

## Roadside Parks Popular Spots

Highway Commission Chairman A. H. Graham, getting ready for the widespread use of the State's twenty roadside parks, takes occasion to remind those who use these conveniences to leave the facilities clean and neat so they may offer the fullest enjoyment to others.

Covered metal garbage cans have been provided at the park areas so that refuse may be disposed of, and these should be used.

Some vandalism and destruction of property was apparent last summer, and Mr. Graham voices the hope that this disregard of public property won't be manifest this year. He says the parks are for the convenience and pleasure of everyone, not just for a few careless individuals.

Each park is located in a wooded grove and has protected drinking water supply, restrooms, picnic tables, benches and

out door fireplaces.

All the roadside parks are built to certain standards. No park is larger than three acres. Each must be located within two to five miles from the limits of a city or town. As a safety measure, the entire roadside park area must be opened to view from the highway, with no low branch trees or tall shrubs to block vision. As a rule, there is a grassed strip separating the highway from the park driveway and parking lot.

In Watauga parks are located on 421 between Boone and Deep Gap and on 221 west of Blowing Rock.

Local picnic groups, as well as tourists, use these parks throughout the summer and fall months, and many meetings of public concern are held on these premises. They are greatly enjoyed by the people.

## Green Stamp Bill Triggers War

The bill introduced by Representative Vogler of Mecklenburg, which would impose restrictive conditions on the use of the well-known Green Stamps in the stores of the State, set off fireworks before House Judiciary Committee 1 the last of the week.

And the attorneys representing Sperry & Hutchinson firm, from which the little stamps get their name, are not alone in venting protest against the legislative proposal. The people who buy the groceries and stuff and regularly stick these little glue-backed pictures in the books don't like the notion of the movement. In Boone, at least one store the end of the week, customers kept busy signing letters to be sent to the Assemblymen asking that they have a care for the little tokens and for the folks who like to get 'em when they reach the cashier's counter.

The bill would require that each stamp bear a cash value, maybe a quarter cent or so, and that they would be redeemable for money as well as for clocks, percolators and the like. It would also be required that the stamps be available to all merchants, and require that the money from unredeemed stamps go to the University of North Carolina in escheats.

The S & H folks claim that the objectives of the Vogler bill are to drive the trading stamps out of the State, and declare that for every merchant against them,

there are 10 customers in favor. They see a trend toward "the outlawing of competitive activities." They further state that four of the five sections would make it impossible for trading stamp plans to function. Proponents of the bill claim that prices are raised to take care of the stamp costs and that the customer is no better off.

We find that around Boone, the people like the Green Stamp plan, that is, the customers, and we learn from the housewives that the merchandise they are receiving in exchange for the stamp books is quite satisfactory.

We'd add our protest to those who'd want to complicate and hamper the stamp plan. Having grown up in a day before money became necessary, on any extended scale, when white gravy was popular and when most of the provender came from the garden spots, we learned to appreciate the things the Arbuckle coffee signature bought, and later on cigarette coupons, and the peanuts with a nickel in an occasional package were mighty popular with the youngsters.

We are dead agin' tampering with the trade coupons. Many merchants have found in the green stamps a stimulus to business, customers find them handy in buying some of the things they've failed to get before, and everybody should be fairly happy with the arrangement.

## Straws In The Legislative Wind

The Senate Finance Committee conducted itself a straw poll the other day to find out how the committeemen stood on some of the controversial tax proposals—most of which have been a bit hard for the Legislators to pass on.

For whatever it is worth, the straw vote indicated that the committee, or a majority, were in favor of the tobacco tax, and against a tax on feed, fertilizer and insect dust.

The group lined up against an across the board increase in the sales tax levy, against a sales tax on food, and against an income tax raise.

The solons seem to be against the Governor's soda pop tax, against the proposed direct tax on newspaper and radio advertising, against the removal of the \$15 sales tax limit on a single article, and for a liquor tax increase.

There was a unanimous vote for a tax on cooperatives, against a tax on building materials, and for a tax on luxury items.

The committee also appeared to be in favor of exempting farm machinery from the sales tax, permit limited deduction of Federal income taxes on State income levies, and for the reduction of gross receipts taxes on bus companies.

Everybody knows there must be more money raised if the State is to render

an expanded public service—or for that matter if present services are to continue, but everybody wants his or her enterprise, quite naturally, to be favored. The object of course, should be, as Congressman Doughton said in one of his classic utterances, to "get the most feathers with the fewest squawks from the goose."

However, with the improved outlook for personal income this year, maybe the Assembly will be able to work out the State budget money a trifle more easily than seemed the case at the start of the session.

## Borrowed Comment

What Is A Mature Person?

(Goldboro News-Argus)

How would you define the words "mature person?" How many mature people do you know? Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, a great world figure of our time, looking back on three score years and ten of life in her book "It Seems To Me," gives this definition.

"A mature person," she reflects, "is one who does not think only in absolutes, who is able to be objective even when deeply stirred emotionally, who has learned that there is both good and bad in all people and in all things, and who walks humbly and deals charitably with the circumstances of life, knowing that in this world no one is all-knowing, and therefore all of us need both love and charity."

## HERE'S HOPIN'

By Paul Berdanier



## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### The Fable(?) of the Lady and the Lamp Shade

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a lad, who lived in a small town. We will call her Mrs. Thrifty (as pseudo a nym as you'll find in any man's column).

It was a progressive little town, with nice stores (a college, and a new factory). The Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants Association were quite active, never ceasing in their efforts to make it an even better town.

And they urged the residents, through the local newspaper and radio station, to "trade at home," which, as everyone knows, is a good thing to do.

Now, there came a day when Mrs. Thrifty needed a lamp shade. Not a large lamp shade. Just a small shade for a small lamp.

So, on her next trip downtown, she went to her favorite lamp shade dealer, confident that she would find just what she wanted.

But he didn't have it. Not a small one. He had large lamp shades.

He even had small lamps, complete with shades. He had many, many other nice things in his store.

But no small lamp shade. He was very sorry, of course, that he didn't have what his customer wanted. But truth to tell, he wasn't terribly put out over missing a sale of, say, 39c or so.

But wait.

Mrs. Thrifty went to all the other lamp shade dealers in town, but she didn't find a small lamp shade. It was the same story. Lots of other nice things, but no small lamp shade.

And Mrs. Thrifty wanted that lamp shade. Now, quite naturally, more than ever.

So the first day they could both get away. Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty took a trip to a larger town about fifty miles away.

They bought a lamp shade. A small one. No trouble.

First store they tried had it. The lamp shade off their minds, they decided to shop around a little. After all, no use driving fifty miles and back just for a lamp shade. That would be silly.

They'd been thinking of getting a new sofa for the living room, and they found the very one in another store.

So they bought it. Easter was coming up soon, and there was a darling outfit in a shop window. Mrs. Thrifty vowed if they had her size, she was going to buy it.

They did and she did. She even persuaded her husband to buy a new suit, too. And a sport coat, as well.

They also picked up a few other odds and ends, "as long as they were there," and by the time they started home, they had spent a sizeable sum of money.

Now of course, they could have found just about all of these things in the stores back home. Except a small lamp shade.

A 39c sale missed? Think again.

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

April 11, 1895.

W. R. Lovill of Sutherland was in town this week.

The mail carrier on the route from Boone to Stony Fork failed to make his trip on Monday. Owing to the swollen condition of New River he was unable to cross.

The rain on Saturday night and all day Sunday was unusually copious and all the streams were over their banks.

We understand that the Valle Crucis Academy has secured the services of a very accomplished lady musician who will afford instruction in both instrumental and vocal music.

On Saturday the 30th ult. while Mr. Fog Brown of Globe was plowing in his field he was attacked with bilious colic, and died on Sunday from its effects. He formerly lived at Sands.

The Rebellion in Cuba is becoming more serious every day and the insurgents are increasing. We are with Cuba in this fight and we hope she will secure her independence from Spain.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

April 13, 1916.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lovill a baby boy. A baby girl has come to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Winkler.

John Whaley, who is in jail charged with horse-stealing, will be given a preliminary hearing in Boone Saturday.

Reverends D. P. Waters and Joe Green are conducting a revival meeting at Hopewell Church.

Mr. I. M. Cook, who has been in the mercantile business at Virgil for quite a while, has moved his stock to Elkland.

Dr. J. M. Hodges of Cranberry has obtained fifty thousand mountain trout and had them placed in the waters of Boone's Fork, this county.

The snow storm, which was general over the country, did not miss Watauga. It began falling Friday and continued until Sunday night, and on Monday morning the earth was covered to a depth of 10 to 12 inches.

There is renewed rumor of an electric ear line from Lenoir to Boone. Joy! That would be a boon indeed. We hope the dream of years may be realized.

Blowing Rock.—The recent storm of wind, rain, sleet and snow lasted 60 hours and put our electric light plants out of commission, sent the spring birds down the south side of the ridge and put a stop to the vigorous gardening work that had begun all over town.

### Fifteen Years Ago

April 11, 1940.

A crowd, estimated at some three thousand, from Watauga and surrounding counties gathered in Boone today to take part in the dedicatory exercises for the new Boone Postoffice, in which Postmaster General James A. Farley was the principal figure.

Funeral services were conducted from the late residence Sunday afternoon for James W. Bryan, 80, who succumbed Friday. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis. . . . He came to Boone 41 years ago where he opened a jewelry and watchmaking business. He had been Mayor, Justice of the Peace, and was the first game warden for Watauga county.

The stockholders of the Mountain Burley Warehouse met Thursday evening to declare a 10 per cent dividend on the first year's operation of the venture. . . .

## KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

### GUIDANCE NEEDED ALONG THE ROAD

The commercial man was wanting to know how to get to the man's store, and was being directed by the gum-chewing waitress at the hamburger counter by the roaring strip of concrete. . . . "You go straight down this highway about three-quarters, and turn right. In about a mile you'll cross Stinky Creek, where the fellow was killed in the car wreck a while back. Go on about a mile, and you'll come to a big house on the right hand side of the road, alongside a red barn. That's where Bill Swinson lives. There'll be a heap of ducks around there, no doubt. Bill's allus was fond of ducks. . . . But anyway go on another mile, turn left down Turkey Creek, and you'll find a meadow with a lot of cows in it. They belong to Olie Olsen, but don't pay no 'tention to them, just keep going till you come to the white churchhouse on the slope in the poplars, that's where I tend, and at the next forks of the road you'll find your man's place of business. But say, the man I'm talkin' about don't have no store, just a gas pump there by his barn, where he gets oil for his farm tractor. . . . Guess you'd better inquire," to which the weary traveler weakly replied: "I thought that was what I was doing!" and walked sadly away.

### NOT NIGH AS MUCH AS A PASSEL

The question came up in the Democrat's composing room the other day as to how many were a few or several, as the case might be. . . . Webster says a few is "not many, of small number," and that several is "an indefinite number, more than two, but not very many." . . . One time when the late James W. Bryan, God rest him, and the writer were cutting some quids of chewing atop a big rock on Middle Fork, when the trout had quit biting, and we were tired, hungry, and dreading the walk back home, we asked the pioneer jeweler about this. He said that the dictionary had always been wrong on this—that a few was five or less, and that several was seven or more, that this logic was clearly written by the ancients. Be that as it may, we've never had trouble with passel, which means just "mulligans" of something, or with oodles which denotes a plenty, or with scads, which has a faint suggestion of near-scarcity, but the one we've heard of late years which must, for a fact, be the most is "endless ends."

### THE BABBLING BROOK . . . A CATCHALL

Much has been said in song and story about the laughing brooks, and the rippling waters and the limpid streams, but in Boone the branches have become veritable catchalls for every manner of rubbish and refuse one could imagine. . . . The north tributary to Boone Creek, which runs against the west wall of the Democrat building, and whose bed we had paved with concrete to promote cleanliness has been a focal spot for tourists for many years. They often linger in the shade while their youngsters play in the cool waters. . . . But now the stream is invariably plugged with paper cartons, automobile tires (three as this is written), pieces of timber, gin bottles, beer cans, oil cans, automobile batteries and what have you. . . . Folks have to be continually forking this junk out of the little stream so that it won't overflow when big rains come, and personally we have many times hired a man to fix the little creek so's it could sing on down the valley. . . . A little boy likes to throw rocks in the creek, it's just something one does, but why folks should load a tiny watercourse with every type of junk is beyond our understanding. It should be stopped!

### DON'T DO AWAY WITH HER

These smart cracks which are lithographed on cardboards and sold to many small businesses, carrying slogans of service, reasons for not extending credit and other things, provide some interest at times. Saw one behind a lunch counter the other day, which brought a smile, even if a little wry. It said: "If your wife can't cook, don't divorce her; keep her for a pet and eat here!"

## Washington Report

By BILL WHITLEY

ATTACKS. Within the past few weeks, Democrats have opened a barrage of attacks on the Republican Administration which may lead to big issues in next year's elections. Taxes, foreign policy and farm policies have been the main lines of attack.

NEW APPROACH. In the new volley of attacks that have been unleashed by the Democrats, there is a sharp departure from what has been a general hesitancy to include President Eisenhower in criticism of the Republican Administration. The Democratic leadership until now has avoided making direct attacks on Eisenhower for fear his popularity would cause a political backfire.

As a result of his tremendous popularity, attacks have been leveled at his advisers and cabinet officers instead of the President himself.

SPOT. Recent developments in foreign affairs, however, have made it necessary for the President to be criticized directly. This is true because of the fact the President himself formulates and carries out the foreign policy of the Republican Administration. When it comes to this phase of the Administration, none of his subordinates can take the load off the President.

FORMOSA. The heated controversy around the explosive Formosa issue has opened a flood of criticism of Eisenhower for his indecisiveness, uncertainty and shifting of position.

RESULT. So far, the attacks on Eisenhower and his Formosan policy have been damaging to the Republican Party. The Democrats' deep concern over Formosa and

peace have shaken them into realizing that the President's views are not sacred. If the criticism sticks, then the President will be open to a whole new avalanche of criticism in the field of domestic affairs. The trigger is primed to turn the guns in the face of Ike himself. The groundwork for such strategy already has been laid in the bitter criticism of cabinet officers and others for present tax and farm policies. It would be a simple matter to turn sour public opinion in these matters directly toward Eisenhower.

BACKFIRE? The barrier that the President must hurdle is to keep the United States out of war over Formosa, and at the same time, keep the islands from falling into the hands of the Communists. If this can be done, then the President's popularity would soar to even new heights and all future Democratic criticism would probably fall flat.

### 7,000 Miles Away, Soldier Wants Mail

I am stationed in Guam, which is a small island seven thousand miles southwest of California, and I like to get plenty of mail. I would like to hear from friends and neighbors.

I am the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Presnell of Beech Creek. My address is: Dexter C. Presnell SA 468 41 16 Navy 925 (CHB-2) c/o Fleet Postoffice San Francisco, California.

Airlines show reduced need of United States aid.