

WASHINGTON  
By  
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United States Senator

There are many reasons for the belief that the Congressional "log jam" has held up much important legislation about to be broken. The President's court plan has been completed. The Chief Executive's budget message has clarified the nation's financial picture. It is clear that expenditures and new taxes cannot be undertaken without the approval of Congress. And there seems to be no prospect of a Congress favorable to such a course.

As a result, leaders are endeavoring to cut appropriations and to hold expenditures down to the minimum. If possible, that amount should be reduced. Should these efforts be successful, the fiscal year ending in June and July will be a record for economy. It is hoped that the extent of the budget during the first session of the present Congress.

However, should pressure from various Congressional blocs result in new larger expenditures than are provided in the budget, it may mean tax increases before Congress adjourns. Tax revision during the summer months in Washington is a slow and difficult undertaking. Everyone hopes it can be avoided.

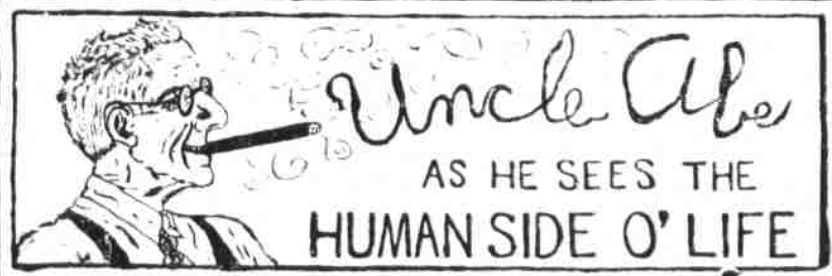
In the final analysis, the course of Congress will be governed largely by the desires of our people. If they want new expenditures, they must be prepared to foot the bills. If they want reduced expenditures, they must make their wishes known. Statements cannot be repeated after. They are of utmost importance to our people.

Nevertheless, we have timely warning that the day is fast approaching when a system of producing revenue will be established. Loopholes must be closed and inequities removed. Our taxes must be broadened. Excess in levying taxes must give way to equity. We should consider the effect of certain forms of taxes on business, and in turn, on labor and the farmer. Much of the present situation, and those we have gone through, may be attributed to the way which we have pyramided taxes.

Planning Teeth for Coal NRA



John L. Lewis, left, president of United Mine Workers, and Senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania, author of the bill, continue their discussion on the steps of the executive mansion



Uncle Abe  
AS HE SEES THE  
HUMAN SIDE O' LIFE

Mr. Editor, & Mine Readers:  
Sometimes when I think back over my Eckperiences in the Mount'neer field I haff to laff.

Down neer Clyde one man lockt the dore an' woodn't come out—woodn't cab'm answer—

"Nock hiz dore down, why don't chu?" sed a man workin' akross the rode, "I no he's in thar . . . I saw 'im run in when he seed you a-comin', an' I heerd 'im lock the dore an' put the cook-stove an' soafy agin it."

"Did he say ennything?" I ax't.

"He sed he saw the Devil a-comin'," replide the man.

Then I 'lowed as how I wuz a-goin' to tare down his hous shore nuff—

"No, never mind 'im," the man sed, —sez he, "caze he's bin a drinkin' this new doapt-up, kemical wine what they sell now—an' ye no it's calkylated to run a man crazy, eat hiz insides out, give him de-leerum-tremens an' ever thing else."

"Yes, thar wuz 2 or 3 fellers up at Waynesville what got to drinkin' the stuff reglar," sez I—"an' it wuz 'bout to lay 'em under the sod, they stopt jist in time to save their selves. It wuz 'shore git-che,' as Frank Parton sez."

THE GOAST OF SHADY GROVE

Down on Jonathan's Cr. I had a awful Eckperience . . . I feel 'bout 10 yrs. older today fer havin' gone throo it.

"Yes, I bleeve 'bout everybody 'round here takes the Deer ol' Mount'neer, 'cept the Goast of Shady Grove," sed Ollis Allison; "ye mout go over an' canvass him . . . everybody 'round here's afeerd to go neer the place."

Then I 'lowed to Ollis as how I 'de intertained hants at my mid-nite

Federal, state and local, without regard for their effect.

Therefore, we may anticipate, that tax revision in 1938—if necessarily does not force it earlier—will be approached on a sound basis. Such an approach has been too long delayed, although the need for it has been recognized by the nation's fiscal experts.

For example, late in 1932, a sub-committee of the House Ways and means Committee studying Federal and state taxation and duplications therein, made a preliminary report. Let me quote from the statement made by the able chief of staff of the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue.

"At the completion of some months of study of our taxation system as a whole, it is our opinion that very substantial improvements can be made therein, through cooperation between the Federal Government and the states. The tax burden is great and the public is fully conscious of this burden in these times of stress. A more equitable distribution of the burden and its ultimate reduction through a judicious curtailment in expenditures would doubtless not only be welcomed by the public but would also have a most beneficial effect on business."

We should ask ourselves the following questions:

What taxes are most adaptable for the use of the Federal Government and which taxes are most adaptable for the use of state governments?

What taxes may be properly imposed, if any, by both state and Federal Governments without serious objection from the standpoint of equity?

We must give our citizens a fair and just system of taxation, free from loopholes and inequities, and we must also give our people a full measure of value for their tax dollars. This will require the reduction in expenditures now sought by the President.

partys, had 'em fer bed-fellers & so fourth . . . an' so sayin' I mustard up my nary an' went over.

As I stopt upon the ol' rotten, mold-ed porch ever thing wuz as kwite as deth—

"Come in," sed a holler voice to my knock on the dore. I ride the dore, but it woodn't budge. Then all at onet I heerd a draggin', moanin' noise start in an up-stares room; it come on down the creakin' stares an' at the foot of the stareway it pawzed a minit then startid toarg the front dore. I startid to run fer my life then an' there; but turnin', I saw Medford Lutherwood an' Jim Teag watchin' me . . . an' knowin' that they'de laff at me the rest of my days then sum, I stood my groun'.

Then the dore flew oap'm sudden like. I eckpected the goast to grab me—but thar wuzn't enny goast! Jist a bare hall, 'cept fur a hat hangin' on the wall—whitch lookt like one I'de seed on Med Lutherwood. I wuz a speckylatin' on this, wonderin' what kind of a rakkit the Goast of Shady Grove wuz ingaged in, when—

"Well, come in if ye're a-comin'," sed the voice, which now sounded like it wuz down stares.

"Wate till I take a-nuther puff er 2 on my Seagyar," sez I, "an' sorter pull myself tergether."

Then I strode, Miles Standish like, into the hall an' demanded 'agin of the voice that it tell me witch room it wuz in. The voice, holler an' mournful like, anserd, it seemed, in the room jist on my rite, so I turned the dore-nob an' cautiously stopt in. Agin the room wuz empty, or neerly so. A bed of ol' rags, partly kconcealed by a curtain, wuz back in a dark corner. In the middle of the room wuz a pare of goast slippers, still wet with the nite dew . . . an' I node rite then he'de bin a-razin' hell the nite before!

I turned to go, re-gusted that a rackerterin' goast coodn't live enny better'n that; then I de-sied to make one more 'tempt to lo-cate that goast—"Goast of Shady Grove, whir air ye?" I ax't—whitch room?"

"The Goast of Shady Grove is ever whir 'round here, yit no whirs," replide the voice, which seemed to come from a clozet.

Then almost suddenly it comment to grow dark in the room. I lookt about to see if I cood dis-kivver the cause, knowin' that it wuz not yit more'n 2 o'clock, when I saw the curtains rollin' down, it lookt like jist of their oan a-kord. But, no, thar wuz a hand, a long skeleton hand at each curtain, slowly drawin' it down.

I wuz skeerd so bad, fokes, I wuz almos froaz in my tracks; but I soon realized that I wuz in utter darkness, an' in the hall . . . when the draggin', moanin' sound startid agin in an up-stares room—

"Let me out o-her—an' I'll let-chu alone," I eride in dispare.

But in response to my apeel there came from up-stares the moast weerd, bludeurdlin' an' awful cry, laff er sump'm—sitch as I never hope to heer agin—

"Oh-oo-ee-ha-ha-haah! Oh-me-ee-hah-hah-hah-ooo-eee!"

Then thar wuz a pawze—

"Sorter soun's like Bobby Howl's voice," sez I to myself, "but I no it's not Bobby's goast, caze he's very much alive. Then—

"Hoop air ye—hoop air ye? Ye air my prizner fer life . . . my prizner . . . fer life!" waled the voice.

"I'm Unkle Abe, representin' the Deer Ol' Mount'neer," I shouted back; "I foller fokes to their grave to get their prescripshun . . . an' then, if I don't git it, I go aiter their goast."

"Well, I've bin a-readin' Grady Howel's paper ever sence you cut me off," returned the voice, "but if you'll let me alone I'll pay up."

"Agreed," sez I—"but let me out o' this dark, hanted hous—make this darkness to disspeer, stop that awful noize up-stares an' onlock these dores."

An' what do ye think, it was no sooner sed than dun. The darkness disspeerd . . . the dores flew oap'm— an' the awful voice an' noizes wuz husht!

Then I went up stares . . . an' jist as I eckpected; I found one large unfinished room, with jist a little floarin' laid down—jist the way Haywood Co. fokes yooce to kwit an' leave their houzes— an' do yit . . . an' the best place fer goasts to live ye ever did see!

How long I had bin imprizoned in the hanted hous, in my dream, I do not no.

UNKLE ABE.  
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