

# The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1939

## CONGRESSMAN WEAVER ACCOMPLISHES THINGS

It is very seldom that Congressman Zebulon Weaver breaks into the headlines, or ever stirs the House of Representatives by long and fiery speeches. He is not a grandstand player.

While others have been basking in the limelight of nation-wide publicity, Congressman Weaver has in a quiet, and efficient manner, gone about his duties in such a way that they are bringing about desired results for his district and state.

He is doing a commendable piece of work in Congress, especially in Park matters.

We say without fear of contradiction, that there is no member of Congress more familiar with the Park than Congressman Weaver. He knows the set up from top to bottom. He knows the men who hold the keys to the park situation.

Without fanfare, ballyhoo, or an array of publicity, he has steadily pushed forward, and almost single-handed, removed all obstacles that will hasten the formal opening of the Park in June.

Congressman Weaver is due credit for his faithful work on the Park. Yet, you may rest assured, that when it comes to the formal dedication of the park, he will by choice, remain in the background, and not be out in front claiming any credit. Those charged with the arrangements of the dedicatory program, should see to it that he receives proper and due recognition on the day of dedication.

## WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE SOFTBALL GAME

For sometime we have talked about some clean recreation for the local people and the summer visitor. Well we have found it with softball—for everybody's playing it.

It is said that there are more people playing softball in America today than golf, and that there are a half million teams, and more than five million players of all ages. In fact there is a world series now, even though "baseball's precocious baby" is barely out of the cradle.

One sports writer terms it "the new American fever, the cricket of America, the first all-people, all American game since kissing was invented."

About ten years ago, the game which has been played for years in school gyms, and called everything from indoor baseball to sissyball, was dragged out into the open, and played up in Minnesota.

It is a game for everybody, the working man, the executive, the retired person, even the women about Waynesville, and the small children have taken up softball and are organizing into teams.

We would like for this paper to share in the credit for the local development of the sport, as Marion Bridges, sports editor of The Mountaineer, was the first person in town to agitate the movement, and urge its playing through his sports column.

## "BY THE LAWS OF GOD"

Even in this man-made world, the seven men and five women, all married, who made up the jury, that acquitted Louie Greenfield, charged with first degree manslaughter in the "mercy killing" of his son, showed that they agreed with the defendant, that he was within the laws of God, if not of man.

As one read the testimony, and the pathetic story of the father, who for years had seen the suffering of his incurable imbecile son, grow steadily worse, one felt that the case should be judged not by man alone, but by a Higher Court, where such tragedies are understood.

Who knows, perhaps the father was commanded as he claimed by "voices" representing "the will of God"?

## DR. GUDGER MAKES A CLEAR CASE

In an article entitled, "Why the Yankees Beat us" written by Dr. Eugene W. Gudger, of New York and Waynesville, which appeared in a copy of the Raleigh News and Observer during the past week, the author brings home some facts regarding the crowding of our state and other southern and southwestern colleges and universities, to the disadvantage of the native sons and daughters, in a logical manner, in which Dr. Gudger can handle subjects.

He cites figures of various kinds, showing how the outsider is taking the major part of the scholastic and leadership honors away from the home boys and girls. In this connection we noticed a list of elective officers in the power of the student body of Duke University, which are usually based on leadership and scholarship, and among dozens of names, we found only three students from North Carolina.

Dr. Gudger asks the timely question, "Why this marked contrast between 'native' students and those whom I have called 'Migrates'?"

Then he gives the answer, and in no uncertain terms it comes back to our own school house door. He points out the fact that the northern students have attended high schools having 12 grades and in most cases 10 months terms each year—this against our 11 grades with eight months term in North Carolina.

He takes up the two remedies that have been prescribed in North Carolina, the addition of the 12th grade at the top or the addition of a school month, to every grade, all the way from the bottom to the top.

As Dr. Gudger says, "The first sounds fine; 'our school system has 12 grades, the same as New York.' Yes that sounds fine, but it gives us only 96 school months as against 120 in New York. This plan calls for two or three more teachers, two or more rooms and laboratories in every high school in the state. And from this heavy cost we gain, but eight more school months at the top. If one has a shaky and inadequate house, why put an observatory on top of it, when it needs repairs and additions, all the way up from the sills to the ridgepole?"

"I have a different suggestion, and I make it not as a theoretical pedagogist, but as a practical teacher of 25 years' experience and a native Tar Heel who has taught 19 years in the state," continues Dr. Gudger.

"Broaden the foundation and the superstructure by adding on a month to the school term for every grade from first to 11th. Not a single additional teacher will have to be added, nor a single extra room provided, nor will more equipment be needed. The additional pay for the added month will help out the slender salaries of the teachers already inadequately recompensed for their work. We will still be short of the 10 month's standard of the North, but think what a nine-months term will mean to the children of North Carolina—each school year lengthened by the addition of one month—an eighth of the present term added to each grade."

## SENATOR REYNOLDS TAKES THE FLOOR

It is regrettable that any United States Senator should take and hold the floor of the Senate for four long hours in defense of his own record. It is more regrettable when a North Carolina Senator should resort to such a childish stunt, yet such happened last week, when the junior Senator of North Carolina got peeved at some of his critics.

Much has been said, in recent months, by the press and in certain magazines, concerning the senator's "supposed" views on the European situation. He has been severely assailed by his critics for his Nazi attitude, for his pro-Nazi utterances and a mild, though decided defense of Adolph Hitler. All these, the Senator and many supporters, claim are absolutely false.

We do not know what happy acquaintances "Our Bob" acquired on his numerous world travels, but certainly in this day of tense international relationship, and being in his position, he should be careful of his language.

We are not particularly interested in the Senator's views and would not dare accuse him of heresy nor pro-German learnings, but we do object very seriously to the fact that he wasted a whole day of valuable time of an important body of law-making men to air his pet peeves in which no one is particularly interested.

The most pathetic part of his "popping off" in the four-hour fit of anger, in which his temper got the best of him, was the frequent use of language that he is reported to have used, that was far from becoming to a man in his position, and a reflection on his state.

It looks like "Our Bob" is still a showman.

Franklin D. Roosevelt says, "Nourish the conditions of a free life and you nourish the arts, too. In encouraging the creation and enjoyment of beautiful things we are feathering democracy itself."

## THE OLD HOME TOWN



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY OF HURRICANE CORNERS PUTS THE BEE ON OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT



## BLACKIE GETS AN EYEFUL AT AUNT LINDY'S

Story 37

For two or three days after the goose shooting, it rained hard, and the wind blew terribly, and so Blackie couldn't begin to build his smoke-house, and he couldn't go out to get any cane roots or any other green things to eat. A bear dearly loves to eat young roots, buds and other green things, and Blackie had gotten pretty tired of eating nothing but meat. He even had enough turkey. So he said he would have to scout around and see if there wasn't something green in Aunt Lindy's garden.

Blackie hadn't been near Aunt Lindy's place since that first day, soon after he came down from the mountain, for he had never forgotten about the way little Sallie Cat had scratched up his nose; but he remembered mighty well the big jar of honey he had seen on the kitchen table, and he thought a little of that honey would taste mighty good, after eating so much fresh meat.

Blackie never had told anybody about Aunt Lindy's house, for he had always intended to go back there some time, and see about those kittens and that honey. He hadn't even thought about what a little time it takes for little kitten to grow up to be big cats, and that now there were seven grown cats over there.

But we will hear more about those cats after a while. Anyway, Blackie left home pretty soon after breakfast, the first day it wasn't raining, before any of his friends came over.

And now let's talk about Rover Dog. While he was lying around the kitchen, on those same rainy days, he heard Mr. Man and his wife talk a good deal about all sorts of things in the neighborhood. He heard them say that Aunt Lindy always had the best laying hens of anybody they ever saw, and that once or twice every week she and her boy Tom went to town to take her eggs and some honey and some other things to trade for what they needed from the store.

Rover was just as glad as anybody because it had quit raining, for he liked running around out of doors; and that talk about Aunt Lindy going to town was something to think about. Because this was the first nice day there had been for some time, Aunt Lindy would be almost sure to go to town. And even if she carried all the eggs she had, the hens would be laying more eggs all day, and he could certainly find as

many as he wanted to eat. Rover had always loved eggs, but didn't dare eat any at home. If Mrs. Man ever caught him eating eggs, she would beat him most to death, if she didn't kill him.

So, about the time Blackie was starting to Aunt Lindy's house, Rover Dog was coming from the other side.

Sure enough, Aunt Lindy and Tom had gone to town, and they had left a bucket of honey on the kitchen table, just as they did every day, for they liked honey most as well as Blackie did; but there was something that hit Blackie's eyes harder than the honey did. When he got up close to the fence, he thought he better be careful about going into the yard, so he climbed a big tree so he could see all over the place. And what did he see? Well, what do you reckon?

(To be continued.)

### LETTERS to the Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE—Letters to the editor, if free of personal abuse, are always welcomed. All letters must be signed and the opinions expressed by the writers are not necessarily the opinions of The Mountaineer.

A couple of weeks ago I had the privilege of attending the Chamber of Commerce banquet, and there was one thing that I noticed that I think should be called to your attention. That is as follows: No where and at no time was mention made of the golf course that you have just outside of Waynesville. In my opinion, and in the opinion of a large number of Miami residents that spend part or all of the summer in Waynesville, this is practically the greatest drawing card you have, along with your wonderful climate, and I am sure that if you gave the golf course more publicity that it would mean more income for your merchants as a good many people go to Western North Carolina do not know that Waynesville has a golf course, and this should be called to their attention.

Wishing you a very wonderful and prosperous season, I am  
 Very truly yours,  
 W. T. COX.

**Wide Plant Range in Mountains**  
 A few hours' climb in the Great Smoky mountains will disclose in succession the same plant life zones to be found in traveling northward from the latitude of southern Tennessee to that of central Canada.

## What's the Answer?

By EDWARD FINCH



IN EVERY form of animal life there is a specific way of expressing joy when that animal has performed the mission for which he was created. The hen cackles to notify the chicken world that she has discharged this duty and shouts her joy that the attendant discomfort in the laying of the egg is over. She is proud of herself!

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## ALMANAC



- MAY
- 14—The first Constitutional Convention was held, 1787.
  - 15—The Panama Canal was officially opened, 1914.
  - 16—Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, 1860.
  - 17—Bank for International Settlements opened at Basel, Switzerland, 1930.
  - 18—Napoleon Bonaparte was made Emperor of France, 1804.
  - 19—Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, was beheaded, 1536.
  - 20—Amelia Earhart took off on solo flight across Atlantic, 1932.

## Here and There

—By— HILDA WAY GWYN

We often meet someone to whom we would like to lend this space in order that the patient reader like to borrow fresh thoughts from others . . . when we seem to have drained everything in sight from especially the weeks . . . when line of duty has brought us across of other subjects in such a form . . . that we reach "Here and There" in a breathless state . . . all our thoughts and energies on some other type of writing . . . We feel that this week we have something of particular interest, not so long ago we had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with newspaper woman of wide experience . . . native of Nebraska . . . and training for her work in New York City . . . at one time free-lance writer in Europe . . . who has many assignments for New York City . . . Mrs. L. R. Davidson, wife of owner and editor of the Daily News Journal . . . we are sorry we can't introduce her in person because you would fall at once under the spell of her dynamic and charming personality . . . we are happy to pass on the following which she sent us . . .

"Write me a contribution to 'Here and There' suggested by Gwyn that night after dinner at Prospect Hill . . . a Florida newspaper woman, with a summer cabin at Balsam, and a way home from New York City, publishers meeting, and the Fair you ought to have some ideas."

The request caught this writer in a state of confusion . . . The Fair, in a preview was dizzying enough . . . but a ride over the curves and whirls, of N. C. 209 from Hot Springs to Lake Junaluska (which two Florida traveloguers had optimistically figured out from the map to be a "short cut") had caused prolonged vertigo . . .

Nothing like Western North Carolina in springtime . . . and especially nothing like the Quinlans, of Waynesville, to restore balance and business, however . . . a few minutes of the company of these friends of life gets on even keel again . . . here are a few notes . . . Getting into Western North Carolina is easier nowadays as roads are improved . . . that's a break for outsiders . . . Virginia has done wonderful U. S. 11 (Shenandoah Valley) which is now a super high road many miles . . . We explored the palachian parkway enroute . . . five miles of dramatic road through the Blue Ridge . . . This is the best to North Carolinians . . . because the same parkway is being extended over Pisgah and will tap local area somewhere in the region of Balsam Gap . . . Beautifully well built, it ought to add zest to the charm of this grand region. Western N. C. is still "tops" in opinion . . . Every time one returns one is impressed with its many advantages . . . high mountains, clear streams . . . trees, flowers, parks . . . and swell people . . . highways are improving too . . . C. 209, incidentally, is being straddled out into a modern road, well developed in view of the scenery.

The Fair? . . . Well, it will be ready to visit in a month or two when all the loose ends are tied . . . meanwhile, a bit of gossip about the North Carolina building . . . it's coming along . . . but there has been some criticism that the Fair organization has permitted costs to be hiked up too high to suit the state's representative . . . Things cost far more than scheduled, it seems. But this frankly, is "dirt" and must be taken for pure hearsay.

Locally . . . Waynesville . . . this visitor as being in the midst of construction that looks good . . . there are some new buildings on Main Street . . . and isn't Clyde Ray added to his greenhouses . . . and I notice the Rippetoe shop last year or is it new? . . . and isn't the Green Tree Tea Room doing some painting and fixing up? . . . The area around Balsam is having a mild "boom" with several new houses going up there for Florida folk . . . And may it prosper, says this booster. W. N. C.

**HIGHWAYS OF TOMORROW**  
 President Roosevelt has urged new highway network for long-distance travel and military purposes. Norman Bell Geddes, designer, has conferred with the President and congressional leaders, declaring "Roads can be designed and built practically no extra cost, that will permit automobiles to be driven safely at a speed of 100 miles an hour."