

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly,  
 yes, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.  
 —Psalm 18:10.

What is human is immortal.  
 —Bulwer-Lytton.

## Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

### Interest Of Young People In Safety Puts Grave Responsibility On Adults

The day-long program in Haywood Tuesday was designed to make us aware of the need of more safety measures by everyone who uses the streets and highways — as drivers or pedestrians — we feel the program was a worthwhile effort.

Such a program is needed ever so often, just as the human body needs rest, and a periodic check-up by a physician. We need time out to meditate, and think things over. It is not that so many are intentionally careless, but as some of our young people often say, "we slip into a groove" and go along from force of habit, and too often without reasoning.

One of the most encouraging factors of the entire program was the response and interest of the young people.

And a large part of the audience of 600 at the court house on Tuesday night was made up of young people, who are anxious as well as concerned about safety on the highways.

The interest of the young people in this program, without a doubt, places more responsibilities on the adult drivers and pedestrians. The adults should, by their actions, set the examples, and demonstrate at all times, the utmost in safety everywhere.

The program was wholesome. It was inspiring, and should be repeated more often. The steering committee named to work out a safety program for the community is charged with a grave, and big responsibility. And as Lt. H. C. Johnson so ably told the attentive audience Tuesday night: "This is a problem of everyone, yet there is no easy, convenient, or cheap way."

We can add one other thought — safety, like religion, is not something for just occasional use — but is needed to be lived and practiced every minute of every day.

Haywood can well be proud of going about this important matter in such a business-like, and practical manner.

### Varying Curriculums

Recently we pointed to the action of the trustees of the University of North Carolina which will require entrance examinations of all students entering the University. Along that line of thought we pointed out that high school standards would have to be raised in order to meet the high entrance examinations of colleges.

Other newspapers have editorialized along the same line, and in The Greensboro Daily News there appeared this timely, and interesting view on the subject:

Maintaining North Carolina's public schools in the difficult days ahead is sure to overshadow all other problems.

But until that crisis arrives, we should not forget other issues. Among these is the fact that our school standards are not nearly high enough — or uniform.

The Chatham News has come across a situation in point: A friend of the editor reported that he had moved from a small town to a larger city and left his family behind, except that he had taken his high school son along to go to the city school. This he did, not because the son was doing poorly in the small school but rather too well. When the boy got to the city school his A's and A-pluses turned into B's.

In trying to figure out why this happened, our Chatham contemporary decided that the small town boy did not suddenly become less smart:

The city schools simply maintain high curricular standards. In them are taught subjects not available to youngsters in rural schools. There is more emphasis, it can be concluded, on college preparation in city schools than there is in rural schools. The latter conclusion can be attested to by statistics indicating that more than 40 per cent of city school graduates go to college while only 25 per cent of rural school graduates do likewise.

While we are giving thought to means for preserving our public schools, we must not relax efforts to raise standards uniformly, especially in small town and rural schools.

### But It Did Happen Here

Since we are snugly nestled up here in the towering mountains of the Smokies, most of us have felt we were immune from devastating winds, storms, and twisters.

The baby twister which dipped down on the southern slope of Richland Ridge, near Lake Logan about 10 days ago, and the damage discovered a week later, proves that while we are relatively safe from such destructive forces of Nature, we are still not absolutely immune.

Fortunately, there was no one in the building destroyed, and the damage was kept to a minimum, as the baby twister hit a remote section of the county, high up on the mountainside.

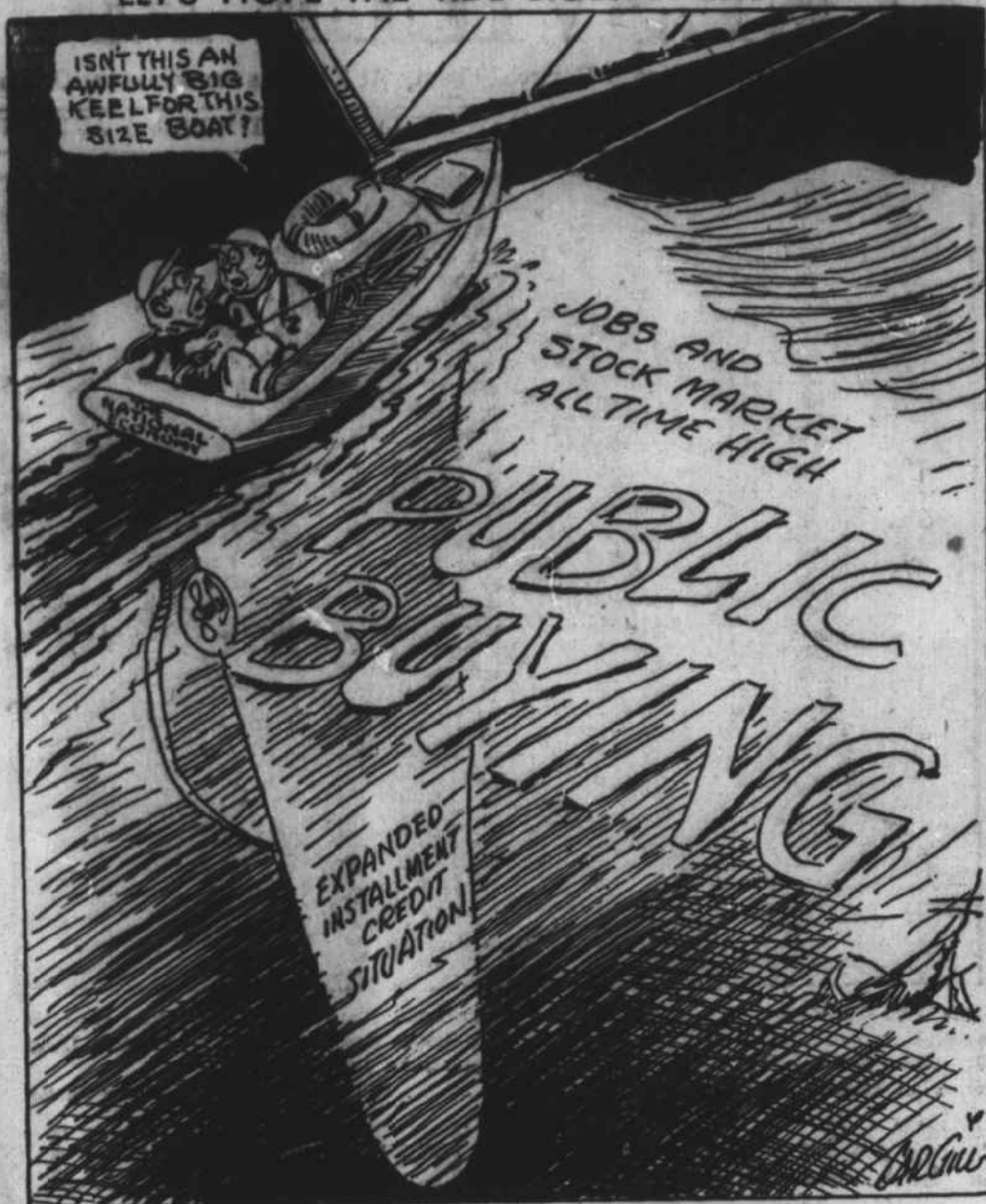
The fact that "it did happen here" will perhaps give us a new feeling about the destructive forces of Mother Nature, and at the same time let us realize anew that we are blessed in living in an area so seldom visited by devastating storms.

### HOLLYWOOD DICTATORS

In Euproe, a man in riding pants surrounded by yes-men is called a dictator. Over here he is called a movie director—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

Some of the fellows who complained excessively about dust last summer, are now having a time trying to keep their feet dry.

### LET'S HOPE THE TIDE DOESN'T GO OUT



### Views of Other Editors

#### CAR RACING ON HIGHWAYS STIRS HAYWOOD

"I was delighted at being among the ranks of hot-rod racers—that is until 30 seconds after 5:58 on last Monday afternoon. Then it was that my racing career ended."

"Monday morning I was told that my car was not as fast as another. We agreed to drive it out, and see. We started. It was about dark. In a split second—a wreck."

These are excerpts from a vivid story by Edgar "Toby" Ray as told to W. Curtis Russ and published in The Waynesville Mountaineer.

They refer to a race between two cars. One a 1947 model, left Highway 19-A and crashed 30 feet below in Richland Creek at Saunook in Haywood County.

Two Waynesville teen-agers, Dale Gilliland and David Richard Ray, the latter a brother of Edgar Ray, were painfully injured and hospitalized.

This car-racing accident on a public highway has aroused public sentiment to such an extent in Haywood County that a mass meeting has been called to be held in the Courthouse at Waynesville tomorrow night at 8 o'clock.

The purpose is to discuss a plan of safety aimed at curbing racing on highways. During the day a state highway patrolman will speak at each county high school.

Commenting on plans for the mass meeting, State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Edward Scheidt, Raleigh, expressed his approval and offered cooperation.

The citizens of Haywood are showing commendable interest, zeal and concern in seeking to curb a dangerous practice, for the Saunook accident is no isolated instance.

Racing, in fact, according to Commissioner Scheidt, is about as serious a matter as the State Highway Patrol has to handle. "We are out to combat this thing with all we have," he said, adding that he is working on a plan to present to the next General Assembly a proposal to make racing on highways a felony instead of the misdemeanor it is now.

In solving the problem, recognition should be given to the fact that boys who are mechanically inclined love to tinker with and drive automobiles. Edgar Ray, who deserves credit for his refreshingly frank expression of views, said in his interview with Mr. Russ:

"I love cars. I delight in hearing the hum of a well-tuned motor. I enjoy the feel of the fast pickup, the quick get-away. I always like to drive, and felt I had as good a car as any on the road."

But last Monday:

"I saw a twisted, wrecked car atop my brother and a friend in the raging cold waters of a swollen creek. . . I hope a lot of fellows will join my ranks—an ex-racer. I want to live unhurt, and I know that racing is no way to try to achieve that goal."

Whether "a lot of fellows" be-

### My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Coble are an estimable couple living in the progressive city of Burlington.

Some years ago they had a cook by the name of Flotilla.

Flotilla, after giving the matter due deliberation and thoughtful consideration, decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get married, so she informed Mrs. Coble of her decision and respectfully submitted her resignation.

That left Mrs. Coble without a cook.

Flotilla had a number of friends among the colored population of Burlington and she let it be known that she had quit her job and that there was a good opening for someone.

The friends began calling upon Mrs. Coble, each of them being anxious to be Flotilla's successor. She interviewed five or six, but none came up to her specifications, so she turned all of them down.

And then, one Thursday, while she was back in the kitchen, Mrs. Coble had three calls at one and the same time. The telephone rang, somebody knocked at the back door, and the front door bell rang. Simultaneously.

Mrs. Coble instructed the colored boy in the house to answer the phone. Inasmuch as she was closer to the back door, she went to that first.

It was another colored girl, anxious for Flotilla's job.

Realizing that a visitor also was at the front door, Mrs. Coble told the girl that she was very busy and couldn't talk to her right at that moment; if she'd come back the next day, she'd be glad to discuss the job with her.

The girl left, Mrs. Coble rushed

come ex-racers is a question as yet unanswered.

Since racing on the public highways (and streets) is illegal, their interest in cars needs to be channeled properly.

In many places across the land hot-rodgers have their own clubs which are stern in making their members obey traffic laws. And they race only on the "strip" set aside for that purpose, usually with the cooperation of officials and senior members of the community.

Haywood is setting a splendid example of civic concern. Its steps toward solving the problem will be watched with more than ordinary interest.

—The Asheville Citizen.

#### AMPLE PROOF

"I steer clear of Ruggies in business. He's a lot sharper than I am."

"In what way?"

"He once had a chance to marry my wife and didn't."—Copper's Weekly.

Doctor: "I'll make you a new man."

Patient: "Then, suppose you send your bill to that other man."

### Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Milady is beginning to recover from the winter doldrums, sit up and take notice and showing a decided interest in the new Spring and Summer wardrobe advertisements. With the warming effects of the welcome sunshine and the appealing effects of the wonderful displays in windows and shops, the feminine sex's pulse begins pounding at a rapid rate.

And well it might for never were there more alluring and tempting displays than are being shown now.

Hats of every shape, material and flower are attracting milady's attention and, as you know, the chapeau is usually the pivotal point of the feminine ensemble. Suits, two-pieces, princess, empire and in-between styles are there for the selecting. Sheath skirts, bouffant and anything-that-suits-you are on the racks; blouses and accessories of every type are to be found to complement the desired effect.

Yes, ladies, this is your time of year; go to it. And, sisters, you can get the blues to your heart's content as long as it's NAVY.

Laziness is a disease for which the victim seeks no remedy.

It was three-thirty in the morning; the empty street was bathed in the soft glow of the street lights and the world seemed wrapped in peaceful sleep. That's exactly where we were when we were brought to the sharp realization that an invasion was taking place. Half dazed, we felt convinced that a Russian army had entered our room and was in the process of reducing it to shambles.

By this time we were thoroughly awake and realized that the disturbance was emanating from our clothes closet. We knew the answer; we had seen the intruder earlier in the evening as he outran us (in opposite directions) across the bathroom floor. But we didn't know he had taken refuge in the closet before we shut the door. We also realized that the "Army racket" had been caused by an entanglement with a scarf loosely wrapped in tissue paper.

We cautiously opened the closet door, scooted back to bed and hoped for the best. POSTLUDE: the next night this little mouse ended his career in a cheese-baited trap.

Prejudice locks the door of reason.

The heavy snows and hard rains evidently furnished enough material for the political mud slingers as we note they have already begun to sock their opponents. The high winds also provided ample blowing power to spread the "anti" verbiage, and we're already feeling the gusts of oratory.

Like all storms, this one will blow itself out by November 6th, for by that time the voters will have demonstrated their rights and privileges to the extent that they have cast their ballots for their chosen candidates. But the whirlwind that precedes the final day of reckoning will tear down years of laborious and painstaking building, leave trails of scattered friendships and complete loss of confidence. Some of these destructions can never be repaired and will leave their scars throughout the years.

When it's all boiled down, it doesn't make too much difference which party occupies the Presidential chair. We've sent senators and congressmen up there to look after our interests, men in whom we have confidence, so let's keep our head above the mud and our hearts with our country.

The path to yesterday's is bordered with forget-me-nots.

### Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO  
 Charles Ray is re-elected president of the Chamber of Commerce.

James E. Massie sells his Canton theatres to Cardinal Amusement Company.

W. Tom Rainer is sales manager of Watkins Chevrolet Co.

Unagusta Manufacturing Co. has shipment of furniture going to Paris.

10 YEARS AGO  
 Town of Waynesville is ready to build a new larger water line to reservoir.

Dr. I. B. Funke returns from

visit to Little Rock, Ark.

Lt. Sam McCracken is officially discharged from the Army.

County tax record is broken; 92 per cent of 1945 taxes are paid.

5 YEARS AGO  
 Frank D. Ferguson, Jr. is named chairman of Haywood County Board of Elections.

Miss Elsie Green and Miss Dorothy Martel are included on Dean's List at Woman's College.

Clark Hinkley is winner of annual declamation contest sponsored by the DAR.

Dr. Carey T. Wells, Jr., Canton dentist, is called to active duty with the Air Force.

About the only good thing to be said for most of today's hit songs is that mercifully they are not hits very long.—News and Courier.

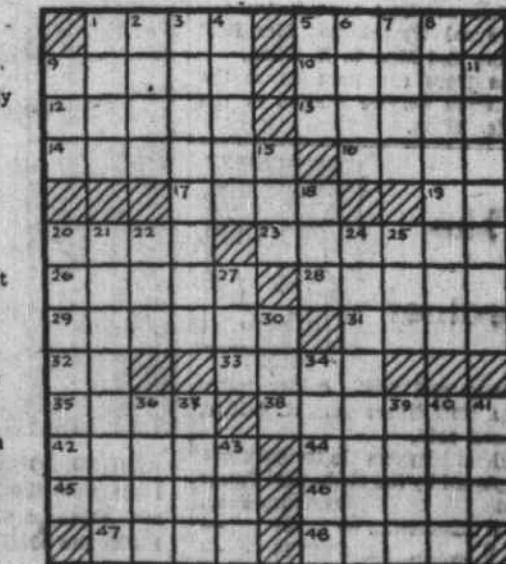
### CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- Part of a check
- Jewish month
- Scottish tea cake
- Addition to a bill
- Examine account books
- Rugged mountain crest
- Herds of animals
- A summit
- Old measures of length
- Iowa (abbr.)
- European river
- Longs for
- Herb of carrot family
- A confession
- Excepting
- Sums up
- South America (abbr.)
- Bag
- Large pulpit and reading desk
- American Indian
- Cog wheels
- Scott
- Literary composition
- Draw, as an anchor
- Anglo-Saxon verb
- Without effort

#### DOWN

- Portion of horn tissue of polled animal
- Fuss (hyphen.)
- The cosmos
- A climbing pepper
- Constellation
- Dagger
- British colony (Arab.)
- Kept
- Unhappy
- Dinners
- Cunning
- Southeast by south (abbr.)
- Finely chopped, highly seasoned meat
- Native of Annam
- Trouble
- Aroused from sleep
- Color
- Large worm
- Juice of a plant
- Biblical name
- Fish



### Views of Other Editors

#### The Common Cold

Millions of dollars have been spent on research to find a cure for the common cold. Despite the sulphas, penicillins, super analgesics and histamine drugs, all the drugs ending in mycin such as streptomycin, ampicillin and streptomycin (and others), a reasonably quick cure for a cold seems as far off as it was 50 years ago when my dad was dosing

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