

Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.—Rev. 2:16.

To err is human; but contrition felt for the crime distinguishes the virtuous from the wicked.—Alfieri.

Twilight Of The Toll Road?

In an already controversial move the turnpike commission which controls Pennsylvania's famous cross-mountain road has announced it will raise passenger-car tolls 41 per cent but cut the charge for trucks by one-fifth. There are reports Governor Leader plans to block the move.

Just what action the commission should take is not for us to say. But its decision likely was provoked by cold facts, not by antipathy toward motorists. For, as most motorists know, the turnpike has been extended at great cost both east and west from its original mountain section. And what the truckers have been doing is to use the toll road "over the hump" and get back on the free roads for the rest of their journeys.

Pennsylvania isn't the only state facing disappointments. Ohio has recently completed a magnificent cross-state toll road. Its builders anticipated truck traffic revenues of over 13 million dollars the first full year of operation. The first four months, however, trucks have paid only at the annual rate of under four million. Chief reasons here would seem to be the excellent paralleling routes (U.S. 20, 224, and 30).

Are these signs, then, of the "twilight of the toll roads"? To what extent they have been thought of as the solution to long-distance travel—yes. Toll roads have been successful in heavily populated areas connecting large population centers—the New Jersey Turnpike, for example. Obviously, they are not the answer to travel across the vast and relatively less populated stretches which make up so much of the United States.

Gross underestimates in the past warn against seeing the shades of night settling down for good on any avenue of transportation. But, speaking for the moment, the toll-road sun seems passing high noon.—The Christian Science Monitor.

D. C. Dictionary

Bill Whitley, administrative assistant to Sen. W. Kerr Scott, writes from Washington, pointing out that the bureaucracy there has a language all its own.

Here are a few typical definitions he says are going the rounds:

Program: Any idea that can't be carried out with one phone call.

Channels: The trail left by inter-office memos.

Committee: A means of evading responsibility.

Reliable source: The guys you just met.

Informed source: The guy who just told the guy you just met.

Unimpeachable source: The guy who started the rumor in the first place.—Washington Release.

About two per cent of the cigarettes smoked today still are roll-your-owns. The original do-it-yourself boys are real diehards.—New Orleans States.

Views Of Other Editors

Coffee In The Good Old Days

What about the coffee hour?

Is it on the decrease or are more and more establishments setting it up as a part of the daily routine? Having made no check on the matter, I can only say that those who establish it as a sort of ritual apparently enjoy it even more than the "cold-briak five minutes" which has been an established custom for many years in almost every place of business.

But the subject today is coffee, and one of my earliest recollections was the coffee mill that was fastened to the back of the pantry door. The noise which that mill made as the morning coffee was being ground remains quite clear in my mind's ear.

As I recall, the family always bought a three or five-pound can of Caraja coffee, a brand which I think is still on the market. Of course, it was the whole bean, and the coffee mill was a necessary piece of equipment.

But there are those in my age bracket who recall that green coffee beans were bought, and roasted in the oven of the kitchen stove. This gave an aroma much stronger than the pot of boiling coffee. No matter where you started with the coffee

Time To Run Scared

A statement made by Dr. Gordon Blackwell of the University of North Carolina needs the most serious attention of every public official, business man and citizen in this State. At an educational conference in Chapel Hill, he declared:

North Carolina's industrialization in recent years has not been keeping pace with the rest of the South or the rest of the country.

This State grew so confident about its leadership in the South a decade or so ago that few North Carolinians are even now prepared to face the fact that this State today lags behind in the economic development upon which all other development depends. In this case the fear of the facts should be made the beginning of wisdom.

This State can no longer be complacent. It cannot laugh easily and proudly about being a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit. It is becoming a valley in the statistics on the development of the Southern States. Its people—particularly young people—are moving away at a faster rate than they left in the decade 1940 to 1950 when a quarter of a million more people left North Carolina than came to it. And there is explanation enough for their departure in the bottom-dragging wages and per capita income which North Carolinians receive.

North Carolina is no longer a place for proud talk about progress. It is a State which desperately needs action in order that it may keep even its relative position among other states.

We have entered an era in which North Carolina in economics and the welfare of its people needs to run harder—and run scared.—The News And Observer.

Credit And Character

Credit reports must contain a lot of information.

And according to a ruling just made by Judge Johnson J. Hayes in Federal Court they must do something more than give the bill-paying habits of the subject.

The Home Finance Company of Galax, Va., tried to enforce its lien against a car seized in a liquor raid. Judge Hayes ruled that evidence showed the company had not attempted to check whether the man who bought the car had a record for illegal dealing in whiskey. Therefore he said the company had no claim on the automobile.

This puts finance companies on notice that they cannot expect to reap any gains from the liquor business which we are sure few of them want.

We understand that credit reports include clauses on a man's moral standing in his community.

In view of Judge Hayes ruling this now becomes more important than ever before.—Shelby Star.

bean, it always wound up in the mill.

Earliest coffee pots that I can recall were large grey or blue enamel ones, and you put the coffee and the water in together. Then it was boiled for a considerable length of time. When ready to fill the cups, a dash of cold water was put in the pot to settle the grounds.

Of course, he-men did not object to a few grounds in their coffee.

Later, housewives tied up the coffee in a cloth and dropped it in the pot. This eliminated the grounds, and was a big advance in coffee making.

Then came the percolator and the dripolator, followed by the glass coffee urns that required some engineering and usually fell victim to the spigot on the kitchen sink.

The coffee mill has disappeared from the home, and the younger generation has no idea what it looked like. You either buy your coffee already ground, or the grocer grinds it for you while you wait. You just don't need a pantry door any more on which to fasten your coffee mill.

But the revolution in coffee has not stopped at that point. Today, powdered coffee appears to be taking an ever-increasing slice of the market. You put a teaspoonful of coffee in the cup, and pour on the hot water. Better still is to make up the required number of cups in a glass urn with powdered coffee, and then allow to simmer before pouring in the cups.

There are those who sneer at this method of coffee-making, allowing that the concoction just doesn't taste like coffee. They want it made with a percolator, or even boiled in the old-fashioned way.

A popular brand of coffee a good many years ago was Arbuckle's, and it still may be. It would put vim and vigor in your blood stream, and grow hair on your chest. A pot of Arbuckle's coffee on a cold, rainy night could change a man's aspect of life.

Some folks have the coffee habit bad, and drink from five to 20 cups a day. They are the ones who make it a sort of ritual, and if they were not drinking coffee, they would likely be consuming orange or grape ale, root beer, or the famed drink of earlier years, "tax-off."

I never believed in doing anything, like eating or drinking, according to ritual, so I'll not become entranced with the coffee hour. Besides, in my old age, I've become a one-cup-a-day drinker man.

—Stanley News and Press.

INTERNATIONAL PIPE OF PEACE



My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Judge Q. K. Nimocks is a well-known and popular Superior Court Judge in North Carolina. Prior to assuming the duties of that position, he was mayor of Fayetteville—and a mighty good mayor, too.

Every man who has ever been the chief executive of a city or town knows that there are many calls upon his services. He has to welcome visiting dignitaries; he has to dedicate new buildings; he has to speak on various occasions; and he's at the beck and call of his people practically continuously.

It was that way with Mayor Nimocks.

One day a delegation of colored people from a community near Fayetteville, presented themselves at his office.

"Mr. Mayor," said the spokes-

man, "the churches in our district are having a conference. We'd appreciate it the best in the world if you could be with us on the opening day and make a talk of welcome to the people. There'll be about three hundred at the meeting."

Mr. Nimocks, always obliging and accommodating, told them that he'd be glad to accept the invitation.

And so, three days later, he got into his car and drove out to the colored church where the conference was in progress. Sure enough, there was a large crowd there. The church officials extended the Mayor a cordial welcome and escorted him to a seat on the front row.

The meeting was duly called to order. One of the colored brethren—a preacher, evidently, rose to his feet after the preliminary exercises had taken place, and introduced Mayor Nimocks to the audience.

The Mayor got a big hand as he stepped on the platform. He told the people how glad he was that they were there and he praised them for their splendid cooperation in the progress and development of that section of North Carolina. It was a very nice speech, and His Honor got another big ovation when he concluded and resumed his seat.

The presiding officer then rose to his feet.

"Brothers and sisters," he announced, "as you-all know, one of the important things to be done at this meeting is to raise funds for a new church building. We've appointed committees which will make personal solicitations, but we feel that those of us who are assembled here should make the start, and show the other people that we are ready to do our part. So let's give, brothers and sisters: let's give liberally. If a dime is all you can spare, then give a dime. If you can spare a quarter, then give that. Some of you may be able to give a dollar, so put it in the collection plates when the ushers pass among you."

The ushers picked up their plates. Mayor Nimocks reached

into his pockets looking for a coin. He found none. As a matter of fact, the only piece of currency he had in his pocket was a five-dollar bill.

For a moment His Honor was somewhat disconcerted. Then he decided that after the ushers had gone through the crowd and came up to him, he'd put in the bill and draw from the plate a reasonable amount of change.

So he settled back into his seat again.

But one of the ushers had an entirely different idea. Feeling that the Mayor was the most important individual present, this usher reasoned it out that the Mayor should be given the privilege of being the first person to contribute.

He marched up to Mr. Nimocks and held out the plate before him.

Feeling that all eyes were upon him, the Mayor realized that he just naturally couldn't afford to shake his head; it would be establishing a bad precedent for the others. So he pulled out his five-dollar bill and placed it in the plate. Then he leaned forward so that he might whisper to the usher to bring him some change when he had finished with the collection.

But he wasn't given a chance to do so. The usher's eyes bulged when he saw the five spot. So did the eyes of the presiding officer, who was sitting close by and who also had seen the denomination of the bill. Springing to his feet, the chairman raised his hands for silence.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, "I want to call your attention to an act of extreme liberality which I have just witnessed. We are all proud of the fact that the Mayor of Fayetteville, Mr. Nimocks, is with us today. We know that he is interested in the work that we are trying to do, but I can honestly say that we did not expect any such liberality as I have just witnessed. I want to tell you that the Mayor has been the first person to contribute and that he has placed a five-dollar bill in the collection plate."

Enthusiastic and prolonged applause followed.

"Now then, brothers and sisters, I want to ask you a question. If a white man and a comparative stranger to most of you, feels it his duty to be so liberal to this cause, shouldn't you too make a

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Little Joe Howell, Jr. is painfully injured when he catches his arm in an electric washing machine.

Mrs. Dan Watkins is entertaining this week at a series of parties in her home in Grimball Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Winchester and children of Hazelwood motor to Soco Gap.

Mrs. E. H. Ensley and little daughter, Doris, of Gainesville, Fla. arrive for the summer.

10 YEARS AGO

Bryan D. Medford, nominated for Register of Deeds, leads ticket as 7,300 votes are cast in Democratic primary.

Miss Mary Noland is graduated from High Point College.

Miss Almarie Robinson becomes bride of Dallas Rhea Clark.

Miss Pollyanna Gibbs wins second place in reading contest at Mars Hill College.

St. John's Parish collects 700 pounds of food for War Relief.

Miss Patsy Gwyn graduates from Randolph Macon Woman's College.

5 YEARS AGO

Miss Edith Summerrow leaves on trip to Detroit, Mich., and points in Canada.

H. P. McCarroll assumes charge of Garrett Furniture Co.

Miss Clara Dotson, bride-elect, is honored at shower given by Mrs. Kenneth Stahl and Miss Mary Medford as hostesses.

William I. Millar receives law degree from Duke University.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Did you hear that awful thud? That was our pride hitting the floor kerplunk.

We had expended a lot of time and energy on making a new dress, and when it was completed, we surveyed the results of our labor with a great deal of justifiable pride. So, a few evenings later we decided to wear our new creation out to dinner and set forth with a bit too heavy a load of egotism. Therefore, while at dinner, we were not surprised to notice ladies at surrounding tables looking in our direction—much to our satisfaction.

When we returned home, we decided we'd give another look at ourselves and get an eye-full of our elegance. One glance into the mirror and we let out a horrified gasp. No wonder the ladies had stared at us: all evening we had worn our lovely new dress INSIDE OUT!

The two drum majors in the parade of modern conversation are: "They Say" and "I Said".

We are sorry to have to say it but we are going to let Lady June get along as best she can without our salutations of approval. Look what happened to April and May. We searched the dictionary for all the flowery adjectives we could gather and then wound them into garlands of ecstasy and cast them before the advancing feet of our visitors.

Did they appreciate it? They did not. Or, if they did they had a pretty objectionable way of showing it. They threw cold glances in our direction and blew invisible icicles across our path. They were just as mean as they could be.

So wham! Off goes the calendar sheet with May on it and before our eyes appears June. Come on in, June. As far as we are concerned, you're absolutely on your own. Go to it.

"I'm strong for you," said the onion to the potato. "And I have eyes only for you," replied the potato. The tomato then joined the conversation. "Let me in on this," was its salutation. "and then we will all be in the soup together."

The ballots are counted, the results posted and another election day has passed into history. The successful candidates are thanking their friends and the losers are wondering what became of those votes promised them. The air has cleared away the dust raised in pre-election speeches, and the public now turns its attention to July and August when the BIG show-down rolls around. After that—political speeches, radio and TV programs morning, noon and night. One will have to dodge the gobs of mud flying through the air and friendships strained to the breaking point.

Then comes the November settlement of the question and this will be followed by handshaking and back-slapping of the winner and the Defeatist lullaby for the loser. As the turmoil dies away, the country will settle down to await the next four years and then the whole thing will be gone through all over again, with a new generation adding its weight to the pros and cons of the candidates, and with an entirely new concept of how things should be run.

A little bit of sunshine, And a little bit of rain, Make the flowers grow and bloom. You never hear them complain.

Views Of Other Editors

It was made clear in a Los Angeles courtroom a few days ago that women not only have a right to serve on juries, but there are cases which only a woman can judge fairly.

This particular one involved a fracas in a Hollywood night club. Mrs. A complained to Mr. A that Mr. B, a stranger, had pinched her on the hip. Mr. A socked Mr. B. Mr. B sued for damages. Mr. A thereupon filed a cross complaint and sued Mr. B for damages.

The question before the court:

Was there a pinch before the punch? Or was the punch a pointless reply to a presupposed pinch? The jury decided for Mr. B, who was declared to be a non-pinching punchee.

Who can deny, after hearing the words on one of them, that it was the presence of several women on the jury which settled the dilemma? "We tried pinching ourselves, with and without our girdles, as we sat the way she said she was sitting on the bar stool. We came to the conclusion he couldn't have pinched her," the lady said.—The New Orleans Item.

A WORD FOR IT

Our heart goes out to the New Yorker who pondered the census taker's question concerning his marital status, and answered: "Precarious".—Detroit Free Press.

HOBBLED HUBBIES

Many a man who proposed on his knees has spent years trying to get back on his feet.—The Ellsworth (Iowa) News.

CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

Illustration of a boy writing in a scrapbook with various notes and drawings.

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