

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1940

INFLUENZA

We commend the authorities for deciding not to re-open school for another week in view of the prevalence of influenza, and common colds in the community.

Fortunately the nature of the disease is not severe, and yet, it is a mistake to think that because the affliction is light it can be played with.

Influenza has many dangerous aspects, for it can and often does lead to serious complications that might be avoided if the proper care is taken of the patient during the illness.

For this reason it is important to take every precaution, and with the prevalence of the disease in the community at this time, it is unwise to have the children together in schools.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK

Roger W. Babson, economist takes a cheerful and encouraging look at the first six months of 1940, and states that "war or peace, business in the first half of the year will be the best for many six months' period since 1930."

Jobs, wages, farm prices, business profits and dividends should all turn in big gains over a year ago. They should even average higher than in the three months' period just closing.

Whether we expect personal gains or not the general conditions of affairs should lift people from the depression levels and give everyone a cheerful outlook on the coming year.

YET WE TALK HARD TIMES

According to the office of government reports, Richmond, Va., Federal funds to the tune of \$115,420,483 have poured into North Carolina during the fiscal year ending last June the 30th.

The report broke down the staggering sum in the following manner:

Loans, including those made to businesses, farmers, home owners, public housing authorities \$23,295,856.

Grants-in-aid, which included payments to the aged blind, dependent children, farmers, the WPA, construction of public buildings, and roads, the CCC distribution of surplus commodities, and pensions to the war veterans, \$92,124,627.

In addition to the total \$115,420,483, the Federal Housing Administration insured \$7,166,443 worth of housing improvement notes and mortgages in North Carolina during the year.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS

Bachelors, be advised: 1940 is Leap Year, when a maiden is at full liberty to put aside conventional modesty and boldly go after her man. No longer need she endure the fight of time and age while waiting for a timid beau to make up his mind and work up his courage to the point of proposing marriage. . . . Which reminds us of a sage observation we heard to the effect that the success of preachers and farmers largely depends on their wives.

The wisdom of this remark goes without gainsaying. Who ever saw a good preacher or a good farmer who didn't have a fine, capable wife in the background. . . . unless, as frequently occurs, she was in the foreground.

So, our advice to bachelors, especially those in clerical or agricultural pursuits, is to be careful of the girl they choose or who chooses them for upon this decision hinges not only their personal happiness but also their material success.

The right girl is a whole lot more than the right charge for the right farm for the farmer. Think so, you would do well to choose a bachelorette. — Farmers Federation

AN END—A BEGINNING

We lay another year away, consigning it to the category of things that are irrevocably gone.

There is always a poignant note of regret when anything that belongs to us or in which we are interested, even no more than casually, is put aside beyond recall.

If there remains a bare possibility that at some date, long it may be in the future, this whatever-it-may-be for which we care, will be returned to us in some form or another, the parting is measurably relieved of its lament, or pain it may be.

But when the leave-taking is beyond recall, when it comes to be what we know is the last of it, then, indeed, the note of sadness becomes acute.

Thus it is with the year of 1939. It goes out today to be gone forever. It is laid away in the unreturning archives.

Whatever it may have held for humanity, whatever of bitter or of the beneficent, whether of good or bad, whether of success or failure, whether of achievement or disappointment, it's the end of it.

What has been written has been written and there is no amendment nor cancellation. It has been a year of goulshness for much of the human family.

It has brought 1,600,000,000 of the family of the sons of men into war or the threat of war, leaving only about 600,000,000 others of the entire human race who have not been menaced or involved in the oceanic hates that engulf the world. The old year will be memorable for these collisions of the passions of peoples everywhere.

King George struck the cord which seems to us to be especially important and pertinent in the midst of these heavy and distressful days in his address to the peoples of the British Empire on Christmas day.

After he had pointed out to them the terrors and tragedies which now confront them and had spoken of the uncertainties of the New Year, the British monarch found his only message of encouragement in these lines which he quoted:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year:

"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown."

"And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God'

"That shall be better to you than a light and safer than a known way."

And the solacing word of "the man who stood at the gate of the New Year" bespeaks the only sure and stabilizing spirit with which any of us can face our little futures.—Charlotte Observer.

A LAWMAKER'S CODE

Representative George W. Gillie, Republican "freshman" in the house has compiled a code for Congressmen, based on his first year's experience on Capitol Hill.

It strikes us that many of the points he lays down for Congressmen might be taken on by the general run of politicians.

The congressman from Fort Wayne, Ind., has condensed his observations into the following:

"Don't talk too much.

"Don't make too many promises, but live up to the ones you make.

"Don't worry about what your opponents say about you.

"Don't go high-hit after you've been elected.

"Don't fail to give the best service of which you are capable.

"Don't compromise with your conscience."

STILL THE BEST SELLER IN GERMANY

We have heard a great deal recently of the strong efforts made to put "Mein Kampf" in the hands of every German, man, woman, and child, but the latest reports on book sales in Germany show that Hitler's book has never yet topped all other books.

The best seller of Germany, now as formerly, is the Bible. Last year 200,000 more Bibles were sold in Germany than copies of "Mein Kampf," in spite of the fact that the book is "required reading" and in spite of the fact that the sale of Bibles has been highly restricted by law.

VISITORS

Although the Great Smoky Mountains National Park still waits for the coming of the President to be officially opened, already with its new sister, the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, it tops popularity among national parks so far as the number of visitors indicates.

Seven hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven people went to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in the year ending September 30. Even if half of those visitors entered by Tennessee, nearly 400,000 people came as visitors and spenders to this State and the park.

Certainly there is gold in them hills.—News and Observer.

Here and There

—By—
HILDA WAY GWYN

THE NIGHT AFTER

The following contribution of a parody on the much loved poem of childhood will no doubt find response among those who took the ruletide season rather strenuously. . . . it was written by Russell Kay and appeared in the Florida Times-Union. . . . We submit for your benefit, with appreciation to the contributor. . . .

'Twas the night after Christmas,
and boy what a house!
I felt like the devil, and so did the
Spouse,
The egg-nog and turkey and candy
were swell
But ten hours later it sure gave
me hell.

The stockings weren't hung by
the chimney with care—
The darn things were sprawled
on the back of a chair.
The children were nestled all
snug in their bed,
But I had a large cake of ice on
my head.

And when I finally dozed off in a
nap
The ice woke me up when it fell
in my lap.
Then for some unknown reason I
wanted a drink,
So I started in feeling my way to
the sink.

I got along fine 'till I stepped on
the cat;
I don't recall just what occurred
after that.
When I came to, the house was all
flooded with light,
Although under the table I was
high as a kite.

While visions of sugar plums
danced in my head
I somehow got up and then back
into bed.
Then what to my wandering
mind should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny reindeer.

Then the sleigh seemed to change
to a red fire truck,
And each reindeer turned into a
bleery-eyed buck.
I knew in a moment it must be
Old Nick—
I tried to cry out but my tongue
was too thick.

Then the old devil whistled and
shouted with glee
While the bucks pawed the earth
and the names made me
shudder,
When I heard them I felt like a
ship minus rudder.

"Now Egg-Nog! Bacardi! Four
Roses! and Brandy!
Now Fruit Cake! Cold Turkey!
Gin Rekey! and Candy!
To the top of this dome, to the
top of his skull,
Now whack away, crack away,
with thumps that are dull!"

And then in a twinkling I felt on
my roof
The prancing and pawing of each
cloven hoof.
How long this went on I'm sure
I can't say,
Tho' it seemed an eternity, plus
a long day.

But finally the night after Christ-
mas had passed
And I found I could really think
straight at last,
So I thought of the New Year a
few days away,
And I've made me a vow that no
tempter can sway.

I'm sticking to water, don't even
want ice,
For there's nothing as tasty or
nothing as nice.
The night after New Year may
bother some guys,
But I've learned my lesson, and
brother, I'm wise.

You can have your rich victuals
and liquor that's red,
But what goes to my stomach
won't go to my head.
So a big Happy New Year to you
and to all:
I'm back on the wagon, and hope
I don't fall!

While on the other hand came
the following in our mail. . . .
use in closing the column this
week as a new year's greeting. . . .
'I shall grow old and never lose
life's zest. . . . for the road's last
turn will be the best. . . .
And now with purpose full and
clear

We turn to meet another year
Build on resolve and not upon re-
gret,
The structure of thy future. Do
not grope
Among the shadow of old sins;
but let
Thine own soul's light shine on
the path of hope,
And dissipate the darkness; Waste
not tears;
But turn to live; and smile, Oh,

smile to see
The fair white pages that remain
to thee."

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CLARION WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON A TWO WEEKS VACATION RETURNED FOUR DAYS AHEAD OF TIME

Voice of The People

What is your favorite month of the year?

Mrs. Joe Liner—"May is my favorite month, when the gardens are planted."

Mrs. W. W. Davis—"Here in the mountains I would say that October is my favorite month, but in Arkansas where I spent my childhood, I would say that May is my favorite month."

J. G. Terrell—Southern Railway Agent—"July is my favorite month. I suppose, because my birthday comes in that month."

Paul Martin—Martin Electric Company—"I would take October for the beauty of the scenery in Western North Carolina."

Francis Massie—Massie Furniture Company—"I like August better than any month of the year, because I like the sports we have in this section at that time, such as swimming and fishing."

Rev. J. G. Huggin, Jr.—Pastor of First Methodist church—"They are two: May and October. These are favorites of mine because they most clearly mark the changes of the seasons. The tedium of winter is



BLACKIE BEAR

BY D. SAM COX

THE CREEK FOLKS HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING

The noise from the gun when Jocko shot the gander started geese, chickens, ducks, and everything to making all the noise they knew how to make, but that didn't make any difference. It was too far to Mr. Man's for him to hear them, and it was still further to Aunt Judy's. There wasn't a soul near enough to hear any of them, so let them holler.

And now things began to happen. Billie Possum climbed a big apple tree and threw the apples down to Jocko Monkey till he had two bags full. Then Jocko went to the peanut patch and pulled up peanuts till he had another bag full. Doctor Coon and Grandpa were mighty busy catching hens that were roosting on the fence because Uncle Joe had never built a house for them. The turkeys were roosting up in a tree, but they were not out of reach of a climbing monkey. "Baa-ab" went something over behind the crib, and when Billie ran around to see what it was, he saw Blackie zetting a sheep-kin for Bettie's coat.

"Moo-ah" said a red cow, as Billie came around the crib.

"Give me one of your buckets, Dr. Coon," Billie said. "Here's where I get milk for my ice cream." But Doctor Coon was looking after the roasting ear patch, so Billie had to get his own bucket.

"And now for the honey," Blackie said, as he came out with his sheepskin. "Give me a big bag, Grandpa, so I can put the whole um, bees, honey and all, in it, and then the bees can make me some more honey when this is all gone."

"All right, and I am going to put two little lambs in another bag and take them along, and they can grow up with Benny and Jenny, and they can all have a good time together."

"Now for the potato hill and the grape vine," Billie Possum said, and they all went to work filling their bags.

"The most frightful idea that has ever corroded human nature—the idea of eternal punishment."—Morley.

"Not even Hell can lay hand on the invincible."—Parmenion.

"Hell is a circle about the unbelieving."—The Koran.

"Sin makes its own hell, and goodness its own heaven."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"No hell will frighten men."

LETTERS to the Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE—Letters to the Editor must be signed and accompanied by the name and address of the writer. All letters must be received at the office of the Mountaineer, and the opinions expressed therein are not necessarily the opinions of the editor.

Editor: Mountaineer,

Before leaving Waynesville, I would like to express my sincere appreciation for the did co-operation which you personally have given me while I have been in this community as editor of the Pet Dairy Products Company. You have given me times shown a personal and genuine interest in our company and the things which we have ordered to do in this community. Everything that has been in your paper, concerning our company, has been a boost no time has there been anything that would reflect unfavorably on our organization.

Knowing as you did that our reputation was in jeopardy and the hard work I had in attempting to save our reputation, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your support and interest in our business. I am interested in our community and what we have been doing to improve the economic condition of Haywood County.

I should like to congratulate you and your staff on the new newspaper which you are publishing, and I feel that it is rendering a wonderful service to this community. I have seen in your news items and editorials "mud-ling" and "mud-ling" of citizens of this community absent and in every case it is spoken in a dignified way. By so doing you are contributing to the building good will among the citizens of this community.

It has been my privilege to work with you for the past eleven years, and I have very close contact with you. I have read your newspapers, some of them semi-weeklies and dailies; and I would like to see many of them in your hands. I have had the excellent co-operation of your staff, I have enjoyed in dealing with you, and I am sure that your attempt to express in this my appreciation to you, I hope you and your staff, I am,

With kindest personal regards,
to you and your staff, I am,
Sincerely,
—FRED H. YEAT

Looking Over The
General Haywood
WIDE INTEREST OFFER
WITH LETTERS

(Continued from page 1)

Such a program, is a big benefit much good fruit. I hope churches have neglected herine opportunities to get people's services, and this united effort seems a logical way to go.

However, it must be recognized, that with some people's attendance is a delicate matter and they even resent being called to attend, so as you went out into the fields that Ben C. Wells to keep in mind, that days' results can be obtained in a very practical, and not overbearing.

Mr. and Mrs. HAYWOOD are a small family in a village in So. Carolina. I met them at the home of Miss Louise H. Owens, who was impressed with his home and his ability as a pastor. He is a man.

Last Sunday, Mr. Owens in a short sermon for the week's work. "Measuring Our Work" was so much enjoyment in his message from the in-law, that I have prevailed on the editor to reprint it in this newspaper. I hope you will commend it to you.

GENERAL HAYWOOD is a holiday season. The latter Stringfield in Raleigh.

Tuberemia on increased tuberemia, or rabbit fever, is reported from a number of points on the National Wildlife Service. This disease is spread by the blood or entrails of the animal. It can be guarded by wearing rubber gloves.

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