

The Mountaineer

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1940 Action Member

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1941

Aid For Libraries

The introduction in the Legislature providing for State aid to public libraries will find much interest in this community.

The Waynesville Public Library was established nearly fifty years ago. It has served a great need in the community. It would be impossible to estimate the value of its services or what it has meant in both pleasure and cultural stimulation to the local people and to the visitors.

Today it stands as a high tribute to the civic pride and culture of its founders and also to those who have continued to carry on and lend their support, often in the face of discouragement, for the institution has literally led a "hand to mouth existence."

There is no public service in this community that has been dispensed at the pitiful cost that the library has been kept in operation.

During the past few years there have been enormous amounts expended on so many things, while others have been neglected. No new improvement has changed our need for the knowledge we gain from books.

The nation is spending 37 cents per capita on public libraries, but North Carolina is spending less than nine cents, and ranks near the bottom of the list of the states. Yet in industry, the strides made in the state, have been excelled by few other states.

The Waynesville Library, which has served so well the immediate community, could, if funds were provided, serve the county. This has been demonstrated in the few weeks in which a bookmobile, loaned by the State Library Commission, was operated in the county. It was also shown during the weeks of operation that the people of the rural sections were "intellectually hungry" for the opportunity to read.

While there has been great work done to eliminate illiteracy in North Carolina, the potential value of the public library has been sadly neglected.

It is to be hoped that the present legislature will go into this matter very thoroughly. The bill pending would provide less than 3 cents per capita appropriation, and would start a library movement that a state "first" in so many things, should have.

Double Trouble

The recent experience of the two state highway patrolmen serving this vicinity was an unfortunate affair.

The public does not like to feel that the law came out on the wrong side of the fence, and if there was a good reason why the men chased, should have been taken into custody, it was regrettable that they made their escape.

One thing is apparent, the high rate of speed the patrolmen are reported to have been traveling, made then as such a menace to other motorists, as the car ahead which they were chasing.

To those traveling the highway at the time, it meant a "double danger." Whether or not even those who are entrusted with regulating the speed limits on the highways, have the right to make the law, also a transgressors against safety, is a question in the minds of most people.

Some other means ought to be advised for apprehending criminals, other than out speeding them against the safety of the motoring public. Connection between officers by radio or a patrol telephone system, might be the answer. Certainly excessive speeding is not.

There is more employment now, but there will never be enough soft jobs to go around.

Making History

Last Saturday morning when the courtroom of the Haywood County Court House was filled with farmers, their wives, and their children, history was made in Haywood just as dramatic as when the National Guard left town back in the fall.

The number of rural people who assembled was significant in many ways. They were drawn together in the common bond of interest in mutual problems. They came to plan for the future and to give recognition to the accomplishments of the past.

They made their plans for the future with confidence, for they had definite results to show them how to plan ahead.

They represented the solid background of Haywood County citizens, eager to keep in step with agricultural improvements, with an earnest desire to fight the ravages of nature and to reclaim and hold the soil, and to improve it.

There was stimulation for both the adult and the rising generation in a joint meeting, for both groups are interested in the same problems. Each generation serves as an incentive to the other. The sons and daughters learned from their parents, and the parents had an opportunity to be proud of their children.

The meeting on Saturday was not the result of the past year's work alone, it represented the culmination of several years of growing interest in agriculture in Haywood County. It was a tribute to the splendid leadership of the farm and home county agents, who have shown the farmers the way, and the progressive farmers who have been willing to forge ahead.

We take this opportunity to thank the Demonstration farmers for the award made to The Mountaineer on Saturday. We are proud to have given any aid we may have to the great work. The plaque will hang upon our walls as a reminder of the progress that Haywood rural people are making.

We Disagree

Mrs. Roosevelt's proposed good-will trip to Latin-America has been "killed," so to speak, by the State Department. The idea of the trip in the first place came from Nelson Rockefeller, Pan American cultural-relations coordinator.

Mr. Rockefeller liked the plan, and Mrs. Roosevelt evidently thought well of it, as she agreed to go. It was reported that the president "tentatively" approved.

Now comes the report that the Under Secretary, Mr. Wells, by "studied coolness" broke up the party.

We have no way of knowing just what prompted the Under Secretary, but any woman who has worn down the disapproval and won over her critics as Mrs. Roosevelt has in the last eight years, we feel that we could trust her to make good with the Latin Americans.

Willkie Abroad

Regardless of political affiliations and the heat of the recent campaign, one cannot help admiring the dash and enthusiasm with which Mr. Willkie is making a first hand investigation of war conditions in Europe.

A man of unbounded energy, he seems to be making a thorough investigation of war torn England and despite personal danger and air raids is certainly going places in London.

Mr. Willkie seems to be inspired by no other thought than to get a first hand and accurate picture of war conditions to bring back to his fellow countrymen.

We admire the spirit that has prompted this trip and await with keen interest his report upon his return. It is clearly understood that he is in no sense an official envoy, but is rendering this service entirely on his own.

Yet his findings will be sure to have a tremendous weight in shaping public opinion on current policy of the United States regarding further aid to Great Britain.

Good News

Farm prices, according to the latest information issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, in mid-December averaged 101 per cent of the 1910-1914 level, further decreasing the spread between prices paid and prices received by the farmer. Also, farm product prices were relatively stable during 1940. This is good for agriculture. The American farmer has steadily improved his position in spite of chaotic conditions over most of the world. A large share of the credit for this must go to the farmer himself.

He has not let government farm aid deaden his resourcefulness. Federal money has not blinded him to the fact that in the long run he will sink or swim, depending upon his own initiative. He has steadily sought to improve production and marketing techniques. The farmer would be lost without them in the business world of today.



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

We were much amused the other night at the Shelton golden wedding anniversary... in hearing a certain prominent professional man in town reminisce about the pleasant hours he had spent in front of the fireplace in what is now the "Indian Relic Room"... he was "dating" a young school teacher... who was boarding at the Shelton's at the time... (of course it was "rushing" then, not "dating")... it was in the early fall... just that cool evening crispness that October weather brings after sunset... and the warm blaze in the fireplace lent considerable enchantment to the charm of the evening... during the summer the fireplace had been rebuilt... it was the first fire kindled since the improvements... (and certainly enough time had elapsed since for the cement to "cure")... the conversation was reaching a very fascinating point... when there was a sudden explosion... coals and cement flew in every direction... they rushed about trying to brush up all the debris... this over, they settled down for a second time... with the conversation resumed... at the last stopping point... and then without warning... another terrific explosion... so loud the entire Shelton household came running to see what it all was about... much to the embarrassment of the couple... the "psychological" moment passed... but the romance was not killed... as the conversation was evidently completed... as it ended... like stories used to... "they lived happily ever afterward..."

much... and most of the ideas I started with I've had to discard... but of one thing I'm sure and I grow more certain of that one thing every day... It pays to love... I've never really loved yet without profiting by it... That doesn't mean that it has always been easy to love... or safe... or comfortable... or successful in obvious ways... Often, indeed love has seemed anything but a good investment... sometimes it has ended for me in humiliation... or ingratitude... or financial loss... and once my whole life was bound, it ended in death, yet looking back it pays to love... love has made my life deeper and stronger... it has taught me how to laugh and cry, and dream, and pray and dare... love has made me able to carry my chin high and my spine straight... it has given me real pride in place of petty personal conceit... But of course I've had to pay a price for all these things... it's nonsense to think you can know the height and depth and the glory of love without paying a price... often a heavy price... if you're banking on love to provide you with merely pretty peppy experiences, you're out of luck... Love will provide you with boredom... as well as bliss, with pleasure as well as pain... with danger as well as delight... and agony as well as ecstasy... Love isn't a building and loan scheme... It is a vast current of inspiration and energy that carves its way through life... often the carving hurts... but love pays no matter

There is a young matron in town who has the habit of constantly calling the attention of her husband to the charms of Clark Gable... which we understand... is not unusual in young matrons... the other night she was expounding at length on the kissing technique of the movie star... when he kissed Hedy Lamarr... in the midst of her raving she said she realized what a perfect trap she was making for herself... so she got off the subject as soon as possible, hoping that there would be no reaction... but about four hours after... she got what she deserved... when out of a clear sky... without any preliminaries... the husband said... "By the way, honey, did it ever occur to you that maybe Hedy Lamarr might of had something to do with Gable's kissing that impressed you so much?... Maybe if I had a chance at Hedy"... which is a pretty good illustration of the danger of the comparison habit as applied to husbands... the wife who starts it had... better check up on her own assets before she wades in and dashes the cold water of somebody else's charms on her spouse.

If Italy loses the war, asks an editorial, where can Mussolini go? That's a problem, since all roads, we've always heard, lead to—not from—Rome.
A psychiatrist says that one out of every five persons in the world has lost his mind. We don't know there were that many horse players.
Wolf meat is nourishing, according to an explorer. Now we'll know what to do the next time he comes around to our door.
According to a famous woman writer, there will be complete equality of sexes by the year 2000 A.

We can't decide who's the joker in the deck... the victor or the vanquished... it is said that, not all, but some of the little lapel emblems denoting a contribution to the President's birthday fund... were made from left-over Willkie campaign button material... some of them even show through the last of paint... the first lettering was "Willkie and McNary"... we have to hand it to the button manufacturers... for they are good at solving the problem of left-overs... but to use the campaign emblem of a defeated candidate to proclaim the birthday of the victor... does seem a little heartless even though profitable...
The following was contributed by a reader this week... "IT PAYS TO LOVE"... "I've lived quite a number of years without learning

much... and most of the ideas I started with I've had to discard... but of one thing I'm sure and I grow more certain of that one thing every day... It pays to love... I've never really loved yet without profiting by it... That doesn't mean that it has always been easy to love... or safe... or comfortable... or successful in obvious ways... Often, indeed love has seemed anything but a good investment... sometimes it has ended for me in humiliation... or ingratitude... or financial loss... and once my whole life was bound, it ended in death, yet looking back it pays to love... love has made my life deeper and stronger... it has taught me how to laugh and cry, and dream, and pray and dare... love has made me able to carry my chin high and my spine straight... it has given me real pride in place of petty personal conceit... But of course I've had to pay a price for all these things... it's nonsense to think you can know the height and depth and the glory of love without paying a price... often a heavy price... if you're banking on love to provide you with merely pretty peppy experiences, you're out of luck... Love will provide you with boredom... as well as bliss, with pleasure as well as pain... with danger as well as delight... and agony as well as ecstasy... Love isn't a building and loan scheme... It is a vast current of inspiration and energy that carves its way through life... often the carving hurts... but love pays no matter

Army Does Not Use Kid Gloves On "Selectees"

By Charles P. Stevens
Central Press Columnist

Voice OF THE People

What do you consider the greatest nuisance in this community?

R. C. McBride—"The greatest nuisances in this community are the automobile horns and stray dogs."

Quincy Kippe—"The loud talking and yelling on the streets at night would be my answer."

C. F. Kirkpatrick—"I don't think there is a nuisance in Waynesville. It is filled with the nicest people and the nicest places to do business I have ever known."

Miss Mattie Moody—"The traffic situation on Main street."

Albert Abel—"I consider reckless and drunken driving the greatest nuisance in this community."

Mrs. Dan Watkins—"I consider the stray dogs greatest nuisance in the community."

Mrs. T. Grady Boyd—"The greatest criticism I hear from outsiders is about the blowing of the horns. I hear a lot of complaint about this."

Mrs. T. C. Norris—"The heavy traffic on the streets."

Delos L. Dean—"I would say the greatest nuisance in this community is the reckless driver."

Mrs. D. D. Alley—"I would list two major nuisances in the community: unnecessary street noises from cars and lack of courtesy, or 'motor manners'."

Bill Ray—"The girls. I can't get 'em off my mind."

how great the hurt... the weary hours one spends in loving and serving little children... the lonely hours one spends loving a man or a woman... But hard as the price is, don't begrudge it... pay it willingly... and though its trials be marked with blood and tears, follow it... love always pays...
American automobile factories have produced 79 million motor vehicles valued at \$3 billion dollars in 40 years.
Leeches were in such great demand a century ago for curing distaste by the blood-letting process that a game law, protecting them at certain seasons, was passed in Russia.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
Central Press Writer

D. Golly, is it possible we fellows can catch up with the girls in so short a time?
Zadok Dumbkopf is now busily engaged in inventing a rubber roof, off which air bombs will harmlessly bounce—he hopes.
Poker playing may be injurious to the heart, says a doctor. We don't know about that, but we do know it can be fatal to the billfold.
Junior has taken to reading the news from Europe with more interest since he saw the item which said 90 per cent of our spinach seed comes from now-blocked Holland.
If Italy loses the war, asks an editorial, where can Mussolini go? That's a problem, since all roads, we've always heard, lead to—not from—Rome.
A psychiatrist says that one out of every five persons in the world has lost his mind. We don't know there were that many horse players.
Wolf meat is nourishing, according to an explorer. Now we'll know what to do the next time he comes around to our door.
According to a famous woman writer, there will be complete equality of sexes by the year 2000 A.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT
FULL-BLOODED INDIAN COMPOSE HALF OF PERU'S POPULATION OF 6,600,000
CONDEMNED PRISONERS IN MONGOLIA ARE OPEN PLACES IN WOODEN BOXES, CARRIED OUT OF THE BARRER FLAME, AND LEFT TO DIE OF STARVATION AND THIRST
THIS WAS THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE TO RUN OVER 90 MILES PER HOUR - EARLY ROAD DRIVE BY IN 1885 AT 91.4 M.P.H.

TO SPEAK of a young man having been drafted into Sam's military service or to him as a conscript almost on being a severely punishable fence these times.
The chap by no means is ed. He's selected, which is a compliment to him. It goes to his physically and mental human specimen, or he would have passed examination, selective service authorities, being done so, he becomes a He ought to be proud of it. Drafted? A conscript? ens, no! Those are terms. They hint at cons. All sorts of pains were dodged their employment, wording of the selective law. Anyone who uses any of them is due for a stern down from selective service quarters. One of these "batters" main ideas is to train tremendously popular yes. It's all right, if you call a selectee a trainee instead.
When a boy has the good to get by the board he appears before, he's questioned, any peacetime craft he may be skilled in, and if it's a ture calculated to make him cially useful in some part of military activity, the board commends him to the army cordingly. It's nicer for him into one of these special branches than to serve as a ry buck private in the ranks. he's likely to be directly if we actually become involved.
The army people, however, invariably act on the board's recommendation.
This Can Happen
For instance, suppose a competent auto mechanic board indorses him as a He reports for duty. The booted army officer in charge amines his credentials. He says, "O. K. Come out and look at one of our tanks. See if you can work it."
Now, a tank's operated ferently from an automobile hasn't the kind of engine an auto has. Except that both automotive, tanks and have precious little in common.
So the kid completely tests.
"Such being the case," officer, "you're due for four inary months of regular rifle training. By then maybe have learned enough for classier duty."
Why don't they assign lectee to an auto in preference a tank?
Answering that question rather common, talk that sional army men aren't sympathetic with the home policy of representing military as something perfectly fine. The professionals have ders, to be sure, to treat with all consideration. The out these instructions, too. lic. In herding a bunch of into their coaches in railt ions, with lots of civilian ers looking on and listening erdorm is as polite as you indueces (that's another permissible to call 'em) elegant accommodations Pullmans and all that sort. But when they arrive at ments it begins to be, "the army now."
At least, so I hear from the professionals themselves. Not Coddling.
The professionals unad don't believe in coddling don't believe in it for their own good.
In essentials they're provided for. They're the fat of the land—better than them, than they probably on where they came from. cies are included—quarterly shavetail professional I take the other day, "are we make soldiers out of soft handling 'em as softies as be, they're chucked into a have to shoot and be shot. There's no implication trainees are deliberately the professional gang bents, but it's extremely that the regular fighters, top sergeants, anyway, their best to toughen 'em have to do it surreptitiously ever. They could be opary with drafted conscripts not with indueces, train selectees.
The newest German planes are the 112 single with a speed of around an hour. The planes have guns and a number of guns.
In the last six years have robbed armories in places where government ammunition are kept of 2 and 300,000 rounds of am