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BIBLE THOUGHT
 Do NOT STOP HALF WAY: Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—James 1:4.

OPEN LETTER TO A DRIVER WHO SPEEDS

Below is reprinted a letter which tells in an appealing way one big reason for safe and sane driving. The letter was clipped from a trade journal by Mayor A. H. Harris, and published because of its timeliness just when school is opening.

"I saw you barely miss a little boy on a tricycle this afternoon and heard you yell, 'Get the H— out of the way! Don't you know any better than to ride in the street?' He didn't answer because he hasn't learned to talk very well yet. So I'm going to answer for him.

"No, the little boy doesn't know any better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don't always heed warnings. Some adults don't either, especially traffic warnings; for example, the one limiting the speed of automobiles.

"I'm going to tell you something about that little boy. He has a mother who endured considerable inconvenience, anxiety and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made many sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of their lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a useful man.

Now stop a minute and think. If you should kill a child, how would you feel facing its parents? What excuse could you give them for having robbed them of their dearest possession? More important: What excuse could you possibly offer Him whose Kingdom is made up of little children?

"Children, my hasty friend, were here long before you or your automobile were thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy. We don't know what that little boy may some day be. But we know what you are, and it's unimportant. We could get along without you, but we can't spare a single little boy on this street."

LABOR DAY—A CHALLENGE

Monday marks an epoch in the realm of labor, and of course in the business world.

Turmoil and strife have been rampant in the mad whirl of affairs during the past year involving both the laboring man and his rights, and the business man and his rights.

The happy medium has not been found between the two groups, and Monday will bring forth many fancied cures for the ills which are a reality—ills that are not chargeable to either labor or capital, but to that gulf in between, and for which no real remedy has been prescribed by the would-be cure-alls who have taken it upon themselves to be Moses' when there was no need for a leader in the true sense of the word but a mediator who could look things fairly in the face and show the way out without bias.

The laboring man is willing, and the capitalist is more than willing, to do the right thing. But the right thing cannot be done so long as there is a tendency to set class against class.

Monday should be a New Day—the beginning of an era when there will be wider understanding between the two groups, and with understanding will come peace, harmony, contentment, and prosperity.

"STAY IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD"

With radios crackling hourly of the despair felt in Europe over the too evident probability of a war that will embroil millions of people in half dozen or more nations, America can do well by attending strictly to its own business, and literally "staying in its own back yard."

Twenty years ago our boys were fighting to make the world "safe for democracy," and most of us felt it was a cause worth going the limit for. The

limit was gone, and what have we today? A seething, enveloping fire that is scorching the life and happiness of all Continental Europe.

America is a land unto itself, a self-sustaining nation that has all the territory it needs, with all the people it needs, and a standard of living that is high above that of the governments who are at each other's throats, and willing to throw their armed forces in the field at the drop of a hat.

Let those nations who are afraid run to the hills, let those nations who crave conflict go forth to battle, but let us hope and pray that America will stand pat within its own borders, protecting if need be that which is rightfully hers, and "stay in our own back yard."

SQUIBS AND SQUAWKS

Have you noticed the near absence of forest fires in Transylvania county during the past two years? Give P-66 CXC credit for the valuable growth the forests have had. Those boys have been doing a good job of fire trail building, trail work, and other constructive jobs as well.

Yah! Yah! Yah! One should not feel perked up over another's hurt, but I can't help thinking how little some of the "up north highfalutin' two-cent would-be yellow journalists" felt last week when the New York City superintendent of schools said that 112 "child brides" had been dismissed from school because they were married. One girl was reported to be 12 years old, and four were 13. Had such a thing happened in the mountains it would have been all over the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers.

Am (or try to be, at least) a friendly sort of fellow, and don't ever want to make people mad, especially through my paper, and I try to stay away from getting anything in the paper that could be regarded as a personal affront. Mike mistakes once in awhile, just like you do.

Wild cats may not be dangerous, but Doc Galloway will tell you with plenty of emphasis that they are not good company. He had one visit him last week while he was fishing, and Doc says that "ye-ee-ee-ew," and sort of "gurgle-gurgle" growl, is sufficient to make him outrun any bob-cat that ever bobbed . . . and Doc saved his fish too, instead of tossing them to the pestiferous cat, like I would have done.

Back in 1920, Mayor T. H. Galloway was looking after the life of the pedestrians. Chance glance at the files of July 4, 1920 showed that 8 miles an hour and NO MORE was allowed in Brevard by autos.

The Good Book tells us to love our enemies, but it would help a lot if it would explain an easy way of doing it.

Tip to candidates: No message is worth listening to if a man has to grab you by the lapels of your coat when he goes to deliver it.

Oliver Orr was in the office Monday and said that the Brevard postoffice was selling 200 stamps of an old issue for one dollar. The stamps are perfectly oke, Mr. Orr said. However, they are one-half centers, and that is the regular price all the time. Came nearly getting the "old man" on it though.

It pays to advertise—ask Lorene Payne at the Buy-Rite Grocery.

One of The Times' pick left Tuesday to enter training at Bellevue Hospital, New York. Malva Tharp did a good job for the paper during her high school years, and later, too, when she did special work. I'll bet she makes a corking good nurse.

An interesting place is the forestry nursery on Crab Creek just over the Transylvania county line. The CCC boys are doing an excellent piece of work there, and one that should be appreciated by everyone in this and Henderson county.

Fine road the CCC boys have built too, leading from a point just above the nursery, past High Falls, and on around by Rich Mountain and connecting with the Greenville highway near Breese's Mill.

See by a scientific publication that beer will soon be made from sweet potatoes—then watch for a general exodus from Transylvania to South Carolina and Georgia where fine yams grow.

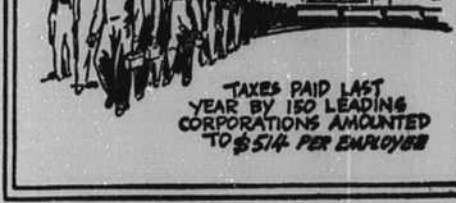
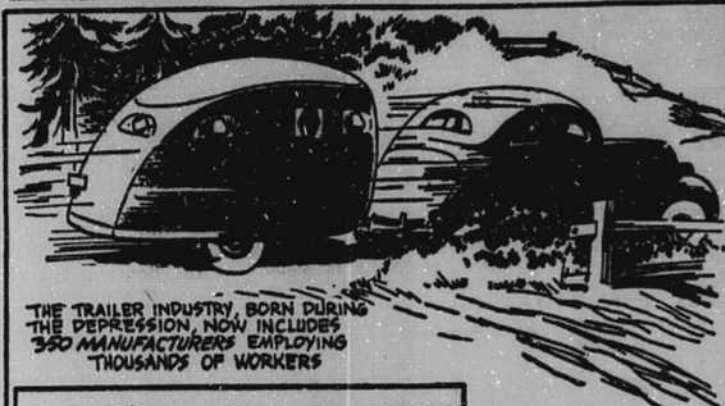
Lanky Williams, erstwhile Times bookkeeper and general all-round man is down at his dad's near Enon for his vacation. Mrs. Lanky is along to keep the tall boy straight . . . Mark Orr, another former Times force chap, left Sunday to take up his work at the State University after spending his vacation with the home folk.

W. T. Whitmire stepped up another notch last week—bought a pedigreed Guernsey cow from L. J. Cairnes of Horse Shoe. The fine animal has a name, too: Jake's Nelle June 518022. W. T. is a sort of fellow who doesn't brag much, and the news item had to come to The Times all the way from Peterboro, New Hampshire, headquarters of the American Guernsey Cattle Club.

If it weren't for the fact that I'm a printer I'd try raising a little sand about all the free publicity seekers . . . but those chaps have to have their stuff printed before they can mail it to newspapers, so let 'em alone . . . soon be time that I can use part of the usual day's batch to start fires with in the shop.

Well, Well, Well! Had a chap in the office Monday who said that if I'd write a story and put it in the paper he

THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE BY TOPPS



Your Old-Age Insurance

Employees Advised to Safeguard Their Social Security Accounts

In an effort to insure seasonal or part-time workers against the loss of any benefits which might accrue to their credit, Graham Martin, Manager of the Asheville field office of the Social Security Board, has issued the following suggestions for the guidance of employees:

(1) Keep the name and address of each employer for whom you work, as well as the record of your own wage-earnings, in every job you hold.
 (2) Make your account number known to every employer for whom you worked since the last of December 1936. Whatever wages or salary you may earn in any job, covered by the Act, after the last day of 1938 and before you reach the age of 65, (or die), should be credited to your social security account. The law requires each employer to report your wages so that you may get the full amount of benefits due you. If your employer does not know your number he cannot make a report that will assure a correct record of your wages.

(3) You should have only one social security account number. If you lose your account card, ask your Social Security Board field office for a duplicate. Do not get a new number! If you have more than one number, keep the first one issued you, but send the other cards to the Manager of your Manager of your Social Security Board field office to be cancelled. Tell him you are returning the extra numbers, which were issued to you by mistake. Also tell him the number which was first issued to you.

(4) Write down your social security account number in the family Bible or write it on a slip of paper and file it away with other valuable papers. The Social Security Act offers you old-age protection. Hold on to your account card.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Lena May Patton, deceased, late of Transylvania County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Brevard, North Carolina, on or before the 31st day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment. This the 31st day of August, 1938. J. S. PATTON, Administrator of Estate of Lena May Patton. Sept. 1—6t.

BLACK CARDBOARD 10c AT THE TIMES OFFICE

Howdy Teachers

Glad to have you back with us again
 Transylvania county, in our opinion, has a fine group of teachers, and our schools are worthy of the support of everyone.

Call on us when we can be of assistance to you and your school. For your convenience and safety, as well as for business reasons and prestige, we suggest that you

Open A Checking Account
 COMMERCIAL SAVINGS SAFE DEPOSIT



Brevard, N. C.

BUSINESS MAN PESTERED BY "WANTERS"

Dear Friend:
 In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to federal laws, state laws, county laws, city laws, liquor laws, corporation laws, mother-in-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws and outlaws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay business tax, amusement tax, head tax, bank tax, school tax, water tax, income tax, food tax, furniture tax, and excise tax. I am required to get a business license, truck license, not to mention a marriage license and a dog license.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life, to the woman's relief, the unemployment relief and the gold-diggers relief.

Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city, including the Red Cross, the black cross, the purple cross and the double cross.

For my own safety, I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earthquake insurance and fire insurance.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am expected, inspected, suspected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible surplus of money for every known need, desire, or home of the human race. And simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am almost ruined.

I can tell you honestly that one for the miracle that happened I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to many doors now days, just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

Faithfully yours,
 COGROVE'S MAGAZINE

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and sympathy shown us at the time of the death of our dear husband and father, and for the many beautiful flowers.

Mrs. V. B. Scruggs and Family.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of V. B. Scruggs, deceased, late of Transylvania County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Brevard, North Carolina, on or before the 20th day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment. This the 20th day of August, 1938. R. P. SCRUGGS, Administrator of Estate of V. B. Scruggs. Aug. 25-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of S. M. Macfie, deceased, late of Transylvania County North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned Brevard, North Carolina, on or before the 25th day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 18th day of August, 1938. MARY ASHE MACFIE Administratrix of S. M. Macfie, Deceased. Oct. 25-6t.

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 at our window
 -- for --
NON-PAY-ACCOUNTS
LOOK IN OUR STORE for Groceries, Meats
 at Better Prices
Buy-Rite Grocery
 Phone 210 East Main St.

Leona Allen Young
OPTOMETRIST
 Distinctive Gifts
 Next Door To Hendersonville State Trust Co.

Pay Your Subscription

Speaking of PEP

Of course it has pep. The fact is any car will have more pep if all the spark plugs are in order, oil is fresh and the gasoline is what it should be.

Quite an assignment, you say, for the car owner to be worried over. Not at all. Esso service station, East Main street, is the place to have spark plugs tested FREE, new ones installed if needed, oil replaced with Uniflo or Esso-lube and the gas tank filled with Aerotype Esso or Esso-lene. Then any car will have more pep.

WHITMIRE SERVICE

Howard Whitmire, Mgr.
 Day or Night Phone 95
 E. Main Street Brevard

COOL EATING PLACE

The fact that THE CANTEN offers a large, airy room for comfort of its many guests is only one of the inducements for people trading with us. In addition we serve the very best grade of foodstuffs that can be bought, and have competent people to prepare them.

Good Food Cooked Right

CANTEN
 Clyde Hamilton, Prop.