Boone. (Staff photo)

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Chalet Restaurant

Blowing Rock Road — Boone, N. C.



WALLACE RALLY

George C. Wallace for President Rally and Organizational Meeting

SPEAKER: Robert Reid Stubbs  
State Chairman, Wallace Campaign

Watauga High School  
Saturday, August 31—7:30 P.M.