

WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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IN TOP RANKS OF CAROLINA NON-DAILIES

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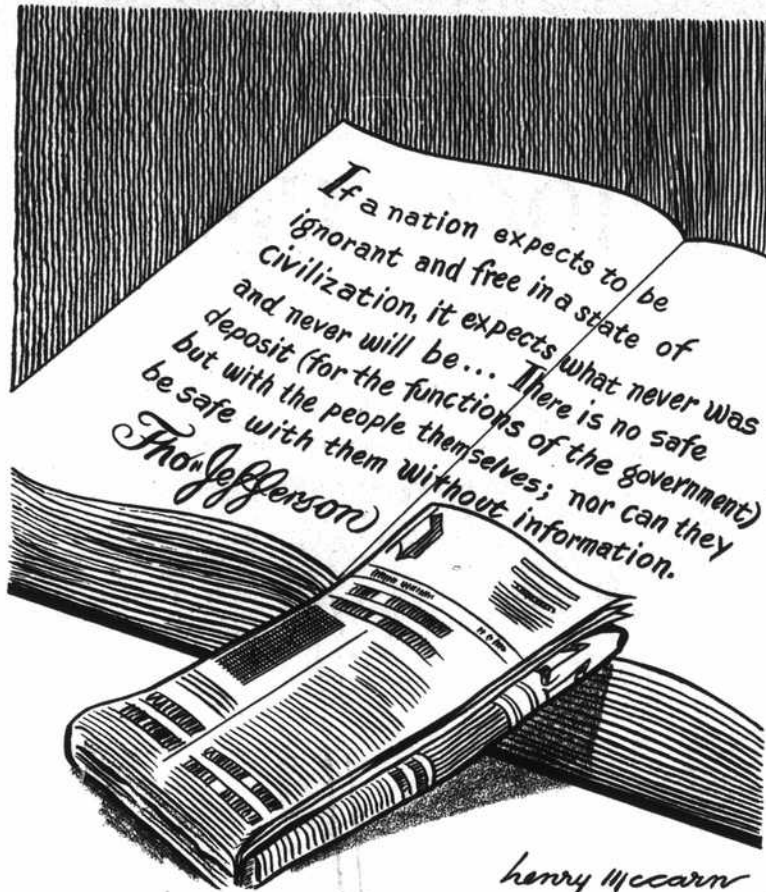
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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1968

Freedom Of The Press



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

Democrats Nominate H. E. Deal For Register Of Deeds

Sixty Years Ago

October 8, 1908

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Watauga County on Oct. 5th, H. E. Deal was unanimously nominated as a candidate for Register of Deeds, in pursuance to adjournment of orders of the Democratic County Convention.

The dormitory for boys at the A. T. S. is nearing completion, and a most splendid building it will be—one of the best so far erected on the school property.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church, South, of Boone has taken upon itself the task of buying, or helping the other churches on the work to buy furniture for the new parsonage.

Friend Will Holsclaw of Vilas, was in town Monday for the first time since his extended western tour.

Prof. George W. Bacon will open a musical normal at Brusby Fork, on November 2, and will continue for twenty days.

Mrs. W. C. Coffey has returned from a two-weeks visit to her former home at Elkin, Surry County.

An agent for an old debt collecting agency of St. Louis, has been in town this week, and he seems to have done considerable business here. A man who will not pay an honest debt should be exposed, and judging by the tactics adopted by this company some people in Watauga are sure to be exposed and that quickly unless immediate settlements are made.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

October 10, 1929

A most enjoyable dinner party was given by the Campfire Girls last Saturday evening.

Friend Roby Adams did The Democrat a kindness Monday when he brought in some very fine, large sweet potatoes, to be served on the humble board of the editor.

Miss Mona Greer, of Zionville, who for a long time has been making her home with her uncle, Mr. Mill Greer, in Boone, and doing clerical work will leave next Sunday for Memphis, Tenn., where she will enter the Baptist Hospital in that city to take training for a nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. James Council, of Sylva, were weekend visitors to home folks in Boone, and remained over for a meeting of the directors of the Watauga County Bank, he being one of the members, which was held in the office of the president Monday.

Mrs. E. N. Hahn was hostess to the members of the Worth-while Club at her attractive home on last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Coffey left Tuesday for Washington, where and at intervening points they will spend a vacation of a week or ten days.

The chestnut crop is now on, but is unusually light. The chinquapins were very abundant, but the supply is almost exhausted.

Fifteen Years Ago

October 8, 1953

Plans have been completed for the 1953-54 Homecoming at Appalachian High School. The Student Council will be host to the visiting team, the high school alumni, the parents, and the entire student body at an informal dance in the high school auditorium.

Plans are proceeding at a satisfactory pace to provide funds and transportation to send the Appalachian State Teachers College band to Tampa, Fla., for the November 21 football game between Appalachian and University of Tampa, H. W. Wilcox, president of the Chamber of Commerce, said Tuesday.

Just One Thing

BY CARL GOERCH

Looking through old issues of newspapers dated 1838 (130 years ago) we came across this item that is certainly timely:

THE DROUGHT

Amidst the universal agitation of political questions, the state of the weather as affecting the crops, and alternately darkening and brightening the prospects of the year to come, occupies the first glance of every eye in the morning, and the last hope of every mind in the evening.

Our summer has been so dry that independent of its blighting effects on everything vegetable, animals can scarcely breathe for all the dust—the mill ponds are nearly all dried up—streams which before were hardly ever known to fall can scarcely urge their sluggish currents, and in many sections scarcely a foot of water in them. The Corn Crops are so totally burned in some parts that a deluge would scarcely bring them to. Not a drop of rain has fallen in nine weeks.

A note from The Raleigh Register: Several persons have died suddenly within a few days in New York and in other cities from the effects of drinking cold water while heated. We give this warning in order to help prevent similar occurrences from taking place in North Carolina. Drinking cold water while perspiring is an extremely dangerous thing to do, and should not be attempted under any circumstances.

KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

Mild Or Wild . . . Winter, That Is

Friday night brought the frost and the chill and the heated houses and continued dry and cloudless weather, with no immediate hope of the record drought relinquishing its merciless hold on the land and on the water sources . . . The leaves are reddening and yellowing and while they now tell us the frost has no properties of coloration, we always like their hues better after they've had a baptism of the microscopic ice crystals . . . In the unlikely event we help bring up another child, he or she will sit on our knee and hear our same tales of the little elf and his paint pot of many colors who builds the bright fires in the tree tops . . . The frost, like the coachman's horn, heralds the arrival of visitors—the snow and the ice and winter's furious gales . . . Our correspondent in charge of things in the Pigeon Roost neighborhood, Harvey J. Miller, writes to say the woolly worms, the lowly forecasters of the winter weather are on the move, to denote the arrival of autumn and that the degree of black on the insects reveals we are in for a desperately cold winter . . . Conversely, the Farmers Almanac, century-old volume of weather lore, household hints and jokes, looks in the crystal ball and says the winter this time will be mild, which don't alter our faith in the worm one whit . . . We're supposing he'll fetch snows and blows and good skiing . . . Reminding us of what a fellow said during a blizzard last winter as he shivered and his dentures rattled like rusty sabers as he shook the snow from his coat . . . "One of the hardest things," he said, "for a civic-minded person to do is to wish for more and more of this danged stuff, but I'm doing it."

Is It Another Candidate?

A Salisbury reader sends us the following from the Evening Post . . . A fellow from Michigan pulled into a busy gas station the other day and waited for a line of cars to get service . . . When finally it was his turn for gas, he asked the attendant: "I've never seen so many bumper stickers in all my life. I know who Wallace is, but who is this 'Tweetsie' and what's he running for?'"

Hard Drinking And Status

Most folks in this section have traditionally slurped their booze straight from the bottle and looked with disdain on the man who uses a mixer or a chaser . . . In prohibition times the sugarhead was usually gulped from a Mason jar which sometimes made a ring across a devotee's nose . . . The Montgomery Journal writing on drinking habits links up "fancy folks" with Scotch drinking . . . It says it has confirmation from a leading distiller and adds, "Seventy per cent of Scotch drinkers are under 50 years old, 52 per cent have attended college, 72 per cent earn more than \$8,000 a year and 53 per cent sip it off the rocks . . . it adds the following pithy comments: "Well, we made our own survey of the drinkers of the product of the Alabama woods, moonshine . . . It shows that the drinkers of hushbabbe are between the ages of 14 and 84, none of them are pseudo intellectuals, 100 per cent pay only one-fourth the price of their booze as scotch drinkers, 98 per cent drink it out of the bottle and all of them get a sight drunker, than the educated, rich, fancy pants, high-falutin, Scotch drinking crowd, who Earl Long said 'pumps perfume under their arms.'"

Devoured The Democrats

The Chapel Hill Weekly reminds us of an occurrence we used to hear discussed when we worked in Canon City, Colo., not far from the State prison walls, in connection with a news item from Boulder . . . There University of Colorado students voted to rename their union grill in honor of Alfred E. Packer, the only man ever to be convicted of cannibalism in United States history . . . The student resolution said the grill "has consistently strived to attain the high standards exemplified by the life of Mr. Packer." . . . Packer was convicted in Lake City, Colo. in 1883 of having killed and eaten parts of five companions caught with him in a mountainous snowfall while they were prospecting for gold . . . A Democratic judge was said to have sentenced Packer with these words: "There were only seven Democrats in Hinsdale County and you, Alfred Packer ate five of them. I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead."

Big Punkin

M. C. Brown of Route 2, brings us a mammoth sweet potato punkin (we know some say pumpkin) which will supply us pie filling for many moons . . . The behemoth of the punkin patch would doubtless weigh thirty or forty pounds and Mr. Brown says it grew big on a "Democratic vine." . . . We

are much obliged . . . Also we appreciate the drinking water we've been given . . . Mrs. Howard Dancy, who works at the Democrat, brings a jug for the office coffee urn, Bill Rush, comes to work lugging a couple of gallons, while Allen Gragg, Mrs. Earl Teague and our Rachel have been generous with good spring and deep well water from private sources . . . These gifts of cool, clear water are especially cherished in the days when city water just isn't "fit-ten."

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVERIN'S

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:
Ed 'Doollittle', that claims the only good Democrat is one that's out of office and barred from voting, told the fellers at the country store Saturday night the Democrats was now trying to run the only Government in the history of the world that was losing two wars at the same time. He allowed the only thing the Administration was handling worse than the Vietnam War was the Poverty War.

"Ed come to the meeting with a pocketful of newspaper clippings and he was riled up because he had saw where the professional pore has formed the National Welfare Rights Organization. The feller that heads up this new welfare union said it was started because the pore needed a new voice, Ed reported. The feller said the civil rights movement weren't moving and the War on Poverty was being lost.

One of the aims of the NWRO, Ed said, was sit-ins at all the places that has to do with giving tax money away. The reason these pore want to break up the welfare system is that less than 10 million of the 200 million people in this country is on welfare, and they say at least 30 million needed Government aid. The trouble is, the pore union says, not enough people knows their rights. The NWRO will hold free classes to explain to folks where and how to get welfare.

At the same time, Ed said, welfare services was growing faster than any part of the country's economy. In the last four year, his newspaper clipping said, the average monthly welfare aid to a family of four in New York City has jumped from \$196 to \$272, the cost has gone from \$416 million a month to more than \$1 billion, and 200,000 names has been added to the welfare rolls in the past year, in spite of the fact they was more than 250,000 jobs in New York City going begging.

He said he had said it at a session at the store last month and he would say it again. The only hope the Democrats got to stay in office was to git a majority of the voters on relief and they was coming pritty close to it now. None of them folks was going to bite the hand that feeds 'em, was Ed's words.

Mister Editor, when Ed declares war on the Democrats he is so loaded with reports and statistics the rest of the fellers can't git up much of an offensive. Several times Clem Webster of the Great Society butted in but Ed turned his hearing aid off and kept right on going.
(Continued on page five)

Let There Be Rain

A DROUGHT in Kansas in 1935 inspired this prayer of William Allen White, late famed editor of the Emporia Gazette:

O Lord, in Thy mercy grant us rain and by that we don't mean a shower. We want to go out and watch the lightning rip across the southwestern sky in hot blue forks as the fat clouds roll in on us. We want to hurry home to close the house with the first fat drops the size of marbles, on a suddenly rising wind, chasing us and plunking on the car hood. We want to scramble all over the house, just as the first sheets descend, frantically slamming down the windows.

O Lord of Hosts, we want to look out of the windows and watch the regiments of close-packed raindrops march diagonally down. We want to hear the gurgle of the gutters under the eaves, and then the sputter of the downspout.

God of Israel, Isaac and Jacob, let it come down so hard, let the drops dance so high that the streets and sidewalks seem covered with a six-inch fog of spatter-drops. Then let it just keep up for a while, and then begin to taper off, and then turn right round and get

a lot worse, swishing, pounding, splattering, pouring, drenching, the thunder coming—Crackity-BAM!—and the lightning flashing so fast and furious you can't tell which flash goes with which peal of thunder. So that all the women will get scared and climb on top of the beds and scream at you not to get too close to that window.

And then, O Jealous God, repeat the whole act about three times, and in the middle of the second time we will climb the attic stairs and put the wash pan under that tiny leak in the roof which usually you can't even notice in an ordinary rain. And after a couple of hours kind of taper it down, O Lord, to a good steady rain—not a drizzle, but a businesslike one that keeps up until just about dawn and then spits a few drops occasionally during the morning from a gray sky.

Kansas is indeed the Promised Land, O Lord, and if it gets a break it will flow with milk and honey. But we can't live much longer on promises. So in Thine own way and in Thine own time, make up Thy mind, O Lord, and we will bow before Thy judgment, and praise Thine everlasting name. Amen.

Dr. Plemmons To Retire

We can well understand the concern of the Board of Trustees of Appalachian State University last week, when Dr. Plemmons gave notice of his intention to retire from the presidency of the institution next June.

"I don't choose to violate the retirement age of 65 . . . If asked, I will aid the new President in any way possible, whether on the payroll or not," he told the board.

The community shares the shock of Dr. Plemmons' announcement. During the 13 years of the Plemmons administration he has seen the College develop into a University and has worked incessantly and effectively in its tremendous growth. Believing that the development of the institution is limited only by the accommodations provided, he has spearheaded the tremendous development of the physical plant which is moving ahead with breath-taking speed, and has effectively

explored every means of contributing to the expansion and up-grading of the instructional staff. We could never have envisioned the accomplishments which have occurred during this relatively short time.

Dr. Plemmons has also become a top figure in the town, thus even further improving the fine relationships between the two communities.

We congratulate Dr. Plemmons on his tremendous work for the University and for the town and think he has used fine judgment in thinking of himself after an arduous tenure, at least to the extent of having some time for himself and family during the years of his vigor.

We congratulate him on his purpose to build a home in Boone, on the slope of the mountain where he can continue to view the sprawling monument to his peerless enterprise.

Time For Heroes

What makes Monday mornings traditionally hard to bear are the weekend mishaps that seem to preponderate in post-weekend reporting. News analysts seem to have readied little for the Monday papers. The thinking man thus has to alert himself to the fact that much of the space will be filled with police and accident wire reports.

What we need more of on Monday mornings are stories like that about Ringo, a massive part-St. Bernard dog just named hero of the year. The tale does much to affirm that a loving intelligence governs over even the littlest and most vulnerable of mankind.

One morning last April Ringo and his two-year-old playmate Randy wandered three quarters of a mile away from their Texas

home. At one point on Pipeline Road there is a hill followed by a blind curve.

As a car emerged from the curve, it was met by Ringo, teeth bared. Other cars came and traffic backed up, 40 vehicles deep, if an auto tried to move ahead, Ringo would fling himself against its fenders.

Finally one driver, who knew something about dogs, decided to investigate. And sure enough, out of sight of the oncoming drivers, playing in the middle of the road, was little Randy. And not until the driver had carried the youngster to the side of the pavement did Ringo, found by the family when just a pup, abandon his post.—Christian Science Monitor.

Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

It may be a mistake to be well informed in this day and age, for if you regularly plow through the dozens of news magazines, your newspapers and top off the day with a glance at television—nervous tension can't be far behind.

We used to wonder why some things at the community level take a quick step into the nearest hole and never come out again. There have been—in addition to numerous wonderful developments in Watauga County—a few fine ideas that never caught on.

Talking with friends sheds light on the subject and one quickly finds he is in the same bucket. There are the hippies and the yuppies—you have to think about that; and then there's massive air and water pollution in the nation's major cities. One can sweat and fume over that a long time without thinking that these were creeping problems, just like they are on the small-scale here in Watauga.