

In Watauga County: One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.50; four months, \$1.00; Outside Watauga County: One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.75; four months, \$1.25.

Entered at the postoffice at Boone, N. C., as second class mail matter, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—In requesting change of address, it is important to mention the OLD, as well as the NEW address.

BOONE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1957

By Alexander



### Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

#### This One Lays Paul Bunyan In The Shade

ONCE UPON A TIME, not far from here, there dwelt a man who was seven and one-half feet tall and who weighed more than one thousand pounds.

Sound like the beginning of a fairy tale? It is not. He was as real as you and I, and they've got his hat over at Nashville to prove it—or did have. At least, so says a yellowed newspaper clipping brought to this corner by Mr. Charles Dougherty.

He didn't know what paper it was clipped from, nor the date, but an advertisement on the reverse side seeking to employ men at the Cranberry mines (at \$1.00 per day) dated "Feb. 23rd, 1900", gives rise to the belief that it must have been the Watauga Democrat. The story, copied from Children's Visitor, was as follows:

"Have you heard of Miles Darden, who the American Cyclopaedia says was the largest man on record? Perhaps you have heard something, but here are some figures you may like to know: "He was born in Northampton County, N. C., Nov. 7th, 1799; was married to Mary Jenkins in 1820. By this marriage he had seven children, and by his second marriage four children. He moved from North Carolina to West Tennessee in 1828, and died six miles west of Lexington in 1857.

"He was seven feet six inches high, and in 1845 he weighed over one thousand pounds. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men each weighing over two hundred pounds, and they walked across the public square at Lexington, Tenn. In 1850 it required thirteen and one-half yards of cloth one yard wide to make him a coat.

"His coffin was eight feet long, thirty-five inches deep, thirty-two inches across the breast, eighteen inches across the feet. It took twenty-four yards of black velvet to cover it.

"His hat measured twenty-seven inches around the crown, and is now in possession of the State Historical Society at Nashville. He was a Mason and belonged to the Baptist Church."

THERE ARE TWO things about this story that puzzle me. First, it implies that his hat was a whooper—but my own size 7 skimmer measures twenty-four and one-half inches around the crown, only two and one-half inches smaller than the giant's.

The second thing is sort of like the story of the baseball scout who sent an excited wire to the big league manager about a bush pitcher who hurled both ends of a double-header and allowed only one hit, a home run. The manager wired back: "Never mind the pitcher—sign the guy who hit that homer off him!"

I'd like to have seen the preacher who baptised Miles Darden!

### From Early Democrat Files

#### Sixty Years Ago

July 2, 1897  
Dave Dugger of Brushy Fork, says that it is all a mistake about McKinley being elected. Here are some of the reasons: Every Republican speaker, every Republican paper and every Republican voter told us that if Bryan was elected to the Presidency, times would grow worse; money would become scarcer and labor would be lower. These things have surely come to pass; therefore Bryan is President.

Friend Harry Martin of Lenoir and Editor Clark of the "Quitman Quill" published at Belin, Miss., were in town last week, and gave the DEMOCRAT a pleasant call. Mr. Clark is a nephew of Joe B. and Mark Clark, of our county and is, indeed, quite a pleasant gentleman.

Charles Moody and J. S. Culler have taken the contract to finish the Methodist Church by the first of August. The Quarterly Meeting is to be in the new house the third Sunday in August.

The telephone line has been completed from Boone to Blowing Rock. The phone for central office is at the Coffey Hotel. Other phones will be put in soon.

We are informed that the crowd of boarders at Blowing Rock is somewhat smaller now than usual at this season of the year.

Old Mrs. Gragg, mother-in-law of Rev. J. F. Davis, died at her home on Cove Creek on last Saturday and was buried at Brushy Fork.

Mr. Geo. Pane of Stony Fork lost his dwelling by fire on last Saturday night. The house was unoccupied. The property was insured in the Farmer's Mutual, but to what amount we are not informed.

#### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

July 11, 1918  
The Democratic County Convention is billed for Saturday, July 20. Read official call in this issue.

Miss Jennie Todd, of Jefferson, was a week-end visit of her sister, Miss Billy, Lady Principal of the A. T. S.

Hay-harvest is now on, and according to reports from over the county, the crop was never heavier.

If the result of your function, in dollars and cents, has not been published, call our attention to it.

Mrs. Julia Burke, of Stateville, arrived at the home of her son, Mr. Thos. B. Moore, last Tuesday, and will spend a few weeks here.

There will be an ice cream supper given at Shulls Mills on next Saturday night, the proceeds for the benefit of Presbyterian church in that town. The occasion promises to be a very enjoyable one, and the public is cordially in-

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### GROANING TABLES . . VITTLES TO SPARE

Back in the old days when the Democrat was making a report of a gay occasion where all and sundry were dined, it was said that "the festive board groaned under the weight of the choice viands which were served." . . . And that was almost true, especially when there was a Confederate reunion, a big revival meeting, or when a heap of relatives came to catch up with their visitin' . . . The Masonic picnic was a great place for heaping baskets of food, but the weighted-down tables are getting rare—few kitchens are giving down with the extravagant mounds of food which used to be common when company was comin' . . . Sunday as we came back with the family from over Brevard way we followed the suggestion of the Missus that we have a bite at the Henry Franklin place at Linville Falls, where we came face to face with mountain hospitality in its warmest form and with such quantities of food as we haven't seen in many a moon. . . . The diners gathered around the long table, where the good things filled even the four corners. . . . There were mounds of home-cured ham, sweet and tender, red gravy a plenty, fried chicken enough for a Methodist conference, hot biscuits—great baskets of them—and pound size blocks of rich yellow country butter. . . . There were ham and kraut dumpplings, fresh green beans, great bowls of lettuce, "kilt with grease" as they used to say, and mixed with rings of spring onions. . . . There was creamed corn, sliced fresh cucumbers and onions, home-made cucumber pickles, served right from the spicy vinegar. . . . We had apple sauce, and apple butter, and a deep dish of comb honey, and peach pie, family style, rich and piping hot. . . . There was coffee and there was sweet milk and joy and satisfaction as the diners passed the dishes to and fro and enjoyed the tasty food. . . . And there was good fellowship around the Franklin table, beginning with Mr. Franklin's ringing of the bell, and Mrs. Franklin's asking for the Divine blessing. . . . Then the hostess gave piano renditions during the repast.

### THEY'LL GO A LONG WAYS . . JUST TO EAT

People will travel far out of their way for a meal which offers something extra. . . . We've noticed that the places which feature hot biscuits and country ham always have good crowds. . . . The Franklins offer these as starters, plus most everything else in the book of good mountain cookery, and throw in a generous measure of hospitality and neighborliness. . . . It's a good place to be at meal time.

### DOG DAYS . . THEY BRING THE SUNSHINE

Dog days are here—the time when the Dog Star rises with the sun, and happily they seemed to have brought a halt to the rains. . . . Used to be that high humidity, plenty of rain, mold and mildew followed along with dog days and householders dreaded the season. . . . Formerly believed to be a time of madness, when dogs and other animals were more apt to have rabies than at any other season, some of the ancients believed the pestilences for which the season was noted could be warded off by propitiatory offerings. The Romans frequently sacrificed dogs during this period. . . . Anyway, dog days are here, will be here for about forty days to mark the hot sultry midsummer season. . . . And it's plenty damp, and sticky during dog days, unless they happen in one of those glorious warm, sunny spells.

### THE END OF A HARD DAY . . AND THE FINAL STRAW

Dr. Billy Graham has some good tales which he uses when he's not preaching the Word, and tells the story of the fellow who decided it was time to pay his wife a little extra attention. . . . So he got her some flowers, and some chocolates, knocked on the front door, and puckerd up to kiss her. . . . His wife opened the door, looked at the candy and the flowers and her husband's puckerd lips, and started bawling. "The children have raised Cain, the roast has burned, the washing machine broke down, the roof has leaked, the hot water heater has gone phooey, the telephone has rung all day . . . and now, to cap the stack, you come home drunk!"

## So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Frederic Allen Williams thinks the day is not far distant when folks will wonder where the term "horse power" originated. The reason is simple. Horses which were once a necessity are now only a luxury. "Man has outgrown the usefulness of the horse," Fred says. "This is just as true on the ranch as on the race track. Every day there are fewer of us who ever knew how to hitch a horse to a buggy." (I hasten to add I am among that remaining few.) As vivid evidence of his reverence for the noble steed, Fred has in his Horse Museum at 28 West 57th Street, an impressive outlay of horseiana. Among his precious equine relics are a Russian 3-horse sled; a bronze horseman that belonged to a Genghis Kahn agent; a Tibetan god sitting on a horse; a 17th Century horseman carved from ivory nuts; a statue of Santiago, the Mexican Patron Saint of horses; and a colorful collection of stirrups, bridles and saddles. Here Dobbin has obviously reached a pinnacle of honor.

William Beebe says he once heard a wolf howl at midnight in the heart of New York City. This came, not from the Broadway circuit, but from the Zoological Park where real wolves abound. In this natural haven, other animals flourish within the bustle of the big city. Squirrels come to feed from the hand, gulls and sparrows fly overhead, the head of a turtle is now and then visible above the water of a pond and a garter snake may be seen to glide through the grass. Bullfrogs and peepers lift their voices from the swampy part of the park, and in the nearby Bronx River, small fish can be seen nibbling away at floating crumbs. Nearly every kind of ordinary animal makes its home among the crowded—and often less affable—two-legged kind here. Mr. Beebe once spent the night high up in the tower of the Statue of Liberty. After humans, surrounded by a picturesque out-

Central Park in spring might be your back yard or your town park or that favorite 100-acre field. Here in the midst of Manhattan, surrounded by a picturesque out-

### "Country Songs" Favored

Hillbilly singing has been labeled lately with the more dignified name of country music, and these compositions are regularly entrenched among the top ten in radio, tv and juke box favor, providing the springboard for such noted vocalists as Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Rusty Draper, Tennessee Ernie, Eddy Arnold and Jimmy Dean.

The phenomenal growth of country music as a medium of nation-wide entertainment is of especial interest to the CBS radio network which has been playing host to the "Country Music Show." A scout was dispatched to Virginia's Blue Ridge country to try to find just what country music is. He found that:

"Country music is commercially as durable as steel because it draws its vitality directly from the farmer, factory hand and small merchant.

"The hillbilly performer doesn't depend on a professional song writer for his material. He composes his own, even though he can't read or write a note of music. Of the 14 artists traveling hither and yon with the show, only one has not composed any songs and only one other has composed as few as ten. The rest have created anywhere from fiddler Dale Potter's 25 to singing star Carl Smith's 300. Here's how a country artist composes:

"He thinks through the words first, then picks out the music on his guitar or fiddle and finally performs it for his tape recorder or on a disk. He jots down the

words on paper to help him remember the tune."

There are lots of us who don't get much of a kick out of the country music which after all is hill billy plunking and singing on a mass production scale, and utterly different from the old folk tunes.

But the creators of country songs will go on writing them in their present style, and the banjo strummers, guitar pickers and fiddlers will continue their see-saw accompaniments, simply because the people who compose the radio and tv audiences demand this kind of music.

### Horn Prospect Good

"Horn in the West," which opened one night late due to rain, is now enjoying good crowds with clear skies and pleasant evening temperatures.

Dr. Kermit Hunter, who authored the Horn, and a number of other outdoor productions, was in town during the week end from a tour of the outdoor theatre circuit, and brings the good news that the Horn is ahead of his other dramas in attendance, that is with the exception of "Unto These Hills."

Information is that attendance is thus far ahead of the same period a year ago, and the changes which have been made in the script are generally regarded as having contributed to a considerably improved presentation.

## Older Persons Good Workers

Older persons gradually are disproving the myth they can't hold their own with younger workers. But obsolete company policies and prejudice still continue to operate against job seekers over 40.

Ronald Schiller reports on this problem in a July Reader's Digest article titled, "Help Wanted: For the 40-Plus," condensed from Your Life.

Schiller says a National Association of Manufacturers survey of 3,313,000 employees showed that in work performance 93 percent of the older workers were equal or superior and only seven percent were not equal to younger workers.

A more detailed study by the University of Illinois revealed that the rates of absenteeism and lateness actually are lower among older employes and that their loyalty, sense of responsibility and morale are higher.

But, says Schiller, a Department of Labor survey revealed that half of all employers still have age restrictions, and that between 50 and 60 percent of the job openings are still not available to men over 40 or 45, or to women over 35.

Schiller says the survey showed that many firms still feel that older persons can't meet production requirements, are too set in their ways, are less creative than younger workers and are more prone to absenteeism.

However, he says the NAM report proves the companies wrong.

"Actually," is said, "older workers are the cream of the crop."

Senator Thomas C. Desmond of Newburgh, chairman of New York State's Legis-

### lative Committee on Problems of the Aging and a leader in the fight to overcome age-bias in industry, says only five states—Colorado, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—have passed laws forbidding discrimination against workers because of age.

In addition to calling for more action at the state level, however, Desmond warned that this is a local problem and must be solved at the community level.

### Blossom Time

We side with Rev. Mr. Troutman in his belief that not in decades has the rhododendron in the hill country bloomed so lavishly or retained its beauty for so long as this year.

From the peaks of the Roan on down to the creek bottoms, the rhododendron, which used to be called laurel, has blossomed forth in such magnificence as to make of the countryside a veritable flower garden.

For more than a month the blooms have been in evidence, and in the shaded areas, many of them are still perfect, and there will likely be blossoms to lend color to the landscape into next week.

Normally the blooms are soon gone, and certainly don't last long after the Festival on the Roan, which is held at the peak of the blooming season.

Anyway, nature has put on her grandest floral display in the area roundabout, and the rhododendron has been enjoyed by record crowds of travelers.

## The Vanished Mantlepice

(Raleigh News & Observer)

The modern home contains the best features of the vaudeville show, the laundry, the sporting good store, and the beauty parlor. However, the old-time mantlepice is relegated to oblivion except for a single smug suspension in the living room. This at best holds only a vase of cut flowers, and it stands in space as if a cat had licked out her long tongue impulsively and never found the interest to lick it back in again. But once, when beefsteak was cheaper and sin was less glamorized, the old mantlepice was in every room but the kitchen. It was a toll bridge, a packhorse, a plunder room, and an express "doe-do." Like the Vicar's head, everyone was amazed at all the mantlepice held. On the average mantlepice were bottles of cough syrup, castor oil, and citronella interspersed between hump-backed hills of ancient letters and streamers tied with shoe strings. There was a tin or iron box holding in its metallic teeth receipts, recipes, newspaper clippings, faded photographs, mementoes of the State Fair, school report cards, old watches and coins, wedding announcements, birth and death notices

rabbit's foot or buckeye, shoe horns, Selditz powders, and a ringlet of Aunt Lucy's hair.

Looking down and seriously guarding boxes of shotgun shells, sea shells, checker boards, the family Bibles, hymnals, and seed catalogues were the pictures of Uncle Frank, taken in France in his uniform, of grandma standing beside grandpa who was seated, of Cousin Hattie in her white seminary dress, of little Dick with his Lord Fauntleroy suit and wrapped big toe, of papa and mamma on the honeymoon at Buffalo Springs, and of Brother Claude the day he won the prize at the school house for declaiming Henry Grady's piece about the "New South." There was always a big clock that kept time the way a man does who plays piano by ear. There were tops and jackrocks and marbles, and the reading glasses papa was always hunting.

We put them there on the mantlepice and, emulating Eugene Field, told them not to make any noise, and went marching out to the vast world up town to conquer all yearning with a nickel's worth of ice cream salt.