

Uncle Abe

AS HE SEES THE HUMAN SIDE O' LIFE

There has been quite a bit of snow for the past few days about the big snows, the one last week, 1886 and the one big'n of 1886. It seems to go with big snows. There was only three and a half inches old at the time of the Big Snow of '86, but remember it very distinctly: I remember it because I stood in the door and watched the big brothers cut out great paths for road-ways leading to the house. First they shoveled out one to the smoke house, out to the wood pile—spring, etc. So that when they got to the house, it looked like some giant beavers had been at work. The Big snow was from 4 to 4 feet deep. It fell right the last of November; and that election year it was hard to reach the elected candidates to reach county seat on the first Monday in December to be sworn in. I said that one man in Buncombe county failed to reach Asheville that day, and when he did there another man had been sworn in his office.

Scat!

Well, Mr. Editor, a passel of us house folksers was talkin' at cats 'tother day, sorter of off subject for us. But hit us that we had run out of any-thing and the weather, so Wade suggested that we talk at cats a while. First Uncle told what Wade Frazier said at his cat travelin' twelve miles to get back home.

"Shucks, that's nothin'," interrupted Shurf Welch, "a wise old cat will travel fifty miles to git back home—sometimes, maybe."

"Yes, a hundred," added John Kerley. Then some one said that he thought that was all the cat-will-come-back-distance would stand this session and moved to peg it there. The motion carried.

This got men to studyin' about sick cat-deeds—You know like a man dumplin' his old bad cat off on his feller man. So I went home, sat right down an' thunk up the follerin' rime—which I call—

Our Cats Come Back
Life has a way of recompense—
You've noticed this I s'pose—
How things will always even up—
"Shore as the rooster crows."

Jist try your frown upon some guy,
An' he'll frown back at you;
But beam a smile—no possum grin,
An' look, he's smilin' too!

Or drop two sick, unwanted cats
Near some safe distance (?) door,
An' some fine morn when you awake—
There's three sick cats or four!

Don't give back-slaps to git returns,
Our deeds must be sincere;
If a man's a hypocrit at heart
His slaps will somehow queer.

Good deeds we say "come out in wash."
Well, if this is tried an' true,
Your sick cat-deeds will too, re-
turn—
Your cats come back to you.

A miniature of John Paul Jones by his Parisian friend, the Countess of Lowendahl, is in the U. S. naval academy museum.



Another John Paul Jones fights for American liberty one hundred and sixty-six years after his famous ancestor made American naval history. This one is a lieutenant on duty at the Corpus Christi Naval Air Station where he is shown atop a flying boat. His brother, a naval reserve flier, was killed in the Philippines. (Central Press)

Federation Declares 3 Per Cent Dividend

A three per cent patronage dividend has been declared on purchases from the Farmers Federation warehouses during 1941, according to James G. K. McClure, president of the Western North Carolina farm co-operative.

Payment of the dividend will be in common stock of the Federation, Mr. McClure said. The common stock now bears interest at the rate of six per cent annually. In the event that a patron's business has not been sufficient to earn a full share of stock, credit amounting to three per cent of his or her purchases will be issued toward a stock share.

Torpedoing In Caribbean Waters Not So Well Timed

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Columnist.

TORPEDOINGS by Axis presumably German, submarines of oil tankers in Caribbean waters and the shelling, by the same fleet of U-craft, of the Dutch West Indian islands of Aruba may turn out to have been in the interest of Pan-American solidarity. That is being suggested at the state department by officials who have been closely identified with the campaign to tie the western hemispherical countries tightly together.

It was a raid, it's argued, that was calculated to prove to them all how much nearer to them war activities are than maybe they believed them to be.

It's true that the mainland was not attacked and Aruba is Dutch, not Latin-American. Nevertheless the thrust was right into a Latin-American pond, in entire disregard of what the Latins might think of it. Moreover Aruba's big industry is the refinement of Latin-American oil and it isn't deemed likely that the Latins will approve of the notion of having one of their important products bombed in transit to customers who are due to pay them well for it. Finally, one of the torpedoed tankers was Venezuelan. Its owners must be exceptional folk if they didn't resent having it fired on.

The outrage occurred, too, at a kind of a fortunate juncture. Not many days previously Caudillo Francisco Franco of Spain, a warm friend, though not yet an actual ally of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, had predicted that at least 1,000,000 Spaniards would volunteer to fight for the Nazis if there seemed any danger of their defeat by the United Powers.

He May Be Right

It isn't safe to assert that Francisco was wrong in hazarding this guess.

Spain is sharply divided. It has a large element that classifies as democratic or even more radically.

Another formidable element, however, is and always has been extremely hostile to proletarianism. I'd have guessed that they'd divide about 50-50. Grabbing at an opportune moment, the proletarians gained control of the Madrid government, as republicans. They were, in fact, considerably more pronounced than that and probably overdid matters. Taking advantage of resultant dissatisfaction, General Franco started a totalitarian revolt. It was a doubtful civil war and the general might not have won it but for the help received from Fuehrer Hitler and Duce Mussolini. With their assistance, though, he succeeded in overthrowing the so-called republic and slid in as Caudillo.

Considering the evenness of the Spanish balance and his followers' obligations to the Nazis and Fascists, it seems not improbable that the Caudillo didn't exaggerate in saying that 1,000,000 of his crowd would spring to the Axis' aid in an emergency.

The qualification is that, with the draining off of 1,000,000 of his totalitarians for service in the Axis' fields of action, Spain's alleged republicans almost certainly would take the warpath again in Spain itself, and maybe dispose of Caudillo Franco, who would be pretty short-handed to deal with them, minus his absentee million.

Inspired by Hitler?

The suspicion here is, though, that Francisco emitted his blast, not so much because it meant anything, as because he was inspired by Herr Hitler to do it, for the sake of its hoped-for influence in Latin-America.

The Axis fifth columnists' connubiations haven't been very effective there.

The Germans, among the new world Latins, are numerous in spots, but they and the Latins don't harmonize well; they're too different from one another. The Italians harmonize, but they do it too completely, they don't stay Italians; they become localized. The Japs remain Jappier than even the Germans remain German.

The Axis theory evidently is that what an outstanding Spaniard says will count more with Spanish Americans than all anybody else can say, including the Yankees and all others. This may not be true in Brazil, which is Portuguese. Still, Spaniards and Portuguese are

"I'll Never Forget--"

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
CONDUCTED BY UNCLE ABE

THE LOST BOY

By C. L. Grahl.

It's been about five years ago since it happened; still every once in a while somebody wants to joke me about losing my boy and his two little cousins.

My father lives ten miles out from Dalton, Georgia, where my wife and I were visiting when it happened. We decided to take the children to the night show at Dalton. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Plott, of the family, also decided to go; so, together with their children, we made a party of thirteen, in two cars.

But when we got to town the women folks did not go to the show; so after buying the groceries I took the women folks back home and went to bed, leaving the children with my brother-in-law, Sam Plott.

But somehow our plans got crossed or there wasn't a thorough understanding; so that when the show was out, Sam and the three older boys got in his car and went home, thinking that the other three had gone home with us—that is, if indeed he thought at all.

Well, we had gotten home and were making sleeping arrangements for the children before it was discovered that the three boys were missing. Where were they? "Didn't you bring 'em, Linwood?" no. "Did you not see them, Sam?" No. Then it broke loose, now believe me!—and my father, the most excited of all. I told him I would take my car and go back for

pretty close relatives.

And it's the truth that Caudillo Franco's Falangist agents have been a worse nuisance in our southward new world than all the Nazis, Fascists and Japs put together.

Now, along comes a Nazi U-boat fleet and, it's to be hoped, with one timely raid, knocks on the head all that El Caudillo enunciated, by demonstrating what bad company he is in.

the children.

"No! Why, dad Jim it! How do I know but what you'd lose yourself, car, an' all!"

Back to Dalton at this time there were three little lost, grief-stricken boys sitting huddled together on Main street looking for us. Sometimes the tears could not be kept back, so that passers-by noticed them and offered sympathy. The boys said that one drunk man staggered up, stopped, and said that he would take them home with him if they wanted to go, that he had a (hic) extra bed. By this time the news of the lost youngsters had gotten out pretty well along the street. The police and others were inquiring, searching, sending word—for it was 2:00 a. m. About that time a school bus driver noticed the boys crying on the street. His bus was parked nearby; so with what meager information the lost boys could give him as to their place of abode, he put them in and started toward home. But Sam Plott and I, the very worthy heads (?) of the searching party sent out from home, met and passed the bus unaware as we returned to town.

Well, we searched everywhere we thought the children might be—first in the theater, then up and down Main street, finally we found someone who told us he saw the bus driver put the boys in and start toward Chatsworth with them. Leaving three of the party to stay in Dalton. I hurried back the Chatsworth road to see if I could overtake them. But in this I failed. Before reaching home I met the bus coming back out; the driver stopped and asked if I was looking for three lost boys—

"They're safe at home," said he. Now, believe me, relieved is the word. I turned around and started back toward Dalton for the third time that night, after the rest of the searching party. On arriving in Dalton and contacting my brother-in-law, we felt so good we decided we would celebrate a little.

Royal 'Tankman'



Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, wearing the coveralls and helmet of a tank crewman, is shown as he went aboard an American army tank at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds. The prince was taken for a rough ride over the test course, also shown some of the new guns being tested. (Central Press)

Fines Creek Group To Give Play Friday

The junior class of Fines Creek high school will present "The Red-Headed Stepchild," a comedy-drama in three acts, in the school auditorium Friday night, March 13, at 8 o'clock. Dorothy Rogers plays the part of the "red-headed stepchild." Other members of the cast are Louise Kinsland, Betty Jane Walker, Edith Rathbone, M. C. Green, Dortha Green, Reeves Ferguson, David Tongue, Henry Green, Marie Hill, Blanche Green and Frances Rogers.

Mrs. Frank Kirkpatrick is directing the play. The proceeds will go to the athletic association.

But alas, in the midst of our celebration who should unexpectedly enter the tavern door but our two beloveds! They had come from home looking for us.

"Did you men know the children had been found? If you didn't know it—well, you ought to be killed! Now get out of here and let's go home—It's almost daylight."

My father says, "Next time you fellows have to go to town, we'll send the children along to take care of YOU."

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