

# The Mountaineer

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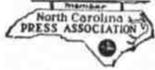
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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1939

### A NEW OPPORTUNITY

We were much interested in the announcement of the purchase last week, of the first farm in Haywood County through the Farm Security Administration, by Wilfred Jackson, county supervisor, for one of the farmers he has been helping "to get on his feet."

From its initial set up, when it was called the Farm Rehabilitation and Resettlement, we have felt that the administration was based on one of the soundest principles of any of the government ventures.

We liked the idea of helping the deserving person, who is not afraid of hard work, and who has a vision of working toward a definite goal, rather than making him a gift of only temporary value.

A man who gets a loan through the Farm Security Administration has had to pass a good many tests. In the first place he must have been a tenant farmer all his life, with no property which he might cash in and buy a farm. Neither must he be in line for property inheritance.

But he must have character. His family must have character. His life from childhood is revised. He must have shown that he is capable, as a tenant farmer on someone else's farm, to take the proper care of the land, and his family must have shown their cooperation in his work.

The loan made under this administration is the only one where the government puts up one hundred per cent of the purchase price, with only a man's character as security.

He is given forty years in which to repay the loan, or if all goes well, and he is able and so desires he may pay up at any time. The sum of \$43.26 paid annually on each thousand dollars of the loan retires both interest and principal.

It is the biggest opportunity ever offered in this country to the tenant farmer to become a land owner.

### TO DANCE FOR THE KING AND QUEEN

When we folks in Haywood County read about the proposed visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain, the event seemed very far away, because we knew that there would be no one from this county included in the state festivities attending their sojourn in the Capital.

But we were wrong, we underestimated our fame and talent. We rejoice with the Soco Gap Dancers, who have been judged "fit to see the King", and we are sure that His Majesties will find delight in their number.

Which all gives us an idea, whoever is responsible for the welcome, decorations, arrangements, or whatever official term it will be called, for getting the town ready for the passing of President Roosevelt, should certainly remember to have his friends, "The Soco Gap Players," under a banner bearing their name, standing at attention to greet him, or take some prominent part in the auspicious occasion.

Sam, we will be thinking of you on the night of June the 8th, and we wish you and the team the best of luck.

A big fight over 1940 relief money will not be over its amount but over who is to control its distribution. Handicap facing many conservative Senators who would like control of the funds is that, much as they fear control of relief by a Federal machine, they are equally afraid of giving control to the State machines.—The United States News.

Let us be thankful for the fools—But for them the rest of us could not succeed.—Mark Twain.

### CLOSER RELATIONSHIP

North Carolina is fortunate in having such an active and efficient department of Conservation and Development. It is keen on conserving every natural attraction in the state and developing all the resources, with personal contacts in each community.

Last week a group from the department was in town consulting with the Chamber of Commerce officials in an effort to tie up any local advertising with the state campaign during the vacation season of the next three months. Last year this was done in the limited amount of advertising which the Chamber of Commerce was financially able to sponsor.

It is doubtful if any department in the state government has done more to bring the West and the East together, and to create a closer relationship of the citizens of the state than this department.

The great advertising campaign, which has taken cognizance of the assets of the entire state, has given one section as much of a "break" as another, and has served not only to bring the state to the attention of outsiders, but has also served to unite its citizenship in bonds of common interest.

### PANACEA FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

Practically everybody you meet has some suggestion to make that would solve the unemployment problem.

Not long ago we heard a local manufacturer say that he was tired of hearing people complain about the number of men thrown out of work by new inventions and new machinery, as he claimed that both created far more jobs, than they discontinued. He also felt that a few new industries, however small, to take care of the raw materials going to waste in this particular section, would solve the local unemployment troubles.

Along this line during the week we ran across the following excerpts from a speech recently delivered in New England by Chas. F. Kettering, president of General Motors Research Corporation.

"There never has been a time in the history of the world when we needed inventions as much as we need them now.

"We are so far behind that I am ashamed of our engineers, scientists, and research laboratories. We have many men out of work, a lot of money lying idle in the banks and an enormous amount of raw materials. When we have these three essentials, men, money and materials with nothing for them to do, it can mean only we are way behind in developing new products to put them to work.

The future is going to require a change in our thinking, in our wants, in our habits, and in our standards of living. As industrialists, that means change in our products, whether we like it or not. Each season, year, month, and hour requires its unit of change. If we prepare for change and take it into account, as one factor in our bookkeeping, we will not have the more violent upsets of business we have recently experienced."

### FLIES

Ye editor remembers going years ago into a farm house kitchen and seeing on the kitchen table a row of goblets nearly full of soapy water and covered with pasteboard tops out of which a hole had been cut and the edges smeared with black molasses. A dozen or two flies in each glass indicated that the glasses were fly traps. They had been improvised by the ingenuity of the housewife who had no money to buy screens, which were not then in general use, or fly paper, or insect powder. This housewife, like many others, had to protect food from the flies as best she could. When the family sat down to eat a meal, some one stood up and waved to and fro a bunch of long peacock feather or a fly fan made of paper, in order to shoo the flies away.

Practically all homes in the towns and many in the rural areas are now screened against flies and mosquitos. Due to the teaching of sanitation in the schools, in women's clubs and through our county health department, men and women know more about the need of sanitation than they did two or three decades ago; but because the most of the homes we visit now are not infested with flies, one must not presume that all homes today are clean and free from flies and mosquitos.

Cleaning up the breeding places and screening are two essentials in fighting the germ-laden flies and mosquitos. A will to do and plenty of elbow grease will accomplish the first. It will take some money to do the second, but whatever investment is necessary, shared by landlord and tenant, would result in dividends for all concerned.—Ex.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



GRANDPAPPY GALE WIND PENNY OF HURRICANE CORNERS CHIRPS AGAIN



### JAY BIRD BRINGS NEWS OF TROUBLE

Blackie Bear and Joeko Monkey were sitting around the table at Blackie's house, after a good dinner, smoking their pipes and talking about the new smoke-house, and trying to decide where to build it. They were still talking about it when they heard someone knocking at the door. Blackie went to the door and took down the bar, and as he opened it in flew Jay Bird, and he seemed in an awful hurry.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Blackie, as soon as Jay Bird got seated on the corner of the table.

"There's a whole heap the matter," said Jay Bird. "It doesn't bother me, but it's going to worry all you folks that can't fly. I was over at Mr. Man's house late this afternoon, getting a few strawberries for supper, and while I was there Uncle Joe and Aunt Lindy came over. Mrs. Man was out at the well where the others were, and they all got to talking so much and so loud I thought I would hop over and see what it was all about. Mr. Man was awfully mad, and he was talking with his hands as well as with his mouth. He doubled up his fist and pounded down on the bucket shelf so hard that it knocked the bucket off and it fell down in the well, as he said:

"I tell you, Uncle Joe, this thing has got to be stopped! Something has got to be done. This rascal Blackie Bear and his tribe of friends are about to ruin me, and we have got to clean out the whole crowd. They have taken my turkeys, pigs, chickens, apples and my gun. They have tried to drown my dog, and if they are let alone a while longer, they will be taking my cow and calf. We have got to stop them, and we have got to do it right away."

"Got to stop them, has he," laughed Blackie. "Well, what did Uncle Joe say?"

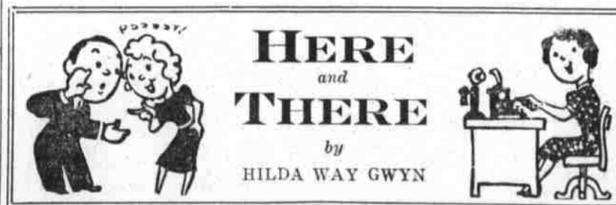
Uncle Joe said, "You are mighty right, Mr. Man. If this things keep up, I won't have enough roosters left to keep the hawks away from my biddies, and not enough geese to furnish feathers for my beds. We certainly have got to put an end to it." Then Aunt Lindy said: "While I was gone to town the other day, Blackie Bear came to my house and took a big bucket of honey that I had just taken from a gum. I know it was Blackie because I saw his tracks around the door and on the sand on my kitchen floor. Yes, sir, we certainly have got to stop all this robbing, or we won't have anything left before long!"

"That's too bad," said Joeko Monkey. "We really ought to leave them a little something to live on, so they can keep on working to make something else for us to live on. We will have to talk it over, and see if we can't plan a little trip."

"You had better do your planning tonight and your tripping tomorrow night," said Jay Bird, "for Mr. Man said he was going to town tomorrow and get another gun, and the next day he and Uncle Joe and Rover Dog would start in to clean out all the varmints in these woods. There isn't any time to lose."

"Well," said Blackie to Jay Bird, "you go over and tell Dr. Coon and Billie Possum to come over here early in the morning. And you stay over in the barn at Mr. Man's house tonight and find out what he intends to do tomorrow. As soon as he leaves, you fly over here and tell us all about his plans. That's a good old bird. Good night."

(To be continued.)



Running into Bill Coble the other day... in the Southern Railway Station in Asheville... we recalled other days... when all the travel from this section to any distance, started from that point... we remembered the tall iron fence and the gates that used to keep the surging crowd from the trains... and how you had your ticket in hand, standing in line to show the gateman... then we drifted to the Murphy Branch... and we reminisced about the picnics we had enjoyed... by the way of train to Balsam... it was a favorite place to go... the schedule was perfect... you left Waynesville around 9 o'clock and came back in the late afternoon... and had a whole day to roam the woods... and they were real woods in those days... you usually came to the station at Balsam about an hour before train time... it would have been just too bad to get left... there were no bus lines then... you took no chances... except there would always be one or two adventurous souls... (chiefly wanting to worry somebody)... who would arrive just in the nick of time... the poor chaperon (in case you don't know what she is... it was a person anywhere from 18 to 20 who was responsible for everything that happened on the trip... no wonder they are out of fashion)... would be crazy thinking of all the things that might have happened... and how Johnny's mama would jump on her... when more than likely Mama couldn't keep up with Johnny herself at home.

If you were a girl you had gathered all the wild flowers your small hands could hold... by the time you got home they were wilted past reviving... but you never learned... you'd do the same way next time... and those cool springs from which you drank... most of the time you had to clean out the debris... wouldn't you be horrified to have your children drink from such places today?... but how you slept that night... we decided that the child of today who goes by bus or car... however streamlined, misses a big thrill... for there was something monstrous and powerful, yet fascinating about that puffing engine... that had to have help going up Balsam... and even two engines traveled up the grade as if they could hardly make it... how tame today to ride to Balsam in a few minutes in a car... as compared...

In "His lessons in English"... Alexander Woolcott tells the following story of Noah Webster... we had imagined that the great lexicographer was so busy with his study of words that he had no time for purely human indulgences... but we find we were both wrong and right... he evidently had his weak moments... but he seems never to have forgot-

### GEMS

For Your Scrapbook

"CULTURE"  
 "The men of culture are the apostles of equality."—Arnold.

"School-examinations are one ed; it is not so much academic cation, as a moral and spiritual ture, which lifts one higher."—Baker Eddy.

"For we behaved not ourselves orderly among you—If Thessalonians."

"The foundation of culture, character, is at last the moral timent."—Emerson.

"No one is so savage that he not be civilized if he will be patient ear to culture."—Horne.

"Culture is the habit of classed with the best and why."—Van Dyke.

### MARRIAGES

Grover Crawford to Carrie... both of Canton, route 2.  
 Roy H. Patton to Debra Mitchell, both of Canton.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh man to fly the Atlantic Ocean landed in France on May 21.

ten his business of words... story... his wife came into the pantry one day, and him in the act of embracing... "Mr. Webster," she said, "am surprised," whereupon Mr. ster gazed upon her in mild... "No, my pet," he replied, "are amazed, it is we who are prised."

We hope it is a long time her a recent visitor in town finds her mistake... she was from distant state... in one of eating places in town she served big hominy... more monly known in these parts lye hominy... she was sim delighted with the food... had a second helping... some son nearby... when she saw what kind of rice it was... her that it was mountain... and had been grown here many years... she was quite prised... as she had eaten in other sections... but it always been grown in low places...

We had a phone call from Prevost soon after her return Bermuda with the North Coast Doctors... and she told us Dr. McCracken and get a post had written on the trip... one judge from the Dr.'s verses the medical men are just as upset rolling waves of the being de their patients might have been and are no more philosophical... poem is dated... "Time 2 A. M. 10th—Place, Bosom of the A On the Good Ship Bermuda...

The doctor held to the Sun Desk His eyes looked weak and his was pale, With crumpled clothing and hair, He was truly a picture of dire de

A friend who happened to pass way, Stopped and listened and heard say, "I have given up everything To the damned old mucker, er and shad."

The friend said, "You should complain, For you see your loss is the gain, This may seem poor consolation But such deeds have their con tion.

"Give me your hand, let's go But the doctor fell to the de cried; "Please go away and let me I'll die right here, and then be

"But should I reach my dest That land shall be my halting And on that isle I'll live and For I'm never going to ride back home."

Methodists that when this cruise Somewhere out on Bermuda's This doctor stands, with eyes West, Toward everything that he loves

His heart is sad, he cannot But in his ears this song dith "Nothing could be finer than Carolina in the morning."

(The poem was read to the at 2 a. m. following a swell and according to Patsy had responsive note from the medics, that it stole the "shab" the rest of the program.)