

But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house.—Mark 2:10-11.

We must not sit down, and look for miracles. Up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything.—John Elliot.

Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

Empire Crop of Photographers

From the looks of the number of photographers who went to Wagon Road Gap and Mile High Overlook over the past two weeks, it would appear that there will be plenty of colored pictures of this area within a few days.

According to some of the advertising experts around the country, this particular section of the nation is missing one of its best bets by not having more colored post cards of the fall foliage.

There are some cards being published on the subject, but not enough, they argue.

Perhaps the Chamber of Commerce could induce some of the hundreds of photographers who have been roaming the mountains for the past few weeks, to loan them a colored negative or two in order to get a copy for some post card publishing house for advertising this section in the fall.

No doubt the point is well taken, as a rich scarlet maple on a glossy post card is enough to make anyone stop and look, buy, and even more, to go and see it in the fall.

And speaking of maples, we have some gorgeous ones right here in town, if you are out looking for striking colors.

Modern Disposition of Leaves

This is the time of year, when the average husband finds that there are many leaves to be raked from the lawn just at the time he wants to look at his favorite football game or a Saturday afternoon.

Unfortunately, some husbands take the easy way out, and stick a match to the browned summer foliage, and let the flames sweep the area clean of the leaves.

Others wear themselves to a frazzle, as they rake and sweep, often against a swirling wind, to get the lawn cleaned.

In recent years, manufacturers of lawn mowers have devised a gadget on the machines which grind up the leaves into a fine powder, and leave it on the lawn as a plant food, and added mulch to the grass. This is the best way to handle leaves, and one which adds to the fertility of the lawn for the rest of the year.

To many a conservationist, the burning of leaves represents the burning of excellent plant food, and that is nothing short of money.

You're Paying More In Taxes

"Our tax bill is going UP - - - not down," writes Sylvia Porter, the business analyst.

This may surprise a good many people, who think only of federal taxes when they think of taxes at all. But it's a fact - - - and the reason for it is found in local government. Miss Porter cites figures showing that, in the last fiscal year, state tax collections reached an all-time peak of \$18,300,000,000 - - - an increase of \$1,700,000,000 over the preceding year. State debts are also at an all-time high.

The moral is plain: We must demand economy in the state house and all other centers of local government, as well as in the Capital in Washington, D. C.

Signs Of The Times

The government now uses a check writing machine which produces 100 checks a minute. But apparently, this machine is obsolete. A new one is on order - - - and it will zoom out the checks at the rate of 300 a minute.

That is about as typical a sign of the times we live in as anyone could imagine.

Views of Other Editors

Still Room For The Amateur

A century ago portraits were recorded photographically as "daguerotypes". So were many scenes,

Optimistic Views On United Fund

The United Fund campaign is steadily growing, and according to the leaders, they feel that the \$31,297 goal will be reached.

A number of volunteer workers have been prevented from completing their assignments, and therefore, the completion of the campaign has been held up for one reason or another.

Charlie Woodard, campaign chairman, feels that the work will be completed just as soon as possible, and when the final report is in, the goal will have been reached.

There is no question but what the people are interested, and want to see the campaign succeed. But during these busy times, it often takes longer to get action than in former years when there were not as many things claiming our attention.

Optimism prevails in all quarters that the goal will be reached.

Agricultural Center Comes To Forefront

A group has been organized to work through all organizations in the county on a house-to-house campaign for formal vote approval of the agricultural center.

The center has been discussed here for many years, and the merits and needs have been gone over so many times that they are literally thread-bare.

The 1955 General Assembly passed an act which provided the machinery for the commissioners to levy a tax not to exceed three cents per \$100 valuation for the construction and maintenance of the agricultural center.

So interested were Champion Paper and Fibre Company and Carolina Power and Light Company for such a center, that Champion contributed \$5,000 and Carolina Power \$500 for the building program of the project.

These two industries, like so many others, see the need of such a center for Haywood - a leader in production of cattle, and also a leader in the Home Demonstration work of the state.

There is a definite need here for the project, and according to those who have seen similar projects operate in other counties, the proposition will be a good investment for Haywood citizens.

While the center would be used chiefly by citizens from the rural areas, the fact remains, that the project would be a good investment for all Haywood.

A number of leading business men of the county, in session Monday night, pointed to the need, and openly said they were going to vote for the project on November 6th.

More Recognition For Band

The WTHS band added further laurels to their growing list of accomplishments as they participated in the precision marching event in Tennessee last Saturday.

Fans at the Waynesville-Enka football game got a preview of what type exhibition the band would stage in Bristol, and according to the applause, the fans were impressed.

The precision marching program recently taken up by the band is a much harder function than it might appear to the casual observer. And from our standpoint, there is something about it which puts a little more tingle in your toes, and makes you want to get up and march. For us, mark us down as liking precision better than the other type of staged show given by the band.

Even today many a family is possessed of some box, some dresser drawer, storing a half dozen or so of these shadowed and often grim peepholes into the past - too unflattering to display, too tantalizing to throw away.

For daguerotypes simply tarnish. The images were fixed chemically upon a silver compound coating. And the images, if human, were likely fixed enough already by the long "exposures" photography then required. Tarnish hardly improved the effect. A pictorial record of an era is locked up in what is left of these daguerotypes.

The Missouri Historical Society preserves what is said to be the largest collection in the world, the condition of which it has lamented as much as has any single owner of great-grandfather's bearded visage. And the only known methods of cleaning up these pictures have been either highly unsatisfactory or highly dangerous.

Then came to the society a new curator of pictorial history - a woman with no training in chemistry but with a generous supply of intellectual curiosity and an oversupply of modesty. (She didn't want her name known.) Within a year she developed a process which the technical journal of the nation's largest photographic firm describes and terms "astounding".

Here is a story, the journal pertinently observes, that "just shows the amateur still has a chance." - Christian Science Monitor.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO Dr. S. P. Gay of Waynesville is named president of the District Dental Association at meeting in Asheville.

J. R. Grasty of Ratchliffe Cove finds dogwood blooming on his farm.

Miss Marian Elise Davis becomes bride of Crawford League.

Mr. and Mrs. Thad Howell leave on an extended trip through the West.

Sam Bushnell and John Queen, Jr. attend game in Durham.

10 YEARS AGO Meat, free of control, is now on market in quantity.

Dorothy Martel heads St. John's Student Council.

Glenn Noland is elected head of Schoolmasters.

Miss Mary H. Elmore is elected vice president of the 12th District Young Democrats.

Eleven-county industrial survey is launched here.

5 YEARS AGO State and National Park officials enjoy visit to Mile High Overlook.

Hugh Massie is named chairman of National Apple Week committee for Haywood County.

Dr. and Mrs. Boyd Owen attend ceremonies launching construction of the new Wake Forest College.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Crawford of San Francisco arrive for visit with the former's mother, Mrs. W. T. Crawford.

Views of Other Editors

STATE GEOGRAPHY TRICKY "There are a lot of funny things about the geography of North Carolina," Lynn Nisbet says, and points out that Murphy, the county seat of Cherokee, is closer to the capital cities of five other states than to Raleigh.

Lynn digs deeper into geographical facts and asks: Did you know that Wilmington is west of Rocky Mount and south of Spartanburg? Did you know that Marion is farther west than Mountain City, Tennessee?

Did you know that a dozen or more counties in three congressional districts in North Carolina are south of the northern border of Georgia?

Did you know that Southport is almost due east of Atlanta, and farther south than Athens, Georgia, and Columbia, South Carolina?

Did you know that Dare County is one of the biggest counties in the State within outside borders, and that it is almost twice as far from Hatteras to the courthouse at Manteo by the shortest possible route by car than from any point in any other county to the courthouse?

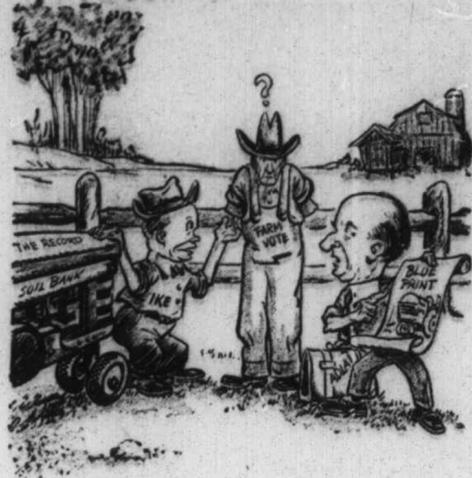
Did you know the Neuse at Oriental is the widest river in the United States, with the possible exception of the Potomac (depending upon course of current at time of measurement)?

Did you know that the Neuse is the longest river with the same name in the State?

Did you know that the Cape Fear is the only North Carolina river of consequence to flow directly into the Atlantic Ocean?

Did you know it is farther from Nag's Head to Fontana than from Nag's Head to New York City? - Watanga Democrat.

DOWN ON THE FARM



My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

This is a war time experience taking place in 1942.

Dear Carl: Some time ago I was standing in Mayor Harvey Holding's Esso station at Wake Forest, talking to him about some business matters.

While we were inside the station, somebody on the outside shouted: "Here comes a troop train!"

Harvey and I went outside and stood in the doorway. The train was a long one. Soldiers' heads stuck out of every window and they shouted and waved at us as they passed by. All of them apparently were in a gay humor. We heard such remarks as: "Hey there, Sister!" "Hi-ya, Buddy!" and "We won't be gone long!" One of the boys - we couldn't tell which one it was - shouted out: "Hello there, Pop!" and all of us laughed.

It was a stirring scene, and as I stood there, waving at the boys, I thought of my own son, Billy, who was up at Camp Eustis, Virginia. The last car of the train rushed past us and a few moments later it vanished around the curve.

"A fine-looking bunch of boys," Harvey remarked as we went back into his station.

I agreed with him. I left Harvey in about fifteen minutes and finished working the rest of my trade in Wake Forest. Then I drove over to Nashville and Spring Hope, working both places, and arrived back home in Raleigh shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening. I might explain that this little incident I am telling you about happened before we moved from Raleigh to Wilson.

My wife greeted me on the front porch, and I could see that she was terribly excited about something. She could hardly wait for me to get out of the car before she started shouting: "Oh, Bill, I'm so glad! I wouldn't take a million dollars for its having happened!"

I asked her what she was talking about.

"As if you didn't know!" she exclaimed.

I told her I didn't, and finally convinced her that I was telling the truth.

"Weren't you at Wake Forest this afternoon?"

I said that I most assuredly had been in Wake Forest.

"And didn't you see the troop train?"

"Of course, I saw a troop train - what about it?"

"And didn't you see Bill and wave at him? And didn't he yell: 'Hello there, Pop!' at you?"

For a moment I was struck all in a heap and couldn't say a word. I just stood there with my mouth wide open. Our boy had been on that train. He had seen me while I was standing there in the doorway of the filling station. He had seen me wave and naturally thought I was waving at him. He had called out to me and I know what a thrill he must have experienced when he thought I was waving at him. He had called out to me and I know what a thrill he must have experienced when he thought I had heard him. Our own son had passed within twenty yards of where I had been standing. It made me faint to think about it.

"But how do you know about all this?" I demanded of my wife.

She said she hadn't known a thing about it until our phone at home rang. She answered it and was overjoyed to hear Billy's voice.

"Where are you?" she had asked immediately.

"I'm on a train bound for Camp Stewart in Georgia," he told her. "We've stopped here at the Johnson Street shops to change engines, and I reckon we'll be here about fifteen minutes. Hurry up and we can see each other for a minute or two."

So my wife got into the car and drove down to Johnson Street. Billy was on the lookout for her and ran out to greet her. They were together for about five minutes. He explained that the transfer had been rather sudden and he hadn't had time to write us about it. And, during the course of the conversation, he told about, having seen me at Wake Forest and how delighted he had been when I waved at him. He said it had been one of the biggest surprises he ever had experienced in all his life.

Of course, I regret very much not having actually seen him, but I'm glad I heard his voice. And I'm glad that he thought I recognized him. Somehow or other I have an idea that it made him feel good.

Billy is now in Australia, giving those Japs hell, I hope. We haven't heard from him in a long time. It's a sad feeling, to have your son that far away from you, but I know he is proud and glad to be serving his country's cause.

And while he is over there, I have with me the memory of those words: "Hello there, Pop!" I hope that one of these days, when I'm least expecting it, I'll hear those same words again and will find my boy safe at home again.

Sincerely yours, W. M. McDonald

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Have you heard about Peewee? Well, here's the story as it was told to us. Peewee was an escapee from a concentration camp. She had been terribly frightened when they confined her but after she had escaped, she rapidly regained her friendliness toward the wide, wide world and held no malice. Her escape was a wholly (and unexpected) unplanned event and happened so suddenly that Peewee could not realize she had been liberated. All she knew was that she had been catapulted from the truck in which she was riding, right smack dab in the middle of the street and the car that had slammed into the truck was lying calmly on its side. All she wanted to know was that freedom was hers.

When she had restored her equilibrium, mental and physical, her one desire was to find a haven less noisy and hazardous. A lovely lady walking along caught the admiring eye of Peewee and she followed the lady to her destination, which was the Palmer House. Finding the front door closed, Peewee sauntered around to the back yard and made herself quite at home. She found the attention very gratifying and the menu highly acceptable. When the setting sun began to draw down the shades of night, the homing instinct manifested itself so she selected a nice shiny bumper as her beautyrest. For several days, Peewee followed the accepted modus operandi and was very happy. But like all things on this mundane sphere, errors crept in and Peewee made the mistake of selecting the wrong bumper one night. She was awakened by a series of bumps and explosions but she hung on tenaciously and a little later found her address was Bryson City instead of the Palmer House.

She is, as far as anyone here knows, still an unwelcome guest of Bryson City unless she has met the fate destined for her when she was dumped out of a crate of other chickens en route to market.

Heard in passing: "When I told her the story was not fit for decent ears, she asked me how I happened to have heard it."

Repetition blunts the point of anything, be it material or vocal. Remarks can be repeated until they lose all character or value to the listener; duties can be complied with until under a monotonous routine they become so automatic they are never improved.

It is hard to understand the limited capacity of some mental operations. With so many important events crowding every hour of the day, it does seem as though subjects of interest could furnish a pivotal point for conversation without dragging ancient articles from attics, articles that have been used until they are threadbare, and of absolutely no use to the listener. Those people who live in a world populated by ghosts of begone days, cannot blame any one but themselves for a limited audience.

Repetition also plays an important part in the work-a-day existence. Some people work according to the click of the clock, and they could tell you to the minute the exact time of the day even if the clock had stopped hours before. Why not turn a corner further down the street than the one you've turned for ten years while going to the office? You might find an entirely new world you've been missing; there might be a new house built since you were around that neighborhood, and the memory of it could make your whole day a bit happier.

Forget that touch of scintilla Aunt Minnie suffered way back in 1910 and talk about that new book, even the crazy new hats but make it up to date. It can't hurt to try, anyhow, to polish up repetition with a new cleaning lotion that will brighten up things.

The mountains are selecting their fall costumes from the color chart, while the trees are undressing in the wind.

Letters To Editor

Editor, The Mountaineer:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I observed The Waynesville High School Band last week at the Southeastern Band Festival in Bristol, Va., Tenn.

This Festival was without a doubt one of the finest displays of marching band exhibition I have ever seen and the Waynesville Band was right in there with the best of them.

The Town of Waynesville should be commended for having such a fine organization and being able to send them to other cities and states to represent them so well.

Cordially yours, Belford V. Wagner, President North Carolina Bandmaster's Association Lexington, N. C.

DOG POISONING DISGRACEFUL

Editor, The Mountaineer:

One reads about the many dog poisonings that happen in adjoining counties and lends a very sympathetic ear, but when such an act is committed closer home, even as far as this writer's personal property, I raise an indignant protest.

It would seem that there is no security to any type of property if one is living in a community with such a person that would intentionally kill an individual's tax-paid personal property.

Not only is dog poisoning in violation of the law, (for it is a misdemeanor for such an act) but it is totally inhuman.

We cannot conceive of anyone who will deliberately poison the pet dog belonging to his neighbors' children or even one belonging to perfect strangers. Sammy N. Haynes Clyde, N. C.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Bog 2. River (So. Am.) 3. Sun god 4. Half an em 5. Cry, as an owl 6. Sea eagles 7. Roll of money (slang) 8. Place for storing goods 9. Man's name 10. Kind of paint 11. Kind of school (Fr.) 12. Bang 13. Confederate 14. Thick wire cord 15. Source of water 16. Regulation 17. Rude dwelling 18. A Scotch lord 19. City (Fr.) 20. Spring wild flower 21. Potato (dial.) 22. Cushions 23. Reach across 24. Anything worthless (slang) 25. Citrus fruit 26. Orient 27. Comfort 28. Short sleep 29. Evening (poet.) 30. Note of the scale 31. I am (contracted)

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-46 indicating starting points for words.



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