

And he charged them, saying, Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully, and with a perfect heart.—1 Chron. 15:3.

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.—Trench.

Our New Salvation Army Leaders

Senior Captain and Mrs. James P. Henry have assumed their duties as head of the Salvation Army work here in Haywood county. They replace Major Cecil Brown who has retired.

Those who know the Henrys are warm in their praise of them as "being the logical ones to succeed Major Brown."

This is an encouraging note, because here in Haywood we have learned to love and respect the work of the Salvation Army.

The Henrys will find a fertile field here for their labors, and will find a friendly Haywood citizenry to work with and through.

Getting Government Out Of Business

Some good news which hasn't received as much notice as it deserves is coming out of Washington.

Joseph Terrell of the Wall Street Journal reports: "A major Eisenhower Administration move toward freer enterprise . . . yanking Uncle Sam's long hand out of competition with private business . . . is gathering new momentum." Various government business operations . . . ranging from a steel foundry to housing developments . . . have been sold to private enterprise. Of greater moment, the chances seem to be improved for law changes which will eliminate certain obstacles to the get-out-of-business drive.

A recent Budget Bureau survey shows how deeply government has gone into business. To quote Mr. Terrell again: "Although by no means all-inclusive, the survey found Uncle Sam has his finger in almost 20 thousand commercial or industrial activities . . . with total assets of nearly \$11.9 billion." He also says: "The military men, deeper into business activities than their civilian colleagues, are apparently leading the way in getting out of them. In all, the Defense Department has reviewed almost 2,000 business-type installations for possible discard."

The benefits that result from getting government out of business are many. For one thing, sale of the properties could bring huge sums to the Treasury, to be used for debt reduction or tax reduction. For another, when these businesses go into private hands, they become taxpayers — instead of subsidized tax-eaters. Most important by far in the long run, every time government takes a step in this direction, the free enterprise system, upon which representative government itself rests, is strengthened and vitalized.

Your Name In The Paper

How valuable is local newspaper advertising to local business people? Here's what the American Bankers magazine, a publication which represents a traditionally hard-headed profession, has to say: "No business man or woman in any town should allow a newspaper to go to press without his or her name and business being mentioned somewhere in its columns. This does not mean you should have a whole, half, or even a quarter page advertisement in each issue of the paper but your name and address should be mentioned if you do not use more than a two-line space."

"A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell what business is represented in a town . . . it's the best possible town advertiser. The man or woman who does not advertise does an injustice to himself or herself and definitely to the town."

Views Of Other Editors

Name That Car!

A 3-year-old of our acquaintance attracted some little attention by his ability to recognize on sight and identify by make virtually any automobile he saw. Asked how he did it, he replied with the directness of the very young: "By the sayeses."

That was no help to the questioner, a mere adult,

THE MOUNTAINEER

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Thursday Afternoon, June 14, 1956

Civic Pride

The campaign to raise \$50,000 for a recreation center has attracted much attention in this area and elsewhere. The trend is for the project to be underwritten by the public, rather than put such matters on the tax books. This is a reversal of what it was just a few short years ago.

The Asheville Citizen on Sunday carried the following editorial on the subject, which tends to show the careful eye that is being peeled on this community this week:

"Residents of Waynesville have felt the need for a recreation center for a long time and now they are going to do something about it.

"Some 300 or more citizens of this thriving tourist community tomorrow will launch a campaign to raise \$50,000 for the project. They aren't going to 'let George do it,' nor are they going to saddle the taxpayers with a bond issue.

"The town has been divided into 100 small units and three persons have been assigned to each for the purpose of selling \$10 shares of stock in the center.

"The plans have been worked out with such painstaking care that it would be safe to wager that the goal will be reached, if not oversubscribed.

"We certainly hope that it will prove to be a real lesson in civic enterprise that will be copied elsewhere in Western North Carolina."

Wild Strawberries Are Fine, When Not Poisoned

Few things are more delicious than wild strawberries.

And the delicacy seems to thrive best in apple orchards under the trees which have to be sprayed ever so often with poisons.

And this makes for a bad situation. The orchardmen are in the business of growing apples and not wild strawberries.

Their action of asking people not to pick the berries is in no way a selfish motive, but rather that of precaution, for fear the spray from the trees so contaminates the berries that serious illness might result for those who eat the berries.

The Health Department points out that eating berries that have been subjected to spray from apple trees at this time of year is extremely dangerous.

And while it might appear to be a waste of the delicious berries to leave them in the orchards, it would be much better to do that than to have persons become ill, and perhaps in some cases the illness prove to be fatal, from eating the berries.

The friendly warning is for the good of everyone. There is no selfishness involved. And there is no substitute for safety.

Haywood Clubs Do It Again

The Haywood Home Demonstration Clubs have done it again.

Brought home a blue ribbon from the state convention for their scrapbook.

This is not unusual for the Haywood clubs to get state-wide recognition, and it shows that they are keeping up with their reputation as being "among Carolina's best."

A study of the book covering the activities for the year is inspirational, and reveals that far more has been done than one would imagine just from resorting to their memory of the year's progress.

Stalemate—Husband who keeps telling the same jokes.—The seminole, USNAAS, Sanyfield Field, Pensacola, Fla.

so the young man was pressed for clarification. The dawn came when he pointed to the familiar trademark on the radiator of a nearby car.

"There, where it says what it is," he asserted with understandable impatience. He couldn't read, of course, but he could associate the name of the car with the look of the "sayeses".

Auto makers are much fancier with their "sayeses" nowadays. There isn't a radiator cap to put 'em under, and some of the modern beetle-browed front ends don't have much of any place to hang them at all.

There was a time when the maker's name was spelled out, or at least a distinguishable initial was used. Who can remember the high-barred H of the Hupmobile, or the big R of the Roosevelt (Theodore, not Franklin), or the upslanted script of the Overland?

The modern trend is to crests or coats of arms, or some other symbol. We can remember when Chevrolet spelled the whole thing out in a parafelogram with humps in the middle, and Dodge had an angular DB for Dodge Brothers. Packards always were pretty austere, according to our recollection, but they were easily identifiable by the indented hexagon on their hubcaps. Cadillac, of course, has the same coat of arms it has been using for a generation or more.

Youngsters who can't read may find today's "sayeses" perfectly intelligible. Oldersters, when they can't find something to read, try to guess the make—and usually are wrong.—The Chattanooga Times.

Views Of Other Editors

INCOME TAX IS BAD

United States News publishes a lengthy article under the above title, stating the views on this subject of T. Coleman Andrews, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

This newspaper will not undertake to discuss Mr. Andrews' opinions and suggestions here, but the article is well worth the attention of citizens interested in tax reform.

Mr. Andrews does not believe it is necessary for the American people to go on forever accepting the income tax, which he says "Hurts all kinds of people; soaks many classes of the people; and can lead to dictatorship."

Citizens are penalized by this taxing system because of their success in business; and it is a heavy weight hung on the necks of citizens and enterprising business corporations. He adds that if Congress ever gave the Revenue Service enough money to properly enforce the law the income tax would have to be repealed within a year. There is, he says, "a lot of finagling going on."

Mr. Andrews indicts the income tax on numerous counts, and arrives at the conclusion that it is bad. In this opinion millions of his fellow citizens are in agreement.

Mr. Andrews' views deserve the careful attention of good citizens. It is a system which penalizes successful citizenship and success in business; enables the government spender to lay on the people grievous burdens; a system which is controlled by no practical limits and may be so imposed as to deprive citizens of all remuneration earned as workers, employers or investors of capital.

Mr. Andrews is thoroughly informed on the problems of taxation; is a man who collected more than 180 billion dollars in federal taxes. He believes taxes are too high; and that the income tax is "neither fair or necessary."

FACES WERE RED

Several faces were red in Jackson Superior Court Tuesday when, after polling a jury that had been out on a case, it turned out that there were 13 votes instead of 12. The result stood 10 to 3. Where did that 13th juror come from, the court wanted to know? All of the jurors said that they had been called into the box, so —13 men, good and true, heard the evidence of a case of drunk driving and assault on an officer with an automobile, and then retired to render their verdict, and as stated before, it was 10 to 3. The results? A mistrial, of course.

CIVIC PROJECT

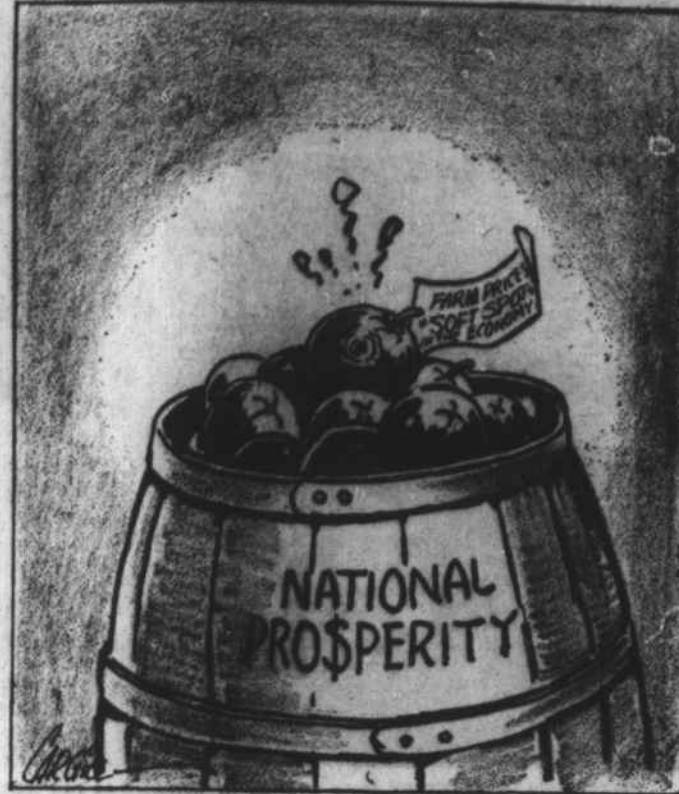
Waynesville is not a big town except in spirit, civic pride and ambition. It intends to go places. Its latest project began Monday when more than 300 citizens of the Waynesville area started a week-long campaign to raise \$50,000 for a recreation center.

It's to be accomplished through offers of stock in a non-profit recreation commission at \$10 per share. The initial \$18,000 will go to pay for a 17-acre site on the edge of town that is being purchased from the Haywood County Horse Show Association.

Remainder of the money will be used to develop the recreation center, with facilities to include a swimming pool and tennis courts. A horse show is planned there for this season.

This civic undertaking is worthy of the highest praise, for it is aimed at providing a wholesome recreation center that should be of great value to children and adults alike and to visitors also.—Asheville Citizen.

APPLE OF DISCORD



My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

There were four of them and for more than a month they had been planning a trip to Philadelphia to see the Army-Navy football game.

Just four little country girls going to a big city. There was Doris, Emily Carter, Tay and June. The last three lived in Washington, N. C.

Prior to their departure, Doris went down to the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh to see Kenny Phillips and get his assistance in making a reservation at the Adelphia Hotel. Kenny was very helpful and assured her that everything would be O.K.

And so, on Thursday before the game, the four of them left Raleigh and drove to Washington, D. C., where they spent the night. Their plan was to leave the car there and go to Philadelphia by train.

Just before dinner, in Washington, Doris got to worrying about the reservation at the Adelphia and decided that she had better call up and make sure that it had been arranged. June, Emily Carter, and Tay agreed that it might be a wise thing to do.

So they put in a call for the Adelphia. Yes, the reservation had been made. Yes, the two rooms were adjoining. Yes, everything was attended to and they needn't worry a single minute. The rooms would be waiting for them upon their arrival in Philadelphia.

They went out that evening, took in a show, and had a real good time. The next afternoon they boarded the train for Philadelphia.

They got there safely. It was the first time that any of them had been there, although they had passed through the city several times on their way to New York.

First thing they did was to hail a taxi, and all four of them piled up in the compartment alongside his seat.

"The Adelphia Hotel," June told him.

"O. K., lady; we'll be there in just a few minutes."

He spoke the truth. It was only a short drive. Drawing up alongside the curb in front of the hotel, he got out, unloaded the baggage, and helped our four heroines out of the cab.

They paid him and went inside, marching four abreast up to the registration desk.

They signed the blanks and the desk clerk asked: "Have you a reservation?"

"Yes indeed," June told him. The clerk looked at the four cards rather dubiously. "In whose name would these reservations be?" he inquired.

"In my name," Doris told him. "Doris Goerch."

He looked over a long list and then shook his head. "I'm sorry, but we don't seem to have a reservation for you," he finally told them.

"But you must have," Doris insisted. "Mr. Phillips of Raleigh made the reservation. Then, too, I called you up from Washington, D. C. this morning and you said that you had the rooms reserved for us."

The clerk shook his head again. "No reservation," he repeated.

That's when they got mad. June gave her impression of hotel clerks as a whole; Doris told him what Mr. Phillips would do to him the first time he came to Philadelphia; Emily Carter interposed a few strong words on her own account; Tay stutters slightly, so she didn't get into the argument.

They looked and acted so threatening that the clerk backed water. He admitted that perhaps a mistake had been made. He looked around for a few minutes and finally told them that he would let them have two rooms. They beamed at one another in triumph.

Two bell boys escorted them to their rooms, where they unpacked their bags, changed their dresses and proceeded to get ready to go down to dinner.

"Wait just a minute," said Doris. "I want to write a note."

She went to the desk. She pulled open the drawer. She drew a sheet of paper therefrom and let her eyes fall upon it.

Then she gasped. Not once, but twice. Following which she screamed.

"What's the matter?" yelled the other three.

"Look!" said Doris, holding up the letterhead.

They gazed frantically upon it. In delicately shaded type they read the words: "Hotel Bellevue-Stratford."

The taxi driver, either through carelessness or because of his inability to understand June's southern accent had taken them to the wrong hotel.

Meekly and humbly they repacked their bags. Meekly and

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

We have often wondered what is the potent power that music holds which can soothe troubled minds and restless souls. And we've wondered also why there are people who do not care for music—can take it or leave it, and usually do the latter.

We are referring to REAL music, not the so-called kind that consists of highly discordant notes and a repetitious annoying quality that neither has rhythm or melody. Nor are we specifically referring to classical music as covered by opera and the old masters.

Rather, we mean the softened notes of ballads, old time songs of yesteryear and some of the newer compositions, as well as selections from musical comedies and operettas. The trains of a violin under the guiding fingers of an artist, can tie the emotions into a delicate bow knot of ecstasy. And the tightening of the throat when listening to the beautiful tones of an organ rendering "The Rosary". Music and flowers are the gift of a Master Mind.

The bud opens to find itself a full blown rose, then suddenly scattered petals.

They say three is a magic number, also an exit sign. We truly hope that "three times and out" refers to our digressions from the mental path upon which old ladies are supposed to travel.

Five years ago, a very dear friend gave us a surprise birthday luncheon and also a gift—a set of canisters which we had most openly coveted. The years passed and we had found no suitable place in which to display our treasures. Then last week, we extended our one-room domicile into a two-room estate, and out came the canisters which, by the way, had never been removed from the original box.

Imagine our surprise and consternation to find, blissfully content, at the bottom of a box of beautiful note paper. Our first thought (when we had recovered consciousness) was what would our generous friend think of our remission in not thanking her. When we told her the next morning, she laughed and said: "I have been waiting five years to hear your reaction and I only wish I could have seen your face when you found the note paper."

Except for the fact that our age precludes any possibility of blushing, she might have thought she was enjoying a scarlet sunset!

How long the day when at its end, You find you have not helped a friend.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Jasper E. Morgan receives Ph.D. degree from Duke University.

Wayne Corpening, graduate of State College, arrives in Waynesville to begin his duties as assistant County Agent.

Miss Ethel Craig entertains at bridge-tea at Blink Bonnie.

Miss Louise Campbell, worthy

Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star, returns from state meeting of OES in Winston-Salem.

Mrs. George Craig and her young daughter, Evelyn, go to New York to spend several days.

10 YEARS AGO

R. L. Prevost is general chairman of the county-wide Fourth of July observance to be staged at the high school grounds here.

Miss Betty Jean Alley is graduated from the University of North Carolina.

Miss Roberta Jose of Brooklyn, N. Y. is married to Oliver Hugh Shelton, Jr.

Miss Katherine Hill accepts position with Welfare Department in Durham.

5 YEARS AGO

Thomas L. York receives degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Maryland.

Miss Jean Ann Bradley announces her wedding plans.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hyatt entertain with dinner honoring Miss Jean Hyatt and her fiancé, Frank Richardson.

Miss Ida Lou Gibson completes wedding plans.

Mrs. A. P. Cline, Sr. of Canton honors her daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. P. Cline, Jr., the former Miss Bebe Medford, at a coffee hour.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Son of Adam 5. Peer 8. Glisten 10. On fire 12. Core 14. Body of salt water 15. Land-measure 16. Without odor 19. Pole 21. Portico (Gr. arch.) 22. Selenium (sym.) 23. A number 25. Speak 28. Vapor 32. Mingle 34. Marsh bird 35. River (Chin.) 37. Plot of ground 39. Speeded grass to dry 40. Absurdity 43. Southeast (abbr.) 44. Miscellaneous 45. Gentle louch 47. Shrill speaker 50. Headless bolt 51. Yield 52. Obstructed DOWN 1. Type of cigar 2. A well (verb) 3. Inside 4. Requires 5. Music note 6. From 7. Ascend 8. Outer garment 9. Muffers 11. Comfort 13. Decays 17. Wander 18. Stratum 20. Owing 24. Sloping roadways 27. Burrowing animal 29. Paddling of hair 30. City (Ger.) 31. First-born 33. Judge's bench 35. Thin, brittle tool 36. Type of architecture 38. Former Russian rulers 41. Back of the neck 42. Canal through New York state 46. Evening (poet.) 48. Man's nickname 49. Music note

Our Great America by Woody. BOWLING IS AN ANCIENT SPORT, DATING BACK AT LEAST 7000 YEARS. BOB FITCH AND MARCUS KRAABUP MADE THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL AUTO TRIP IN 61 DAYS — SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK, 1917. FOREST INDUSTRIES IN THE NATION NOW EMPLOY 5,000 WORKERS. 25 YEARS AGO FOREST INDUSTRIES EMPLOYED ONLY 500.