

THE MOUNTAINEER

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Thursday Afternoon, April 21, 1949

A Fond Farewell To Mules

I am made glad and sad by a bit of news. I read where the farm machinery people predict that Southern farmers will cut the number of farm animals from the 1935-39 average by 34 per cent. As an example of the drop, an estimated 2,000,000 mules and horses will disappear from Southern farms this year.

That makes me glad and sad. I am glad because the mule-drawn plow is about finished as an economic competitor. A man with a mule and plow can't compete on equal terms with a man driving a tractor. The man with a one-horse wagon is out of luck trying to get things from fields to barns and from barns to markets when competing against a man with trucks.

Nevertheless this makes me sad. A mule "belongs" to a farm. He "belongs" to plowing, the way ham belongs to eggs. I have a fondness for mules.

A mule has got more sense than most folks. He has got more sense than a horse, a fact which the horse people dispute with no success. The horse people say the mule is ornery, which he is. The mule is folks. He will not kill himself as will a horse, pulling a heavy load. If it is too heavy, the mule knows it and won't pull it. The horse will kill himself trying. The mule is too much like man—ornery, stubborn, friendly, willing, a worker—that people love him. Folks sort of feel a kinship with a mule.

So I hope that as progress keeps progressing some place will be found for the mule. The farm won't look the same without his leering, grinning, cynical face peering over the barnyard fence or out of a stall.—Ralph McGill in the Atlanta Constitution.

Contentment In Practice

We never expect to see or hear of anyone bettering the record of A. H. M. Rogers of Fines Creek. Mr. Rogers has lived in the same house for 93 years.

This 99-year-old man truly represents the era of contentment and satisfaction. In this present, fast-moving world, few people are satisfied to stay very long in any one place. They want to be up and going, changing, moving about.

The contented and satisfied life seems to have agreed with Mr. Rogers. If nothing happens, he will observe his 99th birthday in July. An event these never-satisfied people never get to fulfill.

Life Is Getting Too Complicated

It seems the more civilized we get the more complicated the business of living becomes.

Those of us who wearily rush hither and thither in our almost frantic efforts to earn just a little more money than the other fellow, wear just a little better clothes and drive just a little bigger car, will tell one another how hard life must have been back in the days of our parents and grandparents; of what hardships they faced without all the modern conveniences of today. And the funny part is, we actually believe that we are much more fortunate. But we wonder.

In our father's day, for instance, if he wanted to go fishing he didn't go to a great fuss about it. He merely went down to the river or creek, cut himself a fishing pole from along the bank, lifted his bait from a can of fresh dug worms, and made himself comfortable and fished. He had no worries about a new casting rod, or whether his reel was working properly. He didn't fuss about with fancy flies and lures, including artificial grasshoppers and feathered things supposed to resemble a minnow. And he didn't have to make sure that he had a fishing license, costing several dollars, in his pocket in event a game warden came by. He just sat and fished, and we have no doubt that his catch was just as large and as satisfactory as that of the present day nimrod who cannot even go fishing these days without an investment of from \$25.00 to \$50.00 for modern equipment.

In those days, too, the fisherman didn't have to worry about nearly so many things as we do today, as he idly lounged upon the bank. He didn't have to wonder how he was going to be able to pay his income tax, because unless he was pretty well in the money, he didn't have to pay income tax. Life was more or less free and easy. And when the day was over, he didn't have to worry about heavy traffic, or dodging some "hotrod" hellbent upon going nowhere in particular as fast as possible. Life was easy and unburdened and serene.—The Elkin Tribune.

Results Already Seen

The community development program is already showing definite results. There are 16 grade A dairies under construction in the county. Several months ago, a goal of 50 was set up for the year. At the present rate, the goal will be passed by a wide margin.

There are other things that are beginning to show definite results from the program. While these are not as tangible as the dairy barns, they will be just as important in their respective fields.

We have said time and time again, and repeat, that the community development program will have a far-reaching effect on all Haywood in the immediate present, and for many, many generations to come.

A Long, Long Program

Haywood county can well be proud of the highway record thus far for 1949.

It had been five months since a death had resulted from an accident on Haywood highways, until the untimely death of a 5-year-old child in Canton last week-end.

Up to this time, there had been 12 persons injured in wrecks on the highways of the county, which is a little less than last year for the same period.

There has been a lot of educational work done about safety on the highways, and there still remains a lot to be done. In fact, the program must be carried on as long as there are highways and anything to operate on them.

They'll Do It Every Time



GRENADE, THE MANNEQUIN, MODELED LINGERIE IN THE FASHION SHOW WITHOUT BATTING AN EYELASH

By Jimmy Halo



BUT ON A TRIP, WHEN THE CUSTOMS MAN PUTS ON A LITTLE STYLE SHOW—WOW! WHY THE VERY IDEA! ARE YOU TRYING TO EMBARRASS ME?

Looking Back Over The Years

10 YEARS AGO
The first services in the newly constructed Presbyterian Church Auditorium at Hazelwood will be held Sunday morning.

J. M. Long and J. Wilford Ray keep 348 sheep in suspense as to what might come next when they pose as "twin auctioneers" at Community Party staged by Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. R. Stuart Roberson, Mrs. J. Wilford Ray, and Mrs. N. F. Lancaster give large contract party at Waynesville Country Club.

The Toggery, Waynesville's newest department store, owned and

operated by Hugh Massie, opens this week.

Ninety-five graduates of the Waynesville High School receive diplomas.

Miss Mary Barber returns from cruise to South America.

5 YEARS AGO
U. S. wants 10 car loads of Haywood County Irish potatoes.

Churches of the community will remain open all day when the Invasion of Europe takes place.

Herbert Wright, second class Petty Officer, U. S. Seabees, is spending 30-day furlough at home.

Bill Ray and Doris Greer are elected king and queen of St. John's senior prom.

Pollyanna Gibbs wins first place in 19th annual reading contest sponsored by the Woman's Club for girls in the high school.

Maj. J. E. Moore completes 133 combat flights, spends furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Moore of Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Spooner of Fort Myers purchase summer home at Balsam.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

What do you think of the new pastel-colored shirts which are now in fashion for men?

Bill Dover: "I think they're fine."

E. Miller Ingram: "I definitely like the idea."

Leo Feichter: "I think the new shades are fine, gay colors, but I wouldn't recommend them for elderly men."

Herbert Singletary: "Some of the pastel shades of green and blue I like, but no orchid or purple for me."

Mrs. J. L. Edwards: "I think the blue and yellow shades are fine but I don't care for the pink and purple."

Mrs. Virgil Smith: "I don't think the women should say it's up to the individual. As for pastel shades, I love them but for men I like white shirts."

Mrs. Robert Winchester: "I don't like them."

Mrs. Heinz Rollman: "As long as they are just plain and not painted with cowboys and other crazy designs, they should look fine."

Mrs. Leon Killian, Jr.: "I haven't seen any except in Life magazine and I'm anxious to see them modeled. I can't imagine Leon in an orchid shirt."

Views Of Other Editors

RELIGION FOR CHILD CALLED DAILY NEED

Religion in the life of a child cannot be thought of in terms of a half-hour or an hour a week but must be considered as a continuing seven-day a week experience. delegates attending the regional conference on the International Council of Religious Education warned here today. It is not enough, conference speakers held, to teach religion on a part-time basis in school. They urged the school, home, church and community to provide spiritual leadership and guidance for all the children. However, they stressed that they meant religion in the broader sense, referring to character building and moral values, rather than creeds or denominational differences.—The New York Times.

"POUR IT IN"

Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, noted biographer and editor of the Richmond News Leader, was addressing Southern Baptist editors in their annual meeting. Under discussion was the problem of driving home a truth so never to be forgotten.

"Find the head of your readers and keep on pouring it in," he suggested. He cautioned not to (Continued on page 3)

UNCLE ABE'S LETTER

Let's Be More Thankful—Yeah

We're not so thankful a-nuff fokes—no siree! I got to think about that fother day; caze I saw a man with only I arm, then little after that I saw a'nother man 'thout enny lags a-tall. So, comment to prick up my y-ears, think in' that purty soon I'd meet a man 'thout enny hed—

Then, how thankful we orter be caze we have eyes to see with—too see all these beautiful flowers, beautiful wimmen (an' ugly men) ever' day. You red 'bout that man what had bin bline so long, then got biz eye-site back; well he wuz so happy he jumpt up an' down an' side ways an' wanted to hug an' bus ever-body an' ever' thing in the hous that wuz hug-able an' bus-able! Now, that's how happy we all orter be fur our eye-site.

We orter also be happy that we've got lags, too—2 lags, course, that's all we're sposed to have unless we went like a cow-broot. Jist think, what if you'd a bin born 'thout lags! In that case you mout a bin a snake. Then s-poze you'd a bin born with 4 lags; in that case you'd a had plenty o' lags, but you woudn't a bin so for-chunate caze you'd a bin a quad-roople, er sump'n. Then if you'd a bin a cow an' hadn't give good milk or not a-nuff of it, the cow-traders woud a past you frum pillar to post—an' lyin' about you ever' day, an' finely you'd a-

landed at the butcher's. An' if you'd a bin born a boss, that woudn't a bin much difference—'cept you'd a-bin made into baloony instead. Then jist s-poze you didn't have enny han's—or only had 1. "O, that's no use to 'magine sich things Uncle Abe!" you say. "I've got 2 good han's an' an' can feed myself like a man a-feedin' a corn-shredder." Well, in that case, you shoed a jist had 1 han, caze you're a-feedin' yore self too on-foundid fas'. Or, maybe, you say, "I got 2 good han's an' can hug an' kiss 'bout as good as the movie stars"—in that case, you ort not had enny han's, a-tall!

THE BEST-EST SMELLS!

A-nother thing we orter be thankful for is our smellin' appy-ratus. (Course suntime we wisht we didn't have enny—when we git in a crowded court room, or aroun' sumpbody all broke out with B.O., but these 'casion air sorter sildy—Oh, boy! jist think o' smellin' that good colly a-perkin' in a col' mornin'. Or the han an' ags a-fryin'. Or that good corn-bred jist reachin' the dun stave—an' Sunday fryer a-poppin' in the pan—hol me, fellers, hol me! Hitts better'n a king's ransom an' sweeter than the honey-com'—yes sir-ee!

Now, this haz bin Uncle Abe's little talk on bein' thankful—no, I don't mean turnin' formal thanks so much as jist bein' thankful all the time," bubblin' over with thank-y-ness mornin', noon an' nite. Why, Mr. Editor, some fokes air too bizzy chasin' the al-mitey dollar to take time to be thankful; they never look up, when even the hawg will look up (sometimes) an' (Continued on page 3)

NO WONDER SHE QUAKES!



Rambling 'R

Bits Of Human Interest News Picked Up—Of The Mountaineer Staff

We overheard a conversation the other day that made us wonder how much attention any listener pays. Two ladies were thoroughly enjoying each other's company until one of the ladies branched off into a very lengthy description of a play she had seen in New York recently. The play was "Mr. Roberts" and the lady went into minute details as to the acting, the players, etc. Finally when she paused for breath, the other lady smiled pleasantly and remarked "I know you thoroughly enjoyed it. By the way, did you happen to see the play "Mr. Roberts" while you were in New York?" Total eclipse!

Our show window at the head of Depot street is now displaying a wonderful array of dogwood, green fields and white houses. One particularly attractive residence has a blue roof that makes a fitting adjunct to the color scheme.

This Easter will long be remembered by a lady who, thinking she was being very foresighted, bought her Easter chapeau in a neighboring city some months ago. She carefully put it away so that she would feel that it was new when she donned it for the Easter parade. Being generous to a fault, she

Capital Letter

By EULA NIXON GREENWOOD

IN THE HOLE—The belief here is that the average member of the Legislature has lost in cold cash approximately \$1,000 through serving the people this session. This does not include the money he has lost in being away from his regular work. Put yourself in his position: Suppose you had to leave your law practice, your medical practice, your school room, or whatever you are doing, for about four months.

Not only have the legislators not drawn a cent of pay for about six weeks now, they have been forced to rent a room here, eat out constantly, and at the same time maintain their residence back home. Well, you might say some of the legislators get money from corporations, etc., for voting a certain way. This charge has often been made, but has never been substantiated. One fine man who now lives in Raleigh and who has been a member of the Legislature and close to the Legislature for 20 years says he has never known and never heard of one legislator's having accepted one cent for his vote.

RALEIGH SCENES—Josephus Daniels, Jr., standing on the curb patiently waiting for the city bus uptown. Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, veteran school leader, cashing a check in a local bank and asking the cashier for a quarter's worth of pennies for "my grandchild's piggy bank." P. H. Bailey, son of the late Senate J. W., making pedestrians go around him while he laboriously works at a broken shoe string. Charlie Parker rubbing his forehead in deep thought as he throws words together for Governor Scott in a

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues. Clues include: 1 Young oyster, 5 Frame to weave yarn, 9 Mouthlike opening (Biol.), 10 Musical instrument, 12 Relating to region, 13 Greek letter, 14 Permit, 15 Record of a ship's voyage, 17 Blunder, 18 Tellurium (sym.), 19 Struggles with, 21 Old Dutch (abbr.), 22 Stems of grain, 24 Man's name, 26 Some, 27 Seed vessel, 28 Magic stick, 30 Covered with trees, 33 Siberian gulf, 34 Leavening agent, 36 Germanium (sym.), 37 Uncooked, 38 Shell, 40 Period of time, 41 Prick painfully, 43 Speak, 45 Conical tent, 46 Dwarfish animal, 47 Antlered animal, 48 Those of outcast class (Jap.), 3 Wine receptacle, 4 Like tallow, 5 A caretaker's house (Eng.), 6 Metallic rock, 7 Eye, 8 A wife or a widow, 9 Sailors (colloq.), 11 Fragrant ointments, 16 Goddess of harvests (It.), 19 A confection, 20 Discharge, 23 Flowed, 25 Sum. up, 27 Position, 28 To defeat.

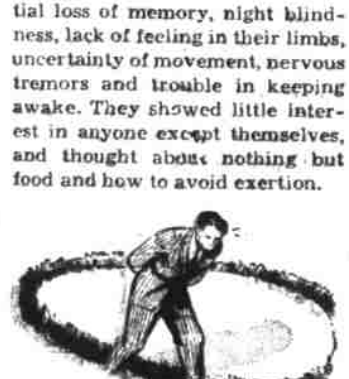
MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Does the "love neurosis" have specific symptoms?

Answer: Yes, though these may differ a good deal in different people. The main symptom of being "in love" — an emotional disturbance which it is more accurate to call the "love neurosis" — is what Freud called "the over-valuation of the beloved object," and another writer, "an insane exaggeration of the difference between one person and all others." When you start believing that the way one person feels about you is the only thing in all the world that matters and nobody else exists, you are "in love" — and Heaven help you!

By LAWRENCE GOULD Consulting Psychologist



Will "getting in a rut" cause a nervous breakdown?

Answer: No. The fears that keep you in your rut — and the frustrations they impose upon you — will be the cause of your breakdown if you have one. There are people who can live what seems to others a completely humdrum life and feel no "nervous strain" whatever because they have found out how to get the satisfactions they need from their limited existence. If you feel you are in a rut, you either are afraid to work for what you want or don't dare to admit what it is because you feel it is something you ought not to wish for.