

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.—Rev. 2-7.

Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

The whole creation is following my life. It is involved in my triumph... Every little weakness or temptation I overcome, every weakness I approach, brightens the future of the world.—Frederick Brooks.

Methodist Message Is Practical

In its "Message to the Churches," adopted at its closing session at Lake Junaluska, the Ninth World Methodist Conference produced a document that is at once idealistic and realistic. Between those two it struck a balance that is very difficult to achieve, especially by a religious organization devoted to the ideal.

Its treatment of the question of nuclear weapons is a good illustration of how the writers of the message met controversial questions. A dreamy idealist would have called for an immediate and outright ban on all nuclear weapons, which, in the present state of international relations, would have been utterly impossible.

Instead of taking that absolute position, the message "... calls on them to support every attempt to secure a reduction in the crippling burden of armaments, and in particular the cessation of the development of nuclear power for purposes of war."

The message thus recognizes that abolition of nuclear weapons is a complex project, that the conditions requiring possession of such weapons must be removed before the weapons themselves can be abolished.

It takes a similar down-to-earth view of racial discrimination, the treatment of refugees, raising standards of living, the adaptation of science to man's needs, and other great problems of the time.

The evils rampant in the world are not to be exercised by incantations or made to disappear by waving a magic wand. The message sees these difficulties and asks Methodists to go to work on them from the long-term viewpoint, without any illusions about quick and easy solutions.

The message can be commended to the whole Christian faith and to others as well. —Charlotte Observer.

Cause Of Business Failures

More of those pioneers who started businesses of their own five years ago are having a rough time. Business failures this year have exceeded those for some years past. They have been happening despite the fact that there has been no let-up, in the general prosperity of the nation.

The chief cause of these casualties is inexperience. Most failures result from the emotional push to be your own boss. Those who plunge into the adventure simply don't know the risk they are taking or understand the importance of business judgment.

With all the prosperity around, there is intense competition in nearly all lines. This is especially true of small concerns in which are found the bulk of business fatalities. The winners in the race are those who watch their accounting, their location, changes in the product offered and changing attitude of customers.

Many new entries in the business field lack the capital to keep going until they learn by experience how to operate. They have to learn the hard way — by failure.

The record will not discourage others from trying. What it might do is to teach them to use caution in making the plunge. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What's the matter?" asked his chum. "Trouble at home?" "Well, not exactly, replied the soldier, "but we've got a freak in the family. It says here, "You won't know Willie when you come back; he's grown another foot since you've been away." —Boston Globe.

Views Of Other Editors

Molasses Sure Cure

Home-made molasses comes as another gift of the autumn, and whether one refers to the sticky substance in the plural or singular, the stuff amounts to good food when spread on hot buttered biscuits,

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Fall Fable

Football is a game of skill and chance played between students of two colleges. Since it is merely a harmless sporting event played in vacuous moments by young men who are unalterably dedicated to the luxury and duty of higher learning, no one takes the outcome of the contest seriously. It is just a game that is played for the fun of playing. The coach is a college graduate and he doesn't care who wins or loses so long as his boys play hard and clean, are gentlemen all down the line, and don't neglect their studies.

The alumni are not perturbed about winning or losing since they were once college boys, themselves, and most of them never saw a football in college except on a few Saturday afternoons from a safe distance. The students, naturally, aren't concerned about winning or losing because they are too intent upon improving their minds and exalting their spirits.

The general public surely doesn't care who wins because it went to neither school and is too busy trying to make a comfortable living to keep even with the income tax man. The general public realizes that this is just an innocuous game between youngsters for the fun of it.

Actually, no one cares because football, like marbles, is just another game, and the object of any game is to have a good time and to exercise the body. Since all these tenets are well-understood by everyone, this fall no one is going to yell "Kill the coach," no one is going to berate the youthful quarterback, and everyone is going to enjoy the symphony of the spangled trees, the antics of the wind, the fine band music, the exuberant cheer-leaders, and the throaty exhortations of the students who are actually getting into condition for debating, glee-club, declaiming, and reciting Shakespeare.

Isn't everyone going to be happy this fall? —Raleigh News and Observer.

Children Still Come First

The proposal of Dr. J. W. R. Norton, State Health Officer, that free Salk polio vaccine be made available to persons under 30 years of age is a very proper one.

Recent experience has shown a number of cases of persons above 20 years of age, the only persons except pregnant women now eligible for free vaccine.

However, it is well to remember that North Carolina still lags in inoculation of persons now eligible. Of the 1,666,441 persons now entitled to free inoculation about one-half have received one shot of the vaccine, only one-third have received two shots, and the number receiving three shots is negligible.

Despite these facts the number of polio cases in the State this year has been only 194 as compared to 299 cases last year. Only 22 of the 1956 victims had received one or more injections of Salk vaccine, and none had received the full dosage of three shots.

The eligible group should be enlarged but children still come first in this matter and every effort should be made to see that every child in the State has not one, or two, but three injections before the 1957 polio season arrives. —Raleigh News and Observer.

A gentleman with something more than a nodding acquaintance with such things observed the other day that to get a proper idea of Eternity just try paying for a \$3,000 automobile on the installment plan.—Sam Regan, Raleigh News and Observer.

and gives one the zest to carry on... Molasses "billings" used to be a lot of fun, and can recall regular attendance up on Junaluska road, when B. T. Branock and the South boys cut cane and got the hoes started going round and round, crushing the juice from the cane stalks... And there was fun around the big boiler when the juice was being reduced to molasses, and the people were getting right anxious to have "a few" for their hot bread at breakfast... And the old folks used to tell us of the times when sorghum took the place of sugar in the household and was referred to as "long sweetening," to distinguish it from the seldom-seen brown sugar which came in on the wagons from Charleston at intervals... And there came in candy-pullings, important social functions of the fall, when great skillets of sorghum would be boiled down, ladled out, and pulled by the boys and girls till it shone golden in the light of the oil lamps.

And they claimed molasses was good for one, that it supplied certain needs of the body, and we guess they were right. After all, the manufacturers of livestock feed have long depended on the crude cane syrup to enrich the provender for the cattle and horses, and it was called the only remedy a while back for an ailment that beset the ewes at lambing time... But we learned of another condition that the sorghum can lay in the shade, Joe Todd quoted a man as recommending it for arthritis. "A fellow had it so bad he couldn't walk a step. I sold him a few gallons of molasses, he eat'em, and hasn't ever so much as had a headache for two years."

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

W. Lee Farrell used to be cashier of the Bank of Pittsboro. A genial individual who likes to joke with his friends and who enjoys a joke on himself occasionally. This incident occurred while he was still with the bank.

Just two or three doors down the street from the bank, Sam Griffin operates a shoe shop. Sam and Lee are good friends.

One day a man from the rural section of Chatham County entered Mr. Griffin's shop with a large bundle under his arm and politely inquired if Sam knew of anyone who could repair a clock.

Mr. Griffin shook his head. But noticing the man's disappointment, he felt it his duty to help the man and suddenly decided to do it.

"Wait a minute," he said. And then, after a moment's thought: "Yes—I know exactly the man you want to see. His name is Lee Farrell and he works in the bank up the street. Before taking that job, he used to work in a clock factory and he knows everything there is about a clock. He's been tinkering with clocks all his life and enjoys doing it. You take your clock over to him. He'll probably tell you that he knows nothing about clocks and that he cannot repair yours, but you insist, and he'll finally agree to do the job. And because of the fact that he just loves to work on clocks, he'll charge you scarcely anything for it."

"Thanks," said the man. "You're welcome," said Sam smiling gleefully as the man left.

At the bank, Mr. Farrell was hard at work at the teller's window, attending to the wants of several customers. The man with the clock took his place in line and waited patiently until it came his turn at the window.

Mr. Farrell greeted him with a polite smile and a "What-can-I-do-for-you-today-sir?"

"I got a clock," said the man, holding up his bundle.

Mr. Farrell gazed at it. "And I want you to repair it for me," continued the man.

Lee's countenance showed signs of surprise. "You mean," he said, "that you want me to fix your clock?"

The man nodded. "But I don't know anything about fixing a clock. You're in the wrong place."

The owner of the clock smiled knowingly: "I'm in no hurry for it," he said, "and any time next week will be O. K."

"But I don't repair clocks," insisted Mr. Farrell.

By that time several more customers had come into the bank and were taking their places in line behind the man at the window. They began to take an interest in the conversation.

"I've been running all right for years," explained the man. "But last week it started missing. One day it'd gain an hour or so, and the next day it would lose an hour. It got my wife all balled up and it threw us all out of schedule when it came to serving meals. That's why I brought it to you."

Mr. Farrell swallowed a couple of times. Some of the customers in the bank were beginning to giggle. Mr. Farrell got red in the face and it was very apparent to see that he was getting worried.

"I don't know a thing about fixing clocks," he stated again. "Yes, yes," said the man, soothingly. "I know all about that. And I know that you're not in the clock-repair business, but I want you to do this for me as a special favor. I'll pay you whatever you charge for the job."

"I don't fix clocks!" shouted Mr. Farrell. The customers, by this time, were showing the keenest kind of appreciation. One of them spoke up. "Don't you believe him," he told the man with the clock. "He's the best clock-fixer in Chatham County."

"That's what I hear," agreed the man.

"I don't know anything about clocks, except to tell time by them," yelled Mr. Farrell. "I'm in no special hurry for it," said the man.

Mr. Farrell made a gesture of despair. Then he did a little thinking. Leaning over the counter, he asked the man: "Who told you that I fixed clocks?" "The man in the shoe shop."

That cleared up everything. "Listen, my friend," said Mr. Farrell. "It's true that I used to fix clocks, but I've had to quit that kind of work since I started working here. There's a law which absolutely prohibits a man in a bank from fixing a clock."



If it weren't for that law, I'd be glad to assist you.

"Well—" said the man, "if that's the case, I reckon I'll have to go somewhere else."

"Sorry I can't be of service," said Mr. Farrell.

The man went out. Mr. Farrell attended to the wants of the customers in the bank. Then he called to someone in the bank to take his place at the window. He put on his hat, went outside, and headed down the street in the direction of Mr. Sam Griffin's shoe shop.

He didn't see Mr. Griffin, however, until some time later, because Sam saw him coming in the front door, and he went out through the back door of his place.

Almost Right

BEDFORD, Ind. (AP)—It was the right denomination but the wrong church.

An out-of-town couple arrived by car and asked for the Methodist Church, where they were to attend a wedding.

They were directed to First Methodist Church. The wedding started before they realized it was the wrong couple. They couldn't leave without disturbing the services so they sat through the ceremony.

Then they left hurriedly for Trinity Methodist Church, but no one learned whether they got there on time.

Hand That Feeds Them

DETROIT (AP)—Detroit mailmen have stopped passing out candy to dogs. They said it only made mean dogs meaner.

NOAH NUMSKULL
DEAR NOAH - WHY DOES A ROAD MAP TELL YOU EVERYTHING EXCEPT HOW TO FOLD IT UP AGAIN?
MRS. FRANK GEISINGER WEST CATAWAUGA, PA.
DEAR NOAH - IF YOU SNEAKED INTO THE MOVIES, WOULD THAT MAKE YOU A 'CINEMA BUM'?
JOE KARR, REGO PARK, N.Y.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK
By R. J. SCOTT
LUSH, FULL OF JUICE OR SUGAR-LUXURIANT.
LUSH, SLANG-6 DRINK LIQUOR, OR SO GIVE DRINK-60.
IN THE PAST 50 YEARS HAVE THERE BEEN ANY BILLIARDS IN GREENLAND?
IS WHAT ANNAPOLIS MIDDIES CALL 'EM. SCUMSIN-FIGUREHEAD FROM AN OLD SHIP AS THEY GOSS UP-48ER PENNIES IN HOPES OF GETTING A GRAPE AVERAGE OF 2.5, PASSING GRADE AT ANNAPOLIS.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

We have in our window a planter filled with growing greenery, and in the midst are two tiny birds on wires. Every passing breeze sets off the birds in a dizzy "swing and sway". It's unbelievable how animate those tiny birds can become in a lively imagination. One can almost hear their cheery "bird calls" as the sun enters the window and envelops the planter in a cloud of golden sunshine.

Plants and flowers are wonderful companions and powerful examples of a perfect life. Their one reason for existence is to give pleasure and happiness. One watches in fascinated wonder as each tiny leaf comes into view then slowly expands into beauty. Every few days the planter has to be turned around as the leaves have gratefully lifted their faces to greet the warming rays of the sun, thus turning their backs on their admiring owner. They ask no favors beyond an occasional drink of water and the soft-cloth application on their dusty leaves. Then they return the compliment by spreading cheer and beauty. A small planter in the window is worth a dozen tonics in the medicine cabinet.

Heard in passing: "Some of these new hats the women are wearing look just like the old wasp nests we had in the barn."

We can't understand... The popularity of Elvis Presley. How actions from far away can come through the walls of a talk and shows a picture on the television set.

How a small mind can control a steering wheel to propel a car at breakneck speed through a filling station, and then continue on in the same direction it had been going.

How a child can say "Daddy" a dozen times and the father continue calmly with the conversation he is holding.

How some people can go on, day after day, without reading a book or magazine.

Why Main street has so many vacant stores, and why some one doesn't use one for a grocery store.

Why we don't like apples, and why anyone has read this.

"Let me give you a rub-down," said the eraser to the misspelled word.

One turns from the television and the radio with the jangle of discordant war news ringing in his ears, realizing the restlessness and uneasiness in the world. Then going to the window, one looks out on the peaceful outlines of calm, serene mountains dreaming away in the descending sun. Long, deep shadows fill the slopes that divide each mountain peak as it raises its majestic head to meet the deepening dusk. Only peace and the calm assurance of unity is to be found on those wooded guardians that have stood as sentinels for centuries.

These are not man-made towers of strength that will topple with elections or the rattle of war guns. They are God-given monuments of protection and peaceful existence... structures of faith in Eternity.

Faith is the light that shows us the way through the darkest days.

Quick Service

CHARLESTON, W. Va. (AP)—Paul Craft of Charleston was still on the telephone talking to the fire department when he looked out the window. A fire engine already was in front of his house.

The truck, from Station No. 2, had been touring the neighborhood when the alarm was received.

No Campaign

VIROQUA, Wis. (AP)—One of the most successful politicians at the polls in Wisconsin history probably won't even bother to campaign for re-election this fall.

He's Vernon County Clerk Bern He Moore, running for his 14th term and completing his 50th year in that office.

Inside WASHINGTON MARCH OF EVENTS

No Death of Ideas For Postage Stamps | 2,000 Pour in Just For Next Year Alone

Special to Central Press Association
WASHINGTON—Whether or not you'll need a four-cent stamp, instead of a three-center, to mail a letter next year, the Post Office department is busy these days wrestling with the problem of what new stamps to put out during 1957.

It's no easy problem, either, for the department has received over 2,000 suggestions for new issues! These suggestions range from a stamp honoring the nation's first savings and loan association to another marking the anniversary of Cotton Week. However, only a handful of the special issues being urged on the department probably will be chosen for production. At least some of these selections will be announced before the end of 1956.

All year long, requests pour into the department for special, new stamps. They come from state and local officials desiring to publicize some particular event or product, from chambers of commerce, from state legislatures eager to make their areas better known, or from members of Congress who want to "do right" by their supporters.

During the last session of Congress, more than 50 bills were submitted for new stamps—a different one every week! Copies of these bills were sent to Postmaster General Arthur B. Summerfield, whose job it is to approve any he considers worthy.

Unofficially, five new stamps seem to have been given the nod for next year. They would commemorate: In January, the 200th birthday anniversary of Alexander Hamilton; in May, the 350th anniversary of the settling of Jamestown, Va.; in August, the 50th anniversary of the founding of the United States Air Force, and, in November, the 50th anniversary of Oklahoma's admittance to the Union, and the 175th anniversary of the Treaty of Paris, which ended the Revolutionary war and made the United States an independent nation.

IN DECIDING on these stamps, the post office chose from a raft of possibilities. For instance, Wabash, Ind., wants a stamp honoring it as the first city in the world to be lit by electricity. Other proposed stamps would commemorate America's first kindergarten, California redwood trees, and the founding of a state normal school.

The communities of Groton, Mass.; Billerica, Miss., and Bath, N. C. are among those requesting stamps honoring their founding. Paul Revere, Amelia Earhart and the late Senator Robert Taft are among the American citizens proposed as subjects for new adhesives.

"There must be a reasonable limit to the number of stamps we can issue," says the Post Office department. But however strange some of the current suggestions may seem, remember America already has issued stamps whose subjects were the Pony Express, an oak tree, buffalo hunting, the horseless carriage, motherhood, pure Have Honored food and drugs, and the first white child born in Buffalo Hunting this country.

This never-ending stream of strange, new stamps may drive postal clerks—and the general public—to distraction. However, they make many voters happy. And the many thousands of dollars that stamp collectors spend acquiring all the new issues help the post office keep its deficit down considerably!