

So all the men of Israel were gathered
against the city, knit together as one man.
—Judges 20:11.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
—John Dickinson.

A City Without A Newspaper To Be Welcomed

What is it like to live in a city without a regular newspaper?

The people of Detroit know — after a prolonged strike that shut down all three of its dailies. The merchandise of the city learned it particularly well — the hard way. They used all the other media to the limit. Some stores put out handbills of their own, to advertise their holiday wares. Yet, though Christmas trade for the country as a whole was well above last year, many Detroit stores did less business. The lack of newspapers was responsible.

Again, the merchants faced a fresh problem at post-holiday sale time. They had bargains and specials to offer as usual — but moving them was another matter, without newspaper advertising space.

The community problems that arise from lack of newspapers are certainly not limited to the big cities. The smaller towns are equally dependent upon the weeklies and dailies that serve them. In the small town, especially, the newspaper is a running record of its history — a thread that constantly touches the lives of all the people who live there. And, despite the newer media, it remains the most effective means of advertising for merchants and others.

Infinitely more important, the newspaper, small or large, is a guardian of our rights and liberties which is always on duty.

CHECK THE LIGHTS

Don't put up with undependable headlights says the Motor Vehicles Department. Have them checked today for aim, focus and brilliance. Otherwise, remember.

Of all sad surprises
There's none to compare
With driving in darkness
On a road that's not there!

BIBLICAL FOOTNOTE

In the Bible there is a passage that reads, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Which, in a way, sounds suspiciously like an ordinary Tar Heel highway.

GUIDES

An elderly lady from Boston who drove down to visit Washington said she had no objection to the American habit of littering the highways with beer cans pitched from car windows.

"It helps me drive at night," she explained. "All those things shining in the car lights show me where the edge of the road is."

—Minneapolis Tribune.

THE MOUNTAINEER

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Thursday Afternoon, January 26, 1956

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



To Be Welcomed

The fear that automation will create widespread unemployment flies in the face of history. Every improvement in production methods, along with every invention of importance, has ultimately produced not fewer jobs, but more and better jobs.

The automobile destroyed the horse and buggy businesses — but an almost infinite increase in employment and opportunity followed. More recently, prophets of gloom forecast that dial telephones would bring a catastrophic degree of unemployment among operators. Yet there are 70 per cent more phone operators than there were 10 years ago.

Automation is to be welcomed, not feared.

The Old Country Store

Would you want to go back to trading at the old-fashioned country store? No free delivery, no pretty food packages, no prepared cake mix, no full page grocery ads?

That's one of the things they ask you when you complain about 1955 food prices. The answer, of course, is supposed to be NO — but I'm not so sure.

At this great distance, I feel a sneaky yen sometimes for the old general store on the corner. For the day when sugar and beans and crackers and corn-candy were all sold out of barrels, with the same tin scoop serving for all... for the sputtery gasoline lamp that hung in the rear, with strips of fly paper dangling below it... for the big "guillotine" knife with a handle, used for cutting off a nickel's worth of Horseshoe or Battle-axe plug... for the hardcoal burner that got red-hot on cold winter nights, with the coal bucket on one side of the Horseshoe chawers and on the other side a flat box half filled with sawdust for users of Battleaxe.

Yes, I'd like to see that wooden dry goods counter again, with brass-headed tacks driven along its edge; it was a yard between the double tacks, and the single tacks in between measured a half-yard apart.

I'd like to click that nickel-plated lighter that hung over the cigar counter, and get called down by the store-keeper for wearing out the flint (he didn't have to worry about shoplifters in those days, but we kids used to drive him nuts monkeying with the cigar lighter).

Maybe it wasn't the most sanitary spot in the world, but that old store did have its points.—Windsor, Colo. Beacon.

SCHOOLS — THE AWFUL TRUTH

Ten years from now 23% more children will be entering elementary schools than today. 55% more in high schools and 40% more in colleges. We will need some 600,000 more classrooms to accommodate them — a jump of about 60%, according to the Kiplinger Letter.

We'll also need 200,000 more teachers every year for ten years to cover school growth and to replace those who quit or retire.

The main problem, of course, is money, which in the end means more taxes. The total cost of schools, public and private, now is eight to ten billion dollars a year. In the next ten years this may double and most of it must come from taxes.

What kind of taxes will support the schools? Mostly property taxes for already nearly 45% of the property taxes collected in states go to the schools. So there will be higher local taxes, higher property assessments, and fewer exemptions.

190 MILLION POPULATION IN 10 YEARS

The population of the U. S. has reached 167 million. In five years it should be 178 million and in ten years, 190 million. By 1975, there will be more than 221 million people in America.—The Kiplinger Letter.

THROW OUT THE LIFELINE!



Highland My Favorite Stories Flings ..

By BOB CONWAY

The recent announcement by Postmaster Enos Boyd that a drive-in mailbox will be installed this year at the Waynesville post-office is good news. The drive-in unit will bring in mail into the postoffice quicker and also will ease the parking problem since postal patrons will be able to drop mail in the box without leaving their cars.

The installation of this box will leave the Waynesville postoffice lacking only one thing to give the public the best service and that is a stamp machine.

We refer to the large machines that stand on the floor and are provided through the U. S. Post-office Department and not to the smaller counter machines found commonly in drug stores.

Stamp machines in postoffice lobbies sell stamps at face value and not for a profit as is the case of the machines in stores. The former machines also provide stamps for four different denominations. The only one we've seen in this area is the one at Asheville.

A service man back from overseas duty was in the office the other day and told us how much he enjoyed reading The Mountaineer during his stay abroad. "I even read all the want ads," he chuckled.

We'd better not mention her name, but a Mountaineer employee was addressing an envelope to a used car dealer the other day, and was chagrined to find that she had written "Used Cats".

The latest issue of the magazine "We The People of North Carolina" carries the anecdote about a Northern businesswoman who died recently while on a vacation in Florida.

His funeral was held back in his snowbound hometown and as his employee took by his casket, an office boy filed a long look at his boss' deep surt and finally remarked to the man's wife: "Well, he certainly died healthy."

Ned J. Tucker, executive vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, told us this morning of the strange fate that befell two cardinals which have been nesting in a birdhouse in his backyard.

On Tuesday morning when snow covered the ground, his son, Ned, Jr., went out back to feed his dog and found two female cardinals lying dead beneath a picture window on the back porch.

It first appeared that the birds had frozen to death, but a closer check showed that this was not the case.

Finally, the strange truth came to light: both birds had died by flying into the picture window where small bits of feathers were found still clinging to the panes. Just what caused the cardinals

Senator George Penny was one of the greatest story tellers ever to come to the General Assembly of North Carolina. Here's a tale he told me on one of his trips to Raleigh, told in his own words:

It happened many years ago in Guilford County, at a small schoolhouse that was located several miles from Greensboro, out in the country.

In those days they didn't have the modern conveniences which we have today. That applies to schoolhouses as well as many other things. As a matter of fact, it was considered an event of outstanding importance when the school authorities constructed two small structures at some little distance from the school; one for use of the boys, and the other for use of the girls.

The building of these two edifices was considered a great advance in progress.

But kids in those days were just like kids are today. It wasn't long before some of the young-uns started writing on the walls of these two little buildings that had just been erected. The teacher issued several stern warnings that this would have to be stopped or else he would whack the tar out of anyone found guilty of perpetrating such a deed.

One day, while making a tour of inspection, the teacher visited the boys' building and discovered to his horror that some youngster had again written on the walls. He rushed back into the schoolhouse and hollered out that he wanted to know who had written on the walls, but nary a one of those young-uns would say a word. He gave them another warning and promised extremely heavy punishment to the next person who did such a thing.

The very next day he was examining a class in history. In this class was a big boy who should have been halfway through the University of North Carolina at his age. To say that he was moronic would be putting it rather mildly.

"Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" Inquired the teacher.

Nobody said a word. He banged his fist on the desk and roared: "Answer me! Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?"

This boy—Julius Walker was his name, I believe—started crying and then—remembering what the teacher had said the day before he spoke up and said: "I don't know who did it, teacher, but I didn't."

The teacher lost all patience and ordered Julius to get out and go home.

Julius went home and confessed the whole story to his pappy. The

to fly into the window remains a mystery, but Mr. Tucker thinks the snow may have been the fatal factor that confused the birds.

The two birds were part of a group of five cardinals that have been inhabiting the Tucker birdhouse.

old man was hoppin' mad. He cursed the teacher for all he could think of.

"You come with me, Julius," he ordered, "and we'll tell that so-and-so a few things."

Together they went to the schoolhouse and together they entered the room where the teacher was at work.

"Now you listen to me," said the father. "My boy may not have much sense but he's honest. If he said he didn't write that thing, I know he didn't do it. And if you say he did, I'll take you outside and lick the everlasting daylight out of you. There ain't no man that's going to call my boy a liar. And rather than have him be in your school another day, I'm going to take him home and keep him there. I'd rather he grew up in ignorance than to be taught by any two-by-four teacher like you."

And with that he took Julius by the hand and they started for home.

Halfway there, the old man stopped. He looked at Julius and he patted him confidentially-like on the back.

"Julius," he said, "I want to have a little private talk with you. You know your pappy and you know that you can trust him. That little affair at the schoolhouse is all over with. I've wiped it off my mind completely. Now, Julius, you can rest assured that what you say to me will be, in complete confidence. I won't repeat it to a soul. I'm talking to you now, man to man. Doesn't that make you feel good?"

"Yes, suh," admitted Julius.

"All right then. The only reason I'm going to ask you this question is because I'm slightly curious. Tell me, Julius—man to man—did you write that damn thing or not?"

"Pop, I did not."

"That's all I want to know, son; let's go on home."

Voice of the People

Have you broke any New Year's resolutions?

Mrs. Henry Gaddy: "I haven't broken any because I didn't make any. My honest ambition is to do the best I can every day."

Mrs. Frank Albright: "I didn't make any so I couldn't break any."

Mrs. W. L. Turner: "To be frank, I didn't make any. I decided to do the best I can every day."

Mrs. Edwin Russell: "No. Because I haven't made any."

Mrs. Herman Fie: "To tell the truth, I didn't make any. I've come to the conclusion that's the best way."

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Little Johnnie and Little Willie were next door neighbors and went through the usual daily exchange of verbal battles, with the usual aftermath of peace. The parents of the two little boys, familiar with the characteristics of children, wisely abstained from any interference knowing that amiability always followed dissension.

One day Little Johnnie, showing off, fell out of a tree and sprained his ankle. Little Willie, exerting a strength he didn't know he had, got the stricken child home and stayed around to comfort him. Later in the day, Little Johnnie confided to his mother: "I'm never going to get mad with Willie again. If I start to, I'll just stop and think how good he was to me today. You just watch and see."

One day after Little Johnnie had completely recovered, his mother heard the two boys engaged in a violent quarrel with Little Johnnie's angry voice in the ascendant. His mother called out to him: "Johnnie, remember you said you'd never get angry with Willie again." The commotion ceased, then came from Little Johnnie this reply: "Well, Mom, it isn't hard to forget things when you stop hurting." How true! How true!

Heard in passing: "It doesn't take two to make a quarrel. She's a success all by herself."

It was a brand new check. The number and date were correctly written, as was the amount. The signature was straight, neat and impressive. It slipped easily into the addressed envelope and nestled cozily down against the bill for the same amount as was written on the check. It joined hundreds of other envelopes and continued on its merry way. Later it reached the bank with the endorser's name on its back and then it passed through numerous hands and finally found itself again in another envelope and back to the original sender. When the envelope was opened, the check bounced right out with a cute little pink slip attached which read: "No funds."

If wishes were horses, there would be just as many automobiles sold.

Some one remarked once that money would buy anything except happiness and some smarty replied: "But it will buy an automobile that will take you a long ways toward finding it." Let that be what it may, there is ONE thing that money cannot buy... and that is old Mother Nature when she is handling the weather. Politics, friendships and business will bow to the will of cash reimbursements, but not rain, sunshine, sleet or snow. To heck with a hundred dollar bill if it's going to pour the proverbial cats and dogs, and have you ever seen a pile of greengrass that would influence those flaky little crystals of ice formed from the vapor of water in the air? Not by a hankful! When it comes Spring, can you imagine the leaves turning back into the bare branches if a windfall of dollar bills came on the swelling breeze? Even last March when the freezing thermometer dropped 'way down to here and every orchardman and fruit man and vegetable farmer would have pooled together almost any amount, do you think Mother Nature even considered the take? So, just keep your bankroll for other purposes: Mother Nature knows her business and will continue to handle it as she has for centuries.

Goodness gracious, sakes alive... Can't you write six instead of five?

Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO high school faculty following discharge from the service.

Thermometer goes to five below zero. Schools close.

Master Wallace Brown celebrates his birthday with a party at his home.

5 YEARS AGO Miss Mary Lou Ferguson, Haywood's 1950 Tobacco Queen is pictured on front page of the February issue of The Southern Planter.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin McInnes and children sail from New York for Africa where the former will buy leather for the England-Walton Company.

Clyde H. Ray, Jr. and a party of friends motor to Greenville, S. C.

10 YEARS AGO Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Allen go to Florida for a vacation.

State Commission grants Hazelwood Bank a charter.

Jonathan Woody is general chairman of the Polio Drive.

Carl Ratcliffe resumes post on

Richard Queen is named to a position with the House Public Lands Committee.

James M. Davis of Hazelwood is promoted to the post of lieutenant colonel in the National Guard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ensey go to Florida for an extended stay.

SPiritual DISCOMFORT We wouldn't know, but a spiritualist friend of our tells us that whenever he is possessed by spirits, he feels like the devil.

—Charleston News and Courier.

CROSSWORD

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|----------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Clenched hand | 11. Hide away (slang) |
| 5. Shoot used for grafting | 12. Paradise | 13. Dips lightly into water |
| 9. Article of virtue | 14. Steamship | 15. Cook in an oven |
| 10. Mountains (So. Am.) | 16. Flower | 17. Lobsterlike arachnids |
| 12. Cuckoo | 18. Little girl | 19. River (Fr.) |
| 13. Turn aside | 20. Toward | 21. Melody |
| 14. Opposite of "outs" | 22. Capital (Egypt) | 24. Lairs |
| 15. Unadorned | 23. Reversing | 25. Throng |
| 16. Virginia (abbr.) | 24. Poem | 26. Mapped out |
| 17. Northeast (abbr.) | 25. A nerve (anat.) | 27. A tinge |
| 18. Flavorful | 26. Son of Adam (poet.) | 28. Tropical bird |
| 19. Fitting trousers | 27. Force of men | 29. Metal |
| 20. Exclamation | | 30. Cover |
| 21. Spawn of fish | | 31. Iron (sym.) |
| 22. Underworld deity | | |
| 23. Mix | | |
| 24. Doctrines | | |
| 25. Snoring | | |
| 26. Old Testament (abbr.) | | |
| 27. Radium (sym.) | | |
| 28. Electrified particles | | |
| 29. Hint | | |
| 30. Speak fast to | | |
| 31. A net-like fabric | | |
| 32. Servants (Mex.) | | |
| 33. Last | | |

