

An Urgent Need Met

The public generally joins with the health officials in their pleasure that a health center has at last been provided, away from the congested courthouse area, where traffic problems are non-existent, and where the functions of the department may be performed with a high degree of efficiency.

The building was constructed under the tenure of Commissioners Arlie Walsh, J. D. Shoemaker and George Wilson, and the finishing done by their successors, Bynum Greene, Fred Hatley and Clint Lewis. The old board is to be commended for its progressiveness in letting the contract for the building, using part of the old county home property, and selling off enough of the un-needed land to pay for the construction of the building. The new commissioners deserve credit for completing the health department plant, which is a credit to both groups of officials and to

the county.

Since the establishment of the public health function in this county many years ago, the department has operated in cramped makeshift quarters in the county office building, and of course has done a good job in spite of the handicaps inherent in such a situation.

We are glad that the county has provided suitable space for this important phase of public service, and that those in charge of the work may carry on in quarters especially designed for their activities. It will certainly make their work happier.

Also, taking the department out of town has lessened the parking problem around the court house to a considerable degree. Now, when a school bus garage is erected, near the new health center, it will be another contribution to better public service and to improved traffic conditions in the town.

A Lethal Practice

Newspapers tell of fatalities caused by the so-called drag racers.

While none of the traffic deaths here have come from this sort of highway mania, it doesn't mean the danger doesn't exist in Boone and in the county.

Enforcement officers and others have told us about this fad of some of the youngsters, who so far have been able to escape arrest by either sheriff's officers or members of the State Highway Patrol.

One officer tells us that these early morning speedsters have two or three straight stretches upon which their souped-up autos can reach something like maximum speed. The races occur sometime after midnight, the officer is informed, when traffic has dropped to a minimum, and when enforcement agents are pretty well spotted. The racers line up two or three abreast, depending on the width of

the pavement, and the action starts, so we're told. One who chickens out—who grows timid at the perils of the pace, acquires the disfavor of the rest of the group.

Of course, like we said, races are not carried on when traffic is heavy, but most of us at one time or another are out when the hot rods are roaring and that's where the trouble's going to come.

We shall hope that these lads, eager for excitement and fun, will desist from this perilous practice before deaths ensue. Otherwise we believe the good citizens who have some knowledge of the drag racing should cooperate with the law to the end that arrests may be made and proper punishment prescribed.

Otherwise, from what we hear, there's going to be more trouble on the highways.

Spruce Pine Editor Dies

S. T. Henry, for more than thirty years publisher of Spruce Pine's newspaper, the Tri-County News, suffered a fatal heart attack a few days ago.

A native of Illinois, Mr. Henry was formerly editor and later assistant to the president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. Three decades ago, he gave up this connection to go into the weekly newspaper business, which he had sold, incidentally, just prior to his death. He remained, however, as editor of the News.

Mr. Henry was especially interested in the mining industry in the tri-county area, and it is said that his enthusiasm for the project had a lot to do with the establishment of the Minerals Museum at nearby Gillespie Gap.

Mr. Henry was interested in all activities calculated to further the economic well-being of his area, did a lot for the country, and was held in high regard by the other members of the non-daily newspaper profession in the State.

A Big Tree Falls

(Southern Pines Pilot)

The foolish ways of many, in relation to the wonders of nature, will never cease.

From the time when he began to realize that possession of more effective brains than some of the other animals gave him some power for the destruction and degradation of nature's other products, just as he has also occasionally used it—say, in building a Gothic cathedral—on behalf of the glory of the human spirit.

To smoke out some squirrels, hunters in Chatham County set fire to a poplar tree some 200 feet tall and 21 feet in girth, bringing this landmark crashing to the ground, after it burned all night.

Amidst the reminiscences about its demise was the fact that another ambitious Chatham man, some 40 years ago, chopped off the tree's lowest limb, which was three feet in diameter and 60 feet above the ground, attempting to get a beehive that was in the limb.

Often and often, we have thought about the men who cut vast acreages of virgin timber, all over the United States, and how, in many locations, they did not leave a single original tree standing—not one, in

miles and miles. You would have thought they would have left one, just one, if only for a memento or a curiosity or something majestic at which to gaze, or as an educational exhibit for posterity—but their minds didn't work that way. A tree was to be cut, it seems, and the bigger the tree, the more savagely and more greedily it was to be attacked.

The Chatham poplar was one tree that for some reason (we are told that it was hollow and that 16 children once got inside it, so maybe it was deformed and was worthless for lumber during centuries) was spared but at last fell as the price of smoking out squirrels.

A man, who lives a mile from the tree, missed it, we are grateful to see, when it was gone: "When I looked out . . . and saw it was gone, it gave me a funny feeling. I've been seeing it all my life."

We need more people who get that "funny feeling" before, not after, they set about to wantonly and needlessly destroy the little natural beauty that is left in the world.

ADRIFT

By Alexander



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

And Didn't 'Square' Used To Be Complimentary?

IT'S NO WONDER foreign-born people have trouble learning the American language (not to be confused with English.)

One has to grow up with it to be able to avoid its pitfalls, and even then, most of us fail to master its intricacies.

For a few examples of the many inconsistencies with which our native tongue abounds, how about these?

Merchandise sent by ship is called cargo, but when it goes in a railroad car, it's a shipment.

The words though, through, tough, and bough all end with "ough" (which wouldn't seem to spell anything but a grunt), but all have different pronunciations, with nary a grunt in the lot.

Three words with the same sound but different spellings and meanings are holy (sacred), wholly (entirely), and holey (full of holes).

And of course, there are the well-known to, too, and two.

We spell Philippines (the islands) with a "Ph" and a double "l", but the native of same is a Filipino, with an "F" and one "l".

Invaluable means the same thing as valuable, only more so.

And how come nothing ever "fazed" anybody?

You often see or hear, "It didn't faze him, or 'Nothing fazes him," but never that something DID faze somebody. It's a word used only in the negative.

If one person is uncouth, why couldn't another be "couth"?

If frozen is the past participle of freeze, why wouldn't "squozen" be the ditto of squeeze? And when a modern hepat says, "That's cool, man," he means exactly the same thing his father did when he said, "Hot stuff!"

JUST TO KEEP this whole thing relevant, there's the story told during World War II about the commanding officer whose junior officers on the post were critical of his grammar. One of their complaints was that he had a habit of ending sentences with prepositions in his various orders and directives. Such as, "The ranking non-commissioned officer will be in charge of the barracks he is quartered in," instead of "in which he is quartered."

So the colonel sent a memo to his staff advising them that their remarks relative to his faulty grammar had reached his ears, and ending with, "Gentlemen, this is a type of criticism up with which I shall not put!"

The shavetails decided that a preposition was, after all, a good enough word to end a sentence with.

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

April 8, 1897

I have 100 kegs of nails that will be sold at 2½ cents per pound. J. A. Edmisten.

There was quite a crowd attended Commissioner's Court last Monday. No business of great importance before the board.

A friend writing to the Democrat privately, concluded by saying: "Wasn't that last legislature a 'hun'? All that surprised me was that they didn't attempt to nullify all orthodox church ordinances and repeal the Ten Commandments."

Owing to the incessant rain last Sunday the Rev. Boston failed to fill his appointment here.

On last Wednesday, Mr. Reuben Greene, of Stony Fork was married to the eldest daughter of Wm. Elrod, of Blowing Rock, W. P. Lewis officiating.

Mr. Riley Hodges brought to this office last Monday one of the greatest curiosities we have ever seen. It was the body, or bodies, of a lamb having one head, eight legs, and two tails. In fact it was two lambs joined together at the shoulders. When found by Mr. Hodges, the freak was living, but soon died. He has the skin nicely stuffed.

Miss Jane Matney will open school at Deerfield the first of May.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

April 11, 1918

Two beggars have been in evidence in Boone very recently, both hailing from Johnson county, Tenn. These of ours are a most charitable people, but they have plenty of objects of their own, and think it is up to the good people of Johnson to care for their unfortunate and dependent poor.

"Every time you lick a Thrift Stamp you help to lick the Kaiser."

Mr. Roy Haynes, who sold his personal effects at Poplar Grove last Saturday preparatory to leaving for the West, was in town Tuesday settling up his little accounts, and said he intended to settle every cent he owed before leaving.

Republican State Chairman, F. A. Linney, left for Greensboro Sunday, where he presided over the State Convention Tuesday. From there

he went to Mitchell County, where he is employed to assist the Solicitor in the prosecution of a murder case.

Pastor Powell will preach in the Methodist church at Blowing Rock at 11 a. m. next Sunday.

Services at the Baptist church at the usual hours next Sunday morning and at night.

Are you in need of a good wagon? Call on A. C. Miller, West Riverside, N. C.

Fifteen Years Ago

April 9, 1942

Mr. Dave P. Mast, who has spent the past six months in Richmond, Va., taking special training in social work, has returned to his post as superintendent of the Watauga county dept. of welfare.

Mrs. W. H. Gragg, suffered a broken right forearm in a fall on a stairway at her home here recently. She is recovering splendidly from the injury.

The literary and education department of the Woman's Club will meet Friday evening at 8 o'clock with Mrs. Mae Miller and Mrs. J. O. Cook at Watauga Cafe.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Greene of Blowing Rock were visitors in the city on Monday.

A fire which is said to have originated from carelessness of an Easter day picnic party, burned over Howard's Knob and was brought under control Monday midnight by a group of volunteer fighters organized by County Game Warden Walter Edmisten.

Superior Court Judge Thomas B. Finley, 79, died Friday afternoon at North Wilkesboro hospital, following an emergency operation. . . .

In fair weather or foul the RAF is going to continue its assaults upon German war industries, a well-posted informant said today, citing last night's raid despite severe icing conditions upon the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

Funeral services were held Wednesday morning for Clarence Wilson, 38, who died in Cleveland, Ohio Saturday after a short illness due to pneumonia.

Early spring is a good time to travel on the Blue Ridge Parkway, according to R. G. Browning, senior locating engineer for the State Highway and Public Works Commission.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

MIDST LOVELY FLOWERS . . . DEER'S REPOSE BROKEN

Mrs. B. W. Stallings' gardening abilities and her way with flowers must have become known to the little animals of the fields and forests—anyway, a doe came by the other day, secreted herself 'mongst the posies with the effectiveness known only in deerdom, and might have stayed a spell but for Dr. Yoder's dog. . . . The deer fled before the yelping canine, traveled through Ed Farthing's place and was last seen high-balling along in the Bone Head section. . . . R. L. Barbour, father-in-law of Dr. Yoder, was an eye witness to the race, and is perhaps the only living man who's ever seen wild deer being chased out of Boone.

SEEKS HISTORICAL DATA . . . CAN ANYONE HELP HER?

Mrs. Charles F. Brown of Crossnore writes the Democrat about a story it recently carried relative to the closing of the Globe postoffice, and says: "I am trying to trace my ancestry back to the Revolution through the William Coffey family, whose father's name was probably Reuben, I am not sure—the William Coffey who was blindfolded and shot by the carpet baggers. The family was supposed to have come from Virginia. . . . I want to establish my eligibility to become a member of the DAR, which will have to come from a history, record or document of some kind. . . . Do you have any history or record or know of any that would help me? I will pay for the information." We hope some reader may be of assistance to Mrs. Brown.

"OUGHT TO BE BORED" . . . THE HOLLOW HORN

Mr. S. S. Brown of Titusville, Florida, read our remarks about the "simples," or actually being bored for 'em. . . . He says the expression originated in the hill country and was used when cows had "hollow horn." With this ailment, Mr. Brown says, the only thing to do was to bore the horn with a gimlet, and he still has one of these instruments. . . . A cow afflicted with hollow horn moped about and "acted half crazy." . . . Thus it came to be said that when a man failed to use discretion, or irked his fellowman, he ought to be bored for the simples.

CUSSING . . . WATERED DOWN

From Quebec we learn that the provincial secretary has suggested half a dozen "innocent oaths," for French Canadian youths, which would take the place of the orthodox profanity, and yet give one the feeling that he's letting off steam. . . . There's still a law in Boone, so far as we know, against swearing on the Street, and the practice has always been frowned upon in polite society. . . . but we hadn't known before of attacking the practice by offering milder language. . . . "Words are needed to express impatience, joy, or to let off steam," the secretary says, adding, "These words are often lacking in limited vocabularies, and this leads to blasphemy." . . . So if a Canadian youth, or one anywhere as for that matter, hits the thumbnail with the hammer, he may yell "sapristi!", "saperlipopette", either or both, depending upon the degree of the injury. . . . and neither word means anything. . . . Then if you happen to be at odds with your neighbor and have the urge to call him a dirty dog, you label him "non d'un chien", which really means canine, but with most neighbors one has the advantage of his not knowing what we're talking about. . . . so we've cussed him without going into the danger of fisticuffs.

GOOD PREACHING . . . MINISTER DIDN'T RETURN

Rev. Mr. Troutman tells of having been approached by a colored Methodist minister a few years ago, asking him to do some preaching. Mr. Troutman was anxious to oblige, and wanted to know just what sort of preaching was sought. "We've havin' a great homecoming, soul-saving, money raisin' campaign," the Negro said, and when Mr. Troutman wanted the thing broken down a bit, it was admitted that principal emphasis should be placed on the money-raising angle, since with a poor fiscal showing at conference the preacher feared he wouldn't be sent back to Boone. . . . Always obliging, Mr. Troutman preached for his friend, and as usual preached well. "I didn't get the desired results though," he added. "I must have slipped up somewhere, for the preacher didn't get back to Boone."

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The place was crawling with animals. I mean the place of the D'Essens at 331 West 18th Street over on the mellowing old West side near Chelsea, home of poets, actors and the like. The occasion was an after-theater party for the cast of the play, "The Happiest Millionaire" and styled as being in honor of the two crocodiles who are featured in the Broadway cast. Fittingly, though with bird-like suggestion, the star of the show, Walter Pidgeon was brightly present, as was another "bird," a gentle dove in a corner cage. "Where but New York City," Mrs. O. O. McIntyre asked me, "Would you find such a party?"

Being somewhat overcome in this hospitable managerie, I made my way to the back hacienda for a bit of air. I did not realize my hands were behind me, until something started licking my fingers, and I turned to find a full-grown burro, Julie, entertaining the idea of making a meal out of my finger nails. This I discouraged. Then in the twilight I saw the white figure of Bathsheba, the pig, who performs nightly in the cast of the show, "Li Abner." If the house was full of animals, this back lot was alive with them. From a tether, Mortimer, a bull which my genial hosts said was only 30 inches at the shoulder, pawed in good male-cow fashion.

Across the terrace, a trainer was putting a big alligator into a sack, taking no chances with this one, while nearby a cute little kangaroo-type of animal, a wombat, was hopping up and down looking (Continued on page six.)