

Joshua made war a long time with all those kings. —Joshua 11:18.

And this I hate—not men, nor flag nor race, But only War with its wild, grinning, face. —Joseph Miller.

On Easter's Meaning

Darkness dies. The sun takes on new splendor. Night gives way to day. Having shed only dead leaves, plants come to life again in a new and more beautiful greenery. Flowers bloom. The egg yields its form. Out of it comes the Easter biddy. The caterpillar dies. The butterfly is born. In the spirit of the Easter season, men and women and boys and girls shed their old clothes and put on their new. In the hearts of men, despair dies and hope is born. Hate dies and love is born. Easter more than any other season symbolizes the doctrine of the New Birth — the death of the old inner life and the resurrection to a new and more glorious life.

Charles Edison, the former Governor of New Jersey, has told of a fire that wiped out the material wealth of his father, Thomas A. Edison. Though 67 years old, Mr. Edison was able to survey the ruins without any feeling of despair. To an associate he remarked, "You can always make capital out of disaster."

"Capital" has a figurative meaning. Mr. Edison, we may assume, had in mind that from so great a material loss could come spiritual gain of even greater significance. One sometimes has to lose in order to find.

It was Jesus who taught us that man has even to lose his life in order to find it. He taught, He demonstrated. His death on the Cross was the price he paid for doing the will of the Creator, but physical death was no disaster for one willing to do the will of the Creator. There was the resurrection.

A wise man once observed that the early disciples came to their resurrection belief not because they could not find the body of Jesus in an empty tomb, but because they did find the continuing influence of his life a very real thing in their own lives. Nor should we, as later disciples, base our resurrection belief on a mere empty tomb.

There's More To Moving Than Getting Angry

Up in Clary, Indiana, an alderman was so upset over failure of the state government to see eye-to-eye with him on a town matter, that he offered a resolution asking that the city secede from Indiana and join Illinois.

We imagine how the mid-westerner felt as he gave way to his feelings of pride. The incident recalls to mind the remarks made here about 20 years ago, which prompted a citizen to suggest that we become a part of East Tennessee.

A day or two later, when the man had "cooled down" and was in a cheerful mood, he laughed and said: "that suggestion about us becoming a part of East Tennessee has made me wonder if they would have us until we learn to control our tempers."

He might have something there. Acceptance is always a major factor in "joining."

AT LEAST FAIR TO MIDDLING

A lot of people are killing people these days, some of them for rather trivial reasons. We don't believe anybody ought to kill anybody without a fair to middling good reason for doing so.—Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.

Views of Other Editors

Wondered If He Were Dead

I was in the union station in a big city for half an hour a few weeks ago and it was etched deep in my memory as the most mechanical half hour in all my life.

Ever since I have been wondering sort of nightmarishly whether that half hour was a preview of a mechanical world for the future, a world so full of miraculous machines that human speech can be largely done away with, and the only thing left to

Resurrection Hope Of Mankind

Easter is the most solemn and important period of the Christian year.

It records the terrible and triumphant series of events through which the Redeemer moved in the last act of His earthly mission: His betrayal and trial, His crucifixion and finally His glorious resurrection.

Thus in every Christian land and home, every Christian mind and heart, the illusion of death and the shining reality of life everlasting are contemplated at Eastertide in the spirit of faith.

The sacred celebration occurs when the earth throws off the chill of winter and rejoices in the rebirth of spring. It is the time of promise and awakening, of hope refreshed and creation renewed.

Easter is particularly the season of youth, recalling the sublime saying of Jesus when He was asked who is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven:

"Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

That Divine utterance is both fathomless and exceedingly clear.

Of immeasurable depth, because Jesus thus defined the perplexities and afflictions that darken the mind of man.

Of utter simplicity, because Jesus thus pointed to the only source of peace and understanding.

What then, the the forces and influences that today prevent the world from following the path that Jesus indicated?

Chief and foremost, the unrestrained lust for power.

By repudiating God and denying mortality, a small group of brutal and unscrupulous men have used naked violence to enslave great nations.

Flouting the natural and inalienable rights of men, applying the threats of death, torture, prison and expropriation, cruelly penalizing free thought and expression the overlords of Communism have reversed the clock of history back toward utter barbarism and materialism.

No wonder they have exiled the image of Christ after profaning His altars. And no wonder they attempt to drive Him from the hearts of the people.

For Jesus preached tolerance, peace and love.

It was His way, and it is the only way. And in that exalted path there is no cause nor reason for persecution, greed and violence.

Thus His crucifixion is today more than ever symbolic.

Making The Mare To Trot

"It is money that makes the mare to trot," wrote the poet John Wolcot some two centuries ago. That has become a classic aphorism, in a slightly different form: "Money makes the mare go."

American industry provides a wonderful example of this truth. At the end of last year, our manufacturing companies alone represented \$175,000,000,000 of capital — which works out to an investment of \$12,000 for each of their workers.

We will need many more tens of billions to provide good jobs for our growing population. And that means that we need to maintain the kind of economic climate which induces people to invest their savings in job-making enterprise.

shake hands with will be a push button or an occasional lever.

My first voiceless machine was the locker in which I deposited my suitcase, in which transaction the automatic lock pocketed my dime and handed over the key.

Then I rode downstairs on an escalator (I came back on an automatic elevator). Following which I slaked my thirst with a little fountain of soda that gushed from a wordless machine after being thawed out with a dime.

I then bought a stamp from a machine. It did not speak my language, so I could not explain that I needed only one stamp, I had to take three.

Then I had my photograph taken (not from vanity, but to send it to my wife to prove that I hadn't left my overcoat in the train). That transaction was all mechanical and silent, except for the deep sigh I gave on looking at the exact likeness.

Then I had a contact in which I broke the sound barrier by one word. I pronounced the name of the town to which I wished to buy a ticket. A machine nodded "OK," and turned out the ticket, all typed. Seven transactions, and only one word! I began to wonder if I had died.

Then I went out on the street, stunned with loneliness in a machine world, and crossed against a red light. A big policeman saluted me warmly: "You blankety blank fool! The next time you do that I'll run you in!"

I felt like rushing out and throwing my arms around him and crying, "Thanks, oh thanks, brothers!" For that was the first kind word, or the first word, I had had in half an hour, the first suggestion that I was still alive and had not been changed into part of a slot machine.

—Simson Stylites in Christian Century.

SON VALLEY



This Side Of Easter

By the Rev. Joseph Clower, Jr. Morganton News - Herald

Tomorrow the altars of Christendom will be draped in black, and faithful souls will pause to remember One who hung upon a cross for the world's redemption. Yet the vestments of mourning will be but symbols of solemnity, not tokens of gloom or despair, for the faithful have already been early to the tomb and found it empty. Easter has robbed Calvary of its pail.

And yet there was a time when, even for faithful souls, Calvary was the end of hope; when a Roman cross and a rich man's tomb spelled defeat and despair. For them, during history's last hours the other side of Easter, the powers of death had done their worst, the gates of hell had finally prevailed.

It is always so for those who have never been to the empty tomb. The whole world is "the place of a skull"; life is one continuous Calvary. Every day is a concentrate of misery, as fear and hate and lust and pride defeat and destroy the best-intentioned of men. For those the other side of Easter there is nothing but bewilderment and frustration. When they have climbed as high as they can they find themselves on a hill where three crosses stand. What does it matter if on the center cross hangs a good man? He is as dead as the other two. Thus life mocks even goodness the other side of Easter.

But this side of Easter we see Calvary in its true perspective. Easter does not remove its pain nor its judgment, for Calvary is real. But Calvary is not the end.

Even those who tried to make an end at Calvary seemed to sense almost at once that they had failed. On the next day after the crucifixion "the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, that three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his

disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so that the last error shall be worse than the first."

There is terrible irony implicit in those lines. The body which they had destroyed was hardly cold before the instigators of the deed had begun to realize that they stood likely to fail. Whether they actually feared something supernatural is beside the point, although in Pilate's reply there is room for such an inference: "Ye have a watch . . . Make it is sure as ye can." As sure as you can! As if Pilate himself had some doubt about its effectiveness!

These men were learning to their dismay the same lesson which gave such comfort to Martin Luther many years later:

And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.

Let gods and kindred go, This mortal life also; The body they may kill, God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever.

The enemies of Jesus had indeed killed his body, but even the other side of Easter they had begun to fear that they had not silenced him. Indeed, the very sufferings which they had inflicted upon him were but a part of his triumph. They hanged him on a tree. They pierced his side. They left him to die. And then, to make doubly sure they sealed the tomb and set a watch. How stupid! How futile! How provincial! For the Christ of Calvary was the Son of God!

Those who stand this side of Easter know it, and those who have been early to the empty tomb have discovered that for them each Calvary eventuates in Easter, and each crucifixion of self in a risen life.

Life stirs again within the clod, Renewed in beauteous birth.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

S. C. Linder gets contract to build Cullowhee Methodist Church.

Mrs. Hugh Love attends State Convention of Music Clubs in High Point.

Hazelwood Boster Club marks 11 years of successful activity.

Fagg Sawyer, representing the Waynesville High School, wins declamation event at Cullowhee.

10 YEARS AGO

Cpl. Tom W. Jimison of Canton arrives from India.

John Evans resigns as chief of police of Hazelwood to assume similar duties at Clyde.

Ed Sims is elected president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Lt. Hobart Hyatt receives discharge from the army after serving in Japan and Tokyo.

5 YEARS AGO

Mrs. T. L. Gwyn heads Richard Garden Club.

Mildred Medford is advertising manager of the Brenau College newspaper.

Tom Gibson is here from Wake Forest College to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson.

Donald L. Leatherwood is named honor man of his company on completion of his Naval basic training at San Diego, Calif.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Composition by Little Johnny.

An orange is round and yellow like a grapefruit, but it ain't the same. You can tell the difference if you try to suck a grapefruit. Oranges grow on fruitstands and are used to make juice and candy orange plugs. In Florida the trees have blossoms on them so that brides can have them to put in their hair. Orange trees get cold in winter and then they have smudges wrapped around them so they won't have frozen orange juice. Oranges are good for you whether you drink them or eat them alive.

One "No" is more potent than three "Yesses".

The aspen trees outside of our window were stirred of their pendants by wind and rain and are now ready to settle down to the business of decking themselves out in their new uniforms of green.

It is breath taking, the transition of those trees. One day they are standing gaunt and bare, their arms outstretched as though in supplication. You turn away with pity in your heart, and when you again turn your eyes back the transformation has already taken place and you see tiny green leaves pecking at you from every branch. Nature is playing her annual return engagement, and you are enraptured with the show.

Suddenly you realize that all around you, beauty is beckoning you to come to the feast of the awakening Spring. You throw aside the cloak in which you have wrapped yourself all winter and joyously enter into the spirit of the season. A feeling of deep gratitude envelops you and you are eager to be up and doing. Your hands twitch with eagerness and your heart pumps the blood a little faster in anticipation of plans accomplished.

Welcome, Spring. You were so long in coming to us but now that you are here, we all rejoice.

If all minds ran in the same channel, what a shallow channel that would be.

Most likely we are viewing the situation through the prejudiced eyes of an older, and our expressions will be greeted with boos and derogatory remarks. But in the midst of this babel of pros and cons, we rise and meekly ask: "Why is it necessary to have drag races to further the education of youth?"

If it is imperative to prove the superiority of speed, why not let the contestants do so on foot? It certainly would lessen the expense of hot-rod deterioration and make racing far less hazardous . . . especially for the innocent by-stander. Then, too, if the racer whammed himself into a tree, the net results would be little more than skinned bark off of both.

And, please may we ask you, would the drag race enthusiasts be content with a limited space allotted them, such as the drag strip so highly recommended by some? No, sirree! The end of the strip would simply be a challenge and on they'd go their more-or-less merry way. And should they concede to limitations, can't you see the jumbled mess when they came to the turn?

As we said in the first place, we'll be termed old fuddy-duddy . . . besides when we were growing up the only hot rod we knew came out of the fireplace.

May Easter bring you peace and happiness.

A Continuous Easter

No event in the Christian experience compares with the promise of the Easter season; in truth, Easter is the Christian experience, for in it is the supreme example of the love of God for all men, and the opportunity which He provided for the rebirth of the human spirit.

In a manner which exemplifies this experience, the Methodist Home is the channel through which countless young lives are born again—lives marred by sorrow, illness, hopelessness, and lack of care. At the Home these boys and girls, freed from the tragedy of their earlier lives, are born again and given a chance to new and greater opportunities.

To these children, the Easter season is a continuous one, each day providing new evidence of the work of those who build His Kingdom through the care of His children.

—The Sunshine Monthly.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Midway 2. Swine 3. American author 10. Rugged mountain crest 12. Competent 13. Simferopol is its capital 14. Spawn of fish 15. Seize 16. Postscript (abbr.) 17. Trace 19. The bullfinch (Eng.) 21. Exclamation 22. Spring month 23. Bound 24. Coin (Peru) 25. Chum 26. Petty quarrel 28. Consume 29. Music note 31. Monkey 32. To put at the beginning 34. Mulberry 35. Leave out 37. Evening (poet.) 38. An infirmly connected with a hospital 48. Affirm 49. Mohammedan bible 42. Flintlike rock 43. Unite, as two pieces of metal 44. Rowing implements 11. Relieved 13. Like a cake 15. Afrikaans 18. Of strong feeling 20. Lubricate 24. Perched 25. Portion 26. A pile 27. Headrest 28. Kind of poem 29. Streams of water 30. Put forth, as effort 33. A high temperature 36. Recollection 39. Anger 40. Exclamation 42. Cobalt (sym.)

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-48 indicating starting positions for words.

THE MOUNTAINEER Waynesville, North Carolina Dial GL 6-5801 Main Street The County Seat of Haywood County Published by THE WAYNESVILLE MOUNTAINEER, Inc. W. CURTIS RUSS Editor W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY BY MAIL IN HAYWOOD COUNTY One Year \$8.50 Six months \$5.00 BY MAIL IN NORTH CAROLINA One Year 4.50 Six months 2.50 OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA One Year 5.00 Six months 3.00 LOCAL CARRIER DELIVERY Per month .40 Office-paid for carrier delivery 4.50 Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use or reproduction of all the local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP news dispatches. Thursday Afternoon, March 29, 1956