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BIBLE THOUGHT

I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—John 8:12.

GOOD BEHAVIOR

The citizens of Haywood County can feel proud of the behavior on last Saturday. The interest, and heat of the campaign, led many to believe that there would be unnecessary drunkenness and disorder, but the reports from every section of the county bear out the fact that it was the quietest election ever held, as well as the largest.

A number of people have advanced theories as to the cause of the better conduct. Some say better law enforcement while others argued that those who are inclined to crave a drink, have learned to satisfy themselves with beer, and stay sober.

And much to our surprise, we ran into one man who boldly said the world was getting better, and while we did not put up any argument, we hope he is right.

But be that as it may, we have every right to feel proud of the conduct and behavior last Saturday.

"A CORPORAL'S GUARD"

Bishop James Cannon had an audience of eighteen people Monday night, when it was advertised that he was to talk on prohibition, the president and predictions of the future.

We have been trying to determine whether it was because of the bishop's past, or whether people are tired of hearing the same old stories and facts about the evil of liquor that caused the crowd to be so small.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES

Not so many years ago the phrase "sweet girl graduate" suggested moonlight and incandescence but—so some report—this year's graduates are singing jauntily, "WPA, here we come." Between these two extremes were a number of years in which the young who came out of the colleges fared well and luffed good jobs and a later and more recent period in which the college graduates have seen their share—a good-sized one—of unemployment.

During the middle period many young Southerners migrated to the North and found work there, work that paid better and required shorter hours than if they had stayed in their native Southern states. But many of that group have drifted home, jobless, in the more recent years. And college graduates have discovered increasingly with the years that their diplomas do not unlock the treasuries of the business world. There are so many of them that it will be difficult for them all to find the kind of jobs they want in the particular fields in which they specialized. The violinist may learn to run an adding machine in the local bank and the artist may sell dresses, if she is lucky enough to get the job, in the local department store. And both even so may be happy! It is not incredible.

These graduating girls may be wise if they stay in or near the communities where they grew up. It is just barely possible that they might in those crowded cities of the North find a job that would pay them more money than they can make in this section of the country. But they would find living dearer and not so pleasant, food much more expensive and not so tasty.

There are Southerners working in exile now who long to return to the South. Of course there are some in their South homesick for escape. It is true that wages and hours in the South are not what they should be, but the new and inexperienced workers will fare better in the long run if they remain in the South than if they seek now the greener pastures which appear as a mirage beyond the Mason and Dixon line.—Raleigh News and Observer.

AUTO THIEVES

Wonder how many motorists have noticed that many fields, woods and farms along the highways are gradually becoming enclosed by fences so that those who would care to stop in a shady grove for a picnic lunch, frequently look long before finding an opening? The motorists themselves are to blame for this situation. Farmers are fencing in much of the property at considerable expense to themselves for their protection against the motorist who has made it a practice to rob fields, groves, gardens and orchards. They proceed to take vegetables, flowers, fruit and nuts and the like, from these private grounds with no conscience for theft. What if the farmer came to the city dwelling and walked away with the doorknob? A motorist may pretend there is "no harm" in helping himself to the field supplies but would he do so in the presence of the owner of the land? In the meantime the desirable camp and picnic grounds are being fenced off at a rapid rate. No such fences have had to be built along the railroad, but who wants to eat potato salad on a railroad tie?—Ex.

THE FARM SURPLUS PROBLEM

In the past surplus crops have invariably meant losses to farmers. The farmers produce about ten billion dollars worth of products a year, an average of about a thousand dollars a farm. A hundred dollars more or less for the sale of his products, therefore, may mean the margin of economic safety for the farmer.

The Department of Agriculture estimates the 1938 crop at 10 per cent greater than the record figures of 1937. There are in operation, however, three programs for the utilization of crop surpluses, which, among them, may eventually make the extreme peaks and valley of farm income less of a bugaboo.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration, through the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, began in 1934, the purchase of surplus farm products and distribution whenever possible to families on relief. At the same time private industry assumed its share of the burden when the efficient distribution methods of the chain stores were put into use to aid the farmer and consumer. New York State's apple and egg surplus this year threatened to pile up stocks which would have brought ruinous prices to the producers, until state officials cooperated with food chains in putting the efficient methods of mass distribution at the disposal of farmers in a drive to market the over-abundance of foodstuffs.

The third hope of solving the surplus crop problem is in farm chemistry. Once chemists found uses for farm products, they began manufacturing starch from sweet potatoes, power alcohol from grains and vegetables and oils from soy beans. And the chemists say they are just beginning.

Farming has been a hazardous business since the beginning of time. Farming as a cash business on any scale larger than the family "mode of living" or, as it is now called "subsistence farming," is always extrahazardous, and will continue to be so long as we have not learned to control the weather.—Gates County Index.

If we were going to paint a picture of hell, instead of describing it as a place of eternal fire, we would picture it as a place filled with a group of people nursing a grouch. One person given to nursing a grouch can convert an otherwise pleasant and congenial group into a small hell, and surely nothing could come nearer making a perfect hell than a congregation of grouches nursing imagined wrongs and slights. We can easily forgive the fellow, who, when we cross him up in some way, turns in and blesses us out until the air turns blue, and after having gotten it out of his system forgets it, but we have scratched from our list the fellows who persist in nursing petty grouches. Life is too short and too full of pleasant folks to spoil its pleasure with such.

TWO MINUTE SERMON
BY THOMAS HASTWELL

TO PILLAGE OR TO SERVE

The story is told that one day Wellington was showing General Blucher over London. Coming to a high elevation which revealed the great city of London stretched out like a panorama before him, Blucher, with the true spirit of an old time general, said: "What a place to pillage." No thought of its being a great or beautiful city. No thought of the genius and power for good that might be within its limits, only the thought of the rich field it would offer to pillage. Many men are like that, elevated to a high place of trust politically, their concern is not for the good they can do for the happiness and welfare of their fellows. Their first thought, as they look over the nation, or state, or community, is: "What a place to pillage." Two thousand years ago a young man was taken up into a high mountain and shown the world at his feet. His choice was not to pillage but to give to mankind a great and priceless service. Every man makes this choice, whether he will pillage his fellows, or whether he will serve them.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. Curtis Russ

Every nominated candidate that I saw Monday morning was wearing a smile that reached from ear to ear. None of them, however had smiles that portrayed as much real happiness as Dick Turpin is wearing, since the arrival of an eight-pound daughter.

I have known Dick for a number of years, have yet to see him when he was not talking faster than two old maids swapping a scandal, but last Thursday, he was just about overcome with joy. Although he talked twice as fast as his normal speech, I only got a smattering of what was said.

Mack White, the humorous red-headed barber, while discussing the possibilities of winning candidates last Saturday, blurted out (and not for intentional publication)—"It would be worth a dollar to shave the long face of a defeated candidate Monday morning."

Jim Killian can talk about horses all day. When races are run, no matter how far away, Jim can practically name every horse in the race. While he hasn't ever said so, I am of the opinion that among his fondest memories are the days when he drove horses from Clyde to Waynesville.

Harry Rung, a former newspaper man, has branched out into field of tea room operating, and takes radioing and electricity as a hobby, but as an imitator of a rooster crowing, he has the old birds themselves put to shame. He sounds more like a chicken than a real chicken.

Clifford Harrell, operator of the Puroil Station next to The Mountaineer, has put in some profitable spare time nursing a flower plot next to his station. He has dahlias blooming, and was considerate enough to put a large red one right at the window of my office.

Before long his gladioli will be coming into bloom, and will form a colorful background for his trellis of Dorothy Perkins roses.

This column has never gone political, and certainly has no intention of doing so now, but credit must be given Senator Reynolds for crashing the front page of the New York Times with a two column headline about the outcome of Saturday's primary.

As a politician I list him as the best in North Carolina today. As a vote getter, he evidently has no equal. As a showman, he's about perfect. Reports from Washington claim that there is only one other senator that gets more mail than does Reynolds. He has a way about him that makes people like him enough to vote for him, and after all, it's the votes that keep men in office, and not their rank as statesmen.

Several months ago, some twenty-five or thirty merchants and business men, who have to extend credit to customers, were solicited and sold on the idea of compiling a list of "bad risks," listing in a book, the names and amounts due from people from whom they could not collect. The sole purpose of the book was to be used as a guide in extending credit.

To make a long story short, the names of "bad risks" were assembled, and sent to the main office in Washington to be listed in the guide book. This week, the book arrived, containing 109 full pages of names, addresses and amounts. The person or

Your Horoscope

June 6, 7—You are a deep thinker, forceful and quiet, with a love for truth, impartiality and congenial surroundings. Though things sometime come short of your ideals, you are pure and clean in your thoughts and actions. You like to help the less fortunate and have sympathy for those in trouble.

June 8, 9, 10—You make many friends because you are a good conversationalist. You are hard to please, determined, stubborn, positive but just, and sometimes run against other people with the same characteristic, then you clash and you sometimes get hurt. You will do better as an employee than an employer.

June 11, 12, 13—You make many or firm extending the credit is not shown. The book makes interesting reading, and many business men are already checking the list closely before opening new charge accounts.

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