

For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. —II Peter 1:17.

Whatever Jesus is, the glorious Godhead is; and to have fellowship with the Son is to have fellowship with the Father. To know the love of Christ is to be filled with all the fullness of God.—James Hamilton.

Shop Early

Each year about this time merchants beg to advise us to "Buy early . . . and avoid the Christmas rush." That is always good advice. And this year, it would seem, it is better than ever. For, according to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Christmas sales, auto sales excluded, will total more than seven per cent above those of the 1955 season, for a new-all-time record. The dollar total for November and December is forecast at \$31.1 billion. The Chamber also observed that the 1956 retail boom is healthier than last year's, reflecting a more normal expansion in population and personal income.

This season the millions of people who flock through America's retail stores, in search of either holiday gifts or the routine things we buy at all seasons, will be offered an almost bewildering assortment of wares from which to choose. They will see the best and most attractive standards of display, sanitation, advertising and promotion. They will, with few exceptions, be met by friendly, courteous and helpful sales people. They will—unless their wants are unusual indeed—find exactly what they are looking for. And they would do well to consider what has made all this abundance possible. The most important force in that has been the competitive, free enterprise system, in which no one has a monopoly on anything, and in which the rewards go to those who please the public most, and who offer the best value for one dollar.

Junaluska Has Another Good Program

The advance copies of the 1957 program at Lake Junaluska gives promise of another successful season at the Methodist Assembly.

The program begins June 2 and continues through September 6th, with 32 different conferences, meetings and workshops scheduled. There might be others added before the season formally opens.

Needless to say, the 40,000 people who visited Lake Junaluska this past season will be ready to spread the news about the wonderful place and the inspiring programs which are presented there during the three month period.

Events of the past indicate another big season, and certainly the 1956 season meant a lot to the economy of this area.

It Can Be Done . . . But!

We frequently hear people in public life advocate tax reduction on the one hand—and huge new government spending programs on the other hand.

Actually, both proposals could be undertaken—by such expedients as an extreme "soft money" policy and by turning loose the presses that print the currency.

If that should happen, what would the results be? Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey answered with these words: "This . . . is the policy of deliberate inflation and must result in a return to a budget unbalanced by several billion dollars, with all of the inflation pressures that it would create." Then we'd have more dollars in circulation, but each of them would become progressively less valuable—and if the program were carried to its logical end, would become worthless.

Hope is often a wrong guide, though it is a very good company on the way.—Gastonia (N.C.) Gazette.

A man worries about what the future has in store, but a woman worries about what the stores have in the future.—The U. S. Coast Guard News.

Views of Other Editors How To Make Loopholes

When congress did a complete overhaul on the

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Thursday Afternoon, November 29, 1956

Opening Prices Of Burley Encouraging

The opening prices for burley on Tuesday is indeed encouraging, as it went to over \$59.00.

This is good news for Haywood, where specialists point out that Haywood has the best quality burley in the entire belt.

Since burley is an important cash crop for Haywood, the higher price than last year is mighty good news.

Canton Steps Out Front In Football

For the first time in history, a state championship football game will be played in Western North Carolina—at the Canton Stadium on Friday night when Canton meets Washington (N.C.) for the state crown in the AA division.

Canton took top honors in the Blue Ridge Conference, and then won from Murphy and Harding high, of Charlotte, in district play-offs. On Friday night they will be out to complete their successful season, which has brought them this far.

The Canton team has presented some of the best high school football ever seen in this area. The Black Bears have played as a team, and as a smooth working organization, as their opponents can well testify.

Citizens of this section will be pulling and rooting for the Black Bears to bring to Haywood the Championship cup—a coveted and deserved award for their outstanding playing this season.

An Inventory Of WNC Assets

We want to commend E. L. McKee, Jr., chairman, and his committee members of the Inventory of Assets Committee of the Western North Carolina Associated Communities for the work they are doing in this very important program of promoting Western North Carolina.

Mr. McKee, a native Jackson Countian, called his committee together at Cullowhee last Thursday night to set up machinery to do the job of assembling, cataloging and filing in convenient places data concerning every county in the organization.

This material will then become available to all persons who might wish to locate industrial plants or other types of businesses in the area. It will provide the New York industrialist a complete and accurate history about any county or section in which he might be interested in locating a plant.

The work of this committee and the information it assembles will in no instance replace the work of the individual counties in their own promotion and the gathering and publishing of brochures, but rather it will supplement and assist such programs and provide an over-all picture of the region from the standpoint of plant sites, forest and water resources, available labor, climate, mineral resources, highways, railroads, schools, colleges, recreational programs, and the many other items of information industrial and business people want before deciding to locate.

The result of having all this research material at hand will mean much to Jackson county. Located in Hunter Library at Cullowhee, the compiled statistics, a perpetual inventory, will be available to all Western North Carolina.

This committee is pioneering in this field in North Carolina. Its efforts and results will be watched, and, no doubt, copied by all sections of our state and other states.

—The Sylva Herald.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Meredith Alumnae chapter has meeting with Mrs. Humes Harte, Mrs. H. W. Baucom, and Mrs. Lawrence Green as hostesses.

Fire practically destroys home of Miss Alice Quinlan on Pigeon Street.

Miss Elizabeth Henry, Miss Fannie Pearl Felmet, and Miss Josephine Caba spent Thanksgiving in High Point as guests of Mrs. Charles Byrd.

Miss Helen Ray and Miss Mary Springfield motor to Asheville.

10 YEARS AGO

REA gets \$218,000 loan for expansion.

Mountaineers end perfect football season—unbeaten and untied.

Mrs. John M. Queen, Mrs. J. Harden Howell, Mrs. L. E. Perry, Mrs. Charles Burgin, and Mrs. Nobel Garrett attend UDC meeting in Jackson, Miss.

Miss Margaret Lois Pryor is engaged to James Richard Queen.

Hilda Dotson is elected president of the Youth Fellowship of Long's Chapel.

5 YEARS AGO

Henry Davis goes to New Orleans to see '52 Mercury line of cars, accompanied by his son, Wilburn.

Biss Betsey Lane Quinlan returns from visit with Major Fannie Johnson Reynolds in Washington, D. C.

Brooks Medford returns to duty aboard the USS McKean in San Diego, Calif. after a visit with his parents at Lake Junaluska.

Tommy Rathbone, USN, is now stationed in Hawaii.

Views Of Other Editors

WHAT'S COOKING?

Today when the rabbi or the Protestant clergyman shows you through his newly constructed edifice he shows you the kitchen first. Kitchens? In a church? A caterer tells me that the new churches and temples have better equipped kitchens than some of the biggest restaurants in town. Some institutions can serve as many as 1,000 people within a half hour. They are complete with steam tables for big affairs, "short order" tables for the meetings of the Couples Club, Sisterhood, Mr. and Mrs. Club and the Women of the Church.

Dr. Mordecai Kaplan, the Jewish philosopher, has said that when the geologists of the future start digging up the churches and the temples built during the past 10 years they will conclude that this American decade was the most pious era in world history. But the steam tables, bakeries and barbecue pits will puzzle them. This may send them off on a brand new line or search—to find out the nature of the sacrifices practiced in these huge bake ovens.—The Carolina Israelite.

THE INNOCENT SNOB

A controversy has been raging in one of the Charlotte papers about persons who drink coffee without cream. A columnist maintains that creamless coffee drinkers are pretentious and take their coffee that way merely to show off and thus satisfy their ego.

This hits close to home. We know several of this strange breed quite well and asked one about the question.

If he has any subconscious reason for drinking coffee black, he doesn't seem to know it. He offered a thoroughly prosaic and logical reason for the obnoxious habit.

It seems he took up coffee-drinking when he went away to college. (It may be that coffee was merely one of the beverages he took up then, but that is beside the point.)

He patronized a boarding house where as many as 12 persons sat at one table. They shared one cream pitcher. He found it simpler to sip his coffee black than to go through the ritual of asking someone to pass the cream. Sad as it may seem, he learned to drink black coffee, almost by accident. He still prefers it that way. Too bad one so innocent must be classified among the snobs—the folks who take their coffee black.—The Sanford Herald.



The Parasite

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

This incident occurred a number of years ago when J. L. Suttle, Jr. of Shelby was serving as secretary-treasurer of the Cleveland Building and Loan Association and vice president of the Shelby Chamber of Commerce.

Everett Rogers was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and therefore had to go to Mr. Suttle's office quite frequently about business matters.

One day Mr. Rogers stopped by Mr. Suttle's office in the Building and Loan Building. It was a few minutes after noon and the other employees had gone in observance of the usual Thursday afternoon holiday. Only Mr. Rogers and Mr. Suttle were there, peacefully discussing the business matter before them, with all doors entering the building locked.

"You certainly have a beautiful new building here, J. L.," said Mr. Rogers. "It's a credit to the association and to Shelby."

"Thanks, Everett," said Mr. Suttle. "We think it's very nice. Everything about it is the last word in building construction."

"It's mighty fine to be in a new place like this," said Mr. Rogers. "Everything is so bright and—"

He stopped short, a tense expression coming over his face.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Suttle.

Mr. Rogers didn't say anything; he merely pointed.

Mr. Suttle looked in the direction of the point and was startled to see a huge rat, sitting on its haunches and peeping at them from around the counter.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Suttle. "How in the world did that thing get into this new building?"

The rat made no pretense of trying to explain its presence. It suddenly started off and scurried in all directions, looking for a place to hide or get away.

Mr. Suttle jumped up. "Get something and let's kill the thing!" he shouted at Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Suttle found a broom. The best Mr. Rogers could do was to grab up a magazine and roll it tightly. Then they advanced to the attack.

The rat would have made a fine running back on any man's football team. It darted in and out among the various pieces of office furniture. Mr. Suttle and Mr. Rogers didn't dart. They fell over chairs, bumped into desks and strewn papers all over the office.

Once, when the rat was out in the clear, Mr. Suttle took a wallop at it with the broom. He missed, fell on the floor and rolled over. He had several rather vigorous things to say as he climbed to his feet.

The chase continued, Mr. Rogers got close enough once or twice to make a swipe with the magazine, but all he accomplished was to fan the rat on to greater speed.

Suddenly it darted into the lavatory. Mr. Rogers went in after it. So did Mr. Suttle. They slammed the door shut behind them.

"Now we'll get him!" said Mr. Rogers triumphantly.

Both men looked around. The rat had mysteriously disappeared. They were somewhat puzzled over this, because they both knew that the room, quite small and with tile walls and bug-tight doors, afforded no possible means of escape for the rodent.

Suddenly he (the rat, we mean) jumped from his perch on the drain pipe under the lavatory—at least 18 inches from the floor—and moved with lightning speed around the small room.

"Get him!" yelled Mr. Suttle, swinging the broom.

That made the rat desperate. Looking frantically about him, the animal saw what appeared to be his last possible place of concealment.

He started up the right leg of Mr. Rogers' trousers.

Mr. Rogers howled. He began jumping up and down in a desperate effort to dislodge the rat, but without success.

"Hit 'im!" he yelled to Mr. Suttle.

Mr. Suttle hit, and Mr. Rogers screamed. "You missed him!" he howled. "And you like to have busted my shin!"

"Get out of the pants," suggested Mr. Suttle.

Mr. Rogers unbuckled his belt, drew in his breath, and the pants fell to the floor. Mr. Rogers immediately jumped out of them.

Then they went after the animal again. The room was too small to permit full use of the broom. Another handicap was the fact that Mr. Suttle wasn't at all accurate with the weapon, and he inflicted various and sundry blows upon Mr. Rogers' person.

"Watch out for your own pants!" hollered Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Suttle felt that the point was well taken, so he hurriedly got rid of his own trousers. De-

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT
The USS FORRESTAL
CVA 59 IS THE BIGGEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE CARRIER VESSEL IN THE WORLD—ALMOST A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG. IT COST \$218,000,000.
MARCH, 4th, 1956.
MARCH, 4th, 1956.
MARCH, 4th, 1956.
IS THERE A REMEDY FOR Aching JOINTS FOR THOSE WHO ARE OVER 50?
YES, RELAX AND RELIEF WILL ERASE THE PAIN.
THE SNAIL WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST CREATURES TO GET AN EYE.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Have you ever felt like saying a heartfelt "thank you" when you meet someone who doesn't regale you with a full account of their ailments . . . or of some one else's?

Perhaps the fact that each person lives closer to himself than to anyone else, and the troubles pertinent are of the utmost importance, causes this self-concentration. Every waking moment finds the subject at hand ready to be recognized without even an introduction, so naturally the victim feels that the listener should be equally interested. Alas, this is not so. For the listener probably has a fine list of personal aches and pains that are playing a leading role in his scheme of things. As a general thing, though, the listener is the type that keeps his worries and woes carefully locked in a secret vault, not visible to the public.

There are so many subjects that can be discussed freely and delightfully, one wonders why morbid conversation is so popular with so many. The listener isn't callous, by any means, but sympathy can get a little threadbare and worn out when constant demands are made upon it needlessly.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we only had the courage and strength of character to say "Yes, it's too bad but can't we change the conversation to more pleasant things?"

Be sure you've swept your own doorsteps before you criticize the condition of the ones next door.

We who have never known the horror of being driven out of home and country cannot possibly understand the tragedy of the Hungarian peoples at the present time of this terrible crisis. Pictures showing these desperate men, women and children literally fleeing for their lives bring more closely the cruelty that nations can bring into being. Human beings crawling along hazardous makeshifts of bridges, not knowing whether the next step will be a step nearer freedom or a sudden drop into icy water and death. And even when they have made the safe crossing, there is still the terrifying certainty that loved ones have been left behind to suffer torture and extinction.

To those in this country who have extended welcoming hands and future security, there is highest praise and commendation. Theirs have been the finest gifts that humanity could extend.

Flattery has the hollow sound of an empty bucket.

As is only natural at this time of year, children have a curiosity only surpassed when birthdays are imminent. Every incoming package, regardless of size or shape, is surveyed with intense interest. And the destination of said package is carefully noted by the small fry.

And thus it was with Little Johnny. So you can well imagine his wild excitement when a large box was delivered from a department store. But he lost all interest when he read, plainly marked in large black letters, the words: "Soap, Washing Powder."

What Little Johnny didn't know was that the shipping clerk at the store was the understanding father of a young son, therefore he carefully camouflaged the contents of the box which really contained an electric train and all its fascinating gear.

You see, it's almost here and you can't say we didn't warn you.

Letter To Editor

A FINE HOSPITAL

Editor, The Mountaineer:

Hope you will find space in your paper for this letter, in interest of our Haywood County Hospital. I have heard a great deal of criticism about the service and food ever since our hospital was established.

I had never been a patient in this hospital until last week, not then by choice but circumstances. I found the service fully as good as any hospital I have been in, I have been a patient in Rutherford Hospital, four times at Duke Hospital, also twice at Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, Mich.

As the Personnel of our hospital is mostly home folks it makes your stay more home like. I have nothing but the highest praise for the Personnel and service of Haywood County Hospital.

Yours truly, Lowery Weaver, Waynesville.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Silly neat
2. Book class
3. Talk widely
4. Exclamation
5. White lines
6. Robe (Ecl.)
7. Small spray
8. A river
9. Cry of pain
10. Close to
11. River
12. Twilled fabric
13. Large, heavy hammers
14. Egyptian goddess
15. Greek letter
16. Mexican agave fiber
17. Pitches with lids
18. Ampliant
19. Tidy
20. Marked with small spots
21. Narrow inlet (geol.)
22. Sash (Jap.)
23. Spike
24. Note of the scale
25. Thick cord
26. Flitted
27. Weathercock
28. Middy
29. Girl's name
30. Egyptian goddess
31. Down
32. Valor
33. Uncooked

- DOWN
22. Break of day
24. Spill over
27. Old measures of length
28. Ever (poet.)
30. Apparel
31. Sober
33. Not living (Jap.)
35. June bug
36. Overhead rig tree
38. Godless of the hunt

Yesterday's Answer

- 42. Let fall
45. Digt ems
47. Digit
49. Water god (Babyl.)

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-31.