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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1938

HAYWOOD 49th ON THE LIST

With the increased interest in building and home improvement which is taking place in Haywood County, and the raising of the standard of living, it is interesting to note the place the county holds in a recent state survey of the valuation of homesteads in North Carolina.

Haywood County comes 49th on the list, with the totaled assessed value of the homes set at \$6,238,815, with the average assessed value owned white home at \$1,704, and the average assessed value owned colored home at \$604, and the average of all set at \$1,666.

The figures were based on data compiled for the North Carolina Tax Classification Commission and made possible by a grant from the Works Progress Administration for field workers, with assistance from cooperating officials in the county court houses. The data was compiled under the direction of Henry Brandis, Jr., executive secretary of the Tax classification Commission.

Durham County ranks first in North Carolina in average assessed value of owner-occupied homes, town and county, white and colored, the average being \$2,296. Durham is followed closely by New Hanover, with an average of \$3,283.

The lowest assessed valuation goes to Ashe County, which for the past year was \$424, with white homes at \$430, and the colored homes at the unbelievable small sum of \$120. It should be emphasized that this study refers to assessed values and not true values. Ashe County is the states' best example of a county whose tax books do not tell the truth. The tax values of Ashe County have largely been wiped out during the last decade. A decade ago Ashe County had approximately three million dollars worth of property listed for taxation and in the neighborhood of three fourths of this valuation has been taken off the books. Actually there are several counties in the state whose homestead valuation would average considerably below the average for Ashe County, the figures show.

The data reveals many interesting facts. Caswell and Stokes Counties, which rank 15th and 16th respectively in assessed value of owned homes, are excessively rural and generally considered among the poorer counties of the state.

The value of white owned homes in the state is from two to four times as great as the average assessed value of colored homes. Thus if a \$1,000 homestead exemption were allowed the vast majority of negro homesteads would be exempt from taxation, the average being above \$1,000 in only 12 counties of the state.

However it is not likely that the full exemption of \$1,000 will be granted by any legislature in the immediate future, the survey points out.

SWEET SMELLING PAPERS

Into some of the two thousand homes that The Mountaineer went last week, there were a few copies that were highly perfumed with cheap talcum powder. This was not an expression of affection from the circulation department, whose duty it is to mail the paper, but came about when the mechanical force sought to overcome a difficulty known to the printing trade as "off-setting."

One of the machines used in the paper folded and assembled, under certain atmospheric conditions, tends to pick up tiny particles of ink from the fresh paper and smear it on parts of the paper where no ink is intended. The application of powder on certain moving parts of the machine tends to "kill" this smearing. Too often, an operator of the machine, while under pressure of speed, gives the machine an over-dose of "powder" and the next paper going through gathers up the surplus.

This explanation will probably satisfy the curiosity of any subscriber who might have received a "sweet" copy.

While the staff has a professional affection for each subscriber, we will endeavor to show it by producing a better paper, and not by perfuming the copies of your paper.

FOUR YEARS FOR A SHERIFF

Governor Hoey in his recent plea for a four year term of office for sheriffs seems to have struck a popular sentiment in North Carolina, judging from the favorable comments by papers over the state, that have been applying the needed change to their own county situations.

The advantages of extending the office from two to four years seems to appeal to the people of the state, and leaves little doubt as to how the majority of citizens feel about the matter.

Under the present system the sheriff, in his two years has just about time to get his office thoroughly organized and his deputies in line of duty, before he either has to leave the office, or begin to plan his campaign for re-election. The campaign represents a tremendous strain, that is bound to temporarily affect the machinery of his office. Yet if he would like to see what he has started realized, he must enter the campaign to continue in office.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY BROKE DOWN AND TOLD CLEM PEEVEY SOME THING ABOUT RAISING FANCY POTATOES



BLACKIE BEAR
BY D. SAM COX

BLACKIE BEAR GOES FISHING

Story 6

One day when Blackie was scouting around over the country, he came across a great wide place in the creek—so wide that he called it a lake, and he said he knew there were plenty of fishes in it. So the next morning after having trouble with Daddy Gander he fixed up a good lunch, got his hooks and lines and things together, and started out for the big willow tree that he had seen near a deep hole in the lake.

When he got to the fishing hole, he hung his lunch basket on a limb to keep the ants out, and then he cut a pole and tied his line to it, dug up some worms to bait his hook with, lit his pipe and settled down on a big root for a day's fishing. It wasn't long before he got a bite, and when he pulled his hook up, what do you reckon was on it? A catfish! These fishes are called catfish because they have a head that looks a good deal like a cat, and they have whiskers like a cat. Do you reckon Blackie wanted anything that looked like a cat, after that scratching that Sallie Cat gave him? He did not, and he started to throw his hook and line, fish and all, back into the water, and then run for home, but then he saw that the fish didn't have any claws, and so he took him off of the hook and put him in his basket.

Blackie had pretty good luck, and he caught a dozen or so nice fishes, besides the catfish, before lunch time, and he put them all on his string and hung it up on a limb. It must be about lunch time, for the sun was right up above his head, and, too, he was hungry, and so he took his lunch down and sat down on a log and ate it all up. Then, just as he always does after dinner, he scratched up a pile of leaves for a bed and laid down for a nap. Sometimes people sleep off their troubles, and sometimes they sleep themselves into trouble, and this was Blackie's day to sleep into it.

While Blackie was catching all those fishes, Jocko Monkey, a big orang-outang, was sitting in his house away up in the high willow tree, and he was peeping through the leaves and watching Blackie.

It takes a lot of noise to wake Blackie when he is napping after a good lunch, and Jocko Monkey, didn't



What do you reckon was on his hook? A catfish.

make a lot of noise when he came down from his tree to get Blackie's fishes. And he didn't make a lot of noise while he was eating them, nor while he was laying the bone on the ground all around Blackie's mouth. And he didn't make a lot of noise when he picked up a stick and climbed back up his tree and out on a limb right over Blackie. But he would tell you today that Blackie made a

A ROTTEN SYSTEM

A plump and sentimental 19-year-old jailer's daughter in Lexington, last week, took it upon herself to let two desperate young prisoners out of jail, on the grounds that they had "gotten religion" and gave promise of going "straight" after having run in with the law and faced charges of murder and first degree burglary.

The young girl, with a big heart, but lacking the ability to handle cell keys, is now facing a jail term, while her jailer father is without a job; and the two prisoners are again behind bars.

A hasty conclusion of the whole affair, would place all the blame on the obliging girl, but is that the true and accurate conclusion to draw.

The inefficient peace-officer system now in use in North Carolina is to be blamed for this unfortunate affair.

Too often, political debts are paid by appointing men wholly unfit for the places, who in turn, pass on the responsibilities of the jobs to those who are less suited for the place than they, and the state pays the price for inefficiency.

A person that is competent enough to be a peace officer should be willing to prove it by taking an examination similar to civil service. As it is now, in two many instances, the principle qualifications of a peace officer is to be a good collector of political debts; be big enough to wear a badge, and strong enough to carry too many weapons, and with enough glib and tongue to strut and show authority.

North Carolina should be ashamed that this system is so weak that an innocent 19-year-old girl should become its victim.

THE LIONS CLUB

This a day of organization.

Individualism seems on the way out, as far as being able to get things done on a large scope. Sometimes we wonder if we aren't over-organized, and yet when we see an individual, or even two or three tackle a civic or county project, without the support of a functioning organization, it usually begins to falter. So, in this fast moving civilization, we have decided that organizations are essential, and have become a part of our economic and social set-up.

In Waynesville, we have a new organization, which received their formal charter, and "go ahead" signal last Friday night from headquarters of Lions International, in Chicago.

With over 3,000 clubs with 108,000 members, acquired in a brief 20 years, the international organization has proven worthy of its existence, if for no other reason, already more than 100,000 civic projects have been accomplished—almost one for every member.

The Waynesville Club will find a field "white unto harvest" for civic projects, and the club roll is made up of men that have the determination, energy and foresight to accomplish what they go after.

While other civic clubs are carrying along in a creditable way, the burdens here have increased beyond the ability of them to cater to all the pressing needs.

The Mountaineer sees for the Waynesville Lions Club a great future, and we look for this to be a better community in which to live because of their activities.

THE EDITORS AND THE PRESIDENT

The Jersey Journal points out the fact that President Roosevelt is now telling the editors how to write, showing their faults and giving advice for corrections. This is only fair—the editors will have to take it on the chin—they have been suggesting to the president, too long, how to run the country, to resent the advice.

GEMS
For Your Scrapbook

"APPLAUSE"
 "The silence that accepts merit is the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause."—Emerson

"O Popular Applause! Weigh of man
 Is proof against the sweetest
 ing charms?"—Cowper

"... the Scriptures often apply in our common vision to approve and endorse belief, when they mean to enforce the necessity of disbelieving."—Mary Baker Eddy

"The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the head glad."—Richard Steele

"When most the world applaus you, most beware:
 'Tis often less a blessing, than a snare."
 —Young

"And now, brethren, esteem you to God, and to the word of grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."—Act

lot of noise when that stick slipped down through the leaves and popped him right on the jaw. Yes, Blackie jumped up and yelled "Wah-uh-uh" three times before you could say "Jack Robinson," and he looked around to see who hit him. No, it wasn't anybody in sight, but that thing seemed curious. But look those bones all around where his head had been lying! Did he eat those fishes while he was asleep? He didn't believe it. He could taste fish in his mouth. And it was scary. No, there wasn't a tree around, but somebody had eaten fishes. "I'll go tell Doctor Coon about it, that's what I'll do," he said and gathered up his things and ried off through the woods.

Doctor Coon smelled Blackie's breath and looked at his tongue, then told him that he certainly had eaten any fish. "Where did you go to sleep, anyway?" Doctor Coon asked Blackie.

"Under the big willow tree by the lake," Blackie answered. And then Doctor Coon laughed. "Didn't you know that Jocko Monkey lives in that tree?" the Doctor asked. "And Jocko likes fish."
 (To be continued.)

You've met a wise chap when meet a man who would rather let his bills paid up than to keep up his neighbor.

Ease the strain when your nerves begin to tire

LET UP - LIGHT UP A CAMEL

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobacco are Soothing to the Nerve

What's the Answer?
By EDWARD FINCH

WHY DO THEY CALL IT A HONEYMOON?

BECAUSE in old-time Germany, newly married couples always drank during the first month or "moon" after marriage, a wine which was made from honey and during this month they would keep apart from other people, making it a time of adjustments. Soon the idea of a voyage away from all things familiar took the public fancy and that voyage acquired the name "honeymoon" which it carries to this day long after the custom which originated it is forgotten.
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A TRUSTED NAME!

People instinctively turn to a trusted name. The institution that comes to realize this grant of confidence regards it not only as a great responsibility but as a great opportunity to contribute through the coming years an even larger measure of service. That's the feeling of the men who serve you at this drug store.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

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