

# WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

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ESTABLISHED IN 1888

IN TOP RANKS OF CAROLINA NON-DAILIES

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BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA 28607, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1969

## Thanks To Blowing Rock

Before Watauga County arose from its isolation in the "Lost Provinces" of North Carolina, the municipality of Blowing Rock was its diamond in the rough.

Before high-speed travel and wide-spread development of tourism, Blowing Rock from its lofty perch above the John's River Gorge was setting a reputation for this section of the Appalachians.

Named for its renowned scenic attraction, the town started the promotion of the cool, high elevation to be had here in the summer months and became known as the "in" place for the well-to-do. So widely was it known, that only a few years ago people didn't know where Boone was unless you said it was near Blowing Rock.

Time began skipping along, and the agriculture economy of the county took on strength. Sales of cabbage, cattle and burley tobacco thrust more money into the economy. Businesses began growing and new ones were coming in. Appalachian State Teachers College got growing pains and industry began developing in Boone. The outdoor drama, Horn in the West, was launched in Boone. Education started on the upgrade in the public schools, the county's high schools consolidated and the price of real estate began leaping upward. ASTC became Appalachian State University; improvements were started on the roads leading from neighboring counties into Watauga and tourism reached an all-time high. In the midst of a spiraling economy, Boone was on

the map. Wataugans built a county hospital and a courthouse in addition to the high school.

In Blowing Rock, which laps over into Caldwell, the people also had been building. They provided themselves a public library, a fine hospital and then an extended care and rehabilitation unit unparalleled in this section of the country. They provided a municipal swimming pool. The directors of the Blowing Rock Charity Horse Show built and built until the annual event became one of the best known in the South. The Blowing Rock area also was where the regional ski industry was born and these northwest hills were off to a reputation as a year-around resort capitol.

All this time, way back in the county's so-called dark ages, the summer clientele of Blowing Rock had been contributing to the overall economy of the region.

When certain countywide bond issues have come up and some Blowing Rock residents decried having to vote the county some things they had already supplied their community, it was entirely understandable. The standouts were the hospital bond issue, which came up in Watauga after Blowing Rock had already measured its own needs and worked to finance and build a public hospital.

At last, the important thing to consider is that we may well owe Blowing Rock a great deal more than is paid in tribute and friendship.

## Mini-mini, maxi-maxi

Those who deplore the ascending hemlines of recent days may live to eat their words. Fall fashion forecasts predict that fashion has come full circle. The figure-revealing mini minis of yesterday are to be cast aside for the over-dressed look which places so many layers of clothing on the girl, that a fellow will be forced to resort to the old-time sport of imagining what she really looks like.

If milady does stick to short skirts, she must wear boots clear up to her hemline, or heavily-textured stockings. Or both. Coats go down to the instep, lapels wing their way beyond the shoulder line; everything is double-breasted with multitudinous buttons. Pockets are scattered all over the garment, large, pleated, flapped and fastened. Embroidery embellishes wherever lace, ruffles, sequins or braid are missing. Belts, up to a foot wide are worn where none is needed.

Besides the ornateness of a fabric's weave or print, the clothing is put on in layers. A dress is worn over trousers, a vest may cover the dress and a jacket goes over the whole affair. Of course, one must not forget to add the indispensable scarf, all six feet of it this year, draped around the neck and hanging to the knees. Or she may don a shawl with yard-long fringe. Dressy occasion call for coats of mail in gold mesh over sparkly sequin spangled crepes and satins.

Shoes are ornate with over-sized "tongues," chain-link straps and tree-trunk heels. Bulky capes and ear-high turtle-necks add to the cover-up. In the days ahead, mom had best fill dad in on the situation. If he happens to want to converse with sis, he'd do well to examine the pile of clothing on the sofa. She may be in there someplace.—Hartford Courant

## Inklin's In Ink

BY RACHEL RIVERS

One of our guardians of the house always in the sun or under the porch practically all the time. The other, however, passes the time by chewing on bones, sticks of kindling and a discarded shirt with delectable, breakable buttons. Hawlike bones and rubber balls he likes, but the bones last longer, he collapsed the stick of kindling so there's always an abundance and the shirt is a dog's utopia.

That was before he found out about rubber mice that squeak and squeal.

All his efforts at silencing the smothering mouse were in vain. The harder he chewed, the louder it complained, and he dashed around in confused circles trying to understand why his rat-like buddy couldn't be hushed.

Then he dropped it and it was quiet. He cast as a triumphant look and gathered it up again and bit down. It squeaked. He dropped it and stared at it and took a deep breath before

starting again. After about an hour's frantic play, he took a breather. We found the mouse and hit it away for another day. The teeth that were able to dissolve bones and splinter wood had not put one convincing mark on the toy.

It was another hour later when our husband said we probably had a real rat in the neighborhood. Irising noises were coming from the vicinity of the trash can. As it happened, it was Jiggs—stirring around the darkened backyard trying to imitate his lost playmate. His own squealing was becoming representative of something much larger than a rubber mouse so we gave it back.

He curled up and went to sleep with the toy and next morning was tooting it around as carefully as a bird dog with a mouthful of duck. Mrs. Anne Goss, who used to live in Blowing Rock in the summer, would say Jiggs found himself a "treasure".

## Have You Pitched In?



FROM THE EARLY FILES OF THE DEMOCRAT

## Coffey Wagon Co. Shuts Down Valmead Factory

Sixty Years Ago  
October 14, 1909

The Coffey Wagon Company has suspended operations at the plant of the company at Valmead and will not resume work there again. The mill was owned by Mr. Niley Church. No clues as to the origin of the fire.

A carload of striped legged young mules shipped in from the west are being traded in the Valle Crucis section of this county. The animals are said to be very pretty indeed.

A heavy rain and high wind on Sunday night brought down the larger portion of the chestnut crop, and quantities of the toothsome nuts were gathered the following day.

W. E. Shipley of Valle Crucis, this county, sold a saddle-bred colt four months old to a gentleman in Haywood County, N. C., for the sum of \$150.00. The colt was shipped by express the 2nd inst., so that it might reach its destination in time to be entered in the County Fair, where it was expected to gain highest honors in its class.

We have heard of many, yes very many heavy yields of buck-wheat, but evidently James Hodges, of Sands, has by odds the best report so far. Off of 1 1/2 gallons of seed sown, he threshed 12 bushels of fine grain. Any better paying crop than this?

There has just been frost enough to make the forests gloriously beautiful. "Autumn mourning" is now the garb of the mountains. The yellow, red and variegated make a combination that beggars the finest painting thrown on canvas by the most gifted artist.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago  
October 16, 1930

Dr. G. K. Moose of Boone was named governor of Carolina Civitans at the morning session of the Greensboro convention Monday, when members of the organization from both Carolinas were in attendance at one of the most outstanding district assemblies in the history of the organization.

Appalachian State Teachers College was held to a 13 to 13 deadlock by Catawba College here Saturday afternoon. The Indians featured with a passing attack in the second half to tie the score after being continually hard played by a fighting Mountaineer team.

The three high schools of Watauga County, Boone, Blowing Rock and Cove Creek, furnished seniors in February, who broke all State records for high average grades, according to tabulated results which have recently come to the office of Superintendent Smith Haggaman.

On Wednesday night of last

week the McBride mill property near Mabel was entirely destroyed by fire. The loss was considerable but we are told it was partially covered by insurance. The mill was owned by Mr. Niley Church. No clues as to the origin of the fire.

Fifteen Years Ago  
October 14, 1954

Dr. I. G. Greer of Chapel Hill was re-elected president of the Southern Appalachian Historical Association at a meeting of the Board of Directors held at Ranch Motel, Blowing Rock, Monday evening.

Lawrence E. Barden, son of Dr. and Mrs. John G. Barden, was ordained to the order of deacon at the recent annual conference of the Methodist Church, held in Asheville. Bishop Costin J. Harrell of Charlotte, officiated.

The International Resistance Company will hold "open house" Saturday, October 16, at their plant on Greenway Road, just off the Blowing Rock highway, according to an announcement by Mr. John S. Kane, plant manager.

Welsh K. Tester, the son of Mr. D. T. Tester, Valle Crucis, N. C., who received his B. S. from Appalachian State Teachers College in 1951, is back at Bexley Hall, the divinity school of Ohio's Kenyon College.

Ben Horton of Boone was unanimously elected president of the alumni association at the luncheon meeting in the cafeteria on Saturday. Other officers elected at this time were: Shirley Gabriel, of Iron Station, vice-president; and Daisy Eggers of Boone, secretary and treasurer.

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Perhaps more than any other state, North Carolina has been nicknamed the most. She was early known as the Old North State; then there was a time when in derision she was pointed out as The Rip Van Winkle State. During the War Between the States she became the Tar Heel State.

When naval stores were an outstanding export North Carolina was the Turpentine State. Some people now call her Old Pioneer State.

This is a story about Leonard Lieblich, whose identity is not now known. Mr. Lieblich had no patience with certain follies of individuals, and one of the things he detested with special vigor was the way some people have of dropping in to call just at mealtimes.

One evening at seven o'clock as the Lieblich family was sitting down to dinner, the doorbell rang. The maid answered, came back and told Mr. Lieblich that a certain young man—calling his name—wished to see him.

"Invite him into the parlor," said Mr. Lieblich, "and tell him to wait. I will see him presently." He must have been a kind of "Life-With-Father" old gentleman. At any rate the young man studied and said all right. The Lieblich family went

It has been announced that a "Walking Blood Bank" has been established at Watauga Hospital. The ever-increasing need for whole blood and the fact that it cannot be stored safely but for a maximum of 18 days has necessitated this program, under the sponsorship of the Ashe-Watauga Medical Auxiliary.

Applications for employment as enumerators for the 1954 Census of Agriculture in Watauga County will be accepted beginning October 11. It was announced today by Field Supervisor Albert G. Miller.

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# KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

## What The Weather's Going To Be

We've received our advance copy of the 178th annual edition of the Old Farmers Almanac, an event which is looked forward to by this corner and we hasten to share some of the goodies, notably the predictions of Abe Weatherwise, which have enjoyed a record of remarkable accuracy. . . Abe points out that the custom of forecasting goes back to 17th century England. . . The great fire of London in 1666 was predicted by two English almanac forecasters. . . It was their undoing. . . They were accused of setting the fire to make their soothsaying come true and were hanged. . . Old Farmers is spiced with courageous long range weather predictions (made 18 months ahead), anecdotes, poetry, farm and rural tidbits of great charm and drawings favoring the George Washington era. . . Forecaster Weatherwise says "the old timers who had to figure the weather out for themselves were often more right than modern science, whose findings are the results of modern machinery and computers. . . We tore the forecast page out of Old Farmers for you:

## Weather Forecast 1969-70

The verses in *italic type* (same as this) which run vertically down the middle of the Calendar Pages (23-45), cover the country as a whole for the calendar year of 1970. These are for the days indicated by the beginning capitalized word and ending with the period. In addition, there follows herewith: 1) a prose summary of the Winter in general across the country from November, 1969 through April, 1970; and 2) a summary for the calendar year 1970 (January-December). These general forecasts are then broken down into nine regional weather forecasts, both for the Winter (November, 1969-April, 1970), and the calendar year (January-December, 1970). See pages 92-119.

As all of these forecasts are based, for verification purposes, at established U.S.W.B. Stations, the temperature will be about 5° higher for each 100 miles south of the U.S.W.B. Station location given in the above-mentioned summaries and 5° lower for each 100 miles north. For each 1,000 feet of altitude, reduce temperatures approximately 3°. . . read, with the colder temperatures, "snow" for "rain."

### THE WINTER (Nov. 1969—Apr. 1970)

This winter will be its atrocious, fickle, unpredictable self. The ingredients—make no mistake—for heavy snows, blizzards, frozen pipes and toes are all here. BUT the averages say warmer than normal coast to coast. And, what's more, normal precipitation. So for a while it will be "cold and open" and then for another while "warmish with heavy wet snows." You'll freeze one day—and bake the next! Heavy storms that will, one way or another, drop glaze, hail, sleet, snow, freezing rain or snow all over the U.S. will come along Nov. 22-26, Dec. 23-26 (white Christmas, goodie!), Jan. 7-9, 22, and 28-28, Feb. 4-5, and 20-22, Mar. 13-15 and 21-23, and April 2-6. Once again expect a fine winter for skiing at all northerly ski resorts as well as at times in the streets of Fargo, Chicago, Duluth, Buffalo, New York, Portland (Me.) and Boston.

### THE YEAR—Jan.-Dec. 1970

Average daily temperatures will be normal or above all over. On the West Coast, in the South, and Pennsylvania it will be extremely hot and dry; so will Massachusetts and Rhode Island from May on. Look for an annual deficiency of precipitation on the order of 20% in Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Georgia. Maine and Vermont are the only two states in Abe's forecast to end up with above normal precipitation for the year.

July and August will be perfect vacation months everywhere. . . dry and hot. Farmers however will definitely need irrigation as well as sprinklers.

### What, No Cow?

The last edition of the Democrat told of Coach Lentz's inability to find a cow to ride through town to fulfill a promise in connection with magazine sales at the High School, calls to mind the days when all the families in the village had cows and barns for the winter. . . They rented pastureland on the mountain side from the land owners during the grazing season and when the boys ascended the steep hills to bring the cows down at milking time, the lad who had a good "riding cow" was the envy of the others. . . Our dad had a positive rule against straddling the bovines, but some of the cows behaved beautifully as makeshift horses. . . A whole lot later on, our Rachel, before her pony and horse days, managed to saddle one of the cows we were grazing on the hill and rode her about the place in great glee. . . In the present situation, we are not surprised that Coach Lentz failed in finding a halter-witz cow. . . We're sorry about that.

### Fewer Squirrels

Last year there was little mast and the gray squirrels had a hard time. . . When ours came down from the hill to the kitchen door the first time, they were famished. . . The more corn we laid out the more of the friendly little creatures came and we wound up with a half dozen or more of the fattest squirrels one ever saw. . . With the opening of this year's hunting season we are told there are plenty of acorns but few squirrels. . . Word from the Wildlife Resources Commission is that the number of squirrels in the State has remained about the same for 70 years and brings the surprising information that one and a half to two and a half million squirrels are killed by hunters every year with no impact on the species. . . One official is quoted as saying hunters tend to regulate the squirrel population, if the game is scarce they don't find the best worth the trouble, adding "The hunter reaches the point of diminishing returns before the species is in danger."

Back early this year, reported Ed, the Administration found out it was costing more not to have federal workers than to have 'em. When Congress ordered Federal jobs froze at 22,366,004, the Government agencies starting contracting work they couldn't get done to private outfits. It turned out that it cost \$250 million more to hire the work done than to pay folks to do it last year.

Then Ed had saw where the Government had approved a \$85,000 loan to a Mississippi golf club in a county where 49 per cent of the folks was living below federal poverty levels. Ed said he wondered how many of them 49 per cent was happy to get out and play golf when they fore the species is in danger.

(Continued on page six)