

Will thou trust him, because His strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to Him? —Job 39:11.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world? —Jean Paul Richter.

News Of Parkway Is Most Encouraging

The news the past week about the Blue Ridge Parkway has been most encouraging, and optimistic.

First off, there were the low bids for the first link of the Parkway between Wolf Laurel and Ravensford, with the second link to be submitted to a bid later this month.

Until Tuesday the dark cloud hanging over the Parkway, however, was the proposal of inaugurating the toll this spring.

Now comes the encouraging news that the Parkway will be toll free this year. The announcement came from Rep. George A. Shuford, after a conference with officials of the Department of the Interior.

And another interesting fact relative to the Parkway is the request of \$5,315,624 in the President's budget message for completion of the Parkway.

Thus far, the news from the Parkway and the Park ties right in with the fact that "things are beginning to move towards making this America's number one scenic vacationland."

Listen To Our Former Presidents

In his memoirs, Harry Truman speaks of the incredibly heavy burden of work that is imposed upon the President.

We should certainly heed the words of our only two living former Presidents. The job, as now constituted, is a potential killer.

THE MOUNTAINEER

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Thursday Afternoon, January 19, 1956

On The Side Of Freedom

The local newspaper is a personal diary of a community's life. This is especially true of the country papers, of which there are many thousands in the United States.

Their right to criticize their government was established over two hundred years ago in what was then a British Colonial town now known as New York City.

Amid all the modern developments in the field, the newspaper retains its position as one of the most effective advertising mediums. All of us have a tremendous stake in the continued health and independence of our thousands of newspapers.

Crazy Ducks (?)

Motorists at Lake Junaluska Sunday were surprised to see a large number of visiting ducks just standing on the frozen surface of the Lake, while the banks afforded warm, dry land.

There were one or two small pools of water in the center of the Lake, with a few ducks swimming about, but the larger part of the duck population seemed content to stand on the ice.

From our vantage point it looked like a group of crazy ducks.

Thus far we have not had any word from the ducks as to their opinion of the folk who rode by, in a hurry, going nowhere, or what they thought of football fans sitting out in inclement weather.

The Struggle Is Religious

We tend to think of communism as a menace to our material well-being and to our national security. But the danger goes even farther — as no less an authority than J. Edgar Hoover points out.

Communism destroys and denies every spiritual value. No church and no church member can temporize with it.

BIG BUILDING BOOM IN THE 60's

A building boom in the 60's is assured and it's likely to be almost twice as big as the present one, says the Kiplinger Letter.

ONE OUT OF THREE WOMEN WORK

There are more working women today than ever before — 21 million with paying jobs. Before the war only 27% worked, in 1955 36% did.

THE BOLL WEEVIL



Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO The Unagusta Manufacturing Company leases the Waynesville Furniture Co. plant at Hazelwood.

Close of Trade Jubilee brings 2,500 people to town.

Mrs. Carl Medford and Mrs. Wayne Rogers entertain with a quail dinner at the home of the former.

Miss Alice Stringfield, who has been motoring back and forth to Cecil's Business College in Asheville, plans to spend the greater part of her time in Asheville.

10 YEARS AGO

James B. Neal is general chairman of campaign to collect used clothing for shipment to war torn countries.

James F. Albright receives discharge from Navy at Charleston, S. C.

Theresa Alley is elected president of the student body of Waynesville High School.

Sgt. Bill Swift reports to his post of duty at Camp Swift, Texas after furlough at home.

5 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Lucy Jones is named county superintendent of education as Jack Messer re-enters Navy.

B. W. Burnette celebrates 90th birthday.

Mrs. Joe Liner entertains at a coffee hour honoring her mother, Mrs. Fred G. Lincoln of Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. S. C. Satterthwaite observes 93rd birthday.

Chariton "Pee-Wee" Davis is Student of the Week at WTHS.

Tid Bits

Children are getting so expensive only two kinds of people can afford them — the rich and the poor. — Greeley, Colo., Booster.

THE BAG

Someone asks us how we did hunting. Well, we just got two things out of that trip — poison oak and behind in our work. — Manteca, Calif., Bulletin.

AND GETTING WORSE BEHIND

Civilization is the condition in which one generation pays the last generation's debt by issuing bonds for the next generation to pay. — Troy Record.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

The little incident that occurred in Burlington recently brings back something that happened to Mark Twain while he was making humorous lectures all over the country.

It was in St. Louis, I believe, that Mark received a telegram notifying him of the death of his mother. The telegram was received just a few minutes before he was scheduled to go out on the stage.

When he walked out on the platform he was greeted with an enthusiastic round of applause. Mark stood there, looking very sad.

When quiet had been restored, he opened up his speech something like this: "My friends, I do not feel like making a humorous talk this evening. I have just received news of the death of my mother."

The crowd roared with laughter. "You don't understand," said Mark. "My mother died this morning."

More laughter. Mark finally realized that the audience thought he was trying to pull some kind of joke, for which they did not intend to fall, so he gave it up and proceeded to make his talk.

A few weeks ago I was scheduled to make a talk at the ladies' night meeting of the Burlington Rotary Club. On the way over to the Alamance County capital, about six miles from my destination I saw a beautiful lady standing beside an automobile which was parked alongside the highway.

She had a flat tire. I brought my car to a stop some distance beyond her and then started to back up. The gear

slipped out of its position while I was looking through the rear window and, without turning around, I pushed it back in again. But I made a mistake and put it in forward gear. When the clutch hold, the car came to a sudden stop, buckled a little and then started moving forward.

Then I found that I had stripped my transmission and the car wouldn't move either forward or backward.

At that very moment Paul Daniel of Raleigh drove past. He stopped and asked me the trouble. I told him and he offered to take me in to Burlington. I had a State College boy riding with me at the time and he said he'd go back and help the lady with the flat tire.

When Paul and I got to Burlington I called up Cobb Motor Company and they promised to send a wrecker after the car. When I explained what had happened, however, they said it undoubtedly would be impossible to fix it that night and that I'd have to wait until the afternoon of the following day.

The ladies' night meeting was a most enjoyable affair. There were about 150 folks present and everybody seemed to be having a wonderful time.

I was introduced after the meal and started out something like this: "Ladies and gentlemen: I had a little accident on the way here this afternoon. Busted the transmission in my car and Cobb Motor Company says it won't be fixed until tomorrow afternoon. I'd like to get back to Raleigh tonight, so if there is any Rotarian here who can spare his car until noon tomorrow, I sure would appreciate it."

Letters to the Editor

HUNTERS AND TRESPASSERS

Editor, The Mountaineer: For several years quite a change has been taking place in Haywood County in the relationship between farm owners and hunters of wild game.

Farmers do not want to resort to "the law" against people. Some hunters readily take advantage of this. But has the time not come that those who own farms, who want to hunt, to use their own property themselves as they wish, must post their land, and prosecute trespassers?

I would like to mention the few hunters who come to the farmer's home, see that his land is posted, and leave without asking to hunt. Or the one who can ask to hunt, and leave without showing a peeve when this permission is not given.

A. L. Bramlett R. F. D. 4 Waynesville, N. C.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

It doesn't seem possible: That half of January has gone. That so many people can use so many words and not say anything. That the aspens trees outside of our windows are already acquiring their Spring fuzz.

That the fence above that vacant lot on Main street hasn't caved in with so many people bracing themselves against it. That a town the size of Waynesville should have so many up-to-date shops.

That a radio can jumble at exactly the intense moment and then clear off to a blare for the commercials. That the Christmas stampede was at full speed less than a month ago.

That too many conversations have so many dotted I's. Political mud slinging belongs in the slush fund.

It was Circle meeting time again and as the ladies gathered at Mrs. Abec's, each wondered if she might be the object of Little Mary's focused attention. But, wonder of wonders, there was no Little Mary on the scene. No one dared ask about her for fear that would bring on her presence.

The meeting progressed to a very satisfactory and serene conclusion and the ladies went to the bedroom for their purses and wraps. And there, very demure, sat Little Mary in a big chair. "Why, Mary," one of the ladies said, "we didn't know you were here."

Heard in passing: "I can't say it warms me up much to stand ankle deep in snow and look at summer dresses in the store window."

Remember that old saying: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country"? Well, it's time to get it out of storage, dust it off and hang it out in the wide open spaces.

Voyagers uncertain of their destination at the polling places, will find helicopters ready and eager to take aboard stranded voters and deposit them safely in front of a polling booth. If that is the direction the helicopter is going, back slapping, hand shaking, flowery phrases, and poetic bribery wrapped in cellophane will flood the nation.

Oh yes, friends, this political race is going to be a fast one, with no obstacles removed.

Pretty, dainty little snowflakes, How much more you're worth, If you'd just stop falling Before you hit the earth.

There was a flurry of laughter. "Oh, I'll take good care of it," I promised.

More laughter, which I didn't exactly understand. But anyway, I proceeded to make my talk and it went over pretty good. Then they had a distribution of some prizes, following which the meeting broke up.

There were several Rotarians present whom I have known personally for a number of years. I expected at least one of them to offer me the use of his car, but nobody came forward. They told me that they had enjoyed the talk, and then they turned around and left for home.

Practically everyone had gone except two or three people who were chatting in the lobby of the Alamance Hotel. Just as they were getting ready to leave, one of them turned to me and said: "By the way, Mr. Goerch, what was that gag about the transmission of your automobile?"

"What do you mean—gag?" I inquired.

"When you said that you wanted someone to let you have their car so you could drive it back to Raleigh."

"That was no gag," I told him. "It was an actual fact. I had car trouble on the way over here this afternoon and wanted to borrow a car so I could get back to Raleigh tonight. I've got an engagement in the office tomorrow morning and I wanted to keep it."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?" I asked.

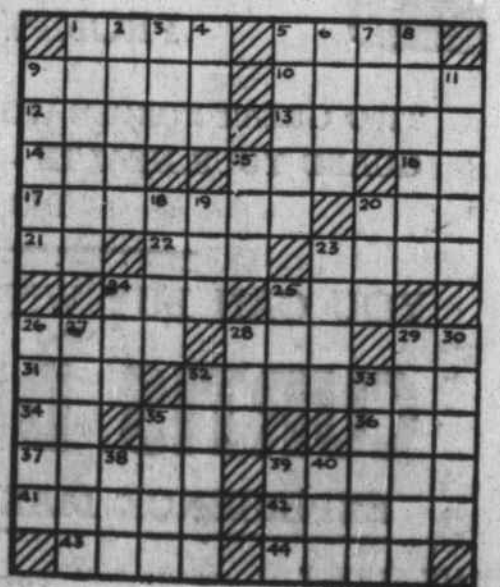
"Why I heard at least fifteen men say that they would be glad to let you have their car, but they figured that there was some kind of joke about the proposition, and they decided not to bite."

And then he added ruefully: "I'm afraid it's too late now, because they've all gone home."

Which is why I spent the night at the Alamance Hotel and didn't get back to Raleigh until about three o'clock the following afternoon.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Chief cook 2. A quadruped 3. Sea eagle 4. Visionary 5. Hurl 6. Spicy 7. Anglo-Saxon letter 8. One of the Apostles 9. Mortify 10. Appearing as if eaten 11. Eggmet 12. Molybdenum (sym.) 13. Sour 14. Encountering 15. Owns 16. Half an em 17. Perform 18. Attitudinize 19. Lever 20. Witty saying 21. Short blast 22. Fuel 23. Therefore 24. Viper 25. Snake 26. River (Chin.) 27. Spring month 28. Cuckoo 29. Doctrine 30. Article of virtue 31. Rub out 32. Gaseous element 33. Resorts 34. Coffin 35. Japanese name for Korea



They'll Do It Every Time

