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W. CURTIS RUSS Editor
 MRS. HILDA WAY GWYN Associate Editor
 W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers

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North Carolina Press Association

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1939

MODERN BUSINESS FIRMS

Before the summer season gets here, Waynesville should be able to boast of more up-to-date stores than any town of similar size in all of North Carolina.

There is hardly a retail establishment in town, but what has made some improvements within the past six months, or have plans under way.

This bespeaks for the progressive attitude of the merchants, and assures the buying public that the merchants are alert and operating on sound business methods and keeping abreast of the times.

And furthermore, the merchants in this community are making every effort to keep more complete stocks, and at prices in keeping with those found anywhere.

This is not a trade-at-home editorial. It is being written in order to show that the merchants here are really doing things to warrant business.

Their forward steps are beginning to pay bigger dividends. Mail orders coming into this section have shown a material drop. Some citizens who have been doing most of their shopping from mail order houses are now regular patrons of local firms.

This all bespeaks for a better community.

It shows that the town people and residents of the rural sections are realizing that after all, they have something in common, and that by working more closely together, the benefits will be mutual.

It is all most encouraging. It is a trend that should make all of us feel good.

SCOUT WEEK

In this issue we are giving you some facts about the organization of Boy Scouts in Haywood County. We are proud of their record and we feel it an honor to join with them in celebrating the 29th birthday anniversary of Boy Scouting in America, which started yesterday and will close on the 15th.

The men and boys in this county are part of the 8,400,000 who have been included in the Scout family since 1910, who believe in the principle that "Once a Scout, always a Scout," and who are doing their best to extend and interpret in practice the concept of civic and moral responsibility that came to them in their Scout Troops. For this reason, if for no other, America has every right to be proud of its Boy Scouts.

A number of men have shown their belief in the benefits to be derived from Scouting in this county by the time and attention they have given the work. We are indebted to them for their assistance in the preparation of some of the material of this issue.

There will be many forms of observing the week in this county, centering around the message, that "Scouting carries on American Ideals," ideals of service and cooperation, tolerance and religious obligation, and homage to the responsibilities and privileges of participating citizenship.

Scouting has become a part of the American boy's world because it is a program of action plus idealism. So it has a two-fold appeal, demonstrated by its growth in popularity each year, in many sections limited only by lack of leaders or adequate funds of extension.

In Haywood County we have been fortunate in that the movement has met ready responses from adult leaders, who have given of their time to put over a program that merits the highest praise.

A Happy Birthday to Boy Scouting.

Times are changing fast. Grandma says that in the near future men will eat baked beans and say, "not like Mother used to bake." But, "ah, dear these are like Mother used to open."

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

A bright-eyed smiling little girl of three, accompanied her mother and grandmother on a short motor trip. When they reached their destination, the mother left the motor running. Shortly she returned and the three started on their return journey.

Within a few minutes the little girl became so ill, that a quick decision was made to hurry the child to a nearby hospital.

Death came within an hour. She died of monoxide poison, caused by the fumes from the exhaust.

Just another story one reads about, you might surmise. True. But while it did not happen in this immediate vicinity, it did happen to a close relative of the writer.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT OR LYNCHING?

The usual controversy over the abolishment of capital punishment has arisen in the present session of the state legislature.

While we have always looked with horror on any form of capital punishment, the thought arises as to what might happen if this form of satisfying an outraged public was abolished.

Such crimes as occurred in Murphy a few days ago, are hard to atone in any way except to take the life of the offender, and of the two evils, capital punishment or lynching, the former would certainly seem the saner and safer way to mete out justice.

GET YOUR DOG READY

The District Health Department and the long arm of the law, backed by the county board of commissioners, have rolled up their sleeves and are going to take definite action to relieve the rabies situation in Haywood County.

Inspectors have been appointed in each township, and their appointments have been confirmed by the state veterinarian. They understand their duties and are ready to comply with all details of the law.

In April, the inspector of each township, will post his schedule for his appearance in each community. He expects you to have your dog ready to be vaccinated. If the dog that hangs around your premises is a "stray dog" and you do not intend to assume the responsibility of taking care of the cost of vaccination, remember he will also be a "stray dog" in the eyes of the law. And in a short while, he will be a dead dog, for the law is going to be rigidly enforced. After a certain date every dog in Haywood County, not bearing a vaccination tag will be killed.

The record of 1938 need never happen again. It is a blot on our progressive county, that with an adequate law regarding the procedure, we allowed the situation to reach such limits.

It was necessary last year to kill stock amounting to \$2,500, and 100 persons had to take treatment for rabies, to say nothing of the anxiety of possible developments of the dread disease.

THE ABSENTEE BALLOT ISSUE

Opponents of the absentee ballot are finding considerable encouragement in the position taken by Representative Odus M. Mull on the issue. Mr. Mull is a former chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee. He hails from Governor Hoey's home county and is an experienced legislator.

He favors the outright repeal of the absentee ballot law for primaries, but would retain the provision in a modified form for general elections.

Mr. Mull is right in his contention that there is a vital important difference between elections and primaries in North Carolina.

In elections, we have dual supervision. Both the Democratic and Republican parties have official representatives at the polls.

In primaries, however, it is impractical for all candidates to have official representation at the ballot box.

Where both parties have representation, it is easy to understand how it would be much easier to prevent irregularities and fraud in administering the absentee ballot law than it is where there is no such supervision.

Most of the dissatisfaction with the absentee ballot in North Carolina has been caused by the manner in which that method of voting has been employed in primaries.

It may be possible, therefore, that Mr. Mull's plan will meet the approval of a majority of those who are fighting to abolish the law.

Certain we are that the opponents of the absentee ballot can count themselves real victors in the fight if they succeed in eliminating it from the primary.—Winston-Salem Journal.

Sing Sing reports only six vacant cells. Another housing shortage.

It is said that in a few years walking will be a lost art. Last year the American people spent 19 cents out of every dollars to purchase automobiles.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



BLACKIE BEAR

BLACKIE HEADS FOR HOME

Story 23

Blackie ran mighty fast that night when Uncle Joe shot at him, and he ran pretty fast that day when Sallie Cat was riding on his nose; but I don't believe he ever ran as fast as he did when he broke away from those circus folks. Every time he thought about that man walking about the circus, with a bearskin overcoat and cap on, and the other bears with rings in their noses and men poking them with sharp sticks, he would jump a little bit higher and further. The fact is he was running just about as fast as Jay Bird could fly, and Jay Bird can fly pretty fast.

It was hard to run in the woods where there were so many trees and bushes and briars, and so after a while Blackie stopped and asked Jay Bird to fly out to the road and see if the circus folks were in sight, and if they were not he would go to the road where he could run better. While Jay Bird was gone to the road, Blackie lay down and rested, for he had been running so fast that he was pretty hot and tired.

After a while Jay Bird came back and told Blackie that he had been out to the road, and there wasn't a soul in sight, and there wasn't a house in miles of them. Then Blackie went out to the road, but he was mighty afraid of meeting Mr. Man, Uncle Joe or someone else who was going to or from the circus, so he asked Jay Bird to fly along ahead, and if he saw anybody on the road to come back and tell him.

Jay Bird flew on ahead, and mighty high up in the air so he could see a long way up and down the road, and Blackie followed as fast as he could run. It was lots easier to run in the road than in the woods, and so Blackie got along mighty well; but after a while he felt so tired and hot and hungry that he wished Jay Bird would stop and let him catch up with him, and they could both rest. About that time he heard Jay Bird hollering, "Jay, jay, jay," as loud as he could, and when he looked up he saw Jay Bird flying as if a hawk had been after him. "Take to the woods, quick," called Jay Bird, and he flew right out over the tops of the trees.

Jay Bird kept on flying for ever so long, but after a while he came to a nice pond of water, and he came down and got a drink and waited for Blackie to catch up. When Blackie got



They certainly did enjoy that supper more than Blackie did the one the night before.

there he was most out of breath, but he had enough left to ask Jay Bird what in the world it was that he saw up the road that scared him so. "It didn't scare me," said Jay Bird, "but it did look dangerous for a big bear that had been eating Uncle Joe's chickens, for it was that same Uncle Joe that was coming down the road, and he had his gun."

"That's twice that you have saved my life today, Jay Bird, and you certainly are a good old scout. I don't see how I would ever get along in these woods without you. Now, let's get a good drink of water and then rest a while. And I think I will take a little swim, too, and wash some of this dust and perspiration off of me." Blackie jumped into the water and swam around for awhile, and then dived down and stayed so long that Jay Bird was afraid he was drowned. But after a little while he came up, and he had a fish that was about as big as he could hold in his mouth. "Right here is where we will spend the night, Jay Bird," said Blackie, "and, besides having a mighty good supper and breakfast, we will have a good true fish story to tell Dr. Coon and the other fellows when we get home." You remember that Blackie always carries matches in a tiny tin box which he keeps in his ear, and the water won't hurt them a bit. So they soon had the fish broiling on the coals and they certainly did enjoy that supper a lot more than Blackie did the one the night before in the cage of the circus folks.

After supper they sat around the fire and talked about the circus, and Blackie told Jay Bird that he certainly would believe him the next time he told him there were white bears or blue bears or any other sort of bears. They were both pretty tired and sleepy, and so Jay Bird helped Blackie to scratch up a good bed of leaves and straw, and then he flew up in a tree, and he and Blackie were both soon fast asleep. (To be continued).

MARRIAGES

- Mid Brown to Oma Miller, both of Maggie.
- Calvin Mills to Lucille Foister, both of Waynesville.
- Jimmie Williams to Frances Limer, both of Waynesville.
- Claude Bumgarner, of Pisgah Forest, to Wilna Singleton, of Canton.
- Henry Furman Robertson to Helen Susan Helmick, both of Waynesville.
- Ray Smiley to Margie Gentry, both of Canton.
- Ollie Hughes to Lee Howell, both of Sioux, N. C.

What's the Answer?

By EDWARD FINCH



WHEN WAS THE PRACTICE OF KISSING ORIGINATED?

KISSING as we know it today (i. e., the touching of lips between two people) was first recorded as practiced among the early Persians. Herodotus tells us that at that time, an equal was kissed on the mouth, an inferior on the cheek. The Romans and classic Greece seemed to practice the custom at about the same time. In less civilized countries, the expression of affection was, and frequently still is, accomplished by the rubbing of noses, patting of arms, breasts or stomachs. © Western Newspaper Union.

Here and There

—By—

HILDA WAY GWYN

Who said that chivalry was in this modern age? ... well, are all wet ... we have recently proof of its existence in this country in a very grand and dramatic nature ... now, we have never had pleasure of meeting Madame Perkins ... in fact we have never set eyes upon this well known member of the President's cabinet ... is what we read in the papers ... from all reports the Lady Secretary must be most efficient ... best friends could never say she is "glamorous" ... conservative dress ... not disturbed in the fashion ... she has one model hat ... and sticks to it ... and summer ... and we must admit it is becoming ... she is shut out ... never courts publicity ... (men either we would judge) ... her cohorts in the high ranks of our official government have taken Madame at her own true value since the President elevated her to her high office ... and respected her ability from afar ...

But now she is a "damsel in distress" ... recently Representative Thomas, of New Jersey ... made a motion to impeach Secretary Perkins ... and the boys ... old and young in the Senate and the House ... come running to her aid ... as much as a pat on the shoulder and "don't you worry, honey ... we'll look after everything ... it is the most refreshing incident ... I have noticed in the hard boiled man and woman world, in sometime ... because regardless of how well a woman can take care of herself ... how independent she appears ... believe it or not, underneath ... she is the same ... all her privileges have not uprooted the instinct to feel dependent on good strong man in time of trouble ... I'll bet Madame Perkins is tickled pink over the way the boys have reacted ...

No sooner had the ink dried on Mountaineer last week ... than phone rang ... a reader of column called to tell us of an ... and we appreciate her interest ... a letter was in the wrong post in "marital" ... but in undergoing trials of getting in to a printed ... it came out "marital" ... other person calling our attention to it ... thought it was intentional being a bit cynical on the subject matrimony ... thought it an appropriate pun ... as most marriages were a matter of "wait anyway ... you take 'em ... said ...

We would like to honor the druggists of Waynesville ... this week ... did you ever stop to think ... how they stand with the doctors? ... Forever Call ... the only way they get to get any time off is to let town ... Sunday is like any other day ... even in the "class hours" ... which hardly give them time for a Sunday nap ... if you had to have a prescription filled you would reach them somehow ... they hold our lives in their hands ... Think how trust them ... we ... or doctor gives in the prescription ... with never a thought of trust ... we have implicit confidence ... that the "dose" will be as the doctor prescribed ... we never question ... the profession has set itself a high standard ... of accuracy ... for never to doubt ...

We were asked to include the following in this column this week since it is straw hat season ... it will help you in making selection ... of what not to buy. When'er I go to church I like to concentrate ... Retire ... From worldly things ... Enjoy the music of the choir ... Yet ere the preacher's face course is started ... why bless Pat ... I up and spy a woman With a crazy looking hat. I try to figure out if she (In rushing 'round and 'round Had grabbed the darn thing) stuck It there upside down. I used to think clowns ... scream, But women have ruined that. A wad of gum o'er one eye. A feather ... and that's a bit ...

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