

But thou, son of man, hear what I say unto thee: Be thou rebellious like that rebellious house: open thy mouth and eat that I give thee.—Ezekiel 2:8.

I sought Thee at a distance, and did not know that Thou wast near. I sought Thee abroad, and behold, Thou wast within me.—St. Augustine.

United Fund Campaign Off To Good Start

Volunteer workers throughout America are carrying on a program for the United Fund just like that being staged here in Haywood this week.

The United Fund program has been adopted throughout the nation as the practical way to raise money for worthy causes, since the program can be carried on more economically than by any other means yet devised.

The conservation of time and effort in pooling the combination of fund raising drives into one is a big factor. The workers and those being solicited are much happier over the one-campaign program.

Here is this end of the county, workers are now seeking \$31,000 — a sum comparable to that which was raised and paid out last year. Each participating agency last year received 100 per cent of the amount which was placed in the budget for them.

This community, by their actions last year, seemed most happy with the United Fund program, and from all accounts this year, the campaign is moving along in a satisfactory manner, and those in charge are optimistic over the outcome.

The one major change this year over last, is the time which has been allocated for completing the drive. It was learned here a few months ago that a quick campaign is far better than one which carries over into several weeks. For that reason Charlie Woodard and his associates in staging this campaign have made plans to finish it within one week.

We have every reason to believe that the campaign will be completed within that time, and feel that all those who participate will have reason to share the real joys which come with giving to those things which are designed to make our community, county, state and nation a better place to live.

Before You Diet

Reducing diets seem to have reached the dimension of a craze in this country. A word of warning is in order. Elemental wisdom demands that no one should undertake a diet—especially those of an experimental and strenuous kind — without first obtaining competent medical advice.

An example is provided by two new low-protein diets which have been given much publicity. One is based on a liquid combination of corn oil, evaporated milk and dextrose. The other employs regular foods, but the foods chosen contain little protein.

Two physicians and the American Medical Association's council on foods and nutrition have now warned against the indiscriminate use of these diets. Their statements appear in a recent issue of the AMA Journal. One statement questions both the safety and effectiveness of the diets. The other two urge the people use them only under strict medical supervision. A note of discouragement enters too—even patients on whom the original diets were tested successfully regained weight when they quit the diets.

It is also pointed out that some people wrongly blame protein for causing their obesity and, left to their own devices, may go to a dangerous extreme of protein reduction or elimination. The science of dietetics has proven that a substantial protein intake is necessary to the mental and physical vigor of the great majority of people.

In any event — before you diet, see your doctor.

Views of Other Editors

He Should Never Drive Again

There is a 5-year-old boy in the hospital at Laurinburg with two broken legs—all he has. He is in "traction" and we are told that it will be six weeks before he can get off his back! Then he will graduate to a cast, and who knows when he will walk again and his legs be sound and whole?

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Haywood Men Leaders In Patrol School

We had an opportunity recently to see some of the training program which is given young men who are candidates as members of the State Highway Patrol.

Interestingly enough, the man who arranges the program, and handles a vast amount of the details is Zeb Alley, a young Waynesville man who has finished law school at the University and is now Assistant Director of the Institute of Government at Chapel Hill.

Working with this efficient young man, is Sgt. E. W. Jones, a former Haywood patrolman, who is in charge of the patrol program, and he is assisted by Sgt. O. R. Roberts, also a former patrolman here, and for a time chief of police of Waynesville.

The candidates' day begins each morning at 5:45, and ends at 10:15 that night. The schedule is timed to the minute, and when a young man finishes the three-months course, he knows, and his superiors know, his ability as an officer.

The candidates must study law, safety, first aid, marksmanship, driving, court procedure, interviewing, traffic, and scores of other things which an officer must perform efficiently. Believe it or not, they must even be able to type 40 words a minute, and their performance with a gun is much more demanding than that of branches of military service. They must know how to handle criminals of all varieties, yet at the same time, protect themselves from often dangerous and armed men and women.

The young men spend literally hours training how to approach a car which they have stopped; how to disarm a person, to say nothing of the technical and legal side of making out wreck reports.

One of the young men, who is at the top of his class, is Jon Mac Stinnett, of Canton, a former football player, and who looks every inch an outstanding officer. Stinnett's marksmanship record, and his first aid grades lead the class.

The whole program is one of thorough training, and not just classroom procedure, getting facts from a book. The candidates sweat out their assignments on the field, on the road, and pistol range. To be sure there are classes in law, as taught by Mr. Alley—and according to the candidates, there's sweating in that too — because those who fail to learn all the course are soon returned home to pursue some other work. The training is done on a highly scientific basis, and now on a field and in the new Institute of Government Building that is inductive to the program of hard work and study.

Growth Of Churches In Area Gratifying

Another congregation has made plans for an expansion of their physical facilities — the First Presbyterian church. Plans call for raising \$80,000 to build an addition to the present structure.

During the past few years, there has been a steady expansion program under way among the churches of the area. Several new ones have been completed, and others are now under construction.

In the past six weeks, we know of about five that have been dedicated, with another set for Sunday—Ninevah Baptist.

The Hazelwood Baptists have a beautiful church under construction.

Expansion of our churches is a gratifying piece of news.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Captain Bill Winston is a flier. He received his training during the first World War and has been flying ever since. At the present time he is captain of one of those huge planes that fly between Lisbon, Portugal and New York. On the way over, they stop at Bermuda and the Azores.

Needless to say, he has had all kinds of interesting experiences, although he is a modest man and you sort of have to drag them out of him. Some time ago he was in Raleigh on a vacation and we met him at a dinner party. The guests, naturally, were curious about his flying activities and plied him with all kinds of questions. He didn't mind answering them, and didn't even smile when one lady asked him in all seriousness what he would do if all four motors of his plane were to stop suddenly while he was many miles from land.

There was one tale he narrated which made quite an impression, and we'll give it to you in his own words, as nearly as possible.

There's a well-known resort—said the Captain—near Lisbon, which is known as the Portuguese Riviera. It's a handsome place; a gambling casino, many handsome residences, flowers growing in profusion everywhere and one of the finest beaches I ever have seen.

For a number of years I have been interested in photography, and whenever I visit strange places I always carry my camera along with me.

On this particular occasion, I was walking along the beach and happening to glance into the open door of a cabana, saw a young lady whom I had met on a previous occasion. Several times, in fact. She was born in Paris but is the daughter of American parents, and I had visited in their home. A very beautiful, charming and altogether delightful person.

When I saw her, she evidently was just getting ready to go into the water. All she had on was a very short pair of trunks—nothing else at all.

I waved at her, and she waved back. There wasn't the slightest air of embarrassment about her. "Good morning," I said. "Good morning," she replied. "You certainly look beautiful this morning," I remarked. "Thank you," she said. "Would you mind letting me take your picture?"

She said she wouldn't mind at all. So I asked her to come out on the beach in order that I might take advantage of the bright sunshine.

Without a moment's hesitation, she acceded to my request. There were plenty of other people around, but no one paid the slightest attention to her. In fact, her costume wasn't considered unusual.

"How about standing over there in the water?" I suggested.

She waded out into the ocean until the water came up to her knees. "That's fine," I told her. "Now stand there just a moment." She made a most charming picture and I took two or three snapshots of her. But, while all this was going on, an extra large wave came along and pretty well covered her with spray.

She shivered slightly and glanced at her trunks. I call them trunks, but they really were nothing but abbreviated silk panties. They were clinging closely to her, after they had been thoroughly saturated with water.

Evidently the cold, clammy feeling didn't appeal to her, because as she came walking out of the water, she calmly informed me: "I'm going to take them off."

And that's exactly what she did. "Now then," I suggested, "how about sitting over there on the sand so I can take just one more picture?"

She smiled nonchalantly and seated herself in a very attractive pose. People, strolling along the beach, paused and watched what was going on. She smiled at her, and she smiled back at them. She and her parents had been there for several weeks and it was evident she had made herself very popular with other folks who were staying at the resort.

"Just one more," I told her. "I don't know," I might have taken some other pictures, because she really was a most beautiful subject. However, at that moment her nurse came along and said it was time for her to get dressed and go up to the hotel for lunch. For a four-year-

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Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Rogers, Mrs. Lucy Medford, and Mrs. Carl Medford motor to New York and attend opening game of baseball series.

Third annual Haywood County Fair attracts 6,500.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Norris and daughter, Miss Mildred Norris, of Darrington, Wash., are visiting in the County.

Miss Alice Quinlan goes to Pittsfield, Mass., for a visit with relatives.

10 YEARS AGO

C. J. Reece is named a member of the board of directors of the Haywood Home Building and Loan Association.

Nancy Poston of Bethel is winner of the 4-H County Dress Revue.

Newly organized Juvenile Music Club, directed by Miss Stephanie Moore, meets with Stanford Massie.

Mrs. John Coble gives dinner in celebration of her husband's birthday.

5 YEARS AGO

The Hazelwood Elementary School is one of two west of Charlotte to be given a top rating by the State.

Roy A. Burch, native of Canton, is promoted to manager of the Spruce Pine office of the Carolina Power and Light Co.

Miss Margaret Noland is elected president of the Future Homemakers Club of the Waynesville High School.

Miss Mary Sue Crocker and Miss Jean Childers give party for Miss Helen Jewel Robinson, bride-elect.

old child—I believe that was her age—she was one of the most attractive little children I've ever seen, and I was sorry to see her leave. I hope I'll see her and her parents again the next time I'm over there.

Views of Other Editors

GREATER JUNALUSKA

Lake Junaluska Methodist Assembly has closed the most successful year in its history, with the past season running from May until the middle of September.

Between 38,000 and 40,000 persons visited Junaluska the past season. For the first time in history, the Jurisdictional conference was held there, as were also the world-wide Methodist Council, the Federation of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, and other groups. In addition to these the usual conferences and assemblies for youth and adults were held.

Already plans are being made for the 1957 program, with 31 conferences having been scheduled.

For the first time in history the annual Western North Carolina Conference will be held at Junaluska next summer, according to a unanimous vote of the body in Winston-Salem Saturday.

This will give the churches of Haywood County an opportunity to co-operate in entertaining a conference, when otherwise the individual churches could not accommodate the large group of delegates attending.

Expanded facilities at Junaluska the past two years, have made possible many gatherings on conference and jurisdictional levels, and have brought to this section an increased number of visitors. —Canton Enterprise.

THE FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

I believe the most stirring moment in the experience of a parent comes on the day you leave the child in school for the first time. This can be so sharp an experience that where there are two or three children this ritual has to be alternated between the parents. I remember leaving one of mine there all starched up with a look of bewilderment on his face such as I never want to witness again. I held his little hand and got him registered. As we walked through the yard and corridors of the school he never took his eyes off me, and never said a word. Then came the moment to put him in a line and—leave him. I tried to be nonchalant as I walked away but I quickly hid behind a pillar and watched him. But he could see around the pillar; he had never taken his eyes off me. He just looked and looked and I could see that he filled up more. What an ordeal! Yet I knew that the final decision could not be delayed for long. But there was no law that forced me to keep watching him. I turned my back and started out slow-

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

We have often wondered how a comedian can make his humor so spontaneous that it can reach his audience... stage, radio or television... and have it react with hearty laughter. The lines that seem to flow so glibly and gaily from the funster's lips have been rehearsed and rebashed many times before they reach their final diction for the benefit of the listeners. It seems incredible that repetition doesn't sap the wit from every word until the results would be completely flattened out.

In rehearsals, these performers do not have the assistance of costumes or scenery or, most important of all, the reassuring presence of an audience. We sometimes remark about the fixed or glazed smile on the face of a singer or dancer. The wonder is that they can smile at all while concentrating on the perfect timing of a note or the execution of a dance step that will bring them to the exact second of their exit.

In the making of a movie, miscues can be remedied by retakes but when an actor, singer or dancer presents himself before the live public, he is strictly on his own and a "fluff" can make or break him.

Did you hear about the moron who thought you had to bury the hatchet in it to have an open mind?

As the months shrink themselves into weeks, then days, the campaign speeches grow in intensity and ferocity. Calm observation expands into heated declamations, and words are used as ammunition for frontal attacks. Nary a kind word for an opponent, and if there is a pat on the back there probably is a concealed verbal stiletto in the hand that did the patting.

In just one month and two days, will come the judgment day: not the Biblical one, we pray, but the verdict given by Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Q. Public and family. The political pot that has been steadily boiling since election day, 1952, will be refilled to the top with fresh water and set back on the stove to start its everlasting stewing again. The ins will begin drawing plans for 1960 and the outs will start scribbling on the blue prints.

Oh, politics, thou art a fickle jade but a siren that men will follow to the end of time!

Uncertainty is a bridge that has a hidden broken plank in it.

To those of us who have followed the trials and tribulations of the Brooklyn and Milwaukee baseball struggle for supremacy... and the pennant... last Sunday was a day to be long remembered. And add to this an excellent ninety minute program on television that lasted from 3:00 to 4:30. As everyone knows by this time, the Dodgers emerged a bit shaken but victorious and a wave of sympathy was sent toward the Milwaukee camp. It was a hard battle to lose but, as always, it was a game team and won the admiration of the sport world even in its disappointment.

As this is written, the World Series is still two days off and a lot can happen in the first and second games before this comes to the reader's eyes. There was a time when we took these events very seriously and worked almost as hard before the radio as the players did on the field. As the years taught us a lot more sense, we realized that in one month after the end of the series, the average listener had forgotten who won. And this is certainly as it should be, for too many important things come popping into existence that require a depth of comprehension which should not be muddled up with the past tense.

"Thank you" uses only eight letters of the alphabet, so there are plenty left for other uses.

Letters To Editor

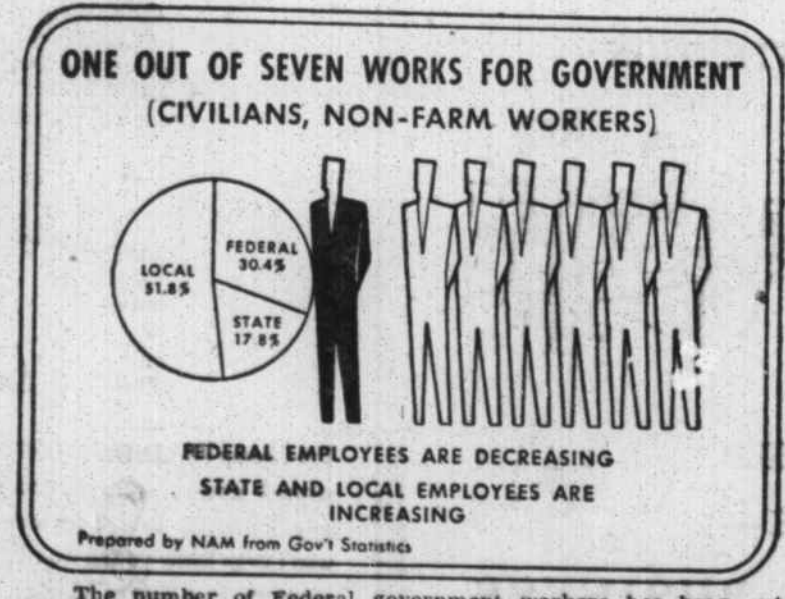
MANY THANKS

Editor, The Mountaineer: Now that the people of North Carolina have endorsed the Public School Amendment with an overwhelming vote, I want to express my deep appreciation to you, your paper and the Press generally, for all you did to help inform our people of the issues involved in this campaign. I am grateful for your interest in saving our Public Schools and preserving the peace of North Carolina.

Sincerely, LUTHER H. HODGES, Governor.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Cry, as a calf
5. Handle of a knife
9. Ascend
10. Ireland
11. Wet
12. Rewards for merit
14. Wayside hotel
15. Music note
17. Showy flowers
19. Edge of a garment
20. Personal pronoun
21. Sphere
22. Weary
23. Often (poet.)
24. Apex
25. Agreement
27. Obscure
28. Thus
30. Wine receptacle
31. Wealthy
33. Measure (Chin.)
34. Citrus fruit
35. Poem
36. Legislative assembly
38. Norwegian snow shoes
39. City in Alaska
40. Remove the skin
41. Prominent actor
42. Voided escutcheon



ONE OUT OF SEVEN WORKS FOR GOVERNMENT (CIVILIANS, NON-FARM WORKERS)
The number of Federal government workers has been cut 424,000—from 2,600,000 to 2,176,000—in the last four years. But state and local government workers continue to increase in a steady upward trend. Only 30% of the total of 7,000,000 government civilian employees today are Federal workers—and half of them work for the Department of Defense, while a quarter are postal employees. Of the 70% working for state and local governments, three out of four work for local and one out of four for state; 45% of them are in the field of education. All in all, one out of every seven U.S. workers in non-agricultural fields and not counting the armed forces, is in Federal, state or local government employ.

Grid for crossword puzzle with clues and answers.