

Yes, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.
—Ecc. 2:18.

Time To Have Vehicles Inspected — And For Free

Safety engineers tell us that one out of every five cars have been found to be unsafe for use on the highways.

This is one of the reasons which prompted the program of having cars checked for safety during this week, in an effort to reduce the number of accidents caused by faulty equipment.

The program which is being carried on throughout the county offers a free inspection of motor vehicles. There are no strings attached. Just drive into the inspection lane, get your car checked. If there is anything wrong you will be told, and it is still a matter of your choice as to whether you get the needed repair made.

The whole program is designed to aid the driver, and give him an opportunity to get his car thoroughly checked without cost. Of course what repairs have to be made must be paid for by the owner, and at such time and place he selects to take his vehicle.

There are 10 check points for each vehicle, and each one is of vital importance for safe driving.

The inspection will take but a few minutes, and might be the means of saving many months recuperating from injuries sustained in a wreck caused by some defect of your vehicle.

Highway Picture In Haywood Changing

The surveyed route for the new Balsam-Sylva highway clips two miles or more off the distance between here and Sylva, and perhaps a number of minutes, since the sharp curves will be eliminated.

The money for the 10 1/2-mile project was set up some time ago at the instance of Commissioner Harry E. Buchanan of the 12th District. Now that the survey is completed, plans are to let the contract sometime this summer.

The new highway is almost a complete new route from Willets to Sylva, and makes only two sweeping curves down Balsam Mountain, instead of the many sharp curves now on the route down Balsam.

At present, we have a good highway (from the Lake) East; the Pigeon River Highway seems nearer now for us for the outlet North; the Balsam-Sylva route West sounds like it will be as modern as tomorrow, which leaves Highway 276 to the South that could "stand" some improvement, especially from here to Wagon Road Gap.

With the opening of the Wagon Road-Beech Gap link of the Parkway, and paving of the Pisgah Motor Road, it is safe to assume that travel over Highway 276 will grow by substantial leaps and bounds.

To the northwest, we will within a few years, have the Parkway link from Soco to Ravensford.

All these projects, when completed, will make this community the very hub of a network of highways flowing in from every direction. That important day cannot arrive too soon.

The world beats a path to the door of the rural police chiefs who have set up the best speed traps.

Views of Other Editors

Pointers In How Not To Attract New Industry

Morganton and all other industry-hungry communities can profit from the experience of an Indiana city which can tell you what not to do if you want new industry.

The story comes from the American Society of Planning Officials which reports that the Indiana community was passed up by a large manufacturing concern looking for a site for a new plant.

When officials asked the company why another Indiana city had been chosen instead, the answer was "direct and to the point," according to the Indiana Economic Council's report quoted in the society's

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Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

BUMPER CROP PROSPECTS—BUT HOW MUCH ARE THEY WORTH?



Another Promotional Piece

The 20,000 four-color folders just off the press for the Chamber of Commerce is the second piece of literature published within recent weeks by the organization for area promotion.

The four-color folder, with the equivalent of 24 pages, stresses the scenic beauty of the area, fine accommodations, good food, and friendly atmosphere of the region.

The other booklet dealt with the industrial advantages of the county.

Promotion, on a scientific basis, is needed more today by a community than ever before. The competition for the traveler's dollar is greater today than ever, and this matter of community promotion is not something just for a Chamber of Commerce, Highlanders or any other similar group. It is a job and, shall we say, obligation of every individual to be informed and sufficiently interested to be a promoter of the community in which he lives.

Champion's 50 Years At Canton

The Carolina Division of the Champion Paper and Fibre Co. marks its golden anniversary this year.

Although the big industry at Canton has planned no formal celebration of its own as yet, it is held in such esteem in the area that the Canton-Bethel-Clyde Chamber of Commerce, on its own initiative, is observing the event at its annual dinner meeting tonight at Camp Hope.

Guests of honor will be Mr. and Mrs. Reuben B. Robertson, Sr. Mr. Robertson, president and board chairman, will speak on "Our Fifty Years in Canton."

The company had its inception in the desire on the part of a printer, the late Peter G. Thomson of Cincinnati, to produce coated paper of improved quality. His Champion Coated Paper Co. began coating operations in 1894 at Hamilton, Oo., and in 1902 built its own paper mill adjacent.

Business expansion led to plans for a pulp mill and selection of Canton as the site. Construction started at Canton in 1906 and operations in 1908. The plant expanded into a thoroughly integrated paper making enterprise.

In 1935, another plant was started at Pasadena near Houston, Tex., so that today the organization consists of three plants producing paper, two of which produce pulp. There are also important by-products.

The company devotes particular attention to conserving its supply of raw material, wood, by application of forestry practices in its extensive timberlands.

It is proud of its long and friendly association with members of the organization and gives serious consideration to their security and well-being. In fact, it pioneered in the field of harmonious human relations in Southern industry.

The company has well earned the high esteem in which it is held in Western North Carolina and in the business world in general.

—The Asheville Citizen.

What we want to know is whether all those noises we hear are shooting that's going on around the world, or just foreign policies that have backfired?

—Lexington Herald.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Mr. Guy L. Bailey runs a drugstore in the town of Fair Bluff, which is located in Columbus County. Naturally, like all other businessmen, Mr. Bailey likes to sell his merchandise for cash, but there are times when he has to charge things. This is particularly true when it comes to prescriptions. When a man comes in with a prescription that has to be filled immediately, for the benefit of some ailing member of his family, it is practically impossible to turn him down when he asks for credit.

Near Fair Bluff there lives a man by the name of Joe Ball, who is well-known throughout that section. Now Joe is one of the most friendly individuals you've ever seen in your life; a middle-aged man, always in a good humor, and a great talker.

Joe's wife was taken ill. The doctor wrote out a prescription and Joe took it to Mr. Bailey's store to get it filled. When Mr. Bailey handed the medicine over to him, Joe said: "Guy, I'll pay you for this on the first of the month, if that's o.k. with you."

Mr. Bailey hesitated, but finally said that it was o.k. with him. However, it so happened that Joe's wife needed some more medicine and also some medicinal supplies.

Back to Bailey's store went Joe and each time he told Mr. Bailey the same thing: payment would be forthcoming promptly after the first of the month.

The first of the month came, but Joe didn't show up.

Two or three days later, Mr. Bailey happened to be walking down the street and ran into Joe. The latter stopped him and said: "Guy, don't you worry about that bill I owe you. I've been having a lot of extra expense lately, but I'm getting my hands on some money next Tuesday and I'll come in and pay you in full. I certainly appreciate your carrying me on the books this long, and I won't ever forget it."

Next Tuesday arrived, but no money from Joe.

This went on for several weeks and Mr. Bailey sort of got fed up with it all.

Another meeting took place in front of the drugstore shortly thereafter and, as usual, Joe told Mr. Bailey that payment would be forthcoming in a few days. The druggist determined to bring things to a head.

"Now look here, Joe," he said. "You've been promising me for some time that you'd come in and pay your bill. If you're in hard luck, I won't expect you to pay the entire amount, but you certainly ought to be able to pay something on it by now."

"No sir, Guy; I don't do business that way. I'm going to pay you that account in full. You've been mighty nice to me and I'm not going to take advantage of you in any way. You can expect payment of the entire amount; not a penny less."

"But when can I expect this?"

"Next time I come to town, Guy."

"But I want you to give me some definite date."

"All right, I'll give it to you. I'll pay you in full by next Wednesday."

Now remember, Joe; you're made me these promises before.

Joe looked at him reproachful-

ly and raised his hand. "So help me, Guy; I'll pay you next Wednesday. Sure as I'm alive next Wednesday, I'll pay you."

"All right," said Mr. Bailey somewhat dubiously.

Wednesday came around, but Joe didn't. When the store closed that evening, Mr. Bailey called up Mr. Rehder in Wilmington and gave him an order. Mr. Rehder, in case you don't know, is a florist in Wilmington.

Friday came around and shortly after the drugstore opened, Joe Ball entered the store.

"Look here, Guy Bailey, what do you mean by doing a thing like that to me?"

"What kind of a thing are you talking about?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"You know very well what I'm talking about," retorted Joe.

"That wreath you had somebody send out to my house."

"Oh, the wreath! What was wrong about that? You told me that if you were living on Wednesday you would come in and pay the account, and I took you at your word. When you didn't show up, I figured you were dead, so I called up Rehder in Wilmington and told him to send the wreath out to your house."

Joe stared at him a moment, swallowed hard a couple of times and then said: "How much do I owe you?"

"Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents."

"And how much did the wreath cost?"

"Six dollars."

Joe reached into his pocket, counted out \$28.50 and threw it on the counter. "There's your money," he said, "and I hope you're satisfied."

"Thank you, Joe," said Mr. Bailey.

But Joe didn't answer. He swung around and walked out of the store and hasn't been back in it since.

DEAD CENTER

The fellow who brings an open mind and an impartial, objective approach to any discussion usually finds that when it's all over he can't hitch a ride home with anybody on either side.—Florida Times-Union

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Every day we are more and more amazed, at the progress of science and the wonderful influence it can have upon people. This was most forcefully brought to mind when we learned of Mr. Barkley's untimely passing in minutes after the tragedy occurred. And the miracle of TV brought us pictures of this fine man, also incidents in his life; and we heard his voice after it had been stilled in death.

After the program was over, we gave quite a bit of thought about the marvelous rapidity with which all this data had been collected, arranged and given to the listening public. Of course, files are kept with material about people in the public eye, and can be assembled in record time. But it would almost take the hand of a magician to have gathered this information into a detailed arrangement for presentation in such a short space of time as was required Monday night.

It also gave us pause for thought when we remember Mr. Barkley's last words on earth: "I would rather be a servant in the House of the Lord than to sit in the high seats of the mighty." These were words and thought of a man noted for his repartee and witty anecdotes; famed for his ever-ready supply of quips and jokes, yet when the final summons came, he was devoutly conscious of his sincerity as to life.

PERSONALITY: An invisible something that acts like a magnet.

It had to happen, eventually. There was no way of stopping it. Spring, according to the cycles of time, had to arrive although it seemed it had taken several detours before reaching its destination. Perhaps to the world at large, it was a joyful occasion but to Uncle Mose it meant plowing, planting, weeding, mowing and to sum it up in one single word, it meant WORK. Gone would be the snatched moments of sunshine enjoyed from the lower step; the lunches managed by pleading in Mammy Jo's warm, fragrant kitchen; the early twilight that precludes any yard work. All would be in the past tense for, at least, five months and the old colored man wasn't too happy. But he consoled himself with the thought that there would be long sunny days, the splashing of the river against the breakwater, and the friendly lower step to make life attractive.

So, on this May morning he watched the mist rising from the river, listened to the chugging of a tug boat trailing its long line of barges; shooed at a chattering blue jay, leaned forward to more closely scan a parade of ants en route to their storehouse. Then he stiffly arose as he heard the hall door open and footsteps on the porch.

"Hyah Ah is, Mr. Bossman," was the old colored man's greeting. "Well, Mose, what about getting things lined up for planting our potatoes?"

Uncle Mose scratched his head, shuffled from one foot to the other and then slowly replied: "That ground's powerful cold, Mr. Bossman, an' hit sure seems kinder mean to bury those 'taters when they's hardly got their eyes open yet."

The things we should remember.
Are the things that pleased us most.
All the other kinds of things.
Are the ones to tell "GET LOST!"

WHERE'S IVAN?

Nowhere in the entire multi-million Soviet press does one find a local item—an accident, a crime some piece of human fortune or misfortune.

The local incident, the human being is nowhere to be seen, at most, one reads of some "Stakhanovite setting a production record, or else a carefully selected complaint about the poor functioning of some bureau or factory. The skyscrapers, the construction work, the collective or-

ganization are overpowering; the human being is nothing. He doesn't count. He doesn't appear.—The News Leader.

"MISDEAL

A big dairy concern has been fined five pounds and costs for "selling food not of the substance demanded" following the delivery at Hendon Isolation Hospital of a quart bottle of milk containing the six of spades.—London Sunday Times.

Inside WASHINGTON

Threat of an Inflation Worrying Washington | Increase in Discount Rate Seen Indication

Special to Central Press Association

WASHINGTON—The government is showing increasing concern over the inflation threat as demonstrated by the discount rate increases recently ordered by the Federal Reserve banks.

A new cause of apprehension is the call for steel price increases of \$12 to \$15 a ton by Avery C. Adams, president of the Pittsburgh Steel company. Adams insists that boosts of this size are needed to help defray what he calls "inflated costs of expansion."

Government economists are alarmed because higher costs of steel will create new inflationary pressures throughout a wide range of industry, and may be reflected in pay hike demands by leaders of many unions.

The Eisenhower administration is especially concerned because further weakening of the buying power of the dollar would present the Democrats with a potent issue in next fall's presidential election campaign.

The Capitol ● LABOR POLITICS—The AFL-CIO is trying to get its 16 million trade unionists to contribute a dollar apiece to a war chest to elect candidates to office this year who will be sympathetic to labor's aims. However, Federation leaders do not expect to come anywhere near this figure. They are actually hoping to raise around \$3 million, and they do not expect to get that much.

The big reason is that the average union member now has a well-paying job, a car, is eating well, and just won't bother to throw in a buck to try to change things.

The majority of unionists may vote Democratic, but they are not out on any kind of crusade. The AFL-CIO strategists are inclined to smile at warnings that "Big Labor" may become a political menace in America. They would consider it a triumph if they could become only a small menace, or just an irritation that would be effective.

Labor leaders admit that, in times like the present, they have trouble getting their members to come to union meetings. The attitude of the rank-and-file is that they are getting along all right, so why take the trouble.

● PASSPORT PROBLEMS—There will be some changes made in the sometimes controversial United States Passport office if the Senate government operations committee has its way.

After an exhaustive study, the committee has proposed that the passport office begin preparations for "the impending flood of applications" that is expected in the coming years.

The committee notes that in the past 10 years, the number of passports issued and renewed has jumped from 155,153 in 1948 to a whopping total of 528,009 in 1955.

"Projected estimates indicate that, although the office is now operating at the highest level in its history, the potential workload will continue to increase to more than 650,000 domestic passport applications and renewals by 1958," the committee says.

To meet the situation, the committee suggests increased fees for passports and renewals, creation of a revolving fund to handle expanding business and a change in the name of the passport office to "United States Passport Service."