

The millions of fathers who child by gazing at an unpleasant consider themselves somewhat relieved that matinee idols will be relieved to know there is no truth to the supposition that a prospective mother can "mark" her unborn...

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**Bittersweet**  
by Oden Walker

I haven't told you an animal story in a long time, so I will tell you about the intelligence of the canine, in fact an article in last week's News reminded me to do this. I think these brainy dogs are mostly born, just like brilliant people. You take a dumb person, he's hard to teach anything, I'm sure. When Minnie and I were first married one of her friends in Marion gave her a bulldog puppy, she is the real dog lover in this family. I didn't much want to be bothered with the pup, but to please her I went over and got him. She already had him named Cyclone after a dog she had owned years before. He was all white, except one ear which was brindle. We never did have his tail amputated. I think I had a cut off, although it was to be cut when I got him home. I put him in a cardboard box in the kitchen. Minnie also had a few ducklings in another box which she was going to raise for pets. I went to feed the pigs before going to work and when I got back to the house Cyclone had climbed out of his basket and other things at the mailbox while we visited some where, and although Cy was a social minded fellow he would lay down by whatever we left at the mailbox and guard it until we came back, no one ever told him to do this. Another trick he took up early—if Minnie, or one of the girls made him angry, he would slip into the house and find some of the guilty one's clothing, usually nylon hose, take it out behind the house and tear it to shreds.

One afternoon I was mowing grass across the creek. I didn't lack much being through. Cy knew there was a rabbit in the tall grass, when I mowed around one side he would run to the opposite side and watch. Minnie came along and being afraid he might get cut with the sickle, she tied him with a cord to take him home. Cy didn't want to go, when she got to the creek he lay down in the water and growled threateningly at Minnie. She finally got him home, but he tore the cord loose and rushed back to the field in time to catch the rabbit, which he ate with great relish. I don't think he ever got as much to eat as he wanted.

My Dad never liked dogs very well, he considered them a useless thing, but Cy took a great liking to him, maybe because he drove the horses and Cy liked horses. Dad reciprocated this feeling. One autumn evening he was stacking hay with one of his grandsons. When Dad peaked out the stack he slid down, forgetting to bring his

coat from the top of the stack. That night Cy went back to the field, climbed the steep haystack, dug out a hole in the hay near the coat and kept a lonely vigil all night. Next morning Dad went to get his coat and was greeted by Cy from his lofty bed.

We had a tin heater in our cabin, what is known as a trash burner with a draft at the bottom. On cold winter evenings Cy used to love to come in and stretch out in the warm glow. He seemed to think this was made just for him, for no one else could get near the stove. Cy was a big boy now. The stove pipe was put through a hole in the end of the house into the teeth of the north wind. Now and then the wind would whip down the pipe causing a blue flame to lick out into the room from the draft opening. Cy would lunge backward, overturning furniture, knocking anything out of his way. When he got over his fright he would look at me as if to say, "Why can't we do something about this great hazard?"

His insatiable appetite was something else again. He would panhandle all over the community. Miss Kate Wicker kept a special yellow bowl for him, he would be at the back door at a certain time each day for his handout. My sister, Mrs. Blain Morris had several cats which she fed milk in the back yard from a deep metal utensil. When she looked for this at feeding time it would always be in the front yard behind an evergreen tree. Moreover the cats stayed gaunt as if they didn't get proper nourishment. One evening she watched from the window to see if everything was going right with her felines. After she had left and the cats settled down to their leisurely meal, Cyclone rushed around the house, jumped viciously at the purring cats, scattering them helter-skelter. Then he tenderly picked up the pan by its edge, carried it gingerly behind the thick tree where he consumed the milk leisurely. (Maude went to feeding her cats under protection.)

One day Cy and myself were riding along in my car. I picked up a man that I knew who was in the last stage of inebriation. This man, being a dog lover, put his arm around Cy and tried to kiss him on the cheek. He deeply resented these amorous advances, and when he smelled the man's breath he leaped from the window and raced home. He despised strong drink as much as Carrie Nation ever did.

We had our beds upstairs in our little cabin and Cy liked nothing better than to take an afternoon nap on one of these. He knew that this was forbidden, so he would try to slip in. His long toenails gave him away, though, we would hear them click on the stairs, and then the springs creak as he heaved his heavy body gratefully on the clean counterpane. One hot summer evening Minnie was talking to herself, railing out at me for not shaving, she found that Cy had crept into bed with her, and had his bewhiskered face close to hers, with one forepaw over her shoulder.

(I will finish this next week. I cannot cover Cy's life in so little space.)

We visited my brother, Ernest, of Stratford road in the Beaver Lake section on Labor Day. He is in very poor health and unable to get out much, but always full of stories of the old days.

We went to the Bee Tree picnic this Saturday like we do every year, unless providentially hindered. There was an unusually large crowd this year and a very good program. We think Clarence Stevens and Verlon Bartlett are doing a commendable job in carrying on this worthy custom. They have 78 years of backing, but it is bound to take a lot of time and energy. It is always a pleasure to be on a program with John Connet of Warren Wilson college, he is so full of vitality and humor.

### Sen. Ervin Says:

WASHINGTON -- While studying the military public works bill for the fundamental United States, I made a few comparisons which I believe you will find interesting.

**MILITARY CONSTRUCTION**

For fiscal 1958, here are the projects and amounts for North Carolina: Army: Fort Bragg, \$1,051,000; Navy: Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, \$6,503,000; Naval Seaplane Facility, Harvey Point, \$5,728,000; Marine Corps Air Facility, New River, Jacksonville, \$39,000; Marine Corps Base, Camp Lejeune, \$2,372,000; Air Force: Seymour Johnson AFB, Goldsboro, \$9,991,000, a total of 25,684,000 for military construction in North Carolina.

**COMPARISON**

North Carolina, generally speaking, ranks high in the amount of investment for military activity. On the construction phase alone, our State outranks New York whose total is \$19,616,000. We are far behind California which would get \$122,191,000. I cite this to show the great amount of Federal funds being spent in North Carolina by the military on this one item. Of course, it does not include the national expenditures for national defense.

**ECONOMY?**

The cut-back in personnel in the Armed Forces create a confused situation. For example, the Army is reducing its forces by 50,000. Those who applaud the economy therein practiced are prone to forget how this action hits many career military people. This austerity program is forcing from the services many careerists who had planned on making their retirement.

As you know, I have favored adequate defense preparation. I want our defense to be in being, fearing no time to prepare should an emergency strike. I believe some more effective means of providing for our armed forces must be found than this "feast or famine" approach now in use.

This is why I am reluctant to drastically reduce our personnel until a firm program can be adopted.

There were other good directors. I remember Theodore Roberts from the good old days. All of the directors were personal friends except one that I had not met. Nearly all mountaineers love good string music. We enjoyed Dr. Henry Jensen's lovely ballad "Ballad of Bee Tree" with its beautifully imagined lyrics and phrases and well composed music. Dr. Jensen don't look a day older than the first time I saw him and that has been a long time ago.

Gov. Luther Hodges was introduced by the "parson" (Rev. Wayne Williams) about noon. His speech was down to earth, rung with sincerity, and was seasoned with zesty humor. We took a great liking to him from the start. We should be truly grateful that we have this fine Christian gentleman at the helm of our state in these trying times.

I have tried to describe the food at the Bee Tree picnic before, one just has to be there and see the array of dishes to believe it. Truly the community excels in wonderful culinary artists. I hadn't traversed more than 20 lineal feet of table until I began to have visions of added poundage, and began to partake more of fellowship and less of victuals.

Our good friends the Northcoats and Whitakers were there with Renne in high spirits. She gave the Governor a big kiss. A Scotsman went through the crowd during lunch hour with bagpipes a-skiping and Minnie and Renne took out after him. Renne liked the string music, too.

The afternoon was given over to singing, music, and short talks by old timers. Roses, white and red, were pinned on several people for different reasons — for outstanding work, being the oldest, etc. I think a softball game was played in the late afternoon, but we had to go to another picnic.

With a faint trace of melancholy I led the congregation in "God Be With You."

We went on to the Beacon Outing at the Recreation Park, and liked to never found a place to park. I never saw so many cars. In the short time we were there we saw many good friends, but we were so tired we soon started homeward. We had an invitation to sing at the Grassy Branch Baptist church that evening, but one can only go so far, so we came home and stretched out.

Sunday afternoon we went over to the Christmount Assembly grounds to hear the beautiful carillon music. This is indeed a lovely thing that has been added to our community. There were quite a lot of folks over there.

This column used to have a lot to say about the doings of the Rev. and Mrs. Bobby Hare of Chester, S. C., and Waco, Texas, where Bobby went to college. Remember, they spent their honeymoon with us a year ago last Christmas. Well, we heard from them today, and they are expecting a blessed event in October. We hope to see them soon after. Bobby has been having a rough time with a severe attack of asthma this summer. He certainly has my sympathy.

We are going to miss Henry T. Ware when he goes back to Mississippi. We keenly appreciate the able way he has helped to kid our beloved fat one.

We get the Brewery Gulch Gazette regularly now from out in Arizona. George Bideaux is long in the old North Fork creek. He'd better make it snappy, if Asheville keeps taking the water he might find it like the Painted best, but we'll find him a damp place. He mentions sitting on a bench by the drugstore across from the Southern depot, too. So we'd better keep it dusted off. George might make the pilgrimage back someday.

This Wild Bill Williamson talks about red-headed women around here. We might point out a few blondes and brunettes that can make "an old man dream dreams", also. Anyhow it is good to hear these fellows speak well of the place, it makes us think that we did just as well to "stick in the mud", or in other words remain Tarheels, but it is nice to look at pictures of other places.

ed. It is false economy. If we are to urge young men and women to make a career of helping defend our country, we ought to have a system whereby they can do it without the constant threat of being involuntarily turned out on the whim of the moment.

—A simple epitaph appears on a tomb in Florence, Italy: "Here lies Salvino d'Armatti of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. God forgive him his sins. Died in the year of our Lord 1317." The inscription may be misleading. Marco Polo is recorded to have seen eyeglasses used in 1275 in China, according to Murine Co. researchers.

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