

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
JEAN RIVERS, Associate Editor

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, SEPTEMBER 12, 1968

A Reminder

The United States has every reason to talk about progress instead of problems. Yet paradoxically, we seem more preoccupied with problems than progress.

In a stimulating variation from the problem theme, a leading spokesman for the railroad industry recently attended a White House ceremony for the presentation of the first commemorative medal struck by the U. S. Mint. This is a prelude to the 100th anniversary celebration of the completion of the first transcontinental rail line across the U. S. and the driving of the final golden spike on May 10, 1869, near Promontory Summit, Utah.

This centennial celebration is a reminder that we are a young nation. In a brief 100 years, we have seen progress that no other nation has ever enjoyed before. Our growth became nothing less than meteoric once the rail linkage between East and West was forged. And every step of the way the

nation's growth has been accomplished by the expansion of our basic medium of transportation, the railroads.

Admittedly, the rails have their problems. But, they are overshadowed by the story of railroad progress. In the words of Mr. Thomas M. Goodfellow, president of the Association of American Railroads, "... Even now, we are looking to an exciting ... future ... built upon that historic event in Utah 100 years ago. Among the many dreams we're rapidly converting into realities is one to make the United States a land bridge over which international containerized shipments will move." This land bridge concept is as "modern as tomorrow and a meaningful approach to the goal of a free flow of world commerce."

The year-long observance of the birth of transcontinental rail service is a reminder of the great achievements of our country during the past 100 years.

Foreign Aid That Works

Pioneers of aviation who visualized the airplane as a medium for promoting peaceful commerce between peoples of all nations have often been looked upon as quixotic dreamers. But, the visions of the aviation pioneers, in spite of wars and worldwide strife, are developing form and substance in far greater measure than most people realize.

Fore example, Pan American World Airways has for many years been playing a leading part in assisting foreign nations to establish modern airline operations of their own. In answer to the obvious question of why this country's leading international air carrier would want to help potential competitors, Pan Am's answer is simple: "To create goodwill among nations."

Helping to establish goodwill among nations is the kind of long-term business foresight that has guided the actions of leaders in the aviation industry

from the beginning. In the opinion of Pan American, "The establishment of a sound air transportation system is of basic importance for the growth of developing countries. Modern air travel in rapidly developing nations such as Iran has reached the point where it is rapidly preempting the carriage of all classes of passengers beyond urban areas. It is even more valuable in countries where surface travel is slow and uncertain because of difficult terrain or undeveloped facilities. It facilitates and expedites commercial travel and the interchange of goods within the country and, in due course, with other nations where there is a community of interest."

By offering its Technical Assistance Program to foreign airlines, Pan Am has been instrumental in raising the standards of air travel throughout the world, while at the same time advancing civilization another step closer to international amity.

Disabled Driver's Sign

You are driving along the road, and suddenly your car blows a tire, or you have an accident. You are a handicapped person, or a paraplegic, who is driving a specially equipped car—one with hand controls. You can't get out and go for help. You can't get out and lift the hood, and you can't reach the radio antenna to tie a handkerchief to it. What do you do?

Help in the form of a special distress signal for handicapped drivers is now available from the State Department of Motor Vehicles, Raleigh, N. C.—the result of a law passed in the 1967 General Assembly. The bill (H. B. 272) was introduced by Representative Howard Twigg of Wake County, and the idea originated with Dr. L. L. Schurter, State Medical Consultant, Division of Vocational Rehabilitation.

A reflectorized sign in the shape of an automobile license plate is issued to each handicapped driver who requests it. The sign is red and white, and in the middle is a large "H" for handicapped. It bears the owner's driver's license number. In case of accident, the handicapped driver may display the sign on his car windshield, or fasten it to a stick and wave it from the car window.

The sign, which costs \$2, may be used only by the physically handicapped, including persons with heart trouble, and it is good for the owner's lifetime. If it should be lost or stolen, a new one may be ordered.—Winston-Salem Journal.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

Ours is the only husband we know who can push a grocery cart at 35 miles an hour, blast down the aisles without tipping over so much as a can of tomato juice and manage not to collide with someone or his beloved ones.

Last time we got separated on a shopping trip, we were tracking him down while lugging an enormous sack of potatoes. That is no doubt what gave us the illusion that he traveled at great speed.

Spying his trouser leg near the nut department, we dallied around the cold cuts box, but by the time we got to the nut section, no husband. Certainly strange, we thought. Did you see him?

The woman said a man matching the description had been loading his cart with cans of dog food. There, we found a teenager who claimed to have seen him examining loaves of bread. At that point, he was rumored to be in the vicinity of dry cereals and oatmeal.

It's not that big a place, we reasoned. The ticket is to stand still. That's the way to find

him.

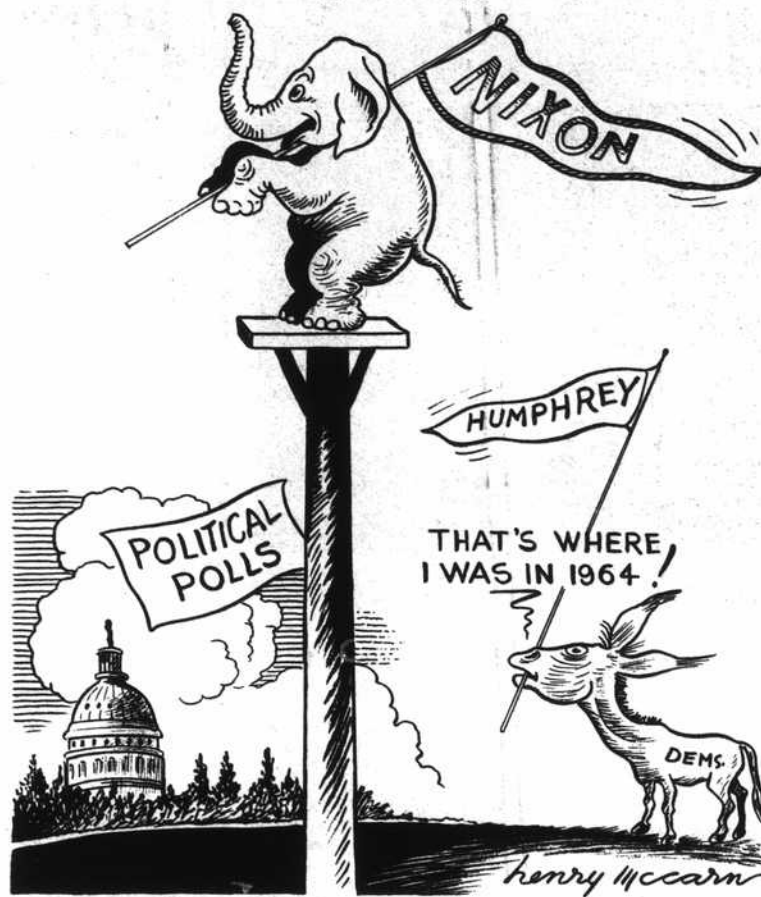
Three minutes ground slowly past and ended with an ah-hah. There he was, exiting the laundry detergent aisle and turning the corner where the cigarettes are displayed. Got him, thought we. And the race was on. And on. And on. The fourth time we passed canned milk, our potatoes had tripled in weight. We half-fainted against the jams-on-special bin and seriously considered yelling aloud. But our giant steps around the supermarket already had attracted too much attention. A woman with small child eyed us suspiciously as she passed.

"I already got potatoes," he said right behind us, cart piled high.

"Boy, you sure are fast," we said on the way to the check-out counter. An older man turned away, grinning. "You shop real fast," we said especially loud.

And the woman at the cash register grinned too when we said we didn't bring any money since we had brought our husband, who had done his vanishing act again.

Temporarily?



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Capt. Edmond Jones Of Lenoir To Make Railroad Speech

Sixty Years Ago
September 10, 1908

Capt. Edmond Jones, of Lenoir, will make a railroad speech in the court house in Boone during the noon recess of court Wednesday. Let him have a good hearing, as this is a subject in which all our people are most deeply interested.

At the Annual meeting of the stockholders in the Watauga County bank held Tuesday, all of the old directors were re-elected for the ensuing year, who in turn re-elected N. L. Mast President and W. C. Coffey vice-president.

Charles H. Cowles, Republican candidate for Congress, is billed to speak in the court house in Boone at noon on Tuesday of court.

The exact date for the Masonic picnic in Boone has not yet been decided upon, but it will be held not later than the 15th of October. The various lodges and others interested, will bear this in mind and prepare for the occasion, as sure to come.

Sorry to know that the baby boy of Prof. D. D. Dougherty is seriously ill with laringitis. He is thought to be slightly better at this writing.

State Bank Examiner, Williams, of Raleigh, gave the Watauga County Bank a call this week.

Mr. Jeff Rowe and wife, of Banner Elk, were pleasant callers at this office Tuesday.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago
September 12, 1929

Archie Qualls, Len Hagaman and A. E. Moretz will leave this week to enter Wake Forest College, Mr. Moretz going as a ministerial student, and will be accompanied by his wife.

Miss Mabel Cook left Sunday morning for Washington, D. C., where she will study violin. She is a very talented musician, having won many prizes in contest. She was accompanied from Lenoir by her cousin, Leo Bowman.

Miss Blanche Blair, who has spent the last six years in Kansas, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ella Taylor, is here for a visit of some weeks to home folks in Boone and Blowing Rock. Just now she is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. T. B. Moore.

The new Baptist Sunday School building was opened for the first time Saturday afternoon at 7:30 o'clock, the occasion being the Appalachian State Teachers College student reception.

Mr. R. B. Porter is located at the Green Inn and is engaged in conducting special classes in instruction on violin, band and orchestra instruments.

Miss Ruth Benfield left Sunday for Concord, to enter upon her work there as teacher. Miss Benfield has been teaching there for the past two years.

Fifteen Years Ago
September 10, 1953

Airman First Class Willis C. "Buck" Robbins who has been stationed at Fairfax Field, Kansas City, Kansas, has received his discharge from service and is now making his home here.

Jimmy Holshouser, who has been spending the summer here with his parents, will return this week to Davidson College where he will resume his studies.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

With the advent of Spiro Agnew on the national scene and Nick Galifianakis in the state, we were reminded of some research we did a number of years ago on our Greek friends.

The Greeks were holding a convention in Raleigh at the time. When an American hardware merchant attends a hardware convention, or a doctor attends a doctors' convention, or a banker attends a bankers' convention, in the majority of instances he goes by himself and leaves his wife at home. But the Greeks don't do that. When they go to a convention they bring along Mamma and all the children, and they have a grand time of it. Mamma goes to the women's auxiliary meetings and the children go to the children's auxiliary meetings, and everybody has something to do.

We've often been impressed with Greek names. Most of them sound rather strange to us and oftentimes it is difficult to pronounce and spell them correctly. In this connection we've observed that the names of many Greeks start with "pappa" or "Pappas," and we've wondered about this. A Greek friend of ours explained this to us.

When you find a Greek by the name of Pappageorge, or Pappacoulmac, or Pappajohn, it means that he is the descendant of a priest. "Pappas" is Greek for priest, and originally there was a priest by the name of George, or John, or Coulmos, and he was given the name, "Pappajohn," and his children took up his name after him. And here's another thing: as you know, the "Mac" in Scotch

Robert H. Cook of the U.S. Navy spent several days this week here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Cook. He is to leave Thursday for California where he will be stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Greene of Meat Camp had as their guests for the weekend Mr. and Mrs. Alle Begie and daughter, Doris, of near Wilmington. Mr. Bogie is superintendent of the Orton Plantation. While here they attended a performance of "Horn in the West."

Dr. and Mrs. Lee Reynolds and children, Marjorie and Bobby, returned to their home last week after spending several days with relatives in Indiana.

Mr. Howard Brookshire is improving at Watauga Hospital after receiving a serious injury while trying to control a runaway horse on his farm last week.

AFTER ANOTHER

names means "son of." And the same is true of the "Fitz" in such names as Fitzgerald and Fitzpatrick. Well, it seems that the Greeks have a word for that, too. Whenever you see a Greek name that ends in "oulis" or "akis" it means "son of."

Sign on the back of a Model-T Ford that we passed between Sanford and Raleigh the other day:

HIT ME EASY
I'M GETTING OLD

Coming down on one of the Eastern Air Line planes from Richmond the other day we noticed the names of the pilot and co-pilot stuck up in the front of the cabin. The pilot's name was Young, and the co-pilot's name was Youngerman.

H. L. Martin of the Raleigh police force was telling us about a trip that he and some friends made to the western part of the state recently.

While they were passing through one town, one member of the party jokingly remarked: "I'll bet this is one town in which you won't find an ABC store."

Mr. Martin says that another member pointed to a sign on a building which they were just passing and said: "You're wrong; there's one!"

The sign read:
A. B. C. DePRIEST
And, on top of that, Mr. Martin told us that he's willing to bet that this is the only name in the United States which contains the first five letters of the alphabet in their proper order.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Summertime . . . Is Waning

September is summertime putting away some of her lush greenery and getting ready to depart the scene of her fruitful warmth . . . It is frost flowers showing along the roadsides and the goldenrods, with their fleecy canes bringing splotches of vivid color to hedge-row and fence corner . . . It is the nervous twittering of the birds in the shortened daylight, as they sense the days of their leave-taking are near . . . September is the time of ripening . . . It is fodder in the shock and the burley tobacco, cut and impaled on up-ended sticks, drying in the crisp air—like tiny pale tepees . . . It's golden pumpkins and red apples, great globs of purplish, frosty-looking weed blossoms and the warm breath of the motors leaving vapor trails in the cool of the morning . . . September is a fruitful span between hot days and growing things and fun in the sun and October's gaudy color and the frigid gales of wintertime . . . September is school again and summer residents taking their leave . . . It's the sound of katydids, raspingly telling of things to come and it's the first household heat when evening's shadows fall . . . September is a turning point, an open gate, a time of fulfillment and the tremulous cadence of the screech owl in the dead of night.

Harvest Moon

To some, depending on their way of reckoning, September brings the harvest moon, which actually is the full moon which lights the fields and the forests at the time of the golden harvest . . . Astronomically, the harvest moon is the full moon nearest of the autumnal equinox, which is September 23 . . . A lot of people, however, who live close to nature and her mathematical certainties, are more apt to regard the next full moon as the authentic harvest moon—that is, the full moon that occurs about the middle of October . . . At this season the path of the moon passes closely above and below the horizon at the time of the moon's fullness, causing it to rise nearly at sunset for several nights in succession . . . Thus the harvest moon extends the usual twilight time and gives the farmers, it is said, more time to complete their harvesting before the arrival of frigid weather . . . After the harvest moon will come the hunter's moon, to coincide with the opening of the hunting season at the end of the harvest, when the possums are ripe, the hound dogs in good fettle, the sound of the hunter's horn echoes in the hills and a wispy of blue smoke trails away from the chimney pot.

Cherished Reader Writes

We enjoyed the following letter: "Dear Mr. Rivers: I am happy to send you a check for renewal for my subscription to the Democrat for the sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year . . . You may have someone who has been a subscriber longer, but not one who has enjoyed it more than I have . . . All good wishes to you and your family . . . Sincerely, Mrs. I. S. Rambo, Mountain City, Tenn."

MRS. RAMBO who left Boone before our time, was a friend of our ancestors and was reared here . . . She is a daughter of the late Capt. Thomas J. Coffey, who will be remembered by some of our older people as one of the pioneer business and agricultural leaders of the region and an officer in the Civil War . . . Mrs. Rambo writes flawlessly with a fairly fine-pointed pen and we look forward to hearing from such a loyal friend . . . Incidentally we wonder if there are others who have read the Democrat so long . . . We used to have quite a few who had read the first copy ever to come from the old Washington hand press, but since the years have multiplied we haven't heard that comment for a long time . . . We thank you sincerely Mrs. Rambo for your many generous compliments over the years and you shall always have the best wishes of the Riverses.

Zeke Grubb allowed as how we got to look at these matters with a little charity in our heart, that different people have different tastes. That's the reason, said Zeke, they make chocolate and vanilla. They was tastes fer eating and tastes fer clothes and cars and everthing else, was the way Zeke put it. Yeh, said Ed sarcastic, he special liked the taste of them judges that give first prize in a sculpture show in New York and found out later some college students had welded pieces of a wrecked car together and made it for a joke.

Josh Clodhopper, that usual don't say much at the meetings, butted in to say we wasn't getting nothing done at the session and he was in favor of changing the subject.

Personal, Mister Editor, I ain't interested in nothing but the taste you eat with and the other tastes folk has got can work theirselves out. I don't care if some folks pay \$4 for a hot dog with a new name, but that don't mean I got to like maynaze on them store bought bread slices as you can hold up to the light and read the newspaper through. I reckon the worst taste I've heard lately was that woman driver passing out from the heat on account of keeping her car windows rolled up tight during the August hot spell so's her neighbors would think she had air conditioning.

Accelerated Travel On Way

The passing lanes are being constructed on 321 below Blowing Rock, so that traffic on the busy southern artery can move more easily . . . The Boone Thoroughfare Plan, which is the widening of Faculty and Rivers Streets by the State to make a part of a proposed bypass, is going forward, with the promise of alleviating some of the congestion in downtown Boone . . . These projects were

made possible by Governor Moore last winter with money from the Highway surplus fund, as was that allotted for construction of passing lanes on 421 east, up to Deep Gap from the Harris Bridge . . . This, according to official word, cannot be let until after the first of the year . . . The 421 project will also do a lot toward making access to Boone easier . . . In this city where the State spends such gigantic sums on the University, it's of extreme importance that the primary arteries into the community keep up with our spectacular growth.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

Bug Hookum opened the session at the country store Saturday night by announcing America was getting took over by the humbugs. What brought it to mind, said Bug, was this piece he had saw in the papers where 31 brands of licker was tested fer taste and when they got through the testers said they wasn't much difference in any of the brands except the price. Bug went on to say he knowed this feller that bought one bottle of high price licker onet, and ever since he just buys the cheapest brand and keeps the high price bottle poured full.

Clem Webster was agreed with Bug, said a heap of what we call progress in this country today wasn't nothing but folks trying to keep up with the Joneses. Fer instant, he said, if they was to list hot dogs in a foreign language in some of them fancy eating places folks would pay \$4 apiece fer 'em. Ed Doolittle, that refused to cross the New Frontier and was agin the Great Society, claimed it all got started with the New Deal. Ed said it was along about that time when they quit putting watch pockets and suspender buttons on pants and we had gone downhill ever since.

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Yours truly,
UNCLE PINKNEY