

The Mountaineer

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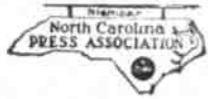
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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1940

Qualified Candidates

Twenty-one candidates have put in their formal applications for seven county jobs, with almost a like number of office-seekers asking for state and district positions for the next two years. Their applications have been presented to the voters, and on Saturday, the voters, who pay the salaries of these officeholders, will decide with whom they will place the responsibilities of government for the next twenty-four months.

Needless to say, some of the applicants for the jobs are worthy of their hire. Some have been tried. Some have had experience. Many are making promises about their qualifications which are foreign to being anything near what they have ever accomplished in any walk of life.

Those who pay the bills—and that includes every voter—should take this matter of casting a vote as a serious matter.

Any business man will tell you that, before he would fill seven jobs from twenty-one applicants, he would study carefully the qualifications of each. He would select with extreme care those to whom he must pay his hard-earned cash for salaries, and not jump at hasty conclusions, or employ a man on hearsay, or pay any attention to rumors. He would KNOW the facts.

In this same manner, voters should cast their ballots on Saturday—for the men who are qualified to assume the responsibilities of office.

An Uncertain Vacation

There are so many phases of a warring country. Often in a peaceful nation the hardships being endured by those in the throes of conflict are forgotten or overlooked.

With schools just closing in Haywood County, where the children have had a term, even though not so long as most of us would like, in comparison with other countries we must be grateful for its privileges.

Seventy years ago universal elementary education became compulsory in England. Towards the end of last year for nearly 1,000,000 children under fourteen, it has ceased to be compulsory. This break in a long custom was due to the war.

Before last September it had been assumed that from the day of the beginning of the war London and other big cities would be subjected to heavy bombardment. But it is reported that thousands of parents who did not wish to be separated from their children ignored the government's advice to send their children away to the country.

As a result it is said that there are 1,000,000 children in the evacuation areas living in regions where they should not be and where there have ceased to be adequate or safe facilities for educating them. In spite of hurried improvised steps to deal with them, most of these children were left to run wild, without instruction, supervision or discipline.

Experience has shown that even a few months' neglect in schooling can have serious results and give the child a setback that will be felt all his life. Just another phase of what it means to a nation to be "majoring" on a war, instead of the progress of its people.

"Don't question your wife's judgment—look who she married."

"Happiness is a relative term but not always a term of relatives."

"Allies Losing Ground," says headline. That is not such current news. For 15 years the same headline would have been as truthful. The Allies have been working for peace, while Hitler has been working for war.

Same Old Formula

There seems to be a tendency, since the problem of unemployment has become so acute, particularly that of the youth just leaving school and starting job-hunting, to blame the situation on the defects of our educational system.

Mrs. Roosevelt in her recent lecture in Asheville stressed the point that somewhere education is failing. We were interested in reading an article during the week on "Society Is To Blame," in which it was brought out that we adults are wrong in assuming that "youth can go it alone."

"We should acknowledge first that youth's problems are not chiefly of their own making. When youth goes to market his equipment consists of qualities inherited and conditioned, none of which have crystallized into a final pattern. At this age youth possesses imagination, not experience, an assortment of natural talents, or lack of them; habits have not congealed, and may change form under direction, and they have energy, but not judgment. These facts are mentioned only to show the futility of expecting youth to know and direct itself. Youth must be exploited.

"Young people come in looking for jobs. They have finished their schooling and all they know about a job is that they want one. There is little reason to expect more adroit salesmanship from one who has just passed out of the protected environment of academic education as it operates in America today. The stamp of education, whether it be high school diploma or bachelor's degree in arts, does not equip youth with any formula for making itself useful practically.

"The first score against youth then must be recalled by the referee as a fumble by education.

"Still more damning is the observation that youth is not trained to work. Work habits may well be old-fashioned virtues. Youth is not going to act spontaneously in making them fashionable again. Youth will keep on softening until it is again taught the necessity for hard work and the satisfaction of self-reliance. Youth will not set the course."

In other words, according to the writer of the foregoing, despite the advantages of today, youth is not so smart after all. It still needs the steady, guiding parental hand of experience and the lessons taught by the teacher who demands application as well as theory.

There seems to be no new formula for success. It still remains the result of hard work.

How Many Read Bibles?

The American Bible Society joyfully sends out the news that the distribution of 7,370,908 volumes of the Holy Scriptures in 1939 represents an increase of five per cent over their circulation in 1938.

The society hastened to explain that the total was by no means representative of the increased demands for the Bible, but the society's budgetary limitations kept it from being much greater.

The distribution seems well in hand, and certainly should be satisfactory as far as volume is concerned.

What we would like to know is: How—and when—is the society going about getting the Bibles read, now that they are distributed? We know of many Bibles which have become table ornaments and dust gatherers.

We repeat that, while their distribution job is well in hand, it seems their greatest and most important task of all yet confronts them.

More About 'Hell Fire'

"I would give almost anything to hear a good old-fashioned sermon on hell fire and damnation," said a regular church goer in a nearby county recently.

The next day we read that Congressman Dies said: "What this country needs is a good old-fashioned religious revival."

This dissatisfied citizen went so far as to accuse preachers of putting on the soft pedal in order not to offend the feelings of their congregations. It is true that the average sermon of today is not filled with the vivid descriptions of hell as so often pictured by the preachers of yesteryear.

Back then, many a person was literally scared into religion. Now it is put in a calmer way.

Which is the better way, we don't know. We refuse to argue the question. We have seen some who professed religion under both methods "go to the bad," while others became upright and leading workers in the cause of their church.

After all, it is left up to the individual, and woe be to the preacher who tries to please all the sinners in his flock.

Here and There

—By—

HILDA WAY GWYN

The Clyde Ray, Jr. had a visit on Sunday from Mildred Seydell, of Atlanta, author and lecturer . . . who is said to have interviewed, if not more, as many famous people as any newspaper writer in the world . . . Hearst papers sent her to Italy for an interview with Mussolini . . . she has a charm that would give her entrance anywhere . . . and the power of expression . . . both with the written word and verbally . . . to present what she has seen and heard in human . . . entertaining . . . and impressive language . . . we were in Clyde's Flower Shop shortly after her visit . . . he spoke of it . . . so we went right over to the house . . . and asked Caroline to tell us all about it . . . it isn't often that we have as a guest columnist . . . a Pulitzer prize winner . . . but Caroline consented to write down a bit about the conversation and of the visit in general . . . so we turn the microphone over to Caroline Miller Ray . . . author of "Lamb in His Bossom" . . . and personal friend of Mildred Seydell . . . Caroline speaking:

She was just back from Europe (her hat and suit and shoes said "Paris" before she did), she was just down from a week as house-guest of Ruth Bryan Owen in Virginia (she said that Ruth Bryan Owen and her young Swedish count were very, very happily married, and that somehow made us happy). She wanted a description of how dusk comes in the mountains. She said for us please to give Mrs. Gwyn, Mr. Stentz, and Mr. Charles Ray her compliments, (remembering their names particularly after two years and one meeting.

"Five of my nephews are at the Belgian front," she said.

We shuddered and put a foolish question: "Aren't you depressed about it all?"

"Of course," she said brightly; "but I've been a newspaperwoman so long that I've learned to submerge private worries in the job in hand."

Our mouths fell open. "Switzerland expects Germany to come in any day," she said "my boy is in Zurich. . . ."

"But can't you cable him?" we asked, again foolishly.

"What should I tell him?" she wanted to know. We couldn't think of anything to tell him,—long ago she told him how to live, and how to die: what else could she say?

She lived for months in Sweden, Germany, Holland, Italy; she left Prague just before the Germans came in. She believes that England and France "are gone." (If people keep on saying that, it will tend to become true, we thought). What troubled her most, she said, is that the Allied governments will be set up in Canada, which will inevitably bring the whole problem much nearer home. We heard Hugh Sloan say that some thing six months ago, and thought then But how ridiculous! But now. . .

"Well, in that case. . . we said, endeavoring to recover our equilibrium, if any; "what do you think of the totalitarian system of life . . . What would it be like, living under it . . . ?"

"Wonderful," she said: "and I'm no Nazi. They have such perfect order, such efficiency, such thorough training; they work, not just so that men may be employed, but in order that things may be accomplished, big things,—and big things are accomplished." We thought of Germany fifteen years ago,—and now; we thought of Rotterdam fifteen years ago,—and now.

"There's no place in the world for soft people any more, is there?" we remarked.

"Exactly," she replied. "It's a question of being tough."

(Be strong,—we thought: we are not here to dream, to drift. . . Be hard, be ruthless. . . So we aren't our brother's keeper, after all?) "We have become weak, and protected, and soft," she said. (Her son is in Switzerland, and she goes on gathering material for newspaper articles and radio programs.)

"There is no place for lazy people in Germany," she said. (And we are soft, we are lazy,—we mourned)

"But what about personal opportunity?" we asked, "what about an individual's chance to do the thing he wishes to do in the way he wishes to do it?"

"There are marvelous opportunities in Germany," she said: "better than most places, because the tempo is geared higher. Women doctors, for instance,—all professional people. There is a tremendous demand for trained, ambitious workers in all trades and professions. . . ."

"But what about the arts?" we asked freely. "Wouldn't so strict supervision kill all creative work?"

"Not at all," she said. "Hitler was a painter, you know. They say if he had been successful at painting, 'all this' never would have hap-

TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND



Voice of The People

Do you believe in a second primary when a candidate has a substantial lead over an opponent, but does not have a plurality?

Mrs. William Hannah—"No, I do not approve of second primaries. They are too expensive for the taxpayers."

Dr. Tom Stringfield—"I believe in a second primary. I think it is the only fair method in some instances."

R. L. Prevost—"Unless the high man is very close to a majority, I think if we believe in a democracy we believe in a majority. If we fail to give the people a chance to express themselves we take away their privilege of democracy."

Grover C. Davis—"I think the law should be changed, to mandatory or abolished so the second high man could be relieved of the responsibility of ever calling a second primary."

C. N. Allen—"I don't believe in second primaries."

C. B. Atkinson—"I do not believe in a second primary unless there was evidence of fraud in the election."

Jack Messer—"As a general thing I do not believe in second

primaries." (Just another frustration, we thought.) He fosters all forms of art: he has brought art within the reach of everyone, he has the most wonderful museums that are open to everyone. . . .

"Perhaps genius requires discipline," we offered.

"Of course," she said. "We thought perhaps Nazi propaganda had worked subtly to cause us all to admire German methods of work and war, no matter how much we hate their principles. . . ."

"Not at all," she said "they're wonderful, and I'm no Nazi." For years Mildred Seydell has traveled all over the world, with the keen eyes and ears, with the reasoning heart, of a good reporter. She is an intelligent, conservative, cultured American citizen, lovely to look at, fascinating to know; a two-hour talk with her doesn't even scratch the surface of her rich observations. She never has time for just talking,—her mind is always doing a big job well.

When we said goodbye, we couldn't add: "We hope your boy will be all right in Switzerland. . . ."

It would have sounded so silly. Her son will be all right anywhere.

We decided the more we know about the European situation, the less we know about everything.

"Please do a paragraph on how dusk comes back in the mountains," she said, "with adjectives,—you know. . . ."

And besides, is the desire to keep out of war necessarily synonymous with a desire for genuine peace? The Kaiser has not hitherto been considered much of a pacifist.—Christian Science Monitor.

GOOD EATING

In the south on your menu you can find the word "greens" as listed with your various vegetables of long standing. This might be tur-

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

—By WILLIAM RITT
Central Press Writer

GERMAN parachute troops are equipped with collapsible bicycles. The bike tires, no doubt, can be quickly converted into waterwings on the way down—if necessary.

Dental plates are being rationed in Germany. There's a law with teeth—but not real ones—in it.

The fundamentalists are being proven correct. The world may not yet be flat—but it's on its way.

Zadok Dumbkopf suggests that perhaps the reason Holland and Belgium are called the Low

countries is because that's the way their spirits must be as they read of threatened blitzkriegs.

"Bombardment of Norwegian town continues after dark"—we read. Ah, the land of the Midnight Gun.

The man at the next desk, proving how up-to-date he is, says he prefers to scuttle his doughnuts in the coffee.

Business should be better by summer, opines an economist. Yes, we expect quite an upturn in the demand for fly swatters and sunburn salve.

CLIPPINGS

DOVES AT DOORN

There are a good many people like Germany's ex-Kaiser. He has been living in a quiet spot in the Netherlands. Now that the Nazis are there, one of his grandsons speaks for him: "So far as Grandpa is concerned, all he desires is to be left in peace on his little Dutch estate."

Though this quaint epilogue to the tragedy of 1914-18 is something of an anti-climax, Wilhelm II's present wish to preserve his own peace is more understandable than some of his earlier impulses. But, of course, it should not be confused with peaceful thinking.

The experience of small nations in Europe, whose chief hope seemed to be that they too would be left in peace, is providing an object lesson for the rest of the world. One of the fallacies of recent decades has been the supposition that as long as a country wasn't too ambitious, it was safe; as long as it didn't want anything, it would be able to keep out of trouble.

Much has been written on the technique through which Holland kept out of the World war. The Dutch simply armed themselves thoroughly for defense of the Netherlands proper, and sustained with whatever grace they could muster the insults and injuries that small neutral trading nations must expect on world highways in wartime.

Americans, and people in other countries, were inclined to read into the Dutch experience in the World war a lesson on how to keep out of all wars: "Mind your own business, promise to make some trouble if anyone actually attacks your own roost, and don't talk back when outside your own backyard." That was the prescription. But now what?

And besides, is the desire to keep out of war necessarily synonymous with a desire for genuine peace? The Kaiser has not hitherto been considered much of a pacifist.—Christian Science Monitor.

GOOD EATING

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Stewart Says—

American-Japanese War Would Benefit Hitler At This Time

By C. Stewart
Central Press Columnist

SHANGHAI reports that many are trying to stir up a war between Japan and the United States lack confirmation.



Adolf Hitler

have a goodly number of representatives in this city. Just why the British, French and Dutch are in Tokyo is not clear. It is considered as looking into, anyway.

To begin with, a chain of anese newspapers recently on what purported to be information, that the British, French and Dutch are in the East Indies, about all supplies from there to Japan. This would be very serious, as it would mean that the Japanese, who are greatly dependent upon the East Indies for their vitally necessary materials, notably oil and rubber.

Tokio Gets Busy

The obvious conclusion is that it behooves the mikado to the islands ahead of the British and French. It was a move which the Tokyo government immediately drew, for it began once to forecast the urgency of its speedy grab of Japan's own.

It was a forecast which turn, promptly elicited the State Cordell Hull's warning, that no grabbing must be done far as the East Indies are concerned.

Naturally, Japanese relations were strained. Hull's warning, to be sure, is applicable to the British, French and Japan. He object a bit to having the States, and Japan would like the fact; it would take a dabble from off their hands. But the anese want those islands for themselves.

No Accident About It

If this were just an accident development it wouldn't seem much.

However, the British, French, Dutch consulates in Shanghai tend that there was no accident about it.

Their account is that Gen. Ambassador U'Gure Ott, in a paid that newspaper chain to pay 20,000 yen to publish a story of his own, calculated to overwhelm Japanese for an overnight Japanese for the Indies, in defiance of the Japanese, thus precipitating a Japanese crisis in Shanghai.

The German's reason for doing this was an armed clash in the sea.

Tough Fight for It

It would be a mean feat. Uncle Samuel. At short notice, the latter is too heavy a weight to carry. He would have to handle hostilities away across the Pacific in the Netherlands Indies waters.

Such a war would keep Sam out of Europe, on the chance that he finally would think of butting in on the front. And, anti-war as he is, he would have to handle the last time. And, more. Herr Hitler reckons that, engaged in the bulk of our war supplies to ourselves; not send them to the situation will follow. I suggest that it's what the Shanghai story appears to template.

Slick Propaganda

It's rather slick propaganda that's what it is. It's triangular.

It isn't perpetrated directly. Propaganda in our own country we can largely guard against. But no Dies committee can guard the Pacific to expose it in Japan.

What the state department do about it is problematic.

nip or beet greens and can spinach. The usual suspects mean dandelion, mustard, water cress, when you name them. But they are all, whether south, east or west, a welcome to many a diner. We used to of them as a "mess of greens" in childhood helping the gather them by tagging along a knife clutched in one hand, a bag or basket in the other. Women folks covered their with sunbonnets against the sun and passers-by ogled at them, they had no idea that greens was as much enjoyed as eating them.—Reidsville, N.C.

Eighty-five per cent of last year's traffic fatalities occurred in weather.