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North Carolina Press Association

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1938

SCHOOL TRANSPORTATION

The average transportation cost per school child in the state for the 1936-37 term was \$4.83; while in Haywood County the average cost was \$2.89, or next to the lowest in the entire state, being excelled only by Mitchell, with a \$2.59 cost.

At first glance, this record as set up by Haywood, might look like something to feel proud of, but at the second glance, it indicates that either something is wrong with the entire state cost, or something drastically wrong in Haywood.

Why should there be about \$2 difference per child?

Counties larger than Haywood have more cost. Some smaller counties have larger cost. The drivers' salaries are the same over the state, the cost of gasoline, tires and parts are the same, and the initial outlay for busses is the same.

After a careful study of the costs for the 100 counties, we have found that Haywood is transporting more children per bus than the state average, carrying more students per load, making more trips per day; and covering 50% more mileage daily than the state average.

All this accounts for the delay some of the pupils experience in getting home late from school.

On the other hand, Haywood employs experienced adult drivers instead of the "law-allowed" student drivers. And it has been proven in this county, that experienced drivers add to the safety of the students, and saves considerable in operation costs.

This term, three new units have been added in the county, and some relief given several routes, but even at that, records in the superintendent's office, reveals that the cost per student in Haywood this year will be far below the state average, even with 29 busses in operation.

This thing of transporting almost 300,000 school children in the state is a big task, that involves much responsibility.

ENKA'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Ten years ago last Saturday, the first ground was broken for the American Enka Corporation, at Enka, one of the world's largest rayon plants. By July first of the following year, the machinery was in operation, and the plant going at full swing.

During the ten years, the plant has been enlarged, and several additional buildings erected, including among them the fine gym.

Commenting on their anniversary, the "Enka Voice" said: Enka grew up fast; may it continue to grow after these ten years of steady progress and may our product find an ever-widening market due to the care that thousands of hands and heads, working together, are constantly giving it every hour of the day and night!

Enka is a distinct asset to Western North Carolina and a practical example of a progressive southern industry.

ANOTHER BELIEF EXPLODED

About the time we were being taught our ABC's, we learned it was impossible to please everyone, but somehow, believed there might be an exception to the rule, some day.

This past week, when news came that war had been averted in Europe, we thought that if ever any one thing pleased everyone, that news would, but lo, and behold, we find we were wrong in our assumption. And we did not have to go to Europe, Russia or Japan to find people who are sincerely sorry that the world was not plunged head-long into battle. Right here in Waynesville people have expressed themselves.

We are now convinced, more than ever, that it is impossible to please everyone.

"FIGURES DON'T LIE"

We have heard a great deal about what a hard year 1938 has been, that most of us are of the same opinion, yet there are certain figures that would deny the fact.

The motoring activity of Americans has often been cited as an evidence of national economic health, if this be true, we should begin at once to feel more optimistic.

Reports of last week from the United States Treasury showed that Federal gasoline taxes, in the August just past, were \$5,647,203 more than in August, 1937.

We are inclined to believe that this should be considered an accurate symptom of better times. These figures should help us get a more cheerful outlook.

In this particular section we can be assured that we have had our share of this gain, for the travel into the Park is proof that the motorist has not passed us by.

"HERE COMES A LETTER"

We are right now in the midst of "National Letter Writing Week" which is being sponsored by the post office department. As far as we know, this is the first such week, any way, they have gone about it in a big way, with elaborate colored posters, and smooth publicity, and among the best, is a suggestion by a Chicago writer, employed for the occasion, who says: "the sweetest, gentlest and most useful of all arts—letterwriting."

"It's only a few steps to the nearest mail box—write a letter. Take a little chunk of your heart and spread it over some paper; it goes, oh, such a long way." (Editor's note—yea, specially in divorce courts).

The idea is, of course, two-fold. More revenue for the red side of the post office ledger, and to create more interest in our fellowman.

Now, if the department will design and make available a letter that would be a sure collector of past due accounts, we would heartily contract for, say, a dozen or so.

The post office department may never enjoy such a flourishing business as was given them by the chain letter fad which struck the nation with such fury several years ago. And we hope they, or no one else, will attempt to revive it or anything similar, even for the sake of pulling the department out of the crimson.

COURT CASES VS. COMPROMISES

A person who has spent any time in civil or criminal terms of court, will bear us out that there are entirely too many cases put on the docket in the two courts. Not only in Haywood County, but all other counties.

The dockets are cluttered up with cases that don't amount to a thing but a misunderstanding between parties that should get together and settle the matter without the aid of the court.

This past week, as the heads of the four leading powers in Europe sat around a table, and worked out a satisfactory compromise that averted war in Europe, we thought of the crowded dockets of Haywood, and wondered why the citizens of this county, with only small differences, could not get together as did the powers of Europe, and also work out satisfactory compromises.

Certainly if heads of nations can do this, there is no reason why individuals cannot make similar disposals of controversial matters.

DID YOU DRINK 15 GALLONS OF LIQUOR LAST YEAR

America has not gulped down as much liquor this year, as last, according to the latest release from the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal church. In fact, our average consumption is forty-two hundreds of a gallon less this year than last, when each of we 130,000,000 tax-ridden citizens averaged almost 15 gallons of fire-water.

The Temperance Board does not believe the "recession" responsible for all the drop in our gallonage, as they point out in 1916, the last pre-prohibition year, that something like 19½ gallons was the average for quenching parched gullets.

The year 1911 must have been a terror, in the face of the figures in the article, as the average national consumption was about 23 gallons—almost two gallons a month, or two quarts a week.

The article does not give the source of all the interesting figures, but we have reason to believe that they are in error as for totals, because no mention was made of moonshine liquor, and as far as we can learn, that has always played a favorite in these parts, and leads other consumable liquids by a big percentage.

Instead of going to all the trouble of compiling, adding and subtracting, and guessing at the figures given in the article, why not just come out and say: "Those who want liquor usually drink all they can hold; and those who don't want it, don't drink."

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



BLACKIE BEAR BY D. SAM COX

Story 5

After Blackie's experience with Ram Sheep, he thought and thought and thought where he could go and get a good dinner without getting into trouble. After thinking over a whole lot of things, he decided that it wouldn't be much trouble to catch a goose, since they can't run fast and can't fly but a little way at a time. Besides, when a goose goes to sleep, she covers up her eyes and ears, so it is mighty hard to wake her up. Blackie knew this, and he knew where a flock of geese slept every night, so he made up his mind to have a good, fat goose for his supper. But he didn't know that geese have policemen that watch over the flock at night, just as the policemen in the towns watch over the other people while they sleep, but they do. These watchmen are ganders, the daddy geese. One of them stays awake every night to watch over all the others, and to wake them up if anything is about to trouble them. If he hears any noise that he doesn't like, he raises his head as high as he can and hollers, "quack, quack, quack," so loud that he wakes up all the other geese, and then they are ready for a fight.

Well, this night that we are talking about, when Blackie went for his goose supper, he thought that they were all fast asleep, and that he could walk right up and pick out a good, fat goose and run away with her. Just as he got most to the flock and was picking out the biggest goose in the lot, the old police gander screamed out "quack, quack, quack," so loud that in a minute every single one of the geese were awake and "quacking," too. This surprised Blackie so that he didn't know what to do, so he stood right still for a minute. It isn't good for anybody to stand still when trouble is coming to him, and it wasn't good for Blackie, for while he was just standing there, the policeman flew up on his back and grabbed Blackie's ear in his beak and bit down on it as hard as he could. Then old Mother Goose left her six little baby goslings in the bed and jumped for Blackie's sore nose and bit it 'til it bled. That was too much for Blackie, so he turned around and started for home as fast as he could gallop, but the policeman was right straddle



The policeman flew up on his back and beat him on the head

of his neck and still had Blackie's ear in his mouth, and was holding on hard. Blackie ran mighty fast, but he couldn't get Daddy Gander off 'til he got to the woods and ran through some bushes. He didn't even stop running when he got the goose off his back, but kept right on running and "woofing" 'til he got home, and then he jumped in his house and slammed the door and put up the bar. Blackie didn't get any supper at all that night, and he had another lot of mighty bad dreams. It looked to him like he would have to go to eating grass, like Moo Cow, for he seemed to get the worst of it every time he tried to get any sort of meat for his dinner. After thinking it over for a while, he decided to go fishing tomorrow, for he was sure a fish could not hurt his sore nose, and he liked fish, anyway.

(To be continued.)

HAD TO REPEAT

The small boy was taking part in Children's Day exercises. He was only seven years old and recited so well that he was encored.

"Well, Harry, and how did you get on?" asked his proud father when he returned home.

"Why, I thought I had done it all right," replied Harry, "but they made me do it again."—Montreal Star.

What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH

WHY IS IT DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED?



BECAUSE one of your legs is shorter than the other one and unless the eyes are open, enabling the brain to direct your feet through your eyes, the course of one long step and one short step will cause you to walk in circles unless you have trained yourself through diligent practice to pursue a straight course. If you don't believe me, get a tapeline and measure your two legs from hip to feet and then close your eyes and take a walk—without peeping! See where you land!

GEMS
For Your Scrapbook

"AMERICA"
"Equal rights for all, equal obligations to none."—Thomas Jefferson.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God."—Abraham Lincoln.

"The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment. The law of the Lord is in his heart, none of the shall slide."—Psalms 37.

"Americanism consists in believing in the principles of America."—Woodrow Wilson.

"The material record of the Bible is no more important to our being than the history of Egypt and America; but the spiritual application bears upon our eternal life."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"O America because you build mankind I build for you."—Whitman.

THE WAY OF THE MACHINE
(An editorial from The Beacon Magazine.)

An old Negro was watching an experimental cotton-picking machine work. The late Alexander Latta farm machinery manufacturer, said him:

"Uncle Tom, what will happen your job if they begin picking all cotton with machines?"

The Negro rolled his eyes thought. "Boss," he said, "ah know. But ah knows dis: wha'ber 't is, it can't be harder dis 'in' cotton."

Workers do not always have faith. Machines have lightened burdens and increased the output of consumer goods past all reckoning, yet every important new machine causes widespread fear. "How many of us," workers ask, "will be thrown out of jobs?" Sometimes efforts have been made to beat the machine by destroying it or denying it. Selfishness were burned in the harvest fields by angry scythemen. Laws were passed forbidding the use of machinery in making hats.

Machines are not beaten that way. But the facts about technological development are slowly becoming better understood. Machines do throw men out of jobs. But they make more jobs than they destroy. When agriculture, barely a century ago, was still largely an industry of backs, and animal labor, only 2 out of each 1,000 persons were fully employed; 2158 were agricultural workers. That was in 1820. In the United States, there were 397 out of each 1,000; only 85 of those jobs were in agriculture. Farms had been mechanized. Men who would have been farmers chose other occupations. Thanks to the machine invasion of industry there were hundreds of occupations awaiting their potential skills. It is satisfying to know, but a fact must be remembered. Machines make more employment in the long run, but may not create jobs for particular men they displace, and the long run, as a social worker put it, a man may starve. For full machinery in the machine age, we still have to give more thought to the problems of the transition period, when new machines make old labor technique obsolete. Men are still more important than machines. Even in the short run they must not starve.

A TRUSTED NAME!

People instinctively turn to a trusted name. The institution that comes to realize this grant of confidence regards it not only as a great responsibility but as a great opportunity to contribute through the coming years an even larger measure of service. That's the feeling of the men who serve you at this drug store.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

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 TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION.