

The Mountaineer

Published By THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.

Main Street Phone 137
Waynesville, North Carolina
The County Seat Of Haywood County

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W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers

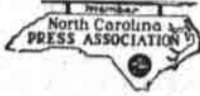
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, In Haywood County \$1.50
Six Months, In Haywood County 75c
One Year, Outside Haywood County 2.00
All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914.

Obituary notices, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, and all notices of entertainments for profit, will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1939

VARYING VERSIONS

Conflicting testimony from witnesses has always been a major problem of our courts.

We have often been amazed at the vast differences in the testimony of two witnesses giving accounts of events that gave no reason for but one version. Our first thoughts were that the witnesses were deliberately testifying as they wished, and in a manner that they thought would help persuade the jury to render a verdict in favor of the parties they were helping to defend.

But, now, after hearing of the recent test made in a university, where a "planned fight" took place during a lecture course, some hundred girls were asked to write their answers to questions which an average lawyer would have asked during the trial.

The answers varied in every detail, although the three "participants" in the fight were well known on the campus, yet the "testimony" of the average co-ed showed that they were non-observant and in most instances had little ability to grasp accurately and quickly just what took place. The "fight" lasted 90 seconds. Some fifteen girls said in their answers that it lasted 15 minutes.

Several weeks later similar questions were asked, involving more details, and the percentage of accuracy was far below that given immediately after the "fight." The majority could not even give the correct date, nor the approximate hour.

All this leads us to believe, that perhaps in most instances witnesses intend to testify truthfully, yet under the same circumstances, they get different impressions, and overlook details that are important in court.

Yet, there seems to be little than can be done about it, and jurors and judges will continue to wear a puzzled look when the ever-conflicting testimony is present—we expect.

HOW 'BOUT IT, GOV?

Governor Olson's statement from California Monday night during the Rose Bowl game that North Carolina was still "far from civilization" provoked so much wrath and indignation in these parts that we have serious doubts if most people have got over it yet.

Yet, when we consider from whence the statement came, from an embryo governor who himself showed that he didn't know how to pronounce the name of one of the original 13 states of the union, by calling it "North Ca'lina," who was about to take the oath of office as governor of a state which makes a mockery of marriage, flaunts the laws of God and man, which has an underworld second only to that in New York and Chicago, then we don't seem to have much to be provoked or indignant over.

North Carolina may be far from the kind of civilization which conforms to the California idea, but for our money, we'd still choose the good Old North State to the "State where it's never cloudy or rainy."

Governor Hoey's few well-chosen words, masterfully delivered, with culture and refinement embodied in every word, made Governor Olson's illtimed and inopportune speech sound like the prattling of a schoolboy.

Truthfully, we North Carolinians have nothing about which we can be rightfully angry. —Whiteville News-Reporter.

Main street's broken sidewalks have often been the subject of much criticism, but even more serious than the discussions has been the possibility of a broken limb resulting from a fall, and a heavy damage suit against the town. The sidewalks are being replaced rapidly now, and the cost is not only good insurance, but is improving walking conditions to say nothing of a needed town improvement.

IS IT THE CASE EVERYWHERE?

Last week in the "Voice of the People," six students home for the Christmas holidays were asked, the most serious problem facing young people today. Their answers were of one accord, which is told perfectly in the following which appeared in the Asheville Citizen-Times on Sunday:

"It's 8:30 Thursday morning in the news rooms of The Citizen-Times.

"A youth enters. He is the first to reply to an advertisement for an office boy in The Citizen editorial department ('hours 4 p. m. to midnight; apply between 3 and 4 p. m. Thursday.')

"They aren't going to interview the boys until 3 o'clock this afternoon,' someone explains. 'Hadn't you better—'

"Yes, I know; the ad said that. But I'll wait, if I may. I want to be the first in line."

"By 10 o'clock, with the arrival of the second applicant, the line had begun forming. By noon, half a dozen were waiting for a chance at the great American opportunity—a job. And long before 3 o'clock the line stretched far down the hall as boys, and more boys, took their places.

"The Citizen, in the classified columns of last Tuesday and Wednesday advertised for one boy. There was just one job. But there were 170 applicants.

"Just how many are 170? Well, this will give you an idea: Out of every thousand persons in Asheville, three were in that 50-yard-long line.

"The ages ranged from 16 to 33. There were a number of married men among the applicants, eager for a chance to become an errand boy. One man telephoned his application from Murphy; Another, a college man, made the trip from Boone for the sole purpose of applying; and there were a score or more from nearby towns. (A reporter learned—reporters have a way of getting people to talk, you know—that that bundle under one man's arm was food for his baby; he had just bought it—with borrowed money.)

"Most of the applicants, however, were youngsters: Some who hadn't been able to finish high school; others graduated last spring; and a tragically large number who had been out of high school one, two, three years, and still were looking for regular employment.

"The boys represented every stratum of society—they were the sons of professional men, artisans, day laborers—but there was a remarkable uniformity: They wanted a job; they were willing to work; and they still believed in the American tradition of starting at the bottom.

"In answer to questions, some of them told of desperate home conditions. (One boy after months of looking for work, is about ready to join the army; 'it's one way Mother and I can be sure of something to eat.') But there was no whining.

"Certain standards had been set up and the interviewers—every applicant was personally interviewed—promptly eliminated many as failing to measure up to those standards, and, in fairness, frankly told the applicants. And again there was uniformity—in the good sportsmanship with which they took the disappointment; a smile and a 'thank you for your time,' and they were gone—to try again.

"Not that they all took the first 'no' for an answer; far from it. It was a jolt, that little word, but they weren't through yet: 'I have to have a job'; or 'I can do that job—give me a chance to prove it'; or 'isn't there something else? I'm willing to do anything.'

"They have intelligence and personality, these graduates of our high schools; and they have determination; and they are salesmen. Only one will get the job, but as a group, they sold themselves; for at least three persons—the three who interviewed them—know today that the myth that America has gone soft is a myth indeed.

"One hundred seventy boys, eager young Americans asking for only one thing—a chance to help themselves.

"The Citizen has a job for one. And the other 169? Has Asheville no place for them?"

BACK IN HARNESS

Few men have a better understanding of agricultural and civic problems than Noah Hollowell, of Hendersonville, now editor and manager of The Western Carolina Tribune, of that city.

Mr. Hollowell has been connected with newspapers in Western North Carolina for many years, and is recognized among the profession as being among the best.

With his years of newspaper work; his experience in public affairs, and his application of practical business methods, together with his ability to see the human side of people, makes us feel that he stands on the threshold of prosperity and contentment.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY OF HURRICANE CORNERS GIVES THE ENGINEER ON THE MORNING TRAIN A LINE ON SOME REAL RAIL-ROADING



BLACKIE BEAR HAS A VISITOR

Story 19

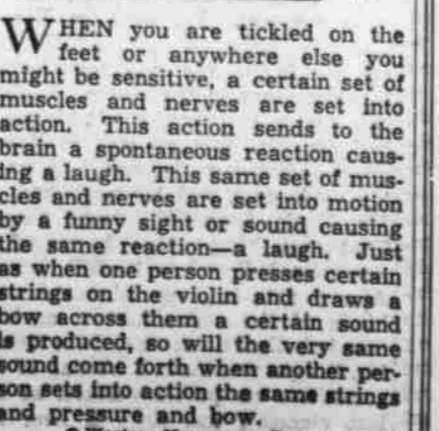
You have already heard how Mr. Man found out where Billie Possum lived, and how Billie had to skeepaddle away from his house before Mr. Man got back with his axe and gun. Billie didn't know where to find another house, so he thought he would go and ask Blackie if he knew a nice hollow tree that was big enough for him to put all his things in.

It was almost dinner time when Billie got to Blackie's house, and he was mighty tired and hungry, so Blackie asked him to put down his things and stay to dinner with him. Blackie had stewed rabbit and persimmon pie for dinner, and he couldn't have had anything that Billie Possum liked better than persimmon pie, and he ate so much that he had to unbutton his vest before he could drink his coffee.

After dinner Blackie got out his old cob pipe and a new one for Billie Possum, and they filled up with rabbit tobacco and sat down on the doorstep and smoked and talked about some place for Billie to make him a home. Blackie thought about all the places around there, but some animal lived in every house he could think of. But he kept on thinking and thinking, and after a while he thought of the bee tree right near his house where Aunt Lindy got the honey that was on her table that day when he tried to eat Sallie Cat and her kitties. Aunt Lindy's boy, Tom, had smoked the bees to death, so he could get the honey, and nobody had lived in the bee house since.

After they got through smoking their pipes, Blackie Bear told Billie he would help him to move into his new house, and as he took some of the rabbit skins, and Billie took the rest of them and his sheepskin and his frying pan and other things and they started out for his new home in the bee tree. When they got to the bee house, Billie Possum went in to put down his things and what do you reckon he found? There on the side of the bee house stuck a great big block of honey! Aunt Lindy's boy must have been in an awful hurry when he was getting the honey, or he wouldn't have left so much of it for Billie; but, anyway there it was, and

What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH



\$75 In Cash, Left In Public, Returned To Rightful Owner

If Diogenes had walked the streets of Waynesville on Saturday he would not have had as much trouble finding an honest man, as history would lead us to believe, he did in ancient Greece for one of the best proofs that honesty is a virtue cherished in this community was demonstrated. One of the professional men of Waynesville had a check cashed for \$75.00 at the First National Bank. He walked over to one of the tables and attended to some other matter. Then walked out of the bank leaving his money lying on the table, for someone to pick up, who might chance see it. Thirty minutes after he discovered much to his horror, that he did not have his money. He wondered if he would ever see it again. He rushed back into the bank hoping, but finding the worst. He started telling the officials his troubles, and his money was handed over to him. Another customer at the bank, a short time after the money had been left found it, and turned into one of the clerks. The official recalling one person who had a check cashed for that amount had guessed the rightful owner. Who said there was no honesty left in this crooked, hard boiled, old world!

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate (As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

- Beaverdam Township
 - J. T. Messer, et ux, to Arvil Ross et ux.
 - Horace Robinson, et ux, to R. C. Robinson.
 - Fred Pardue to Adeline Pardue, Clyde Township
 - T. H. Haynes, Trus., to F. E. Beas et al.
 - K. B. James to Robert Way James et ux.
- Fines Creek Township
 - L. Z. Messer, et ux, to R. F. Arrington.
 - R. F. Arrington, et ux, to L. Messer.
- Pigeon Township
 - Way M. Mease, et ux, to G. Messer, et ux.
- Waynesville Township
 - Earl Messer, et ux, to Kate Phillips.
 - C. H. Ray to W. H. Belk, et al.
 - J. P. Francis, et ux, et al, to J. T. Morrow.
 - T. L. Green, Comm., to Dewey Brendle, et ux.
 - R. L. Whitner, et ux, to N. Stephens.
 - Fred H. Plott to Clyde C. Jordan et ux.

Break that Tension... Sidestep Nerve Strain

LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

IT'S PRICELESS!

The most valuable thing in this world is Good Health. And the pity of it is that few people realize its value until it is lost. Otherwise we wouldn't overlook one of the surest safeguards—a periodic health examination by a physician. Why not include this important measure on your 1939 program? You won't regret it.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 and 54 Opp. Post Office

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION.