

The Mountaineer

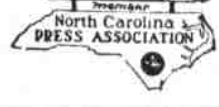
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THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1937

TEXT FOR TODAY

The Engrafted Word: Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.—James 1:21.

FOOD PRICES CLIMBING

Bad news for the housewives of the nation comes out of Washington in the announcement that food prices may be expected to increase steadily until the end of this year.

The monthly food bill for the American family averaged \$17 in 1933, according to the Reidsville Review. Today this figure has risen to \$23.36, and by the end of this year it is expected that the figure will top \$25.

If for no other reason, we feel that the housewife of every home in Haywood County would be doing herself and family justice to see the motion picture cooking school at the Park Theatre this week-end.

The average housewife has not been educated to buy foods correctly. Many of them do not know how to conserve foods, and to get the most out of their purchases. That is one reason why this newspaper together with the Park Theatre have gone to considerable expense to bring to this community this picture which we feel will mean much to every housewife who sees it.

The Review, continuing their editorial on the rise of food prices, had to say:

"Drought, dust storms and floods have played a not inconsiderable part in this advance of food prices. But two other factors also enter. One is the crop restriction program of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, and the other is the higher cost of food production, a trend in keeping with general wage advances.

"As a rule, people are better off and happier when they are busy working for good wages, even if the prices of the things they buy are increasing. But there is such a thing as prices going too high. This is the present danger.

"If food prices reach the average of \$25 a month by the end of this year, this will mean an increase of nearly 50 per cent since 1933. This is far in excess of wage increases and can mean but one thing, restricted food buying and lower standards of living for the American home."

NEXT TIME, MAYBE

To a growing list of such happenings is appended this as recorded in yesterday's News: A large oil tank went off the highway a mile beyond Matthews . . . overturned several times down a 30-foot embankment and then caught fire.

By the grace of the gods which hover over these 4,000-gallon tank trucks loaded with kerosene and gasoline, the escaping inflammable, explosive liquid merely produced a fire which had not heated the bulk of the load to the point of explosion by the time it was extinguished. The same good chance was presented in a 4,000-gallon truck wreck near Lumberton. There was a fire, no explosion. Without any fire, some weeks later an oil truck accident at Matthews killed a man. And after that a somewhat similar near fatal wreck in the Oakhurst school vicinity produced no explosion.

But some day one of these 4,000-gallon oil trucks is going to lose its luck. Then there will be a roof-shattering explosion which will leave a big hole in the ground where, perhaps, immediately before were passing automobiles, people, residences and stores. Just why this form of dangerous transportation is permitted we cannot explain. In Charlotte, believe it or not, one may not store gasoline or kerosene in quantity except by observing the most rigid safeguards. But one may load it into a truck and move it about without any restrictions whatsoever.—Charlotte News.

PREDICTING THE END OF THE WORLD

"Honesty is no longer to be found in the market place; nor justice in the law courts, nor good craftsmanship in the arts nor discipline in morals."

That sounds as if it were hot off the griddle—perhaps, a line from yesterday's commencement oration!

As a matter of fact, however, the man who said that has been dead 1,700 years.

Cyprian of Carthage was quite sure that his favorite world was coming to an end 325 A. D.

But despite his gloomy forebodings, his world persisted and has come on down to us of this generation pretty much the same world so far as human nature in its basic constituency is concerned.

Those, therefore, who today are reciting their jeremiads over the surface conditions that prevail and who are standing in the pulpit and seriously trying to make people believe that various signs of the times point to the imminence of the end of their world, might take a leaf from Cyprian's sorry prophecy 1700 years ago.—Charlotte Observer.

WHAT TO DO WITH LIQUOR REVENUES

Public officials hereabouts, as doubtless elsewhere in North Carolina, are beginning to speculate as to what will probably be the revenues deriving to the treasuries from liquor sales if and when such sales are authorized by the people of the several counties.

Politically, the evil of all liquor legislation is this lure of profits.

Governments so sorely need these revenues that governmental favor easily turns in this direction.

Granting as much, perhaps it would be well to counteract this political urge toward liquor profits by some arrangements as to the use of these revenues which would neutralize this attractiveness.

For instance, why would it not be a good idea to utilize profits accruing to the governments of the cities and towns of North Carolina from this commerce in educating the people against its use and thus in time materially help to wipe out not only this political sympathy for legal liquor but also, and more important, develop the public away from the consumption of liquor?

Every available agency and organ of publicity and advertisement should be called into play and paid for out of the profits arising from the sale of liquor to inform the children in the school rooms, the readers of newspapers, the travellers along the highway, the listeners-in around radios and by any other means that could practically be suggested by which the people would be instructed in the evils of alcohol and turned away from its use.—Charlotte Observer.

BACK TO THE FARM

More Americans are living on farms today than ever before in the nation's history, according to a report just made public by the United States Bureau of Census. There were 31,800,907 in the farm population of Jan. 1, 1935. That is 1,356,557 more than on April 1, 1930, when the last previous farm census was taken.

This increase in the farm population may seem, at first glance, somewhat difficult to account for in view of the wide-spread talk about distress and starvation among the farmers of America. But everybody who knows anything about rural America knows that there are two kinds of farmers. One is the speculative, commercial farmer, usually operating on a one-crop basis, whose situation is comparable more to that of a business man than to the typical farmer of tradition. The economic distress among this class of farmers is far from being typical of farmers generally. It affects probably less than a quarter of all American farmers.

The typical American farmer operates the "family type" farm. He has for the most part been neither a claimant for nor a beneficiary of political efforts to "do something for the farmer." With him, farming is a mode of living rather than an effort to enrich himself. And most of the new population on the farms falls into this class.

According to the Director of the Census most of the current increase in farm population consists of families who have moved back from industrial centers to the security and peace of the land. They are "subsistence farmers" in the phrase now current. They are the type of Americans who prefer to dig their own living out of the soil, even at the cost of remoteness from the movies, rather than to go on relief.—Selected.

Mrs. Roosevelt is urging eight hours a day, with pay for housewives. It would be hard to get some of them to stay home long enough to get in their eight hours.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Monday night . . . all is quiet in the nursery.

BABY has just had her seven o'clock feeding and is at peace with the world—

MOTHER, feeling fine, is primping for expected visitors.

NURSE, all smiles because everything is quiet, although a look of anticipation on her face as she listens for a wee wail from the little one.

COOK, hurriedly completing the chores of the day to keep a "date."

DADDY, tired, but happy, hesitatingly leaves the above scene in order to catch up with work—and to peek out this piffle which perhaps isn't missed when left out. . . .

As one poet said: Pink and blue clothes on bureau and chair, Fragrance of talcum about in the air, A quaint little crib and its blankets so new, A sweet little someone to use them for you, What fun and excitement, what gladness and cheer, All because of a new baby, so dear.

Quoting some messages received: "May 12, 1937.

"A queen has just been crowned, and one has just come to bless your lives. May they both reign forever. Harry M. Hall."

"I knew baby had everything she needed for the present, so I am sending this silver fork and spoon for her future needs. Patsy Gwyn."

Taken from Hollowell's column in the Hendersonville Times-News, on May 13th:

"Editor Curtis Russ, of The Waynesville Mountaineer, has entered the realm of big and unusual things. Last week he edited the second largest newspaper (32 pages) ever issued in Waynesville; the main issue this week was his first-born child, a daughter. What next?" (What would you suggest???)

Editorial, Transylvania Times, May 20—"Random Side Glances, missing from The Waynesville Mountaineer last week. The explanation given by the editor was—"My wife presented me with a seven-pound daughter early Wednesday morning, therefore my mind is not on writing a column." Congratulations, and we certainly hope the baby looks like its Mama." (She does).

"Welcome little baby, And congratulations, too, For the very happy grownups Living in the house with you."

There's nothing so sweet in the whole wide world As a baby so little and new, A welcome I send to your dear little girl, And the best of wishes to you.

A warm welcome to you little stranger, Just arrived our big world to explore, And best wishes to both the proud parents, With this precious new baby to adore.

Now that a dear little baby has come, To gladden your hearts and to brighten your home, Here are the happiest greetings with best wishes, too, For mother and dad and the baby that's new.

Now that you've become a family,

I guess it's up to me To wish you luck and promise you I'll come around to see That cunning little sleepy head Who rules the house and home I guess you're mighty proud to have A baby all your own.

Of course, I could go on forever, writing about the baby, but have about decided to stop and give deep and serious study to the topic: "What the world needs most, is more sympathy for prospective fathers."

Last Saturday night, at a press meeting in Asheville, I had a similar experience as that of the Rotary club a week before. Everything that a baby could use was piled high at my place. For example: Seven pairs of diapers, two rubber balls, two rattlers, building blocks, pins, powder, panties, more pins, ect., ect., etc.

Oh, oh, there's the 'phone— Nurse talking—"almost eleven, baby is ready to take eleven o'clock feeding—hurry home and get quiet before she goes to sleep—"

Good night folks—everybody come to the motion picture cooking school this week-end (Thursday and Friday afternoons at three and Saturday morning at ten—you have a good chance of winning a prize.)

A woman can keep a secret, but it sometimes requires the co-operation of all her neighbors.

It is estimated that there are 60 million swine in the United States, not counting the roadhogs.

FENCING CHAMPION OF THE U.S. GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL. Includes image of a man in a hat and a camel logo.

SUPPORT The finest pitching in the world won't win the ball game in the face of ragged support from the fielders. Neither can a physician win a hard battle against illness without perfect support from nurse and druggist. ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE. Includes image of a baseball player.

HEADLINES of The PAST

(From the files of May 20, 1937) Haywood County asked \$5,500 for Red Cross, nearly 10 times amount in 1936. Former Wayneville mayor, by McAdoo. Forty-five more men leave for navy. More recruits are being sent to the navy. T. D. Bryson candidate for State Senator.

(From the files of June 2, 1937) Two Haywood boys win National contest. The Mountaineer to give away Saturday night. Rotary Club to broadcast WWNC on Sunday. Anniversary and "Mystery" announced by Southern Railway. Miss Quinlan receives play award. Tam Bowie gives views on here last week.

(From the files of June 4, 1937) Largest vote in County's history expected to be cast in primary Saturday. Opening and closing hours at merchants here. 700 women at Lake for Wood Circle conference meeting. Building activities increasing Hazelwood. Work done by women of rooms of the county receiving ment. Beauty pageant to be given at Theatre.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Eat three raw carrots a day and to be a hundred, advises one man. Well, take strawberry cake and compromise at 70.

Since an undersea photograph says the octopus really is not what are politicians going to describe the opposition?

Four new islands discovered by sailors in Northern Siberia will remain unpopulated until the treason trial.

The Duke of Windsor is very because an author described him being "muddling, fudging, meddling. There was, however, no mental coddling.

A Kokoma, Ind., boy killed a cause he couldn't find a dead swing in a "Tom Sawyer" play, to think the air was full of the October.