

Absalom said moreover, Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice. —II Samuel 15:4.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom. — Aristotle.

C. E. Weatherby, A Moulder Of Character

The resignation of Carleton E. Weatherby as head football coach after 27 years at Waynesville Township High School did not come as a surprise to those who have been close to Mr. Weatherby in recent years.

The growing responsibilities as principal of the high school; the steady increase in student enrollment and the complications of heading a school of 1500 students necessitated his giving up a post which has been a vital part of his life for over a quarter of a century, one in which he has done much in moulding character in the hundreds of young people who have come under his guidance.

He has done more in the 27 years than just coach football players. He has instilled in young men and women the importance of fair play, character building and the pursuit of high ideals.

Bruce Jaynes, the successor to Mr. Weatherby, is the logical man, we feel, inasmuch as he received four years of training under Mr. Weatherby, and worked under him for almost five years and has had instilled in him the same high ideals for which Mr. Weatherby is so well known.

Quite naturally Mr. Weatherby is proud of his record of games won, but prouder still is he of the fact that on every hand today he can look about and see young men and women who are leaders in their fields of work and in their communities, who were taught the better ways of life by Carleton Weatherby.

Senator Smathers Rising Fast In National Party

Haywood County will have more than the usual amount of interest in the national Democratic convention because Senator George Smathers will be playing an important role in the convention and in the election this fall.

Senator Smathers heads up a committee which works in all states for the election of party Senators. The young and aggressive Senator, spending a vacation with his parents here, has a keen insight into the national political picture, and being a successful campaigner himself, was honored by the Democrats with this big task which was held until his death by the late Senator Alben Barkley.

Senator Smathers has been mentioned by a number of national political writers as a potential candidate for vice president. He is very wisely biding his time and gradually working to that point, we feel, and this latest assignment is one of the stepping stones in that direction.

Senator Smathers has had the good fortune of having been instilled with good sound political tactics by his father, Judge Frank Smathers, who has proven to be one of the South's best known political students of national affairs.

As the national convention opens Monday, we will begin to see an unfolding of a new chapter in the Senator's life which we believe will lead to a future that will elevate him in time to one of our country's highest offices.

ADD SIMILIES

She attracts no more attention than a thermometer after the arrival of a cool wave.— Toledo Blade.

Views Of Other Editors The 1957 Automobiles

New cars each year seem to be of interest to everyone, and for this reason we are passing on all we have been able to learn about changes in styling, colors, etc., so that everyone might start getting the trading bee early.

THE MOUNTAINEER

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United Fund Is Modern Way To Raise Money

In the many years of special campaigns and drives for charity, we have not seen a group work any harder than the Beta Sigma Phi sorority in their recent drive to raise \$1,800 for the Cancer fund.

These energetic and enterprising young ladies pushed — and pushed hard — the campaign but at the end very discouragingly found contributions just slightly above the one-third mark of the quota.

It was not because of their lack of work or enthusiasm that the quota was not made, but in our opinion it was the fact that the people of this community have realized that it is easier to give through United Fund at one time rather than through a multitude of continual campaigns.

The National Cancer Foundation remains among the few charity groups that will not participate in a local united drive. That makes it hard on the local folks who want to participate in their work and yet do not have the time to stage a successful campaign.

The MOUNTAINEER has supported all such campaigns down through the years, but in the past 18 months has given considerable serious study to the matter and has come to the conclusion that our present tempo of society — with so many things to do — makes it almost impossible to carry on campaigns on a single-unit plan as was successfully done even just several years ago.

We do not think that people are less interested in charity and worthwhile organizations, but it is just the fact that our time is being consumed by so many things that the average person does not have time to get out and make the solicitations which are necessary.

Some organizations, such as the cancer foundation, still go on the theory that the individual drive is the best. We are not going to argue that point — we only cite what happened here with this energetic group of young ladies who did an outstanding job against all odds.

It is our honest opinion that more and more organizations such as Cancer will realize the importance of the United Fund plan and will find that is the most satisfactory method, in this fast world in which so many of us find so little time.

Waynesville's Third Annual Horse Show

Saturday will mark the third annual horse show here, an event which has steadily grown in interest and size for the past few years.

This year's show is designed for two shows in one day instead of covering two days as in the past. This year's show will also be composed primarily of local horses and people.

The bright spot on the show set for Saturday is that it is a benefit performance for the newly created Recreation Development Commission, which already has under way a \$50,000 swimming pool on the 17-acre recreation center site.

The show gives promise of the utmost in entertainment, and from the interest already shown should be well attended and one of the most enjoyable yet staged.

Some of the features of new cars are expected to include smaller wheels, wider tires, lower pressure, fuel injection systems, and different headlamps.

This is interesting. Smaller wheels will make all other cars, including the 1956 models, out of date. The wider tires will mean that tire dealers will have to go to the expense of adding a complete new line of tires to existing stocks.

The new cars are also expected to feature a lower silhouette. This means if you aren't careful, in going out doors in the dark you are liable to stumble and fall across them. They are also expected to have more subdued colors. This means one won't need his dark glasses while sitting on the front porch watching traffic go by.

The new models, so far as we can learn, are expected to reach the market in October and November, and will probably be priced \$100 or more higher than the current models. But then, no one asks the price of anything any more, they just ask how much it will be a month.

As for additional horsepower, we suppose it will be there, which will mean an even bigger volume of business for hospitals and funeral directors.

—Elkin Tribune.



My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

W. Banks Horton is an attorney in Yanceyville.

Some time ago the moving picture theatre over in Yanceyville let it be known that the management was going to give away a jackpot which consisted of a nice sum of money. On the night of the drawing, Mr. Horton was in the theatre. He went to see the picture, and wasn't especially interested in the jackpot feature.

After the main feature had been run off, the manager of the theatre and a couple of assistants appeared on the stage and announced that the drawing would take place. A large box contained hundreds of tickets. Everybody in the theatre had a stub. One of the assistants got a stick and stirred the tickets up thoroughly, following which the box was thoroughly shaken.

No question but that the contents were well mixed. "And now," said the manager, "we will draw the lucky number."

A little girl placed her hand in the box, pulled out a number and gave it to the manager. He looked at it and bellowed: "The winner is number 129."

There was a moment's silence. Then Lawyer W. Banks Horton rose to his feet and announced: "Here you are!"

He got the money and was warmly congratulated by his many friends. "You certainly are lucky!" everybody told him.

Mr. Horton smiled modestly and said it was the first thing he had ever won at a drawing in all his life.

The following week a second drawing was held. The same scene was enacted at the theatre. "Number 203!" shouted the manager. Nobody present had the corresponding number, so the money went back into the jackpot and the manager announced it would be added to the sum drawn for the following week.

The next morning somebody was talking to Mr. Horton about the drawing.

"Who won it?" asked the lawyer.

"Nobody," was the answer. "The number drawn was 203, but the holder of the stub wasn't present."

Mr. Horton reached into his pocket and pulled out a stub. His eyes popped when he looked at the number. It was 203!

The friend laughed heartily. "Your luck certainly has changed," he chortled. "Last week you were the luckiest man in Yanceyville, and this week you're the unluckiest."

Mr. Horton agreed with him. When the next drawing was held, Mr. Horton was among those present. Everybody waited breathlessly while the number was drawn and was handed over to the manager.

"Number 812!" he announced. Silence in the audience, followed by a few disappointed groans. Then a man rose slowly to his feet with a somewhat sheepish expression. "I've got it!" he said. It was Mr. W. Banks Horton again.

A murmur of indignation and resentment rose from the audience. Everybody up in Yanceyville knows everybody else, so they don't mind expressing themselves freely.

"It's a fake!" yelled someone. "Certainly it is!" yelled someone else.

Mr. Horton raised his hand, and things quieted down. "My friends," he said, "this certainly is embarrassing to me. I don't

blame you for thinking that there's something crooked about this proposition, but I can assure you that there is absolutely nothing crooked about it. It is just one of the most remarkable happenings I've ever heard of. At the same time, I believe in giving everybody a chance, so I wish to state that I cannot accept the jackpot, and I would appreciate it if the manager would hold another drawing."

A hearty round of applause went up. "You're entitled to it, Mr. Horton," the manager said. "You won the money fair and square."

"I'd rather not take it," said the lawyer. "O.K.," said the manager. "Whereupon he tossed Mr. Horton's number back into the box again. "Stir 'em up real good, Jim," he told one of his assistants.

Jim stirred to beat the band. The little girl came forward again. She reached into the box and drew out a number. She handed it to the manager. He took it. "The winner this time," he announced — and then he paused to look at the number.

He looked. He looked again. An expression of dumfounded consternation spread over his face. He looked helplessly out upon the audience.

"Let's have it!" shouted persons here and there. "The winner," said the manager, "is number 812!"

You could have heard a pin drop. And then, in a tone of intense feeling, there came from someone in the audience the comment: "Well—I'll be damned!"

It apparently expressed the sentiments of everybody. Mr. Horton's number, thrown back into the box, thoroughly mixed up with the others, had been pulled out again.

He went to the front of the theatre, took the money and went home.

WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE If trains and buses are allowed to grant lower fares to preachers, certainly airlines should be given that right as is proposed in a bill passed by the House. But it is hard to see why preachers should get any such privileges. The whole business seems a hangover from the time when clergymen were expected to live

Views Of Other Editors

WHERE'S THE PAPER BOY?

Came across a little poem the other day that I had clipped and it has a lot of truth in it.

When The Paper Doesn't Come My father says the paper he reads ain't put up right;

He finds a lot of fault, too, he does, perusin' it all right; He says there ain't a single thing in worth to read,

And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need; He tosses it aside and says it's strictly on the bum,

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come. He reads about the weddings and he snorts like all get out;

He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout, He says they make the papers for the women folks alone;

He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groan.

He says of information it doesn't have a crumb— But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He is always first to grab it and he reads it plum clean through.

He doesn't miss an item, or a want ad—that is true. He says they don't know what we want, the darn newspaper guys;

"I'm going to take a day some time and go and put 'em wise; "Sometime it seems as though they must be deaf and blind and dumb."

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come. —J. D. Fitz, in The Morganton News-Herald.

on handouts. Lower fares and other discounts for preachers are unconsciously designed to perpetuate the system of underpaying them.

Bigger and bigger and more churches are being built all over America. The cost of their construction has mounted with everything else. And such construction is evidence of the ability of organized churches to pay their ministers salaries in line with those paid other men in positions of equal dignity and responsibility. Preachers are worthy of their hire and they ought not to be kept in the position of begging for special favors for transportation or anything else.

— Raleigh News and Observer.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

I walked alone along a road, I'd often walked before. A winding road it was, dear one. That led me to a shore Of shining sands, where crested waves Leaped high to greet me there. An azure sky colored the sea, And all the world was fair.

The flying spray fell on my lips, Then suddenly I knew That sometime in the Great Beyond I'd walk these sands with you, We'd gather shells and watch the gulls Go circling high above. We'd talk of many, many things, And then we'd speak of love.

The time has come when I must go And walk that steep incline. But not alone this time, dear one, Your hand is clasped in mine.

Heard in passing: "No, I ain't goin' to vote. With my back, I'd be sure to elect the wrong guy."

To us old timers, the serial in silent movies called "The Perils of Pauline" will be long remembered. This beautiful heroine was beset with all the calamities contained in the book but she always managed to emerge with both her disposition and blonde hair unruffled. As we remember, Pearl White was the fearsome lady who, in her eagerness to right a wrong, invariably escaped death by the click of a camera.

Well, let us tell you if Pauline was trying out a perilous life nowadays, we know exactly the proper spot we'd select for the lovely lady... and if her blonde hair didn't stand straight up in horror it would be because said hair was transplanted. Suppose we take fair Pauline to the corner of Main and Depot streets, any morning, noon or afternoon. If she starts toward the bank, on the green light, she'll have to duck cars bearing down in both directions on their way down Depot street. Then let her try against the red light (seemingly her only escape) and she'll find herself being merrily tossed to and fro (mostly fro) by the onrushing traffic, also from both directions, en route from Depot back into Main.

Lo, the poor pedestrian has a hectic time of it at this corner and our suggestion is that said pedestrian select one side of Main street and stay there.

Flattery is a flower that has no fragrance.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Miss Elizabeth Kitchen of Mills River is bride of John Cuddeback.

Miss Mary Morrow Beaty entertains younger set with dance and treasure hunt.

Mrs. M. T. Bridges entertains with dinner in compliment to a group of former schoolmates.

Mrs. Paul Walker is appointed supervisor of school lunch rooms.

10 YEARS AGO

Miss Sallie McCracken is honored at annual Homecoming at Baptist Orphanage, Thomasville for her fifty years of service to

the orphanage.

Miss Dorothy Richeson, Miss Betty Bradley, and Miss Betty Gene Alley honor Miss Winifred Rodgers, bride-elect, at dinner.

Monroe Redden pays tribute to families from Cataloochee area at annual reunion.

Jimmy Elwood is discharged from the Navy.

5 YEARS AGO

Dan C. Arrington, 75-year-old Balsam resident, captures top honors at muzzle-loading rifle match at Cataloochee Ranch.

Mrs. Lawson Messer gets back little black pocketbook with \$660 which she lost.

Richard Underwood completes Platoon Leader training at Paris Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Clark plan celebration of 50th wedding anniversary at their home on Crabtree Road.

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Kind of nut (var.) 2. Part of a locomotive 3. Code 4. Deputy 5. Crown 6. Past herb 7. Trusting 8. Salary 9. Mother-of-pearl 10. Rock common along Rhine 11. Legal action 12. Having an identification mark 13. Thin, brittle cookies 14. Makes cloth 15. Steal 16. Assam silkworm 17. Boil slowly 18. Recognize 19. Flexible 20. Antelope (Afr.) 21. Horse 22. Process of healing 23. Silent 24. Exclamation 25. Prono 26. Antelope (Asia) 27. Crisp 28. Bocharitic paste 29. Aerial 30. Downy 31. Cave 32. Metallic rock 33. Furnish temporarily 34. Analyze, as ore 35. Crown 36. Past herb 37. Trusting 38. Salary 39. Mother-of-pearl 40. Rock common along Rhine 41. Legal action 42. Having an identification mark 43. East Indian tree 44. Sign 45. Pomeranian (colloq.) 46. Wager 47. Fercolates 48. Name of ancient Troy 49. Border 50. Wild ass (Asia) 51. The Han City of China 52. Points of teeth 53. Goddess of truth (Egypt. Relig.) 54. Organ of hearing 55. Firmament 56. An Eskimo group

