

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Yes, the Psalmist was right—"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."
—Psalms 92:1.

Haywood Library Lack In The News

There has been a long silence relative to the proposal to modernize the W. B. Ferguson home for the Haywood County Library. Nevertheless, the board of trustees of the library, and the architect have been putting in some long hours on the project, and today expect the blueprints back from Raleigh, where they have been sent for the State Library Board to check.

The board explained their silence simply by saying, "We wanted to have everything in readiness, and approved before we started talking about the project in public."

Their explanation is accepted, and we expect from the tone of their voices, and determination which gleamed in their eyes, that the public will be hearing a lot about the new building for the library before long.

It was in the fall of 1954 that Mrs. Maude Watson and Mrs. Marjorie Blaylock, daughters of the late W. B. Ferguson, deeded the 5 acre tract and house to the Haywood Library Board. Alex Shuford, a son of Mrs. Watson later gave \$10,000 to apply on the renovation of the home into a modern library.

The time is near when you'll be hearing a lot about a bigger and better home for the Haywood County Library.

Well Qualified For Leadership

The unanimous action of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of the Consolidated University of North Carolina in recommending William Clyde Friday for the presidency of the institution warrants the assumption that his election will be a mere formality when the full board meets next week.

It would be well-nigh impossible to find in one individual all of the attributes needed to head this great institution of learning in the period ahead, which should be marked by renaissance as well as continued growth. It would be absurd to contend that Mr. Friday or any other young man has all of the capabilities which might be desired in a university president.

The thing which is most impressive about William Friday, however, is that, at the age of 36, he has demonstrated a remarkable capacity for growth. There is every reason to believe that his growth will continue and will be stimulated by the greater responsibility he will bear from now on.

Two other things should be said about the man. He has a clear conception of the true function of the University and the responsibility of the man who heads it to see to it that the function is performed. He also understands fully that the University now consists of three units, not one.

For generations the people of North Carolina have looked to the University not only to educate the youth but to furnish moral, intellectual, cultural and civic leadership for all the people of the State. Most of the time that leadership has been forthcoming. All of the people of the State will join those connected directly with the University in the hope that under the presidency of Mr. Friday the days of the University's greatest leadership will lie in the future—not in the past.

—Raleigh News and Observer.

NEWS OF OTHER EDITORS

Trail Of Tears Turned To Gold

One of North Carolina's most exciting do-it-yourself Cinderella stories of home industry has happened at Cherokee, the Indian town up in the Western Carolina mountains. Ten years ago the town had only a few wooden structures, and the Cherokee Indians were making a precarious living out of their mountain acres. They had never recovered, in spirit or in initiative, from the sorrows of their "trail of tears" back in the 1830's, when the U. S. government had seized most of their lands

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Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

Let Us Give Thanks

Thursday will mark the annual observance of Thanksgiving Day.

Since the Pilgrims first began the custom of taking time to give thanks, the American people have placed varied and wide-flung ideas about the observance of the day.

The observance of Thanksgiving is something akin to religion—it should be done in the way the individual feels it is his duty, and according to the dictates of his sincere feelings and conscience.

We have our own ideas on the matter, and certainly have no quarrel with those who view the matter differently. However, we feel that for a fuller life, every individual should meditate, and give serious thoughts to the meaning of Thanksgiving, and to take time to count the blessings enjoyed in the past years.

We here in America have our problems, to be sure, but they are so minor as compared to what so many people of other lands are having to endure.

This Thanksgiving, some time during the day, take time to think it over and lift your face towards heaven and utter a prayer of thanks for the many, many things you have been taking for granted.

— and once started, it would be fitting, and timely to do this daily.

Do you know of any people, anywhere in the world that should be more thankful than those of us who live right here in Haywood county?

Vandalism Will Not Be Tolerated

We are unable to understand what frame of mind a person would have to be in to go to a cemetery and turn over the tombstones. Officers say 13 have been turned over since Halloween—five on Halloween.

The police have issued a warning that such vandalism would not be tolerated, and the person or persons convicted of such an act has been promised the full penalty as provided by law.

Several reports have come to the police lately of a group of teen-age boys who have pulled several dangerous so-called "pranks," in what the young boys perhaps termed fun. The officers differ as to what constitutes fun, and hope to bring the guilty ones to the bar of justice ere long.

For the sake of the boys, and their parents, we trust they will stop their foolishness before it is too late.

Haywood Cattle Are Tops

Haywood cattle ran true to form last week at the Fat Calf show and sale.

The young men who entered cattle came out on top as to quality, and prices paid for the animals.

Haywood is still a cattle county, and the reputation of this being the home of quality cattle is still known far and wide.

The young men are to be congratulated on their success, and their ability to grow and show such fine cattle.

The Mountaineer had arrangements made for a group of pictures of the winners, and as sometimes happens, the best of plans fail to work out satisfactorily. Anyway, we trust such luck will not be ours next year.



The Pilgrims

THANKSGIVING DAY dates from 1621 when the Pilgrims, who had sailed to America seeking religious freedom in the good ship Mayflower the year before, set aside a day of prayerful thanksgiving and feasting in celebration of their first harvest in the new land. President Lincoln, in 1864, named the last Thursday in November for general observance of Thanksgiving in the United States.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

During the war we had some mighty vigilant soldiers in North Carolina and any time you did something that was the least suspicious, chances were that one of them was going to follow it up. Which was a mighty fine thing, but sometimes led to embarrassing circumstances.

Like Mr. William G. Robertson's experience, for example.

Mr. Robertson is a highly respected Wilmington citizen of long standing and unquestioned loyalty. He's also an organist of rare talent. He and Mrs. Robertson spend their summers at Lake Kanuga, but at this particular time he had been called back to Wilmington to play for a wedding. But we'll let Mr. Robertson tell the story himself.

It was on a Sunday afternoon—says Mr. Robertson—and I was riding the bus from Wilmington to Charlotte. I thought that I could use the time to write some poetry which I planned to enter in the Annual Poetry Contest at Kanuga Lake Inn. I had a magazine with me and found in it a page of advertising matter that had a great deal of white space in it. I started writing quatrains in verses wherever I could find space, and finally put the last verse on the margin of the opposite page. This poem was intended to be semi-humorous—which is as close as I can ever get to writing anything funny.

Then I turned to a page further back in the magazine and started a blank-verse poem, intended to be serious, with the projected title: "Would You See God?" I started all this writing at about Lumberton, and I finished before we reached Laurinburg where the bus makes a short stop.

The bus was crowded. I noticed a soldier standing in the aisle opposite my seat, but I didn't pay any particular attention to him. He left the bus when we reached Laurinburg.

In a few minutes, while still at the bus stop, a Laurinburg policeman came inside the bus, while another police officer accompanied by an M. P. stood waiting outside. When the inside man got to me he regarded me carefully and then asked: "Where is the man who was writing in the magazine?"

In some surprise I answered that I had been doing it. He then asked to see it and, taking it into his hands, regarded each and every page with the utmost care. He stopped and paid particular attention to my writing, which was rather difficult to read, inasmuch as it had been done while the bus had been in motion. He turned over the pages and

stopped at a cartoon to ask me what the marking at the bottom of the picture meant. I told him that it was the signature of the man who had drawn the cartoon, which is exactly what it was. I then asked the policeman on the outside if he would mind telling me what it was all about. He hesitated a moment and then said: "You are under suspicion of having made notes or plans of the new airfields between here and Lumberton."

You can imagine how that startled me. I tried to tell him that it was simply poetry, but he said that poetry could cover up a lot of things. I had to agree with him that that undoubtedly was true.

The upshot of the whole business was that they instructed me to get my bag and raincoat and come along with them, which I did without protest. Flanked on either side by a city policeman, and with the M. P. trailing along behind, I was marched to a police car and taken to the home of the chief of police. I had meanwhile shown all my identification cards to the policemen, and now had to show them to the chief, who had at first shaken hands with me in order to show them that there was nothing personal on his part about the affair.

After questioning me for a while, he turned to the patrolman and said: "You haven't anything to hold this man on."

Nevertheless, while the policeman did take me back to the bus

station, they refused to let me have the magazine with the poetry I had so dangerously written in it, and I got the impression that they were going to have it examined, presumably by the F.B.I. to see if it were not some form of cryptogram or map—which will take up a lot of the F.B.I.'s valuable time for nothing.

I must say, however, that the patrolmen were not discourteous, even though one of them did turn around in the car and ask, "Have you got a gun or knife on you?" I told him that I did not; that the only thing I had on me was a pencil—which seemed to be responsible for all my trouble.

The feature about the whole thing that was most unpleasant came from the somewhat dark looks I got from the crowd around us, who evidently had been informed what my offense was supposed to be. They continued to regard me with suspicion as long as I remained there.

I was permitted to catch a later bus. Although I had been put to considerable inconvenience, I was offered no indignity such as a search of my person, and I don't blame the officers, for they were men with a duty to perform, and they performed it according to their light. It did seem rather funny, however, to be suspected of espionage of air fields when our son is wearing wings in the service of the United States and when writing poetry is the only dangerous thing I have done. I have always known that my poetry is none too good, but I had never expected to write any that would throw me into the "Held-for-questioning" category.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

