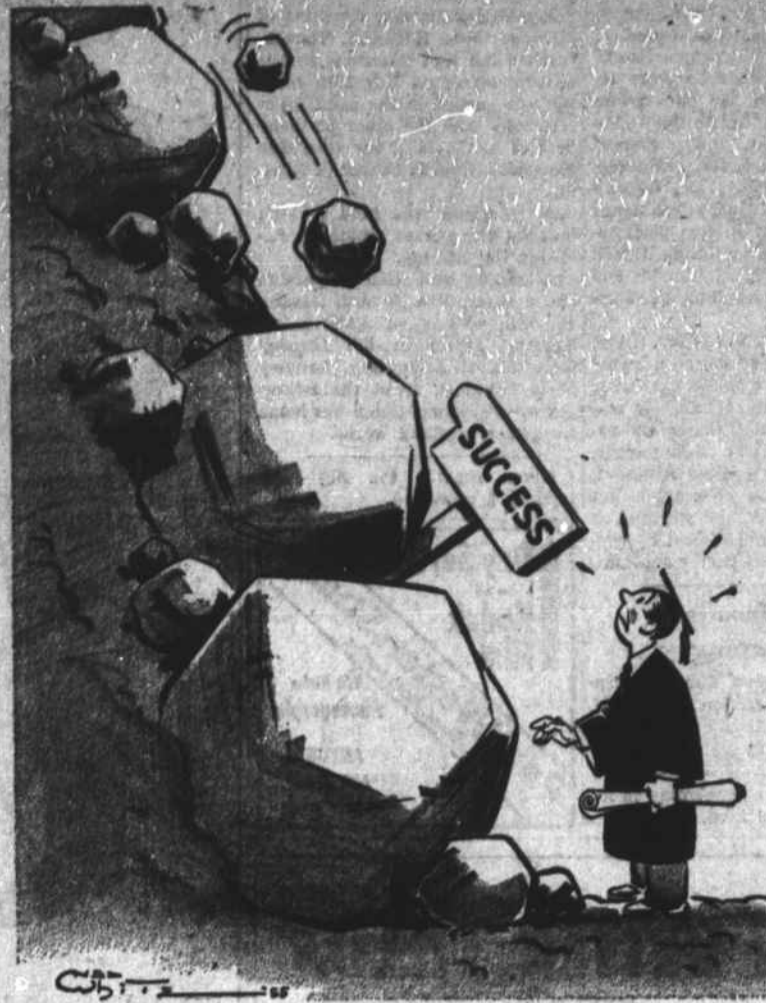


## PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE TOP

By Paul Berdanier



## KING STREET

BY ROB RIVERS

### SONGBIRDS... DODOS, PASSENGER PIGEONS

Among the large numbers of song birds which we note around the place this spring, some of the old standbys are absent. . . . We have plenty of robins, catbirds, brown thrashers, yellow hammers, sparrows of wide variety, blue jays, cardinals and the like. . . . Fact is, in spite of the BBs and the cats we have more songsters than for many years. . . . But we don't find the bluebirds around the house any more, the Baltimore orioles don't come to see us of late, and we haven't noted any redwing blackbirds in the willows along the creek for years. . . . Not being a bird-watcher, in the professional sense, these feathered friends of another day may still be sticking around, but not in our back yard. . . . and perhaps a lot of birds we now have in scant numbers are heading toward extinction, along with the dodo.

### HE COULDN'T EVEN FLY

The dodo was a big fellow, big as a goose, some write—a clumsy useless sort of fowl, who couldn't get off the ground, even with a tall wind. . . . Akin to the pigeon he was helpless in the march of early-day progress. . . . And his cousin, the passenger pigeon, graceful in flight, and countless in number, followed the dodo into extinction in the most merciless wanton slaughter the continent has experienced.

### THEY CAME TO BOONE, BY MILLIONS

Bob Rivers, the elder, has often remarked of the days of his early childhood, when the passenger pigeons would come in with a whir equal to an airplane engine, and settle down in the timber for the night, until the limbs were so heavy with the birds that the trees would be left broken and splintered. . . . 'Course that sounds like a good many pigeons, but in a recent issue of Newsweek magazine, we find more about the birds. . . . Extinct for 40 years, Newsweek says, "for countless centuries their species made up one third of the entire bird population of North America. . . . They were shot down with cannon's grapeshot and encircled in their nests by grass fires, clubbed down from their roosts, and taken alive by the hundreds of thousands to become targets for trapshooters." . . . By 1900 the bird had disappeared.

### SPACE FOR THE NON-SMOKERS

With the universal acceptance of cigarettes in all levels of society, a fellow comes forth with the notion that special lounges should be provided in dining rooms and other public places for those who don't engage in the burning of the weed. . . . Which might be a good idea, since some people are sickened when the stale smoke is thick over the dinner plates. . . . And there should be a little alcove where the wheezy pipe or the rank cheroot may be smoked by the hardier souls. . . . But it's funny how a reformed cigarette fiend always makes such suggestions, and how the man whose ulcers won't tolerate a toddy any more, is the toughest opponent of John Barleycorn.

### JIM BROWN... AN OLD FRIEND GOES AWAY

This corner was saddened by the death of one of its life-long friends the other day. . . . Jim Brown, kindly carpenter, went home one day and failed to come back to the street along which he had sojourned for so many years. . . . A former member of the Graham evangelistic movement in this section, Jim had studied for the ministry in the Moody School in Chicago, and followed his religious work for a number of years. . . . Generous, friendly, and helpful, he esteemed his fellow man. . . . We shall miss Jim's visits and the sessions in which we exchanged our views on all matters of consequence. . . . He had a wholesome philosophy of life, a happy outlook, and made a lot of friends along the way.

### ODDS AND ENDS

The oldish citizen was admiring the long rakish lines of the high-powered automobile he'd bought, and we chided him about the gay new vehicle. . . . "Don't suppose I'll do a great deal of philandering—at my age, but I'd give a hundred dollars or so to be seriously accused." . . . Continued cold weather said to have prevented much of the bean crop from coming up. . . . "Squinchy," our favorite word for describing something skimpy or stingy or hopelessly inadequate. . . . And the continued aimless speculation about the College Presidency on the eve of the meeting of the board of trustees.

## Washington Comments

By BILL WHITLEY

**CONTEST.** There's an 11-year-old boy in North Carolina who wants Senator Scott to help him win a bicycle. The youth wrote the Senator and enclosed a contest blank from the comic section of a Sunday paper that offers as prizes bicycles to youngsters who name Arthur Godfrey's new horse. The contest has as first prize a \$5,000 college scholarship for the person who submits the winning name for the horse, but the Tarheel youngster who wrote Scott isn't interested in the scholarship—just a bicycle. A total of 500 bicycles will be given to runners-up, and that's where the youth wants to cash in. "I'm going to write him and suggest a name," Scott said, "but I want to think about it a while." Good names for horses, no doubt, are hard to find. POWER. Power costs a lot these days—at least the power that it takes to run the White House. The White House electric bill usually runs about \$2,500 a month—which amounts to over \$30,000 a year. Here are some more interesting facts and figures about the White House that have just been revealed: It takes about \$8,000 a year to keep the White House properly decorated with flowers, ferns and plants. Thirty-four men and women make up the domestic staff of the White House and do all the house-keeping chores. Last year, these 34 people took care of the 826,543 visitors who toured the White House. This figure does not include the President's daily callers. FOOD. The farmer's share of the money you pay for food is still dropping. Out of every dollar spent at the grocery store for food, the farmer gets only 42 cents—the smallest share since 1941. In 1952, farmers were getting 47 cents of each consumer's dollar. Last year they were getting 45 cents. Here's a hint as to who's getting the dollars the farmers used to get. From the fall of 1953 to the fall of 1954—while farm income was dropping—profits of food processors—after taxes—rose more than 17 per cent. FOWL. Here's a tip for Democratic Party members: If you are planning to invite Democratic Chairman Paul Butler to a rally or dinner meeting, pick some dish other than chicken. It seems that the chairman is allergic to fowl. In 1955, only 2.2 per cent of North Carolina's farms had electricity, now 97 per cent have.

## Mrs. Sarah Perry . . Her Pupil

In the death of Mrs. Sarah Perry the county has lost another of its oldest and most esteemed citizens.

She was 99 years old, and brought the courtesy, neighborliness and charm of a quieter age to mellow and add beauty to the day of the powered wheel.

One of the more cultured ladies of her day, she was a pioneer homemaker of the Beaver Dam section, and excelled in many of the activities of the household. An expert weaver and knitter, she continued to employ her talents along this line until about a year before her demise.

A first cousin to the late Daniel B. Dougherty, she lived in the Dougherty home in Boone when Dr. Dougherty and his brother, D. D. Dougherty, were children, and had the distinction of having taught Dr. Dougherty "his letters" and to read, which was likely a source of pride to her in the years ahead.

Dr. Dougherty is not certain that Mrs. Perry taught his brother to read, however, and adds, "Dolph was twenty months older than I, and usually about three years ahead in his books, so maybe she didn't teach him."

## Toll Gates . . Not A New Issue

The proposal to levy a toll charge on motorists over the Blue Ridge Parkway, which met defeat some time ago, reminds that the toll gate issue is not a new one in this area.

However, so the Democrat said in October 1916, folks had a different way of dealing with the poles across the road in that day of more positive approach to public problems, and actually did away with the gates.

The Democrat said: "The report has reached here that on last Saturday, toll gates were erected on two of the splendid highways leading out from Newland, in Avery county, presumably to collect tribute from the large throng of people who were forced to attend

court in that town this week. "To this move the populace of the tax-ridden little county did not readily agree, and at night the gates were demolished by a band of indignant citizens, and a poster was left with this inscription: 'We are paying interest on the bonds that constructed this road, and we do not propose to pay toll for the privilege of using it.'"

We'd have to agree, though, that the Parkway toll project was dealt with more adequately. The people stirred themselves before the collection station was set up. And if their temper stays what it is now, the government's going to have a hard time of ever enforcing a toll on the "Scenic."

## To The Teachers: A Welcome

The students have come back to Appalachian's campus, and in numbers equal, at least, to any summer school enrollment record thus far established.

Interesting is the information that dormitory space at the College is at a premium. All men's rooms have been taken, and there is scant chance for a woman student or a married couple to get housing at this time.

Three regular terms are offered this summer, for the first time, and this may account for accelerated interest in the summertime program at the college. A program of study leading to the master's de-

gree may be completed in these three quarters.

The summer school student body comes from the entire Southeast. However, 24 states were represented last year, besides the District of Columbia, South America and Puerto Rico.

The Democrat enjoys offering a welcome to these teachers and others who constitute at least half as many people as the normal population of the town. We are glad you are here, hope your sojourn will be pleasant and profitable, and that you will return in future years.

## Croquet . . Stages A Comeback

Croquet, which blossomed, we've heard, in the gay nineties, as a proper sort of lawn game for both the men and the women of the era, and found a recurrence of favor perhaps forty years ago, is again going strong over the land.

George Sanders, British Hollywood movie star, it seems, has beaten Darryl Zanuck, at what the former calls "one of the few intellectual games played outdoors."

Mallets are heavier, and the rules more stringent in the movietown version of the game, which is known as "killer croquet."

From a strictly sectional viewpoint, it's incorrect to say that croquet has returned. So far as Watauga county is concerned it never has ventured far away.

Used to be that a court was maintained on the east side of the courthouse where Ab Smith, W. R. Gragg, E. S. Coffey, J. C. Fletcher and others, played hours on end. In later years A. C. Mast and some of his friends organized a croquet group at Sugar Grove, which aroused all the interest generated in other circles by big league baseball.

Then of course Emory Joiner's court has been popular for years, and down alongside the funeral home the enthusiasts of the wooden mallet and the rolling ball gather regularly for recreation and fun.

Folks always liked croquet round Boone. Tennis, however, stayed away a long

time. Popular thirty-five years ago, when there were private courts in the town, the tennis enthusiasts moved away, and nothing more came of the game till it was instituted down at the college in recent times.

## Words Of Wisdom

And out of good still to find means of evil.—Milton.

When to mischief mortals bend their will. How soon they find fit instruments of ill! —Pope.

Bear the ills you have, lest worse befall you.—Phaedrus.

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones.—Shakespeare.

One man's wickedness may easily become all men's cure.—Publius Syrus.

Time to me this truth has taught (Tis a treasure worth revealing), More offend by want of thought Than from want of feeling. —Charles Sawin.

## Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

### Some Days It Don't Hardly Pay To Get Outa Bed

IN MEMORIAM—The Country Gentleman, alas, is no more. The magazine, not the farmer, most of whom, so far as I know, still are perfect gentlemen.

The Curtis Publishing Company has announced the sale of the 102-year-old Country Gentleman to Farm Journal, Inc., who will merge the magazine with their own publication in the September issue.

The news brings on a bit of personal nostalgia. It recalls a summer back in the Thirties when the depression was hovering over us. (I'll give equal space for any snide remarks the opposition may care to make.)

That summer, I traveled over South Carolina in a Model A Ford, one jump ahead of the finance company, selling subscriptions to the Curtis magazines—C. G., Saturday Evening Post, and Ladies Home Journal!

The Ford was equipped with a chicken coop, hand scales, and a bushel basket. If the lady wanted a magazine and didn't have the cash, I'd trade her a subscription for chickens, eggs, turnips, taters, or any kind of salable (or edible) farm produce.

I'd catch the chickens myself, too. And to

this day, every time I see a big fat hen around a farmhouse, I find myself wondering how fast she can run, and if she'd bring the price of a subscription.

Got a big Tom turkey once, that was living on borrowed time, a fugitive from the festive boards of the preceding Christmas. We got to know each other real well. I named him Herman, and he affectionately called me "Urk," or "Gobble-Obble-Obble" when he decided to go formal and use my full name.

Did YOU ever try to sell a 30-pound turkey in July? I finally, and sadly, persuaded another farmer to take over his feed bill by throwing in a five-year subscription to the Country Gentleman.

Ah, those were the days, when it was stylish not to have any money. But some days, like today, it didn't hardly pay to get outa bed.

SCANTY SKETCHES—Bob Hope said it: "Ike was enthusiastic about the meeting of the Big Four. He thought the other three were Snead, Hogan, and Middlecoff." (I'll give equal space, etc.) . . . Does television make you sick? "Tums" are now being advertised as a remedy for "TV Stomach." (If you still can't quit the stuff, join Televiewers Anonymous.) . . . Battery-powered electric wrist watches may lead to the development of two-way wrist radios, says an item. (Science may yet catch up with Dick Tracy.)

## From Early Democrat Files

### Sixty Years Ago

June 20, 1895.

E. Speneer Blackburn of Jefferson spent Monday in town.

We had plenty of frost on Monday morning June 17th.

The public is invited to be present at the closing exercises of the Boone High School Friday night in the courthouse.

Our attention has been called to a report current in the State that Judge Timberlake, instead of having toothache was drunk at Boone court. This report is false and in justice to Judge Timberlake we hope the matter will be corrected by the papers that have given currency to the report.

Boone township has sixty-five miles of public roads to keep in repair. Under the new law there are ten supervisors elected by the township trustees whose duty it is to work each man four days each year. If the supervisors do their duty this township can keep the roads in good repair without much tax money, if any.

Col. C. A. Cille of Hickory has been awarded a gold medal by the War Department for bravery at Chiesmauga. Col. Cilly had two horses shot from under him while leading a charge by the Federal troops.

### Thirty-Nine Years Ago

June 4, 1916.

Mrs. Minnie Watson of Lenoir, with her little son Hugh, is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Farthing, where she will spend some weeks.

A large gasoline tank has been put in at the Cottrell store, and a good supply of the fluid will be kept constantly on hand. A great convenience for the traveling public and the local trade.

The lambs are now beginning to move from Watauga. The first bunch of 100, owned by Amos Adams, passed through yesterday, en route to Todd. The price paid was 8 1/2 to 9 cents per pound, the flock costing the purchaser right at \$1,000.

The neat, sanitary and inviting-looking Cafe and bottling works being conducted by Mr. John Spencer in Boone, is quite an addition to our own.

Cards are out announcing the approaching

marriage of Dr. Robert R. Garvey of Beaver Creek and Miss Rose Edna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown of Blowing Rock.

Dr. and Mrs. Mack G. Anders and children of Gastonia, were guests at the Blair Hotel Monday night.

Mr. Avery Graybeal, an Ashe county boy, who has just completed his third year in the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond, spent Sunday in Boone.

Dr. Ronda H. Hardin of Pineville arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hardin, remaining here until yesterday when he left for his home.

### Fifteen Years Ago

June 20, 1940.

R. W. Colvard, well-known West Jefferson business man, has closed a deal for the business known as Hodges Tire Co., which has been owned and managed by A. E. Hodges for eight years. The transfer involved about \$25,000, it is said.

Mr. Russell D. Hodges leaves Friday for Philadelphia, where he will be in attendance at the Republican national convention, which convenes Monday. Mr. Hodges and Hobart Morton of Albemarle, are the ninth district delegates.

Tuesday morning the town of Boone allowed a number of slot machines to be placed in different business houses on a percentage basis, to raise additional revenue, displacing the pin table machines which had been operated here for some time. . . . The ministers of the city in a special meeting Wednesday, vigorously protested the use of the devices in the town. The ministers contend that the machines are gambling devices and contrary to State laws. . . . The ministers and the town board are to meet together at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

## Borrowed Comment

We've Known It All The Time

Jackson (Miss.) State Times

"I am amazed that so many highway accidents involve only one car," says a traffic engineer. We aren't. We've known all along there were plenty of d. fools entirely capable of wrecking cars without any help whatsoever.