

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1939

REV. ALBERT NEW

In the passing of the Rev. Albert New, not only the people of Clearwater, Fla., where he had gone during the past year to reside, but also of Waynesville, feel a deep loss in the death of this beloved and good man.

During the twenty-five years Mr. New served as rector of Grace Episcopal Church, he did not confine his work to the members of his own congregation, but where there was need of a word of comfort, where there was sorrow, sickness, and discouragement, for the need of the understanding Christian, whether the unfortunates were members of his own church, or of another, or perhaps were not of any professed faith, Mr. New would be found about his "Master's work."

It was generally understood in the community, that after the retirement of Mr. New, that he and his wife would return to Waynesville for at least a part of each year, and this time was anticipated by his many friends here, where he had labored for a quarter of a century.

SAFETY

On the eve of the opening of our schools, when hundreds of children will be hurrying to and from school buildings for five days each week, we should be reminded of the necessity of greater safety on the streets and highways.

The routing of the heavy trucks off Main Street to Haywood, which was a forward movement, and much needed for the sake of congested traffic on our main thoroughfare, has never the less thrown a great responsibility on the drivers as they make their way past the Central Elementary School.

Another very dangerous section is the stretch of the Asheville Highway in East Waynesville, that goes by the school. This particular area has on one end the curving hill in front of the hospital and on the other the intersection of three streets, thereby rendering it a traffic hazard.

Each year the responsibility of the city police, the driver, and the pedestrian grows with the greater travel in this area, and the urgent need for safety should be taught the child not only at home, but also in the schools.

IN THE INTEREST OF BETTER CATTLE

The last legislature appropriated the sum of \$10,000 for extension work in the improvement of live stock and pastures in the state, undoubtedly a very fine idea and one that should appeal very strongly to the farmers of Haywood County.

Prof. Earl Hosteller, of State College, is now making a survey of the state and spent a day last week in the county with County Farm Agent Lynn and his assistants.

Prof. Hosteller visited a number of Haywood County Farms and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the reception his undertaking is meeting in all sections of the state. Among the things that the State Department is especially interested in is pasture improvement by reseeding, use of lime and phosphate, more and better type sires for herds (not necessarily registered), sheep and cattle and the co-operative use of high grade sires.

These are all worthy ideas and should meet a hearty response among Haywood County farmers. There is no question but that our cattle have deteriorated greatly in recent years in number and quality. This can only be restored by establishing a number of small herds rather than a few large herds, for the day of large producers seem definitely passed.

We wish Prof. Hosteller and his assistants all success in their effort to restore this important industry to its former prestige.

FARMERS FEDERATION

Nineteen years ago the Farmers Federation was organized in Asheville by James G. K. McClure. The purpose was three-fold.

First it was to find and create markets for things that can be produced on the farms of Western North Carolina; second to give the individual farmer the advantage of wholesale buying; and third to develop new sources of wealth for the people of this section.

From the one warehouse in Asheville, it has grown to 18 warehouses in 12 counties, with 3,800 members. The activities of the Federation have grown until an undreamed of number of articles of handicrafts and farm products are now put on the markets.

The organization should share some of the honors handed out to the agriculture vocational teachers in our schools, the progressive county farm and home demonstration agents, and the various services rendered the rural people by the extension division of State College, which have all contributed their part in the vast strides made on the farms in Western North Carolina.

UNBIASED EVIDENCE

Persistent speeders will have to keep a closer eye peeled for cops in the future, if the newly invented speedometers are put into use on all patrol cars.

The oversized speedometer fits on the back of the left headlight of the patrol car, and when the patrolman gets at close range behind the speeding car, he merely presses a button, and a camera takes a picture of the speedometer, with its white figures and also gets a full rear view of the vehicle ahead, including the tell-tale license plates.

When the offender is hailed into court, the picture offsets all alibis, and presents a clear case against the driver.

It has often been charged by alleged speeders, that they were within a mile or two of the speed limit, or that their speedometers were evidently too slow, or the arresting officers presented unbiased evidence. The court records are loaded down with excuses such as these.

We have a feeling though, that should the enforcement officers be equipped with the new speedometer-camera outfits, that speeders would not rest until they had the state legislature add on 15 or 20 more miles per hour to the already too fast speed limit.

RALEIGH AND ITS DOGS

They seem to be having a lot of trouble about their dogs down in Raleigh. It all started with the fatal beating of a stray dog by a policeman, Tuesday of last week. The officer was carrying out the orders of the city commissioners.

The citizens rose in their might in resentment of the inhumanity to a poor dumb beast. The papers carried stories of the beating, citizens worked themselves up to a threatening point, all of which was justified, yet as an outsider, we feel that maybe the stray dog will serve as a hero of future work.

It seems that the capital city has been as remiss as some of the smaller communities in the matter of collecting dog taxes, and the revelation, or exposure of the facts has brought out the true situation.

During the same week a drunken driver tearing down a highway hit and left an elderly citizen. The old man's leg was not only severed, the blow cut off and flung the leg over a filling station, according to the newspaper accounts.

But the drunken driver and the fatal accident failed to bring forth the indignation of the beating of the stray dog.

Which goes to show how the common accident passes so often unnoticed, whereas the unusual is seen with glaring attention.

DISQUALIFIED

Mayor Tom Cooper completely disqualified himself as a fit candidate for governor of North Carolina by his recent public utterance, calling our chosen representatives "crooks."

Taking his cue from CIO Lewis who blasted Vice President Garner, the Wilmington mayor, speaking before the North Carolina Food Dealers said: "If you think that crooked bunch in Raleigh is going to take the sales tax off, you are crazy."

Now that remark comes from a man who serves as mayor of North Carolina's largest seaport city, a man who is an announced candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people of this state. Suppose an opponent in the race for governor should remind the people that Tom Cooper has been out of the state prison only a short while for irregularities in banking.

Not one of our General Assemblymen, not one of our high state officials has ever been suspected, much less indicted, for crookedness, yet the former convict and mule dealer Cooper, takes it upon himself to point an accusing finger and wag a wicked, malicious tongue against honest men.—Shelby Daily Star.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Voice of The People

What do you think of the President's plan to change the date of Thanksgiving Day?

Mrs. Chas. E. Ray—"I am for anything in which there is no wrong, that is agreeable to the majority. As a homemaker, I think to observe Thanksgiving Day a week earlier would be an advantage.

Rev. James G. Huggin, Jr.—Pastor of the First Methodist church—"I personally think that Thanksgiving Day does come fairly close to Christmas and that it should be an advantage for it to come one week earlier. I think there is no particular moral significance to its date, however, I do think that a longer notice should be given before the date is changed—perhaps one year—if it is to be changed."

Mrs. J. P. Dicus—"Since the last Thursday in November is so near the Christmas holidays I think it should be a good plan to move it up one week."

Nancy Killian—Teacher—"I don't particularly like the idea, that it would set a new precedent in regard to a sacred event in the lives of the American people. I realize, however, from a business standpoint that it would have its advantages."

J. G. Terrell—Agent, Southern Railway—"I don't think that the date matters just as long as we observe a Thanksgiving Day. It might not be advisable, however, to make the change this year, as football and other schedules have been set in reference to the old date."

Dr. I. B. Funke—"I don't see any need of the change, except that it runs pretty close to Christmas, but it has not interfered greatly in the past."

E. K. Herman—"I approve the change in this particular year since Thanksgiving Day comes on the 30th, the last of the month, and would keep a large number of people from taking a holiday. Ordinarily I would prefer the old date."

Harry Lee Limer—Manager and Owner of Carolina Hill Billies—"I don't see any reason to change the date, as it was set by the American people so long ago. I am in favor of keeping the same date."

Linwood Grahl—U. S. Postal Clerk—"If tradition is revered, no—but if it has no significance to the American people, yes."

W. R. Francis—Assistant U. S. District Attorney—"The President of the United States and the Governors of the various states usually name the last Thursday in November as a day of Thanks-

giving. There is no special event that I can recall designating the last Thursday as the day on which we should give thanks for the many blessings given us. The important thing to me, seems, that all our people should render thanks unto God for the many fine things of the year, and especially so this year, because peace reigns over our land, and whether that day be named the last Thursday or next to the last Thursday in November, is not material. If the President desires by proclamation, to move forward Thanksgiving Day by one week for the convenience of the people, I see no good reason why people everywhere should not join him in his move. He has three precedents for changing Thanksgiving Day, Presidents Washington, Madison and Lincoln named various dates on which to give thanks for blessings of the year."

V. C. Nobeck—"I don't think it makes much difference as to the day as there is no law against it. I am inclined to approve the change as it would give us a longer breathing spell between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas."

Editor's Note—President Roosevelt's change in the established date of Thanksgiving Day ends an unbroken chain of annual celebrations begun by Abraham Lincoln. It was Lincoln, who on October 3, 1863, issued the first national annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation. Prior to Lincoln's time there was a period of approximately fifty years when no presidential proclamation calling for national observance of Thanksgiving was issued.

George Washington issued the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation on October 3, 1789. Lincoln issued his first Thanksgiving proclamation on the same day of the month as had George Washington, and he also set apart to be observed the same day of the month, Thursday, November the 26th. This was more than pure coincidence. The last Thursday in November is the Thursday before the first Sunday in Advent, New Year's Day of the church calendar year. It is significant that the last Thursday in November is also the final feast day of the church year.

After Thanksgiving Day in 1795, the festival was neglected for twenty years. In 1815, Congress induced President Madison to declare a day of Thanksgiving. After 1815, however, Thanksgiving Day observance fell by the wayside, not to be revived until Abraham Lincoln's proclamation in 1863. Again in 1864, Lincoln issued a proclamation setting aside the last Thursday in November as the date of the festival. Each succeeding President has set apart this day as Thanksgiving Day, thus maintaining for seventy-five years this established date for Thanksgiving Day.



WHERE HAS JAY BIRD GONE? Story 2 "Where is Jay Bird?" Blackie asked, as they all sat down to supper. "I don't know where he went," Jenny said, "but this morning while Benny and I were down at the spring catching butterflies, he stopped to wash his face and get a drink of water, and then he flew off down the mountain." "I'll bet he has gone down to Bear Creek," Doctor Coon said, "for yesterday he was talking about Mr. Man and Uncle Joe, and was wondering whether they ever got Blackie Bear that day they were to hunt for him. He said he would like to know if they were still hunting for Blackie and Hee-Haw. He has been pretty restless for a day or two, and I am sure he has gone news-hunting." That seemed so funny to Blackie that he laughed and laughed, till Betty asked him to please stop and eat his supper. "Poor Mr. Man," Blackie said. "He said he wouldn't stand Blackie Bear's cuttings-up and carryings-on any longer. I wonder

Here and There : GEMS For Your Scrapbook

"Fame is something which must not be lost." —bauer. "Fame is the perfume of deeds." —Socrates. "A good name is rather chosen than great riches; favor is better than gold." —Proverbs. "Distinction is the crown never the object of a great man." —Allston. "Lured by fame, pride, success is dangerous, but the folly never fastens on the great." —Mary Baker Eddy. "For not on downy plush under shade Of canopy reposing, fame

After we recovered from the shock some eight years ago that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was not going to conform to the regular pattern of a "First Lady" established since the days of Martha Washington... who has been content with the social duties and glamour of the White House... Eleanor did not start her career as a First Lady with our entire approval... we have made a good many marks against her... along the way... but now we suddenly find that our objections are outweighed by our admiration... for she is some gal... you have to hand it to her... she has an uncommon amount of common sense... there is no pretense about her... she is just what she is through and through... when the occasion demands it... she has pinch hit for her husband in a remarkable way... better than we wives, who have been so free with our criticism... could ever hope to do... and it wouldn't be the job she would have at that... and she's keen... and can hold her own...

Ever since the man in her audience yelled out and asked her if she didn't think that infantile paralysis had affected the President's brain... and in the hush that followed she quietly replied... "Yes, I am sure that it did... his suffering has made him more sympathetic to all people in trouble"... after that I began to check off a lot I had held against her and now comes a writer of national reputation... who says that while Mrs. Roosevelt has made no public statement... it is generally understood among her friends that she is against the President running a third time... you know that woman has sense...

August seems to be the open season for family reunions at least in this section... we highly approve this popular type of a "get-together"... there is something so "All American" about them... and they are bound to act as a kind of "Good Will Tour"... because families will have their how he enjoys doing without his donkey. Maybe he is learning what it is to have to really work for his living, like Blackie Bear does, instead of just riding around in his wagon. Well, let him worry for a while; it will do him good. I reckon he and Uncle Joe hunted more for Hee-Haw than they did for Blackie Bear; but if they had been as wise as Who-Who Owl they would have looked in the same place for both of them. "Talk about having sense! If I didn't know any more than Mr. Man knows, he would have had my hams in his smokehouse long ago, and he would have been wearing this nice slick coat of mine all last winter. He didn't even know enough to keep me from getting out of his wagon, that day. And he certainly hasn't got as much sense as Billie Possum, or he never would have gone off and left him up in his house, that day when he caught Billie milking Mrs. Cow. I would say he is too sleepy-headed to have very much sense. "And to think he would leave his donkey and a load of things there on the side of the road while he took a nap! Don't ever talk to me about having sense like people. And wonder what Rover Dog is doing. I'll bet a bag of tobacco that Mr. Man couldn't get him to run, a single step after Blackie Bear's tracks. He hasn't forgotten his high dive, and I reckon he even remembers how Blackie Bear's paw felt that day when it kept him from killing Doctor Coon. Poor Mr. Man: maybe even a man can learn something, after a while. Yes, I'm pretty sure that's where Jay Bird has gone, and I certainly am anxious to hear what he sees and hears about Mr. Man."

After supper they all went out on the porch for a smoke. After a while Blackie took his pipe out of his mouth and began to laugh just like somebody had said the funniest thing in the world. "What's the matter with you?" Doctor Coon asked. "Nothing much. I was just thinking about that day out at the well when Mr. Man beat his fist down on the shelf so hard that he knocked the bucket in the well, as he said he wouldn't stand any more of Blackie Bear's foolishness. I was wondering how it feels to have to do a thing that you just WON'T do." "Well," Doctor Coon said, "I reckon Jay Bird will be back tomorrow, and he can tell us how Mr. Man is standing it." And he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went off to bed. (To be continued).

Remember the days of the past, Those frizzy old days with chilly blast? You made it up town, You made it fast. It's nice to be warm in the mer. Remember the ice on the walk hard, When you trod its glaze e'er on guard, Else your bumptious pride be married and scared. It's nice to be warm in the mer. Remember the furnace you at night, In the cellar deep with the light, And the cost of the coal of sight? It's nice to be warm in the mer. Remember the pipes that then bust, And the plumber slow, you disgust? When you saw his bill cussed and cussed? It's nice to be warm in the mer. Remember that cold and ed-up nose, That reached from your nose down to your toes? It's nice to be warm in the mer. Then think of the melons taloues, The sandy beaches and the ous slopes, The ice cream socials and those dopes, Ain't it nice to be warm in the summer?