

The Mountaineer

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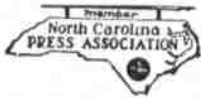
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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1939

THE MERCHANTS ORGANIZE

The organizing of the merchants group of the Chamber of Commerce, got off to a good start here Tuesday night, and they have in their chairman, N. W. Garrett, a leader who will put into the work a lot of time, enthusiasm, and constructive building. He is well qualified for the place. The group in naming R. C. McBride treasurer, have a man who is already affiliated himself with community activities in many ways.

The secretary, J. Dale Stentz, of the parent organization, is in a position to render a valuable and needed service.

The organization will be the means for the making of a better and a more co-operative community.

FACING FACTS

It is twenty years since the Paris Peace Conference, and during the interim, most of us Americans have tried to feel that we are done with war, and that after all we in America are a separate and distinct unit, from the world, and that Europe can manage its own affairs.

In other words, we have had our fingers burned once, trying, in noble sentiment, to straighten out the tangles of European countries, and to "make the world safe for Democracy." With the best intentions, the expenditure of millions, and the loss of the cream of our young manhood, we tried, but the years have proven that we failed. As a result of that failure, those old enough to recall the World war, have become cynical of the accomplishments of warfare.

But there is no denying the fact, that once again world affairs are claiming the attention of Americans, with neutrality as the "sounding board," but the thought of how to stay neutral bobbing up to bother us.

The threat of war abroad and the possibility that the United States might become involved again has made, after two decades, the American citizen conscious again of the existence of the Old World, and realize that after all "no man can live unto himself."

The twenty years that have elapsed have brought Europe much closer to America. Through improved communications by way of the radio and through transportation by the air, we are nearer neighbors, than we were twenty years ago.

Practically all the leading groups in this country seem united in the thought that we must stay out of war, but how to avoid entry, in case of the European conflagration is another matter.

With a flash of realism Senator William E. Borah, cut straight through the "whole neutrality" argument recently when he asked, "Haven't the people already made up their minds who is right and who is wrong? The thing that is uppermost in my mind is that there is no neutrality at this time, because of conditions that exist in the world."

THE FAMILY BUDGET

Mrs. Theo. B. Davis of the Zebulon Record, recently wrote of the ten commandments for newly married couples. One of them being "Thou shall make a family budget, and live up to it."

According to Mrs. Davis, "The idea was good, but the expression faulty. With most young couples it is not living up to the budget but living down to it, that is hard to do. The proper relation between income and expenditure may be hard to equalize, and is still harder for many to stabilize. But it is one of the pillars of security in the home."

This matter of thrift and saving is bound to be rather confusing to those just reaching the adult age. The great program of recovery that is based on spending by the government is so inconsistent with the way grandpa and grandpa made their nest egg, that it is no wonder the present generation gets a rather false idea of building for the future.

AMERICAN COURAGE

The resiliency of American thought and courage is a powerful and dependable asset. To quote a familiar line, "We whistle while we work. And as we whistle and work we count our blessings. These are many, and they multiply as they are realized and appreciated."

This history of the so-called horse-and-buggy days may not be very interesting to all of us. It may seem drab and colorless. We smile at the boasted erudition of our elders. But we are forced to admit that in their crude stubborn and faith-inspired way, they did a tolerably satisfactory piece of work.

Today we need that same faith, that determined confidence in our own ability to rise above the confusions, the hatreds, the fears which would discourage and alarm us. Let us rejoice in the possession of these—Christian Science Monitor.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY OF HURRICANE CORNERS—REPORTS ANOTHER LABOR SAVING MARVEL IN HIS TOWN



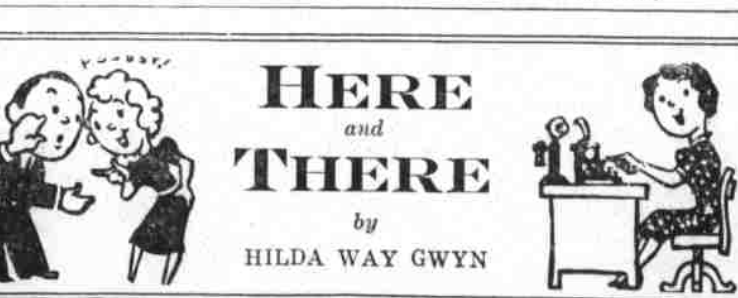
ROVER DOG HAS A HOWLING TIME

Story 38

While Blackie was looking over the chicken house from away up in his tree, he saw some bushes shaking, and he strained his eyes to see who was doing it. It was Rover Dog! And what else did he see? Everything! In the garden were long rows of turnips and onions; banks of sweet potatoes, and oh, oh, oh, gums and gums of honey. Blackie was so busy looking at all these good things that he almost forgot about Rover Dog till he heard him howl, and then when he did see him he nearly fell out of his tree.

Rover had been so careful not to make any noise in walking, that he had kept his eyes on the ground, and he didn't see a row of black cats that were sitting up on a shelf over the hen-house door; so when seven full-grown cats dropped down on him, as he started for the hen nests, it was enough to make him squall. He had come in at an open gate, and he went back the same way, but he had seven cats holding on to him with sharp claws, and he was yelling "How-oo, How-oo, How-oo," just like somebody was killing him, as he made for the woods.

"Now's my time," said Blackie, and he slipped down his tree and almost flew to the kitchen. Setting on the table was a bucket of honey, and Blackie grabbed it in his mouth and darted out of the door so fast that he made just a black streak. He didn't stop to see what the kitties did to Rover Dog; but just as he jumped the fence he met Jay Bird and told him to fly on and see what sort of a time Rover Dog was having with the kitties, and then to come over to his house and tell him about it.



There are certain forms of etiquette for every occasion in life . . . we have never sold books from door to door . . . and we have often wondered just what is the most courteous way to handle this situation . . . (for all we know Emily Post may have covered it) . . . when you are positive "that your pocketbook will not expand . . . (however tempting the offer may be) to take care of an additional volume . . . there arises the question . . . is it better to let the agent waste a half hour of their and your time . . . trying to sell his wares . . . when you are prepared to be immune to his line of talk . . . and literally turn "a deaf ear" to what he says . . . or should you listen as if enraptured . . . for his ability to present his cause . . . and then in the end let him drop . . . and tell him "very sorry you are . . . how much you really want the books . . . but you simply can't buy them just now . . ." or be firm . . . but smiling, in the first place . . . do not offer him a seat . . . or invite him in . . . but stand and hold the door ajar . . . but of course some agents are so persistent that even an open door does not register . . . (we might get just that way too, we don't know) . . . neither are they all as bright as the one we recently heard of who was selling dictionaries and called "on a busy man, who yelled . . . "get out, I can't find words to express my dislike of book agents" . . . and the answer came back at once . . . "How lucky you are . . . I have just the very book you need—317,000 words—

every living and usable word in the English language" . . . and the busy man bought it. . . .

As we have often remarked . . . we have a lot of people in this community . . . if dramatized in plays . . . or were characters in fiction . . . would fill us with admiration as we read of them . . . yet we walk beside them day in and day out . . . often never realizing what extra fine material make up their personalities . . . that enable them to meet things . . . and demand our respect . . . while our thoughts trail along this line . . . we would like to honor Mrs. J. M. Kellett . . . who meets life with a smile . . . and puts everything into her word as a teacher in the high school . . . and the thorns that may have pricked her along the way . . . have left no bitterness . . . but have given her understanding . . . (and we have noticed that they react one way or the other on us all) . . . her outlook on life . . . and charity to human frailties . . . might be envied. . . .

We have a new paper in town . . . a daily . . . comes on three typed yellow second sheets . . . "The Waynesville News" . . . one full page of "funnies" in pen sketches . . . Billy Ray, editor . . . Nip Ray reporter . . . and Tuck the "comics" . . . for the sum of 7c a week it will be delivered to your door each day . . . it covers the news in a most surprising

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate

(As Recorded to Monday of this Week)

Beaverdam Township
H. A. Rains, et ux, et al, to J. B. Parkes.
Jennie Parkes to J. B. Rains.
Dr. W. C. Johnson, et ux, to H. Harris, et ux.
G. H. Cook, et ux, to T. P. et ux.
Dr. W. C. Johnson, et ux, to C. Mills, et ux.
M. Harley Robinson to C. Hipps, et ux.
George M. West, et ux, to C. Sutton.
W. R. Smith, et ux, to C. Paper and Fibre Company.
T. C. Allen to C. Paper and Fibre Company.
Clyde Township
J. R. Medford, et ux, to Ray ford.
D. F. Corzine, et ux, to C. Corzine.
Iron Duff Township
Z. V. Ferguson, et ux, to M. Chambers.
T. J. Davis, et ux, to H. Frank Bryson.
Ivy Hill Township
Pink Carver to Oliver Finger.
D. M. Carpenter, et ux, to Carpenter.
Jonathan Creek Township
J. T. Harrell, et ux, to M. Burgess, et ux.
Pigeon Township
Georgia Smathers, et al, to W. Smith, et ux.
J. L. Wells, et ux, to V. F. et ux.
L. C. Henson to L. G. Henson.
C. W. Pressley, et ux, to L. Smathers, et al.
J. B. Burnett to Wilson et al.
Waynesville Township
A. A. Gambill Company to Parkil.
Jerry Limer, et ux, to Arthur han, et ux.
John M. Queen, et ux, to W. T. Leg to John M. Queen.

MARRIAGES

Wilburn B. Nelson to Lella both of Waynesville, route 2.
Butler Swanger, of Hazlet, Ruth Boone, of Waynesville.

Canton boasts of one of the best paper and pulp plants in the manner . . . and the youthful seem to have a "style" all their own . . . perhaps the ability of the talented mother, Caroline Miller . . . is being handed down to the art of good reporting. . . .

How do you suppose the Methodists ever managed without Stentz family? . . . they seem to be able to pinch hit for everyone in the church organization . . . the preacher down . . . and the good job of substituting . . . Hahn's attractive apartment house at the corner of the street going into Hazelwood from Balsam highway nears completion . . . also the Francis M. house on the site of the old residence on the Asheville road the Bill Prevosts and the Hon. Hyatts building now houses the Country Club . . . All season we wish that all the streets in town had the trees that line Walnut . . . in spite of the heavy traffic . . . has a peaceful atmosphere created by the wide spreading branches . . . wouldn't it be nice if we could manage to get all the beauty spots of the moved to Main street . . . The President goes by . . . Will Shelton's dabbles . . . Harry Hall's garden . . . outdoor fireplace on the Siler grounds . . . the garden Miss Caroline Altheimer . . . believe he would stop . . . could see all the inviting about town. . . .

We appreciate the contribution made to this column from time . . . and have regretted some have been too long to use the following we gratefully acknowledge . . . "THE VALUE OF SMILE" . . . It costs nothing, creates much . . . it enriches those who receive it without impoverishing those who give . . . it happens in a flash and the memory of it lasts forever . . . None are so rich as those who are rich in smiles . . . they can get along without money none so poor but are richer in benefits . . . It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the counterbalance to friends . . . It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, and to the sad . . . and Nature's antidote for trouble . . . Yet it is not to be bought, begged, borrowed, stolen, for it is something that is earthily good to anybody who gives away . . . You use all the muscles of your face when you smile . . . and thirteen when you smile. WHY WASTE ENERGY?