

Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea.—I Cor. 10:1.

Ignorance breeds monsters in the vacancies of the soul that are by the varieties of knowledge. Ignorance thrones the idea of law like a throne in its straddles.—Horace Mann.

Spring, Summer And Fall

A matter of much interest is the news about plans of the Haywood Highlanders in broadening their promotion program in an effort to extend the season — open earlier, and close later.

This is not a new idea. Neither is it an idea that has not been needed to be put into force for many, many years.

The same idea has been proven practical, and profitable by some tourist areas right here in Western North Carolina — Fontana Village, is a good example.

The longer season will come when the operators prepare, plan, and work towards that end. We have maintained this fact down through the years, and have found that our stand on the matter has been proven correct by a successful program at Fontana.

We are elated to know that the Haywood Highlanders are starting early in the plans for 1955, and are making the spring and fall seasons their chief concern. There are more and more people who are making trips in the spring and fall than ever before, and it is the wise operator who gears his plans accordingly.

As plans are being made for the coming season, it must be remembered that there will be fewer places on the coast catering to tourists this season than last since many places have been destroyed. In view of this, it is important that the promotion and planning get under way earlier, because one thing is dead certain, people are going some place, and with the proper persuasion, and information, they can be brought here — in the spring, summer and fall.

Festival Weather As Usual

Now comes the question: "Why wasn't the Tobacco Festival staged earlier, in order that we could get some rain sooner?"

Typical of the usual Festival weather, it rained. But fortunately, no snow, or sleet.

On the other side of the picture, the damp weather made it much better for handling of the tobacco. And somehow, when the sun is shining, and everything is gay outdoors, it seems that the even best indoor show appears drab and dull. While on the other hand, when it is wet, and dreary outside, the show inside takes on an atmosphere of cheerfulness, color, and gaiety.

So no matter the weather, the show goes on, and we feel that the Tobacco Harvest Festival, and Home Demonstration Club Exhibits event is destined to grow larger and larger as the years roll by. There is a lot of work that goes into the festival, that makes it a growing institution.

Has The Time Come For Rural Fire Protection?

The Clyde Fire Department now boasts of a modernized truck, housed in a fine building, with an alarm system equal to that of much larger towns.

Not only are the people of Clyde justified in the pride of their department, but the whole county is happy.

This modernized department makes four in Haywood. Each of the incorporated towns now have departments that are above the average for the population of the respective towns.

While all four towns have, to a large degree, to depend upon volunteer firemen to assist the full-time men, it is a note of encouragement to know the interest the volunteers take in their work, and the manner in which they go about saving property.

Now with four modern departments in the four towns of the county, the fact remains that the rural areas have no established protection. With the towns serving as a basis for a county system, we wonder if the time is not here to work out a county-wide system of protecting rural property? Property owners within the four towns are proud of their departments, and the protection the excellent fire departments offer.

Haywood enjoys an excellent system of forest fire protection, with state and federal men, efficient and alert to cope with the fires in the forests.

Yet, the rural home owner has protection for his wood lands, but no organized protection for his home.

Out-Of-State Farm Tours Revived

All indications are that the annual out-of-state farm tour will be resumed this coming summer.

A group of 200 enthusiastic former tour-makers meeting at Camj Schaub Saturday night, decided without question, that the tours should be resumed.

Just where the 1955 tour will go is to be recommended by a special committee now at work on the assignment.

Haywood folk who have made the tours are warm in their praise of the benefits they received from them, and the many advantages offered by the group travel plan.

The tour plan has also brought Haywood much favorable publicity, but perhaps more valuable than even that, has been the bringing together of Haywood people for a week or more on the trips that had never known each other before. The plan has enabled many people to take the planned and guided trips that perhaps would not have undertaken such a trip on their own.

We expect there will be many people who will make the 13th tour, regardless of which way it heads.

A Boost For Christmas Business

Starting Monday, the channels of trade in this community should definitely feel the impact of \$20,000 to \$22,000 which will be distributed to the 225 people who have accounts in the Christmas Club of the First National Bank.

The Club plan, while only in the first year, has proven highly successful, and those who have put in from 50 cents to \$5 per week are highly pleased that they now have a lump sum of cash coming their way.

The plan is educational, in that it is a means of making possible those things which perhaps under ordinary circumstances, would not be available. The savings will for the most part, be spent on the Christmas program of the participants, and will make the economic side of the yuletide season easier.

In case you are interested, there are exactly 30 shopping days until Christmas.

RINGSIDE SEAT



Looking Back Through The Years

**20 YEARS AGO**  
Judge William H. Smathers has the honor of being the first Democratic State Senator from Atlantic County, N. J. in over 60 years.

**10 YEARS AGO**  
Cpl. Victor Nobeck is spending furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Nobeck.

**5 YEARS AGO**  
Mrs. R. C. Lane is appointed chairman of the Christmas Seal Sale.

Mrs. J. K. Boone is honored on her 91st birthday at a luncheon given by her daughter, Mrs. Hugh Massie.

Mrs. Grover C. Davis and Mrs. T. L. Bramlett are hostesses of a bridge party.

Dwight Williams is winner of corn-growing contest.

Slack's Store is being remodeled and enlarged.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

It was during the last war that this episode took place. They entered the Pullman club car at Washington, D. C. A nice-looking couple. She was about 24 years old and very pretty. Brunette. He wore an Army uniform, and the stripes on his sleeves indicated that he was a top sergeant. Nice looking young fellow.

They took the two vacant chairs directly across the aisle from where I was sitting.

It wasn't at all unusual to see soldiers and their wives traveling from one point to another in those days. In most instances, it was a case of a man getting transferred from one training camp to another. If he was fortunate and had the money to take care of expenses, he could have his wife live in some close-by town or village. And then, when he was moved to some other place, he would take her along with him.

That's the way I had this particular couple sized up. And from the way they acted, I got the impression that perhaps they had been married only a short while.

He was very thoughtful and considerate of her comfort. He asked her if she wanted him to lower the shade. He inquired whether she wouldn't like to have something to read. Occasionally they exchanged sweet smiles.

It was nice to sit there, just looking at them.

And it's funny how you paint mental pictures of little incidents like that. Boy volunteers or is drafted into the service. Girl disconsolate and unhappy. They've been sweethearts for several years. She may never see him again. They decide to get married, and they do get married.

He goes to camp. She wants to be close to him as long as he remains in this country. Finally, the time approaches when he's heading for Europe or the South Pacific. She is left behind. Long months of waiting. And then, in the end, either a heart-breaking message or a happy return home.

I couldn't help but hear snatches of the conversation that passed between the two of them:

"You'll write often, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'll be thinking of you all the time."

And so on.

"Will you, darling?"

The train sped rapidly on its way toward New York. The couple weren't interested in anybody else in the car except themselves.

Finally we approached Philadelphia. In a few minutes the train stopped at the 30th street station. The Sergeant and the girl got up. He picked up her suitcase and the two of them started for the door.

I rose to my feet and touched him on the shoulder as he passed by. He looked around, an expression of surprise upon his countenance.

"You've forgotten your bag," I told him, pointing to where it rested along-side the chair which he had been occupying.

"That's O. K.," he said with a smile. "I'll be back in just a moment. Thanks a lot, though."

And sure enough, immediately after the train started, I saw him coming back down the aisle—alone. He took the same seat which he had previously occupied.

The sun was shining squarely in my eyes, so after a little while I took the vacant seat next to him.

"Sun's bothering me," I explained.

"It sure can worry you when it shines right squarely in your face," he agreed.

For a moment or two nothing was said. Then he turned and asked: "You from this part of the country?"

"No, I'm from North Carolina."

"Is that a fact! I was down at Fort Bragg for three months. Swell place, too. I really enjoyed the work down there."

"Where are you going now?"

"Up to a camp near New York. I expect it won't be long before they'll be shipping me overseas. I sure would like to get into that fighting in Italy."

"Been in the army long?" I asked.

"Almost a year," he answered.

We chatted a while longer. He told me that his home was in Springfield, Ohio, and that he was halfway through college when he enlisted.

"And you got married in the meantime?" I suggested.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Hell, No!" he exclaimed. "I'm not married."

"Oh, excuse me! I had an idea that that was your wife who got off in Philadelphia."

"My wife?"

"Yes."

He laughed. "That's a good one!" he said. "What made you think she was my wife?"

"Well—er—ah, I was slightly embarrassed as to what to say."

"No," he added, "Thank goodness I'm not married. But she was a cute little kid, wasn't she?"

I agreed. And then I suggested that maybe she was some old friend from his home town.

"No, she's not," he replied. "To tell the truth I never saw her before in my life until we were standing together outside the train-gate in Washington, waiting to get aboard. Her name — (he reached into a pocket and pulled out an envelope)—is Myrtle Everett. She's a stenographer in a lawyer's office."

"Oh," I said. And that was all that I could say. But I believe I'm through making mental pictures.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

With the figures on the calendar sternly pointing to the exactly five weeks lie between us and Christmas, we begin to sink feeling. The counters in the shops, and the advertisements in the papers constantly remind us that it's later than we think. This in mind, we are in the mood to proffer some suggestions. We have seen in the shops that may offer some suggestions gift-giving.

To those of us living in small quarters, space for Christmas preparations is a serious affair. We have solved it this way. We get low cardboard or corrugated-board boxes, the super market type, and into it goes everything (we mean everything) that we need for our Christmas get-readiness, such as cards, ribbons, plain and fancy wrappings, cord, tissue, gummed tape, etc. We purchase gifts or complete making them, in the boxes. We also include a list of prospective recipients and the gifts we want; thus lessening last minute panic which includes hurriedly for the little things that have a fantastic ability to make themselves until you buy more, and then they turn up mysteriously after Christmas, reposing in exactly the spot where you have "stepped times. We cover this box and contents with a plastic cloth and slide it under the bed, where it can easily be retrieved when wanted.

Nothing grows to maturity as fast as gossip.

A friend told us this about a young man they knew. The man was about five and had come with his parents to call on Mrs. Abbe. Later, Mrs. Abbe served refreshments and asked guests whether they preferred coffee, tea, milk or a soft drink. She turned to Little Johnny and said: "What will you have to drink?" The little boy very solemnly replied: "Thank you, I don't drink."

"... if winter comes," we certainly have been dreading.

Remember when the "singing" telegram was quite the thing. Now we have the singing commercial on the air and the radio mobiles are riding on it high, wide and handsome. So as to be with the procession, WSM (Nashville) radio station has some musical overtures (and quite nifty they are, too).

As a general thing, the voices are way above the average very pleasing to the ear. But we must confess the matter of the age is built for the occasion and slips heavily off the merry road. Many a familiar tune is called into action and parodies fit the situation.

Any one having a B. A. (bank account) and a yen for a party will certainly have to close his eyes and say "everybody's mope. I'll take this one," for every mope having the party has such attractive features, it's hard to resist them.

You sometimes take a chance with a chance acquaintance.

Voice of the People

What do you think of the Christmas Club Savings plan at the First National Bank of Waynesville?

**Bob Wilson**—I think it's a wonderful plan on the part of the bank. It's a grand device to help people to save.

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**Mrs. Charles Ross**—I think it's a wonderful plan on the part of the bank. It's a grand device to help people to save.

**Betsey Lane Quintana**—I think it's a wonderful plan on the part of the bank. It's a grand device to help people to save.

**J. L. Carville**—I think it's a wonderful plan on the part of the bank. It's a grand device to help people to save.

**Myrtle P. Harrell**—I think it's a wonderful plan on the part of the bank. It's a grand device to help people to save.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Male deer
- Refuse of grapes
- Shell for cream
- Medley
- A barrier
- Father (title of priest)
- Indefinite article
- East-south-east (abbr.)
- Epoch
- Disagrees
- Roman pound
- Native of Scotland
- Caked tobacco ash in a pipe
- Conjunction
- Court
- Gazes fixedly
- Center
- Exclamation
- Old Norse works
- Web-like membrane
- Falter
- Old Norse works
- Web-like membrane
- Flesh of calf
- City (Algeria)
- Anglo-Saxon verb

DOWN

- Picturesque
- Unit of weight
- One's forefathers
- Web-footed birds
- Swab-like device
- A wing
- To go on horseback
- Enclosed space for livestock
- Crazes
- Comfort
- Remnant
- Couch
- Drap.
- as a boat
- Early American defense
- arcs
- Irish playwright
- Juice of plants
- Entertainingly
- God of love
- Pass a line through a block

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

