

Without a Sabbath, no worship; without worship, no religion; and without religion, no permanent freedom.—Charles Forbes.

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

And it came to pass, that He went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and His disciples began, as they went, to pluck...

Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

Absence Of Debt Service In Tax Rate Encouraging

There is no question but what the budget for Haywood County as proposed this week by the County Commissioners was different from any ever set up in the county, inasmuch as no appropriation was made for debt service.

This of course came about by the fact that the money from the sale of the County Home farm was sufficient to pay the maturing bonds and interest for the county, outside of schools and hospital, for the current year. The rate of debt service last year was 7 1/4 cents.

Another interesting item in the budget was the appropriation of about \$40,000 for additional school improvements within the county, including the conversion of the auditorium of Waynesville High into five classrooms, a study hall, library and audio-visual room. Down at the Crabtree-Iron Duff school a \$12,000 addition to the present shop has already started, while Fines Creek will get \$4,000 for improvements including walks, parking areas, gym renovation and lighting. All of this adds up to make our school system more modern and efficient.

An interesting factor in the school budget for the year was an increase of \$14,000 in current expenses. This was explained by Lawrence Leatherwood, county superintendent of education, as due to the fact that fuel and lights for the new buildings had gone up much faster than the appropriation granted by the state for such items.

In view of the allocations for school improvement, the financial picture of Haywood County is indeed encouraging. We only have to look at other counties that do not have near as much to realize the good fortune which is ours.

'Unto These Hills' Off To Good Start

The enthusiasm shown by the first-night audience of the seventh season of "Unto These Hills," the Cherokee drama, on Tuesday night, gives every reason to believe that this year will be by far the best in performance and attendance that the drama has enjoyed.

The cast on opening night, playing to an almost capacity house, showed midseason form and was appreciated by the more than 2300 attending.

With more than 850,000 persons having attended the drama during the past six seasons, it is easy to visualize that before the spotlights fade out on Chief Junaluska in the closing scene this season, the millionth person will have passed through the rustic gates of Mountainside Theatre.

There have been a number of changes made in the 1956 drama and all have improved the presentation from several standpoints. The costumes are more colorful; the crowd scenes, more realistic; the tempo, just a little faster; and the acting generally shows a marked improvement.

With a fair break in weather, "Unto These Hills" is destined this season to set a new high record in both quality and attendance.

CHECK!

"The average American takes off his hat to Britain," says a New York newspaper. Although there seems to be some delay in passing it around.—Punch.

VIEWES OF OTHER EDITORS

No Time To Cut Taxes

Uncle Sam is taking in more money than he thought he would this year, but surely not enough to justify cutting taxes.

Last January the Secretary of the Treasury calculated that this fiscal year would see a surplus of about \$230 million, Thursday night Mr. Humphrey estimated the surplus at around \$1 1/2 billion. In an election year this is bound to stimulate demand for a cut in taxes. Senator Fulbright has been pressing for tax relief to small business. The Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation recently prepared a study of 22 alternative plans to reduce the individual income tax burden.

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Federal Highway Bill Has Direct Bearing On Pigeon River Road

The formal approval of the Federal highway bill turned a great big green light on the Pigeon River road for additional links to be let immediately.

Since the Federal highway bill was proposed a year or so ago, North Carolina highway officials have been forced to await the outcome. The bill which passed provided that the State pay 10 per cent of the cost and the Federal Government 90 per cent of all interstate roads, of which system the Pigeon River road is a part.

Since the survey work is done on the project from Fines Creek to the Tennessee line and a six-mile link already graded for two lanes, there is every reason to believe that the Highway Commission will push as rapidly as possible the contracts for the remaining area between these two points.

Good Job Often Nullified

News stories of recent days indicate the State Highway Patrol is doing a good job in its drive to catch people who use the public roads for race tracks.

Such races have undoubtedly brought death to innocent motorists in North Carolina, and the Patrol's effort to halt them are deserving the support of every law-abiding citizen of this State.

Those efforts also deserve the support of the courts of this State. The court, of course, must regard a man as innocent until he is proved to be guilty.

But, once he has been proved guilty, the court should see to it that his punishment fits his crime. Whether a suspended sentence and a fine fits the crime of using the highways as a race track is open to serious question. A racer—and other potential racers—will forget a fine a lot quicker than they would forget some time spent in prison improving the very highways they once used as race tracks.

Only if courts impose adequate sentences can the work of the Highway Patrol produce proper results. Recently in Buncombe County such results were obtained when a "drag" racer was sentenced to serve 18 months. Only a few days earlier, however, a good job by the Highway Patrol in Wilson County was nullified when six of seven persons convicted of engaging in or abetting a "drag" race were let off entirely and the seventh was given a suspended sentence with conditions applying to only six hours out of each 24.

Unfortunately, the outcome of the Wilson case was more nearly typical of what happens in North Carolina courts than the sentence imposed in Buncombe. At the very least, adequate sentences should outnumber unduly lenient ones.

—Raleigh News And Observer.

Adlai and Estes have declared a truce. In politics a truce is when your opponent keeps on cussing you, but pronounces your name right.—Florida Times-Union.

Out of the mouth of babes: Two and half year old hung up at cross street while horn-blowing political motorcade passed "Grandma, grandma! Big noise!"—Tallahassee Democrat.

There has been a lot of talk from Washington lately about the virtues of thrift and the dangers of inflation. To reduce taxes on the basis of a prospective surplus amounting to about one two-hundredth of the national debt would be setting a strange example to the nation.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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There's no such thing as a free lunch. There's no such thing as the large economy-size package for government spending.—Pathfinder.

Television is making such rapid progress that the people in it can't lie about it fast enough to keep up with the truth.—Tide.

Some motorists are so poor that they can hardly keep body and chassis together.—Springfield (Ohio) Sun.

Paul G. Hoffman, former Economic Cooperation Administrator: "Despite a startling refutation of Stalin by Russia's new leaders, the basic goal of the Kremlin is unchanged. It is world conquest."

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Large crowd attends rally at the courthouse here to hear President Roosevelt deliver his acceptance speech from Philadelphia, carried over loud speaker set up by Martin Electric Company.

Mrs. Tom Lee, Mrs. M. H. Bowles, and Mrs. S. P. Gay give two delightful contract parties in the home of Mrs. Gay.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Moore arrive from Miami to spend the summer in their home next to the Gordor Hotel.

10 YEARS AGO

Charles Isley, recently discharged from the U. S. Marines, will direct band for county-wide July Fourth program.

Miss Margaret Stringfield publishes book, "The Cherokee in Song, Tragedy, and Romance".

The Waynesville Summer Players rehearse for "Claudia," as first presentation.

F. E. Presnell returns to Waynesville after an absence of 40 years.

5 YEARS AGO

Tox Alexander attends meeting of Honorary Tar Heels at Mantoo.

Clyde Fisher is re-elected for seventh time as mayor of Hazelwood.

The Rev. Paul Thrower resigns as pastor of Hazelwood Presbyterian Church to go to Pickens, S. C.

Miss Alice Elizabeth Siler weds Arnold E. Kauffmann.

Miss Rosemary Herman entertains in honor of Miss Jane Wyche and her fiancé, Archie Craft.

Letter To Editor

"LUMP IN HER THROAT" Editor, The Mountaineer: Would like to take this opportunity to express the way I felt when I saw the group that went to Soco Gap to meet the 4-H'ers from Colorado. A lump came in my throat as I read the placards on the automobiles passing by representing the different civic organizations. That they had taken the time to back our own 4-H'ers made me very proud to belong to a county that gave such welcome gestures.

Our own Extension workers have done a wonderful job of covering the visit of the Colorado 4-H'ers and I am sure each person from Haywood, even if they may not have a 4-H'er in their own family, would like to express their thanks. Mrs. C. L. White.

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My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Mr. Bunn Frink is a resident of Southport, Brunswick County. He is a lawyer and is well known throughout that section, as well as elsewhere in North Carolina. He served two or three terms in the General Assembly where everybody had the highest regard for him.

But, after all is said and done, Mr. Frink is just a plain, country boy. He was reared in the country, he worked on a farm during his boyhood days and it was seldom that he ever went beyond the boundaries of Brunswick County. He was eighteen or nineteen years old when this little incident took place.

Bunn had an elderly uncle living in Goldsboro at the time. The uncle had extended him repeated invitations to come up to Goldsboro and visit with him a week or so. In response to one of these invitations, Bunn decided to go.

He found out that a neighbor was going to drive up to Wilmington on the same day that he planned to leave, so he got a ride that far with him. The neighbor was a man by the name of William Saunders.

It was a big event for young Mr. Frink. However, he was somewhat frightened over the prospect of a railroad trip. He never had been on a train before and was somewhat nervous in anticipation of the experience. He also confided in Mr. Saunders that he didn't even know how to buy a ticket.

"What am I supposed to do?" he inquired.

The older man laughed at him. "Shucks, Bunn," he said, "there's nothing to be frightened about. It's perfectly simple. All you have to do is to watch the way other people do, and you'll get along all right."

It sounded like good advice. The drive to Wilmington was without special incident and Mr. Saunders put Bunn out at the Coast Line depot. He was impressed with the roar and bustle on every side, with the heavy traffic around the station.

Carrying his bag in his hand, he went into the waiting room and, on looking around, saw a window over which was a sign bearing the word: "TICKETS."

"That's the place, I reckon," said Bunn to himself.

He got himself a seat close by the window and waited. It wasn't long before an attractive young lady walked up to the window. Bunn stretched his ears in her direction so that he might be able to follow the procedure.

"I want a ticket for Rose Hill," she told the man inside the little

pulled out a ticket and handed it to her. She gave him some money, picked up the ticket and walked away.

Rose Hill, in case you don't know is a little community in Duplin County.

Mr. Frink settled back in his seat with a sigh of relief. After all, buying a railroad ticket wasn't so difficult and he began to feel ashamed of himself for having been worried about such a little matter.

In a few minutes he decided he might just as well purchase his own ticket, because it wouldn't be long before the train would be pulling out. Walking up to the window, he stood there until the man came up to wait on him.

"Yes sir?" said the man.

"I want a ticket for Bunn Frink," said Bunn in a very confident manner.

The man looked at him in surprise. "What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said I want a ticket for Bunn Frink."

"Who's Bunn Frink?" "I am, of course."

"Where do you want to go?" By that time Mr. Frink was beginning to get a trifle annoyed. He regarded this curiosity on the ticket agent's part as being rather ill-advised.

"What difference does it make where I'm going?" he asked.

The man laughed. "Why," he said, "before I can sell a ticket I've got to know where you're going."

"Oh, you do, do you?" "Of course I do."

"Well, if that's so, why the hell didn't you ask Rose Hill where she was going?" The ticket agent collapsed.

NO MORE QUESTIONS

The other afternoon I was leaving papers in the local bus station and overheard Mrs. Rosa Peacock trying to help a soldier out with some bus connections. Seems he had to get to Winston-Salem by a certain time or he couldn't make connections on across the mountains into West Virginia, and he couldn't get a bus out of Smithfield in time to help him any. I volunteered the information that I was going to Clayton and would be glad to carry him that far, so he took me up on the offer and decided he'd try to thumb his way to Winston-Salem.

On the way to Clayton we talked back and forth and I asked him what kind of work his father did.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK



Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Do you happen to be the possessor of a flat top trunk that has an irritating ability to be conspicuously present and of no earthly outer use? Do you also own a card table that, when folded, can manage to jut out from every given point? And do you find yourself in quarters that cry for every available inch of space? Well, we are and do, and we did something about it. Want to hear? We made a cotrone cover (dark material) with deep gathered flounce on front and sides. Then we opened the card table and set it smack dab OVER the trunk, two legs on each side. It was exactly the right height and width, and now we have an excellent and useful table for which we can find innumerable uses (typewriter desk, for instance). Aw shucks! We're just full of bright ideas.

A fallen leaf is like a broken promise; there's no way of restoring its permanence.

Why is it necessary for noise predominating the activities of the human race? Is it any wonder that nerves are frizzled and hospitals are filled with victims of nervous breakdowns? There isn't a minute of the day or night that unnecessary noise isn't bursting the eardrums of peace loving individuals. Doors are slammed without any reason for so doing; voices are thrown raucously across the street; motorcycles roar along the highways sending their ear-splitting racket through the air. There isn't any time during the night that automobiles aren't going like mad up and down Main street, emitting wholly unnecessary explosions, tire screeching and horn blowing.

Even human voices are reaching up to meet the demand for an opportunity to be heard. A well modulated voice in this day and time is a rarity and should be accorded a proper reception.

The sun tan of today may be a blister tomorrow.

While eating breakfast this morning, it was impressed upon us what a difference a few words can make. At an adjoining table a couple were just finishing their breakfast, and utilizing our minute of waiting we mentally sized them up as a married couple on a vacation. The lady had eaten leisurely and the man had divided his meal between an occasional remark and the morning newspaper. When they had finished, the lady rose and went to the front door while the man walked up to the cashier's desk. "Well, we're on our way again," he said pleasantly, "and I just want to tell you how very much we've enjoyed our visit here. Everyone is so friendly, the scenery so lovely and we want to come back."

After they had gone, we felt as though we had been given a splash of warm sunshine. How few take the time or trouble to leave such a lasting impression of good fellowship!

Some family trees throw a shady shadow.

Views of Other Editors

WHY NOT A FAIR PRICE FOR POSTAGE?

Since the day when a two-cent postage stamp would carry a letter anywhere in the United States, the price of almost everything else has risen at least 100 per cent. Yet the price of sending a letter has gone up only 50 per cent.

Congress, however, is mainly hostile to the administration's request for increased postal rates. Somehow the members reason that the amount charged for a government service must stay right where it was in lowest depression times or in periods when the value of the dollar was at its highest.

There is some ground for the contention that the post office, being a government service, was not established for profit and therefore should not be required to balance its books like a bank. But neither is it necessary for the postal deficit to stand at 720 million dollars a year, such deficits add to the national debt, and the people pay the interest out of taxes.

That huge deficit exists because the salaries of postal workers have been raised, the services have been expanded, the rail and air carriers have demanded more pay, and all other costs have gone up while the price of sending a letter has remained at three cents.

The Post Office Department cannot be expected to balance its books if its costs are continually going up while Congress refuses to let it charge more for the service. Postmaster General Summerfield has put more real business methods into effect in the Post Office Department than any other postmaster general of this century. He has modernized the whole department to the extent of using electronic machinery to do jobs that formerly had to be done by hand.

There is a limit even to automation. And it is not unreasonable to expect the people to pay proportionately as much more for postal service as they do for dry cleaning.

—The Charlotte Observer.

Dr. Thomas Dehler, federal chairman, German Free Democrats: "The German order of priority must be reunification first, European union and everything else afterward."

"Nothing. He's deceased," came the reply. "He got shot. Making moonshine."

I didn't ask any more questions.—(By Henry Diggs in The Smithfield Herald).

CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Clues include: 1. Lower corner of square sail, 2. Secular, 3. Blunder, 4. River, 5. Small job (var.), 6. Conform, 7. Threadlike growth, 8. Protective garment, 9. Pick out, 10. Slants, 11. Mayan Indian, 12. Showy flower, 13. Island off Italy, 14. Grampus, 15. Type measure, 16. Small explosion, 17. King of Babylon (Bib.), 18. People of Arabia, 19. Old world lizard, 20. Prefix to Scotch names, 21. Muse of lyric poetry, 22. Money drawers, 23. Tree, 24. Kind of tide, 25. Granting names, 26. Perform, 27. Fresh, 28. Benoit, 29. Pass, 30. Coronet, 31. Of old times (poetic), 32. Mistake, 33. Scorches, 34. Appar, 35. Fruit-bearing parts of cereal plants.