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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1938

THIS COMING SATURDAY

Saturday will go down in history as a turning point in world affairs—on that date, the world will know whether it has plunged headlong into another war, or whether peace negotiations have been successful. Conflicting reports, strict censorships, and a vast difference of opinion, makes it impossible to foretell now just what might happen.

And while watching every move of the nations involved in the European turmoil, we Americans have a problem right here at home that might prove more serious than first thought would suggest—the pending rail strike, which is also scheduled to take place on Saturday.

It looks like Saturday will be an important day in history, and while the rest of the world is neck-deep in trouble, we look for the annual coal bill to roll in, and add to ours.

GAINING IN POPULARITY

The feature, "Voice of The People" is growing in popularity, and The Mountaineer is receiving praise from all sides for adding the column to the paper.

The answers to the questions have been on a high plane, and shows that the people of this county are "on their toes" and ready with sensible answers, and when needed, they have constructed criticism to offer.

Sometimes it is as hard to ask questions that will be popular with all readers as it is to answer them, and we will appreciate suggested questions.

Through the feature we are getting a good cross section of opinion, and so far we have been pleased with the sincere answers.

GO AHEAD SIGNAL GIVEN LAKE

To again editorialize the removal of sewage from Richland Creek in these columns, would almost demand a repetition of what was said before the election.

Now that the voters have settled the matter, we can look with assurance to a brighter future for Lake Junaluska, which means an ultimate increase in profitable business for all of the county.

Just how far the Assembly plans to go towards enlarging and improving the grounds has not been ascertained, but we do feel that they are aware that Waynesville and Hazelwood are supporting them to the fullest.

The result of the vote of the bond election in the two towns should be the "go ahead" signal for the assembly to become larger and more influential than ever.

It is to that end, that this community is doing their part.

FIRE HAZARDS IN SCHOOLS

It is far from good news to learn at a meeting of the Haywood teachers, that fire hazards in schools in North Carolina has come to the point of being termed "grave."

The only encouraging point we see in this news, is that the teachers and authorities are aware and realize the "graveness" of the situation, and while this within itself, is somewhat satisfying, in that they will keep a vigilant eye for a blaze, it is not enough.

Haywood can boast of new buildings at Canton, Bethel, Crabtree, Rock Hill, Waynesville and an almost new building at Fines Creek, and one under construction at Hazelwood, which puts the county buildings, on an average, in fair condition; yet there remain other buildings that give cause for concern.

DISSATISFACTION

The order of the day seems to be "worry." Last week a vacationing Florida fruit grower, was lamenting the bumper crop of over ten million boxes—worry if the crop is good, or worry if it is bad, truly we are a dissatisfied people.

A CAMPAIGNLESS ELECTION

In Haywood County, it is hard to realize that the general election is only six weeks away. Now if it were six weeks before a primary, the campaigning would be terrific. About the only activity that will be noted in Haywood, according to best political observers will be getting voters out for the new registration, which has been called before the general election.

The general "cussing" of the absentee ballot adds the only steam to the campaign.

FORECASTING UNUSUAL STORMS

Mountaineers as a rule, are not familiar with tropical storms, which play havoc along the coast, and it is hard to realize just what a ninety-mile-an-hour wind is like.

Those of us nestled in these hills, are perhaps not as appreciative of the weather bureau as we should. It is true that we do not have occasion to use it as often as our coastal neighbors, except for the forecast of blizzards, but we should realize that important phase of service rendered by our government.

The recent storm that swept New England, taking 600 lives, and doing damages reaching into the untold millions, is listed by the weather bureau as "unusual," and one of three of its kind in fifty years—in that it gathered "speed" the farther away it got from the starting point.

In spite of this unusual storm, the weather bureau was able to issue warnings 20 hours ahead of the storm. The warnings saved many lives, and gave shippers time to get some boats into harbor.

While the weather bureau is at a loss to explain the origin of the unusual nature of the storm, credit is due them for being on the job.

DUAL IMPROVEMENTS

For the first time in six years, a Waynesville man went to the high school athletic field last Friday to see a football game, and he was so surprised at the vast improvements, that he felt ill at ease all afternoon for not keeping up with local building projects more closely.

The new junior high building, the new and enlarged stadium, and more than doubling the athletic field makes the whole place resemble a small college.

While the physical improvements have been pushed forward at a rapid pace, we find from the records, that the scholastic work done by the students is in keeping with the physical advancements. And that makes a happy ending to a progressive story.

BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS

Most girls have an idea that winning a beauty contest will launch them on a glamorous stage or screen career, but from a recent survey, it is revealed that few of them benefit from the honors of being adjudged beauty queens.

From a list of six "Miss Americas," and that is the highest title a beauty can hope to attain, as such, it is found that five are married, the other engaged. Five are housewives, one a school teacher. Collectively, they have had two divorces and three children, and one former queen puts it that the title has made no appreciable difference in her life.

'Tis hard for one to remain on such a flimsy pinnacle when constructed of only skin-deep beauty.

JAI ALAI

Except for a few minor changes in rules, the average game that appeals to American sportsmen has not been changed in the past 20 years.

It is true, that methods of play have seen some drastic changes, but the principles and object of the games remain the same.

Feeling a need for an injection of something "new" there has been organized this year, football teams that will put six men on the field instead of eleven. Just how this new lineup will appeal to sport fans has not been determined.

During the past month, a Cuban game, "Jai Alai" has been introduced in New York, and is thrilling thousands of fans. It is rated as the fastest of all games. It is played by scooping the ball in mid-air with a shallow wicker basket and hurling it against the walls of a long concrete court. Doubles or singles can be played, like in tennis, and the ball travels at 100 miles an hour.

The game is played in many of the South American countries, and has met with such favor in New York that \$100,000 was spent in the erection of one court. Topnotch players get \$2,000 a month, and undergo rigid physical examinations before each game.

While the world is crying for more games, we are still of the opinion that football and baseball will be played as long as any of us who enjoy them now will care to attend.

We Americans would do well to learn to apply the meaning of being consistent. Here we yell ourselves hoarse over taxes, and turn right around and expect more favors from the government.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



STORY 1

The next day after Sallie Cat scratched Blackie up so badly, he felt so sore that he decided to try to get himself an easy dinner. Mr. Man lived not very far from Blackie's house, and Jay Bird had told Blackie that there were a lot of little lambs over there in the field. Blackie knew that a lamb couldn't fight, and besides, he liked lamb almost as well as kittle meat, and so he started for Mr. Man's field. When he got most to the field, he hid behind some bushes and peeped out to see if he could see the flock of sheep. Just then a great big rabbit jumped up and went scooting towards the field. A rabbit can run lots faster than a bear, but that rabbit caught his foot in a wild potato vine and turned a somersault, and before he could get on his feet again Blackie caught him. He was a big fat rabbit, and when Blackie had eaten him all up he was so full that he didn't want any lamb, so he scratched up a pile of straw and leaves for a bed and laid down for a nap.

Blackie's sore nose had bothered him so last night that he hadn't slept much, and, besides, he had been too hungry to sleep. But Doctor Coon had come over again that morning and put a new plaster on his nose, and so, now that he had had a good dinner, he felt very much like sleeping, and he slept mighty hard. I don't know how long he had been asleep, but when he woke up the first thing he saw scared him most to death. There stood looking down at him Ram Sheep, the daddy of the little lambs out in the field, and he had long horns that curled all around like a corkscrew, and were so sharp at the points that they could stick in a tree. Blackie knew that there was trouble for him, and he didn't know how to get away from it. A sheep can't climb a tree, but a bear can, and Blackie thought if he just could get to a tree he could get away from those terrible horns. Just then Ram Sheep heard one of his baby sheep cry, "Ba-a-a-a, Ba-a-a-a," and he turned to see what was the matter. When he turned his head Blackie jumped for a tree, and before Ram Sheep could move Blackie was away up the tree and out of reach of the horns. But he really needn't to have hurried, for



What he saw when he woke up scared him nearly to death.

when Ram Sheep looked to see what the trouble was with his baby, he saw a big bear on his back, and so he ran to the baby and forgot all about Blackie. While Ram Sheep was running to his baby, Blackie was getting down from the tree and running for his own house. When he got home Jay Bird was just sitting down on his step, and he said: "Hello, Blackie, how do you like Mr. Ram Sheep?"

"What do you know about Ram Sheep?" asked Blackie.

"I know that he came mighty near sticking his sharp horns in a friend of mine just now, and that if I hadn't jumped down on the back of one of his babies and pulled his wool to make him call for daddy, those horns would have made some

THE TRUTH...ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES
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What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH



UNBELIEVABLE as it sounds to us today, it was once the practice of men to wipe their noses on their coatsleeves. One day a king, on reviewing his troops was offended at the sight and conceived the idea of sewing buttons on the sleeves of his soldiers' uniforms at the point where it was lifted to the nose. It cured the soldiers of the practice, they developed the habit of carrying nose cloths about with them and the people of the kingdom took it up. Handkerchiefs were established as a hygienic necessity but the practice of buttons on the sleeves was never dropped.
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Do You Know

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Defeat is a... always grows...—George Herbert

Dare to be... need a lie.—George Herbert

The blessed work of... world forward, happily... to be done by perfect non-... Eliot.

Those who never retract their... ions love themselves more than... love truth.—Joubert

AS CLEAR AS MUD

Lawrence Tibbett tells the following story in the American Magazine.

In Hollywood, one evening, I was asked to sing. I stood upon a stage provided for five minutes, singing an imitation of Russian, and in language I know not even now, I sobbed, I laughed, I wept, and I was making up music and words as I went along. Finally I stopped, exhausted by my emotions.

They cheered and applauded me mad.

An exotic movie actress, who had been a member of the Russian nobility, grasped both my hands.

"Eet eet tremendous," she cried. "My favorite aria."

I nodded. "My Russian pronunciation isn't very good, though," I said.

"You are too modest," she murmured. "I understood avry word."

I let it go at that.

HAZY ABOUT POTOMAC

Alexandria, Va.—William J. Permar, who has answered three or four million questions about Mount Vernon during 35 years as a guide at Washington's home, had to answer questions about the place himself the other day.

The occasion was the 82-year-old guard's first airplane ride. The pilot pointed over the side of the plane and told Mr. Permar he was looking at Mount Vernon.

"If that's Mount Vernon," said Permar, "then what's that over there in front of it; I never saw that before."

"That's the Potomac river," said the pilot.

mighty bad holes in the coat of his friend Blackie," said Jay Bird.

"Well," said Blackie, "You are the best old scout in the world. Come in and eat some of the peanuts the Doctor Coon brought me this morning." And you may know that all this Blackie was a mighty good friend to Jay Bird.