

Packages For Mail No Longer Require A Printed Label

Housewives will be delighted with a new regulation of the Post Office Department now in effect permitting them to seal all their packages without using a printed label.

Seal them hereafter, and seal them as tightly as you wish, Postmaster J. H. Howell advises his patrons. All that is now necessary is to write "May be opened for postal inspection" above or below the sender's return address, he said.

This new order by Postmaster General Summerfield has been greeted enthusiastically by the public and postal employees alike.

In the past, Postmaster Howell explained, it was necessary to have a printed permission on sealed packages. Typewritten or handwritten instructions were not acceptable, and the package was either rated up to first-class rates, or the sender often had to hunt up a printed label.

The old requirement was seldom understood by Post Office patrons, and it was the cause of much lost time at parcel post windows, particularly during the holiday rushes. Mailers would seal their packages with scotch tape or seals, only to discover with dismay that it was not permitted.

Of course, cautioned Postmaster Howell, the inscription should be legible if it is handwritten. The Post Office still prefers the printed or typed form, but is waiving the point as a convenience to its patrons.

Hospital Could Not Function Without Sterile Equipment



Sterilization of equipment is absolutely necessary and this department is one of the most important at the hospital. It is something that is now taken pretty much for granted and patients hardly ever give the matter a thought. In fact "Hospital" and "cleanliness" are practically synonymous.

Flowers Beat Asphalt

NORFOLK, Va. (AP)—Twenty years ago, Mrs. H. O. Crumpler said, she wanted to plant a garden and the city-owned plot next to her house looked like a good spot. "Go ahead," the city officials told her. The city had charted Evergreen Street to run through the plot, "but that street never will be opened in your lifetime."

So, Mrs. Crumpler hauled in rocks, fertilizer, peat moss and started planting flowers. Soon the flower garden became a neighborhood showplace. Then last month, came a notice from the city public works department that Evergreen Street would be opened. Mrs. Crumpler would have to move that part of her garden which came within limits of the proposed street, the notice said.

At the next city council meeting she told her story and then gave all the councilmen some flowers from her garden. The councilmen tossed the problem to the Public Works Department. On a second look, the Public Works department found that Champion Street—another non-existent street on the other side of Mrs. Crumpler's flower bed—would serve the city's purposes just as well as Evergreen Street.

The Roman goddess Venus originally represented growth in nature and beauty and only in later times did she acquire the traits of the Greek Aphrodite and come to represent human love.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

One of the most dignified women I've ever met is Mrs. Anderson of Greensboro.

Mrs. Anderson had her book club meeting at her house several years ago. There are very few women who can entertain their book club without going out and borrowing silver from the neighbors, and Mrs. Anderson proved to be no exception. She borrowed several pieces from a neighbor, Mrs. Holbrook.

Next day Mrs. Anderson wrapped up Mrs. Holbrook's silver in a neat little package and started down town. She had some shopping to do and, after that was attended to, she planned to stop by Mrs. Holbrook's house and leave the silver.

While in Meyer's Department Store, whom should she meet but Mrs. Holbrook.

"Why, hello, Emma!" "How are you, Minnie? I declare, your meeting yesterday was perfectly lovely."

"Do you really think so?" "I most assuredly do."

And then Mrs. Anderson said: "By the way, I've got your silverware here with me. I was planning on stopping by your house on the way back home and leaving it there."

"Oh, no need to be in a hurry about it."

"But I like to get these things out of the way. Are you eating lunch down town?"

Mrs. Holbrook said she was. "Let's eat together," said Mrs. Anderson.

So they went to the nearest restaurant. Mrs. Anderson put her umbrella on a vacant chair and placed the small package of silver inside the umbrella.

Then they ordered lunch. A very nice lunch, too, according to what Mrs. Anderson told me. They lingered awhile over the meal, as women will do. Finally, they called for their check, and, after paying it, proceeded to leave the establishment.

Mrs. Holbrook got up. Mrs. Anderson got up too and, as she did so, grabbed her umbrella. She had forgotten all about the silver. As she lifted the umbrella, the silver dropped out and landed on the floor. The package busted wide open and silver spoons, knives and forks flew in all directions.

Twenty-seven customers and six waitresses turned around and gazed with intense interest. The manager who was acting as cashier at the time, left his post and came toward the ladies with a dangerous glint in his eye. "Ooooooh!" said Mrs. Anderson. Mrs. Holbrook didn't do anything but turn pale.

"Couple of crooks," someone commented as a buzz of whispered conversation could be heard all over the restaurant.

The manager stopped in front of them. "So!" he exclaimed, then

Injections Better Than Pills? Some Think So

By CARL HARTMAN (For Jane Eads)

WASHINGTON — Some people like injections better than pills, a London surgeon believes, because they hurt more.

"It should be noted," says Dr. Richard Robert Wilcox of St. Mary's Hospital, "that the majority of patients prefer to undergo injections, sometimes painful ones, rather than swallow other remedies such as pills and so forth, perhaps in accordance with the theory that 'something that doesn't hurt can't do any good.'"

Dr. Wilcox was talking about yaws, a dirt-spread tropical disease that looks like syphilis but isn't. He attended a conference recently at Bangkok, Siam, where there were discussions of the battle against it in Haiti, Columbia, Ecuador, Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines and other areas. His statement of encouraging results was issued here by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau.

The conviction grew among the conferees, he said, that one to three injections of phenicillin at intervals of a few days can definitely cure a patient. In addition to his liking it better, the treatment seems to be more effective and less dangerous than pill-swallowing. The pills take longer, too, and the patient sometimes forgets them. Total cost of the injection is about \$3 per person.

Up to the end of last year nearly 8 million people had been examined in Haiti, Indonesia, Thailand and the Philippines under a program of the World Health Organization. U. S.-assisted Point Four teams have been working in Ecuador and Columbia.

One of the doctors' main problems, Dr. Wilcox reported, is superstition. One primitive remedy is to make the patient swallow a medicine brewed from a certain kind of snake—apparently because the snake's markings resemble those of the disease on the human skin. In some places there is a belief that "the men will not be strong and able to face life successfully unless they have contracted some very spectacular form of yaws."

Children are sometimes deliberately infected at an early age, he found, so that their bodies are mutilated by the time they are 12. "The face," he said, "may lose all human aspect and become nothing more than a nightmarish mask worthy of the legends of the Middle Ages."

waited for the ladies to say something.

"It's perfectly all right," said the helpful Mrs. Holbrook.

The manager laughed mirthlessly.

"So it's your silver, is it?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holbrook. "Look—it's got my initial engraved on it."

She held up several pieces for his inspection and finally satisfied him that the silver didn't belong to him.

"All right," he finally said, as he left them.

Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Anderson picked up all the pieces and left the restaurant to the accompaniment of such remarks as: "Bet they stole it somewhere else." "Look right respectable, too, don't they?" and other comments of that type.

It took them a couple of days to get over it.

Lake Victoria is the largest lake in Africa and the chief reservoir of the Nile.

Texas Bird Shelter

GALVESTON, Tex. (AP)—One of few places in North America where the roseate spoonbill will nest is a small island which would have disappeared years ago had not Texas saved it.

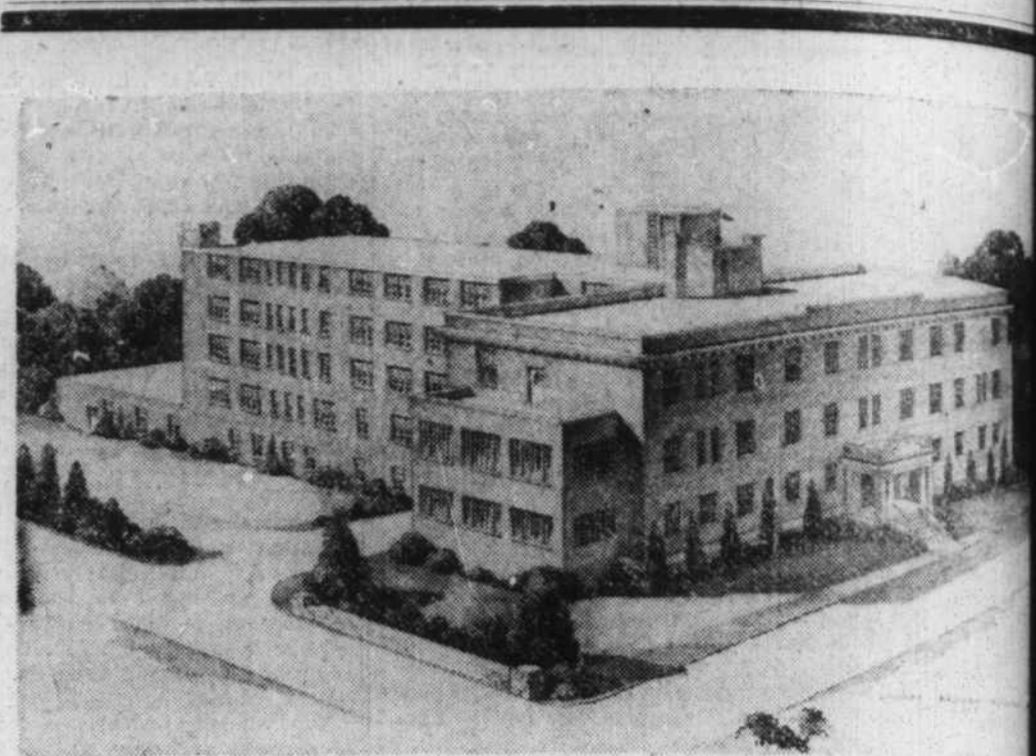
It is Vinton Island in Galveston Bay. When members of the Outdoor Nature Club of Houston

discovered the exotic bird nesting on the island in 1930, they also saw that the island was eroding away.

Club members planted oleanthers, hackberries and other shrubs and trees to hold the soil. The plants also furnished the birds with more shade and nesting sites. Now the roseate spoonbill is often joined by Louisiana herons, black-crowned

night herons, great blue snow egrets and Glossy Ibis. The island has been declared a sanctuary by the Texas Game and Fish Commission.

In England, the practice of "wakes" over a dead body seems to be older than Christianity and in pre-Christian times was designed to guard the body from evil spirits.



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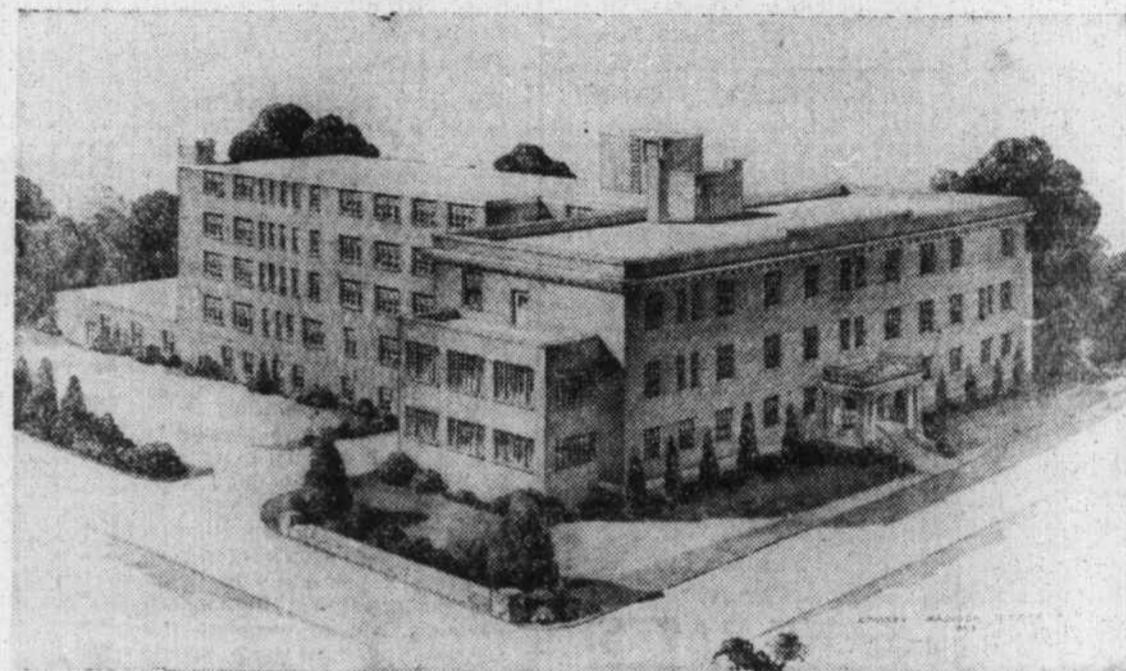
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