

The Mountaineer
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1938

JULIUS C. WELCH

The sudden passing of Julius C. Welch takes from Haywood, one of the best known men in public life. It is doubtful if there was another man in the county that had as wide acquaintance as did Mr. Welch.

His easy going, and sympathetic manner, made him many friends. Any one in need, was no stranger to him, and he gave freely of his means and time in helping those unable to help themselves.

He gave many thousands of dollars to the needy, and never questioned the return of his gifts, for these he did not seek.

It has been said that he could call more Haywood people by their first names than any other one person.

At an early age, the business of his father's large estate and affairs fell upon his shoulders, and he carried on successfully.

Because of his kindness and ability to make friends, and his ability as a leader, he and his brother, the late Samuel C. Welch, were predominating factors in the political life of the county.

For the past two years he has not held a public office, yet every day, he stayed in the sheriff's office, and there kept in close touch with all public affairs.

He was a fearless officer, and resorted to friendship and tact rather than weapons in handling his prisoners.

For many years he bought and sold cattle throughout Western North Carolina, and was always known for his fair dealings.

Truly, the passing of Mr. Welch takes a true friend from thousands of Haywood citizens.

HOME-TALENT SCHEMES

It is just about this time of year that a representative of some producing company, from away off, blows into town and contacts some organization with the idea of putting on a home-talent show, as a benefit.

Too often the heads of organizations, desperate for funds for the treasury, will swallow the smooth line of talk handed out by the representative, who promises everything under the sun, in order to get a name on the dotted line.

There has been few exceptions, where the sponsoring organization realized enough from such a scheme to justify the time and worry connected with it.

The producing company usually sends some amateur director, and several trunks of dirty, flimsy costumes, and for this, get the major part of the profit as their guarantee.

Not for one minute would we turn our thumbs down on home-talent shows. We think they should be encouraged, but at the same time we feel that the shows can be successfully put on by local people, and justify more support, than to have some outsider come in just to fill their pockets.

Already one or more organizations have been approached this year on a proposition like we have just mentioned. So far all schemes have been turned down.

If the time comes when an organization finds it absolutely necessary to put on a show to raise funds, we suggest that they organize and put it on, and keep all the profit at home.

And if it becomes necessary to employ one of the professional promoters to stage the performance, then for the sake of keeping the record straight, and not mislead the public, why not be frank enough to say that the show is for the benefit of the company putting it on, and if anything is left of the proceeds that the sponsoring organization gets it.

A headline says the "Trend is towards nudism." Judging from bathing suits, we'd say considerable headway has been made since the gay nineties.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS

It seems most fitting, right at this time when the world powers are in turmoil, for President Roosevelt to proclaim September 25 as Gold Star Mother's Day.

In issuing his proclamation, the chief executive said: "The Gold Star Mothers suffered the supreme sacrifice of motherhood in the loss of their sons and daughters in the World War."

We are sure, if it were left to mothers, there would never be war.

A FEATHER IN OUR HAT

The last count, showed that there are about 12,500 non-daily newspapers in the United States, and from their number Hearst Publications, have selected 200 in which they will use advertising space.

The Mountaineer was among the 200 selected, and is given the distinction of being a "key newspaper" in the non-daily field.

It is needless to say that we are proud of this distinction, yet we are ever mindful of our duty to give the community a better newspaper with every issue. To that end, we are doing our best.

CANTON'S WEED CAMPAIGN

The town of Canton has passed an ordinance which will mean the imposing of a \$10 fine on any landowner or tenant who fails to dispose of "noxious weeds" within three days after being notified in writing by a town authority.

If, at the end of three days, the weeds remain on the property, the town can have the weeds cut, and the cost will be charged against the property, and will constitute a first lien.

Canton has gone about the eradication of the weeds in what we feel is the right way, as we have about decided that the world is immune to "civic pride" and thoughtfulness of neighbors, so we heartily endorse the action of the Canton officials in putting the "law behind the movement."

The strict enforcement of the ordinance will bring about the desired results.

WHAT NOW?

On every hand we hear rejoicing for the way voters in South Carolina, Maryland and Georgia turned deaf ears upon the pleadings of President Roosevelt, yet we must remember, there is another side of the picture, and that all states have not voted just opposite to his wishes as the three states named above.

In fact, the president is not so much worse off than when he started his series of "purges." The Charlotte News, editorially, had a kindred thought when they said:

"Smith, Tydings, George—three successive rebukes of the President, three notices posted by citizens of South Carolina, Maryland and Georgia that they are competent to select their own Senators without outside direction. And it serves the President right for having committed a political blunder of the first magnitude. But it isn't going to save the country."

"For every anti-New Deal Senator nominated this year, a 100-per-center has been nominated. Cancel out Cotton Ed with Pepper of Florida. Cancel out Tydings with Reynolds of North Carolina, cancel out George with Earle of Pennsylvania. Cancel out McCarran, a borderline case, with Barkley of Kentucky, and there are no more "antis" to offset the "pros" which Alabama, Washington, Ohio, Arkansas, Louisiana and a dozen other states, barring upsets, will send back to the Senate this year. And the composition of the remainder of that body assures, to begin with, a working majority for the New Deal. And mark this, messieurs: the President's principal setbacks in the Senate, excepting the Supreme Court Bill and Government Reorganization, have been suffered in legislation reflecting his foreign policy, which is excellent, and sporadic attempts at economy.

"And mark this, as well: that you can't beat something with nothing. The President has a few more rabbits left in his hat, and he has the enacted part of his program to defend. The symbols of the rebellion haven't anything very much except a profound conviction that things aren't going as they should and that they ought to do something to stop it. What or how, they have only a vague idea."

'TIS ADMITTED

It is beyond our ability to visualize the vast amount of detail work necessary to complete the tobacco quotas for the year.

We like the tone of an interview, recently granted by E. Y. Floyd, AAA executive officer, who said that every care was being taken to prevent errors in determining the correct quotas, but when the quotas were wrong, they would be changed.

Too often, government agencies take the attitude that they do not make errors, and refuse to make retractions of orders, whether right or wrong.

Usually a woman's desire to go on a strict diet is always strongest just after a good meal.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY ALMOST CHOKED ON HIS LATEST TALL STORY



STORY 3

When Sallie Cat jumped off of Blackie's nose, Blackie didn't stop running. He kept right on running and woofing till he got home, and he made so much noise that his friend, Jay Bird, heard him and flew over to see what was the matter.

"Looks like a briar has been tickling your nose, Blackie," said Jay Bird.

"No it wasn't any briar," said Blackie: "it was a wildcat. But no matter what it was that scratched it, it hurts, and I want a doctor. Is there one on the creek?"

"There certainly is one, and he is a mighty good doctor, too. His name is Doctor Coon," said Jay Bird.

"Well, fly for him, and fly fast. Tell him to hurry and to bring all the medicine he has. Tell him a wildcat has scratched me nearly to death. Now fly, fly!"

Doctor Coon didn't live very far from Blackie's house, but he was asleep in his bed away up in the top of the highest tree there was on Bear Creek, and Jay Bird had to peck on his door several times before he could wake him. Then it took the doctor some time to wake up good and get the medicine chest packed and get down to Blackie's house. But when Jay Bird told him that Blackie was a new neighbor and a mighty good fellow, Doctor Coon was anxious to see him, and so he hurried along as fast as he could.

Jay Bird introduced the doctor to Blackie and told him that Doctor Coon could cure anybody from a toad frog to a moo cow. Then he went into Blackie's kitchen and got some hot water for Doctor Coon to wash the blood off of Blackie's nose with. Blackie was mighty glad to see Doctor Coon, and he told him that it really wasn't a wildcat that had scratch him up so, but a house cat over at Aunt Lindy's house. It seemed so funny for a bit of a cat about the size of Blackie's paw to whip a big bear that Doctor Coon just had to have a good laugh over it before he got through fixing up Blackie's nose. This made Blackie awfully mad, but he didn't dare do anything but "woof" once or twice at Doctor Coon, for fear he would go off and leave him before his nose was fixed.

When Doctor Coon got through washing the blood off of Blackie's nose, he went down to the creek and



The Doctor put a nice plaster on his nose

got some alder leaves and mashed them all up and made a plaster that he spread on some bear grass and tied on Blackie's nose. This made Blackie feel so much better that he walked with Doctor Coon a long way down the creek towards his house, and Doctor Coon told him a lot of things about the other Creek Folks. Coons go about at night to get their food, and they sleep in the daytime, so Doctor Coon told Blackie good-bye, and went back up the tree to his house and went back to bed. But before he left, he told Blackie that he had better stay away from the kitties.

"You bet I will," said Blackie. "I never expect to get near enough to another kitten to tell the color of her eyes."

(To be continued.)

EGGS NOT INCLUDED

A Scottish farmer had agreed to deliver twenty hens to the local poulterer. When the birds arrived, however, the shopkeeper found that there were only nineteen in the case.

Just before the shop closed for the night, the farmer came hurrying into the poulterer's office, bringing the twentieth hen.

"Man," said the poulterer, "but you're late with this one."

"Ay," agreed the other, "but she didn't lay until this afternoon."—Answers.

What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH



WHY DO MY TEETH CHATTER WHEN I AM COLD?

WHAT really happens when your teeth "chatter" is a series of spasms caused by the reaction of the cold on the muscles of the jaw. These spasms occur so repeatedly as to cause the chattering sound. You cannot control these muscles by force of your will because spasms act independently of the will and those muscles under spasmodic action cannot respond to the command of the brain. © Western Newspaper Union.

GEMS
For Your Scrapbook

"Experience" "Though spirit without sense is dangerous, experience without it, is languid and ineffective."—Chesterfield.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."—Patrick Henry.

"Experience should be the virtue, and human happiness proceed from man's highest state."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"By experience we find out a better way by a long wandering. Learning teacheth more in one year of experience in twenty."—Roger Ascham.

"... We glory in tribulation knowing that tribulation worketh patience: And patience, experience, and hope: And hope maketh eth not ashamed."—Romans 5:3-4

"Experience keeps a dear school, yet fools will learn in no other."—Benjamin Franklin.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A DRIVER WHO SPEEDS THROUGH OUR STREETS

I saw you lately miss a little on a tricycle this afternoon and you yell, "Get the H— out of way! Don't you know any better to ride in the street?" Blackie was because he hasn't learned to well yet. So I'm going to answer him.

No, the little boy doesn't know better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned but little boys don't always listen. Some adults don't especially traffic warnings; to people, the one limiting the speed of automobiles.

I'm going to tell you something about that little boy. He has a mother who endured considerable patience, anxiety, and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a useful man.

Now stop a minute and think you should kill a child, how do you feel facing its parents? Excuse could you give them for having robbed them of their loved session? More important: What excuse could you possibly give whose Kingdom is made up of children?

Children, my hasty friend, here long before you or your automobile were thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy. We don't know what that little boy may some be. But we know what you are without you, but we can't get a single little boy on the street. Every Dad. Courtesy "The Louis Allen Method"

Today's Forgotten Man Quit Advertising Yesterday

Do You Know

anything about the pharmacist who fills your prescription? Do his training and experience QUALIFY him to perform this extremely important service for you or one of your loved ones?

When so priceless an asset as health is involved, submit that it PAYS to KNOW!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 and 54 Opp. Post Office

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