

Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them. —Proverbs 24:1.

Envy is of all others the most ungratifying and disconsolate passion. There is power for ambition, pleasure for luxury, and pelf even for covetousness; but envy gets no reward but vexation.—Jeremy Collier.

Haywood Has Good Forest Fire Record

Governor Hodges has called some 6,000 Tar Heels to Raleigh Wednesday to take action on a program to prevent Forest Fires. The group will try to find a solution to the problem which now costs North Carolina \$35,000,000 a year.

In recent years we have been extremely lucky here in this immediate area in the matter of forest fires. There have been years when this area lost heavily, and the possibility still exists.

The fact that forest fires can be prevented, was given in the Thursday edition of The Mountaineer, when a story was published of only three forest fires in the Cataloochee section of the Park in 13 years. All three fires were caused by lightning, and only six acres were burned before the fighters brought them under control.

Governor Hodges will point out to the group meeting Wednesday in Raleigh that forestry is the third industry in North Carolina, and has an annual product of \$750,000,000 and employs some 78,000 Tar Heels.

All of us have a lot at stake in the preservation of our forests — especially here in Western North Carolina where they are such a vital part to industry as well as to the tourist.

Practical Approach To Sewer Problem

The engineer's suggested program for a study and survey of the 5-mile trunk sewer line between Hazelwood and Pigeon River sounds to us as being both practical, and a means of determining the cause of the troublesome periodic overflow.

The engineer feels that by setting up a series of manhole gauges, the volume of sewage through the lines from all points can be determined. The periodic overflow has been blamed on surface water entering the lines. Perhaps so, and if it is the trouble, the gauging plan will quickly point out the trouble spots.

Also suggested besides the gauging, and cleaning, is the inspection of the line under powerful lights from manhole to manhole to see if any of the pipe has broken, or sagged and set up a trap for catching sediment and partially blocking the flow through the lines.

Everyone realizes that it is just a matter of time before all communities will be required by law to remove all raw sewage from streams, which will mean the construction of a sewerage disposal plant. The information obtained now will be needed in determining the size plant which will have to be constructed. The survey will provide engineering data for the present, and also the future.

The whole program is a practical approach, and one which needs to be executed to the fullest immediately.

Perennial puzzle: Why do you find so many fine farm products at community fairs instead of the grocery store? —Greenville (S.C.) Piedmont.

If they didn't teach the same things at the bottom of the class as they do at the top, some kids would never learn anything.

Beware of the advice you get for nothing. That may be just what it's worth.

VIEWS OF OTHER EDITORS

A Tongue-In-Cheek Jurist Got A Lot Of Convictions

A young man was tried in Greensboro the other day on a charge of drunken driving.

He admitted from the stand that he had drunk five beers on the afternoon he was arrested. He was acquitted.

When the verdict arrived, the jury was ordered to be polled at the request of Solicitor Horace Kornegay.

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Another Good Year For CDP

Another year has started for the Community Development Program here in Haywood. The interest of last year, and the many years prior, is indicative of the vast number of projects which are still in the minds of the citizens of rural Haywood that need attention.

The fact that Thickety won first place did not come as a surprise, because that community has been unusually active this past year, and has literally lifted itself by the bootstraps into the limelight by hard work, and community-wide civic pride.

The accomplishments of the past gives justification for looking into the future with optimism.

Money Order System Ninety-Two Years Old

It is interesting to note that the money order system of the Post Office was established 92 years ago as a measure to aid troops during the War Between the States. The program was inaugurated on November first of that year, and in eight months had used money orders amounting to more than \$1,130,000.

The current fiscal year, according to Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, is expected to see money order receipts go beyond the 6 billion mark.

The money order program has been streamlined in recent years, which makes it quicker and easier to obtain one.

In the early days the maximum amount of a money order was \$30, and such orders could be cashed only by specified offices — and even then only after the office which had issued the money order had notified the paying office that it was okay to cash it.

When the program began, only 149 offices could issue money orders. Now money orders are available at 47,000 offices, and some 350 millions are issued annually.

The whole program, and changes are far different from that November day, 1864, when it began under President Abraham Lincoln.

Other Sections Offer 'Greener Pastures' (?)

The Mountaineer has received a letter from one of the state's best known financiers, in which he enclosed a clipping from an Atlanta paper, pointing out that a Haywood dairyman and farmer recently moved to Georgia to take over a big farm, and had already set a record for the production of corn.

The financier pointed out that this area should make it possible to keep such people here.

The owner of the farm which got the Haywood men, said "they know their business and are not afraid of hard work."

The Mountaineer does not have an answer to the financier's question. We are happy the men are making good in their new home, and certainly it would appear they are experts, by taking first place in growing corn.

In such cases, perhaps we can console ourselves by looking on the matter as sending "experts" to other fields to lead and teach others. But frankly, we much prefer to have such farmers stay in Haywood — when practical.

Views Of Other Editors

WHAT IS PARITY?

When politicians appeal to the farmer for his vote, they talk a great deal about "parity" or percentages of parity. Most farmers understand what they mean, but city people sometimes don't.

It roughly means this: If a bushel of wheat would buy a shirt in 1914, and it would buy the same shirt now, you have 100 per cent of parity for wheat.

The intent of Government price supports is to assure the farmer a price for his crops that will give him a purchasing power approaching that which the same crops would have given him in the years 1910-14. In that period farmers were better off financially, in relation to the rest of the country, than at any other peace period in modern times.

The government will take the farmer's crop at the support price if he can't sell it on the market for that much or more. The Government stores it and sells it or gives it away later. It has \$8 billion invested in such stored crops at the moment.

This year supports are near 90 per cent of parity on some commodities, ranging towards 60 on others. The Democrats advocate a return to the wartime rigid 90 per cent for basic crops. The Republicans want to continue the present "flexible" support program, the intent of which is to make supply conform more nearly with demand.

—El Paso (Tex.) Herald-Post.

ART OF RELAXATION

How long does it take you to relax completely when you have the opportunity?

Most of us high-strung, nervous people require right much time. When I go on vacation, it takes me a couple of days before I am completely unbound, and if I take a typewriter and notebook along, I never get completely relaxed. On the other hand, I can sit down after lunch or dinner before a fire in winter time and in a matter of a few minutes, if the phone doesn't ring, get to nodding.

Many years ago I heard a prominent Durham business man say it was an unfulfilling practice for him to take a nap after dinner. "Not a long nap," he said, "if I sleep only five minutes, it means I have completely relaxed, and I'm ready to start the grind again."

In a biography of Harry Truman, one of the things that caught my attention most was a reference to his 1948 campaign for the presidency, when scarcely anybody thought he could win. He waged an aggressive whistle-stop speaking campaign, you'll remember. The biography said he was able to keep going because whenever he had a few minutes to spare, he could lean back in his seat and almost instantly go to sleep.

Most folks tumble and turn when they go to bed. The increasing usage of sleeping pills, and now the so called tranquilizer drugs, represent efforts to get relaxation by artificial and counterfeited means. Many folks are doing themselves irreparable harm using them.

Man was born for work and trial and travail anyway. He can never escape it. What we need is to relax by natural means when we have the opportunity.

—W. E. H. in Sanford Herald

SOUTH IS ATTRACTING NATION'S BEST TALENT

Time was when the South reared, educated and then lost most of its best talent. It is good news and highly significant, therefore, to note that the trend is being reversed.

The Southern Regional Education Board points out that today for every Southern - educated chemist, or mathematician with a doctorate degree who leaves the South, three to four scientists educated elsewhere come South to work.

No longer must Southerners go elsewhere for opportunity but the South has become the land of opportunity for those from other sections who fail to find it at home. It is encouraging to note this sign of continued economic progress, a process which will tend to insure it.

Southern economic development was neglected for so long that its finest young men and women left home to lend their talents to other regions. It's good to be rediscovered and to have a climate conducive to progress.

Gov. Marvin Griffin was so right in saving in Detroit recently that while Georgia is still a great agriculture state, "The era of mint juleps, belles and banjos in the moonlight has disappeared. The old cotton era which brought wealth and privilege to the few and brought endless hours of toil and travail to the many has melted away." —The Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Bickett got a lot of convictions.—Charlotte Observer.

HOT PO-TITO-ES



Wrong Number Did She Call Him Back?

Ordinarily, such is the perversity of mankind, we take no special umbrage or concern at "wrong number" calls on the telephone. The momentary aggravation these misdials produce is overcome by the pleasant thought that all the ingenuity of the Bell Laboratories, where 10,000 scientists are toiling night and day, has failed to regiment the independent soul who is sure he remembers the number; the wizards have fixed it so a man can dial direct to Fairbanks, Alaska, in 17 seconds, but they can't cure the fellow who intends to dial "88" and dials "84" instead.

There is also a certain perverse delight, it must be confessed, in picking up a conversation in mid-confusion: "Is Aunt Hilda there?" To this, one replies: "No, she's gone to the liquor store for a fifth of gin." Sometimes this produces, after a dead silence, a sort of indignant sputter at the other end, followed by the click of the receiver. But sometimes the voice will ask, with suspicious indignation, "who is this?" And to this, one replies: "This is Uncle George; isn't that you, Charlie?" Where the conversation goes from this point all depends, but you hear a lot of interesting insults this way.

One maulers, we fell to pondering these slips in the electronic night one evening last week, when the telephone rang a little after 10 o'clock. It was a wrong number; and the conversation was only one word long. But it has haunted us ever since.

The caller was a woman, not a girl. We have seen her since then, in the mind's eye, waiting all evening by her own telephone, and waiting in vain. Eight o'clock, 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock—and the instrument as silent as the pyramids. Finally, the situation—whatever the situation was—can be endured no longer. She reaches for the telephone, dials his number, hears the signal that a bell is ringing at the other end. And when an unfamiliar voice answers she asks with uncertain hope, "Bill?"

That was all. But her voice broke the single syllable into half a dozen shattered and trembling syllables; and there was a poignancy there compounded of hurt and love and swallowed pride. What courage had gone into the making of that call, what pounding of the heart had caused a finger to dial "5" instead of "4" or "6," one can only speculate. But there was an urgency in the voice, an invitation, a plea for the quarrel ended, the love renewed.

So much electric motion, packed into four letters, wiped all the

familiar gambits out of the mind. "Sorry," we said lamely, "you have the wrong number." There was a tremulous little "oh-h-h" at the other end, and the line went dead.

These things worry us. Five days now, we've been wondering if she ever tried again. Somehow we doubt it. And if somewhere in this city, a stubborn young man named Bill is going his angry way, we would say to him, "Lad, she did try to call you—honest she did; she called, but she got the wrong number." —Richmond News Leader.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO  
Mrs. Mary Saunigen, Miss Katherine Ray and Clyde H. Ray, Jr. go to New York from where they expect to sail for a five months world tour.

W. R. Francis, assistant U. S. District Attorney, is Armistice Day speaker in Rutherfordton.

A host of friends and relatives gather at the old McCracken home to celebrate the birthday of Raymond M. McCracken.

10 YEARS AGO  
Price ceilings on everything except dwellings, sugar, and rice are out.

W. A. Bradley, chairman of the WTHS Band committee, opens drive for new uniforms.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Greier of Canton celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

The Mountaineer adds news and features of the Associated Press.

5 YEARS AGO  
Tobacco Festival this week will observe record burley crop.

Bill Prevost, Jr. celebrates his 13th birthday with a supper and masquerade party at his home.

Mary Jo Hembree is chosen to represent Allens Creek in the Tobacco Queen contest.

Mr. and Mrs. William Medford and their son, Jimmy, move into their new home on Rolling Drive.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

We are again celebrating the date of the ending of the First World War. . . . Armistice Day it was named then. It was November 11, 1918, and we can well remember how the news was received. Three days before, we had been made jubilant by the announcement that an armistice had been reached but shortly after, our high spirits were dashed to despair by a correction that this was not true.

Then came the real confirmation and all of America went wild with joy. Bells rang, whistles blew, churches were filled with grateful prayers, everybody was happy and mingled tears with laughter. Utter strangers were hugged and kissed in the hilarity of the occasion. In far too many homes, sadness and sorrow enveloped families whose members had gone to the aid of their country and were now buried in foreign lands, or worse, not found. Men who had gone forth in the beauty of young manhood would not be here to join in the festivities.

This was to be the war to end all wars but, alas, this mission was not accomplished. Other wars have followed and at the time of each, we have prayed it would be the last. Yet right now we are so dangerously near the advent of another, it is terrifying. How can we ever stop this death-dealing monster? Will greed and lust for power ever dominate this wonderful world, or will some way be shown us whereby peace can bring about a fellowship of all mankind? If this massacre of innocent men goes on, will the civilized world become a victim of the war gods?

It takes but a second to speak an angry word, but a lifetime to forget it.

Recently we heard a television announcer, in describing a brand new 1957 automobile model, say: "Have you ever seen anything as beautiful as this new 1956 car?" We felt sorry for him because we know the overwhelming dismay that hit him ker-plunk when the slip of the tongue occurred. We've suffered those agonies when conversing with a friend, so imagine his consternation when he knew his voice was reaching a million or more listeners: to say nothing of the reaction of his sponsor.

Very often, when the motivating brain lets the tongue go AWOL, the results can be pretty terrible for the speaker but hilarious for the listener. It is almost inconceivable how a transposed letter can cause a catastrophe, or the omission of a single letter can almost ring down the curtain. This is especially true of the printed word. (How well we know!)

The mind is a tricky contraption for it can fail you in the most embarrassing manner. Have you ever found yourself trying to introduce some one you have known all your life, and have his name go completely out of circulation? Your only salvation is to mumble and hope you've gotten away with it. Then, seconds later, the name comes galloping in full regalia, but you are too covered with chagrin to acknowledge its arrival.

If you stop to consider how small the brain is and what terrific pressure it undergoes, you wonder that it ever responds to your call.

"Cast your bread upon the waters," but don't look for it to come back milk toast.

Inside WASHINGTON MARCH OF EVENTS

Fewer U. S. H-Bomb Tests Scheduled for Near Future | Won't Suspend Experiments Altogether, It's Indicated

Special to Central Press Association

WASHINGTON—While the Eisenhower administration firmly rejects Adlai E. Stevenson's proposals for ending hydrogen-bomb tests, it will never-the-less conduct fewer, for the time being at least. This in no way is a matter of giving in to the Democratic presidential nominee. It is simply that the U. S. has already tested the largest super-bomb that could be used effectively. The job now is to perfect the smaller atomic weapons.

Also, the Eisenhower administration realizes that the Russians have not completed their big H-bomb tests, which are expected to continue despite the fact the Soviets have given lip service to a nuclear test ban proposal. Therefore, it will look to the rest of the world as though it is Moscow, not Washington, which is prolonging the thermonuclear arms race, if the U. S. cuts down on the number of its explosions while the Soviets step up theirs.

It might be asked, then, why the administration just doesn't agree with Stevenson and suspend the tests altogether. The answer is that U. S. officials want complete freedom to conduct as many experiments as they might consider necessary, should new developments warrant it.

Marshal Tito ● AID TO TITO—State department officials, at President Eisenhower's direction, are keeping a close watch on what goes on inside Yugoslavia these days—particularly Yugoslavia's strange relations with Russia.

While Mr. Eisenhower decided to continue economic aid and some military assistance to the Communist regime in Belgrade, he made it plain that all American help will be cut off completely if Marshal Tito should swing toward the Kremlin.

Right now, the chief executive feels that U. S. aid is necessary to keep Yugoslavia free and independent of Moscow's control. However, officials indicated that whatever assistance is authorized for Tito will be sent in small shipments so that the flow can be halted quickly if there is any fundamental change in his policies toward the Soviets.

● CAMPAIGN LOCALE—The hottest and heaviest campaigning of the 1956 presidential race during the final days before the Nov. 6 election will be concentrated in the Northeast, a few Midwestern states and, probably, California.

Strategists for both political parties are now convinced that the outcome of the election will hinge on these areas. They believe the rest of the nation has already pretty much made up its mind.

The biggest fight may come in Pennsylvania because the Democrats believe they have a good chance of taking the Keystone state's 32 electoral votes and the Republicans think they can win them again.

California is another vital key state. It also has 32 electoral votes and the Democrats feel that they have a fair chance of capturing them despite the hard fight which the GOP is waging to keep the state in Ike's column.

● SOMOZA'S HEIRS—Sons of slain President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua apparently have successfully solved the problem of succession. Somoza, who ruled the Central American country with an iron hand for 20 years, had trained his sons for just such an eventuality.

Thirty-four-year-old Luis was placed in direct line of succession as president of congress. Anastasio, Jr., two years younger, was made boss of the national guard.

Elections are scheduled for May and Luis has already been named the candidate of the ruling Liberal party. Opposition to Somoza had a strong chance of taking over Nicaragua shortly after his assassination, but the chance was snuffed. Now the sons are so firmly entrenched, it probably is too late.

Late Chief Trained Sons To Take Over