

**The Mountaineer**

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1934

**WHILE WE LIVE, LIVE WELL**

The American people have one distinct and besetting peculiarity. They think of today and forget tomorrow. In this respect they probably are unlike any other nation of people on the face of the globe.

To demonstrate the force of this statement you have but to glance at the pages of any of the newspapers of the country. A sensation will be sprung today and it will be blazoned in big type over the first pages of the press. Unless its importance is of tremendous magnitude, tomorrow will find it relegated to an obscure corner of the paper. It is forgotten.

About the only exception to this rule is the newspaper story that is reeking and slimy with scandal. It holds the public eye longer and is played up to the limit.

"Dun Vidamus, Vidamus."—"While we live, let us live well" was an epigram of old Romans who knew the true art of living. How true also is this epigram when rightly applied to our modern physical, mental and moral development.

If more people today practiced the old theory of living well, while they exist on this earth, there would be far less cause for the front page streamers of glaring headlines that call attention to crimes.—Ex.

**AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS**

Perhaps in no other industry is there such a variety of conditions as in the newspaper business. Included indiscriminately, there are something over 14,000 newspapers in the United States, ranging from the smallest country weekly, which prints only two pages in its own shop with additional pages printed by a syndicate, to the great metropolitan dailies which employ thousands of persons each.

For the smallest, probably not more than 25 pounds of paper is required each week, while the Chicago Tribune uses for one Sunday edition all the paper produced from timber grown on 240 acres of land.

According to Grove Patterson, the well-known writer, the New York Times employs 3,100 persons, with a payroll of \$25,000,000 a year. Hearst's newspapers and magazines use more than \$50,000,000 worth of paper a year.

But in spite of the disparity between the smallest and the largest of American newspapers, the publisher of the small country weekly need not be overawed by the size of his metropolitan rival. The local newspaper has a place in the life of its community which the great dailies can not usurp if the local publisher is alive to his opportunities and makes the most of them.

Now, as always, the home town newspaper is the best and cleanest exponent of constructive journalism.—Monroe Enquirer.

The remedy for crime set out in the Tryon Daily Bulletin last Saturday may be a little drastic, but at least it is interesting—"Crime more and worse. Invention arms it. Gas and rubber tires speed it. Movies breed it. Dailies advertise it. Lawyers defend it. Officers fear it—Disbar the lawyer. Jail the officers. Fine the dailies. Starve movie stars. Turn steps of parents and children to the house of God. Rebuild the family altar. Fill church pews and worshippers hearts."—Ex.

"Who would be a man must be a non-conformist."—Emerson.

**DOING SOMETHING**

It was Mark Twain who said that everybody talked about the weather but nobody did anything about it. He lived too soon. Now comes the Roosevelt administration in the midst of the most terrific Summer in the memory of the West with the announcement that something will be done about it and immediately.

At a cost of \$75,000,000 a belt of trees 100 miles wide and 1,000 miles long will be planted across the West from the Canadian border to the Texas Pannhandle, Windbreaks about seven miles wide will be planted about one mile apart over the 100-mile belt. Such a project may not make the Summer any pleasanter for those who are complaining about the heat, but it will make the Summer and all the year safer for those who make their living from the earth. If the surface velocity of the wind over a wide area can be broken and decreased even slightly, soil will be held in place, the moisture of the soil will be conserved and "havens of shelter will be created for man, beast and bird."

Certainly this is doing something about the weather with a vengeance. Experimental it is, but the demonstration by the drought of the terrific economic and social consequences of deforestation in the West makes it imperative that something be done unless the weather not only makes us uncomfortable but also turns a fertile country into a desert. Once, centuries ago, China, which today suffers from repeated drought and flood, was a rich and fertile land. But unless man repairs the damage man does the best earth may turn into the worst desert. More than the cost of the proposed belt of trees across the West has already been lost this year in the destruction of crops.

More and more in America men must plan to repair the destruction which they and their fathers have done. The time has past when America was a land from which men only needed to take. Today a wise government realizes the need of building in a used land to cover the ravages of which a greedy people were guilty in a young one.—Raleigh News and Observer.

**THAT'S GOLD IN THEM THAR SWILLS**

Everybody's home may be his castle but "Lady" Moore's castle is different. She built it of odd- and ends she collected over a period of years from the garbage cans on the streets of Sumner.

Lady Moore, as she is known, is an eccentric Negro woman and a familiar figure. People here who have known her for many years say that she bought and paid for "Moore's Lane," a street of Negro dwellings, solely by collecting discarded objects from garbage cans, and selling them to junk dealers and others.

Her "castle," as it is known locally, presents an odd appearance. A two-story structure, spreading over a considerable area, its walls are built of scraps of wood and rusty tin, haphazardly put together. The building stands out among the simple, one story frame dwellings by reason of its bizarre and unorthodox architecture.

Lady Moore, after years of fishing around in garbage cans, employs a lawyer to collect rentals from her Negro tenants. Most of the Negro dwellings she owns were bought when they were put up for sale for taxes.

But although the Negro woman is considered wealthy now, she still may be seen, garbed in flamboyant colors, walking the streets and poking into garbage cans for whatever she may find of value.

She is of indefinite age, and no one here knows anything of her early life. But she has been walking the streets and filling her crocus sack with "junk" the "white-folks" discarded for years, and apparently only the infirmities of old age will bring an end to her strange pursuit of a fortune.—Mocksville Enterprise.

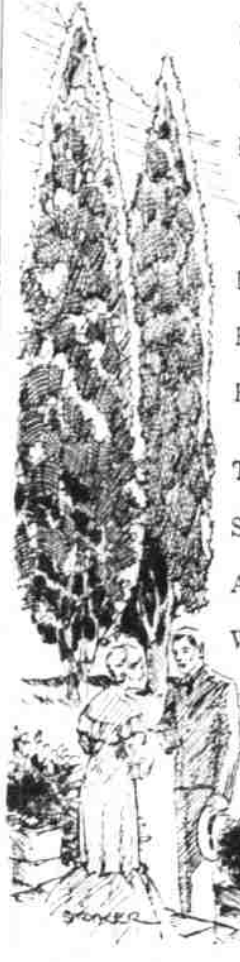
**GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME**

A stray dog took up at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Covington, Jr., and was adopted by the Covington children as a playfellow. The dog came to be such a nuisance about the place that it was named "Sales Tax."—Laurinburg Exchange.

If sent by ship it's a cargo, if sent by car it's shipment.

Does Crime pay?  
Ask Dillinger!  
But he's dead and gone to ———!  
Yes, we know it, and if you still believe crime pays why don't you go and ask him? Dillinger believed it paid until a few minutes before he left for his last undetermined (?) destination.

**Someone from Home**  
*by Lawrence Hawthorne*



She welcomed me with trembling hands,  
And eyes that smiled through tears—  
I was the first old friend from home  
She'd seen in twenty years!  
"Someone from home," she said, and sighed;  
"Oh, you could never know  
How good it is to have you here!  
I miss my old friends so!"

We talked about our yesterdays—  
About the folks we knew  
Long years ago, we talked about  
The things we used to do.  
Her heart still clung to memories  
Of days when life was glad;  
But oh, how lonely she had grown,  
How desolate and sad!

The time for parting came too soon;  
She plead with me to stay;  
Someone from home gave her more joy  
Than words could ever say...  
And I shall cherish through the years  
The brave and wistful smile  
With which she thanked me—just because  
I talked with her awhile.

**Random SIDE GLANCES**  
By W. CURTIS RUSS

Through the kindness of R. C. McBride, I have added two more pieces of pettified wood to my collection. One wood came from the coast, and was dug up from an old Indian mound of R. H. last summer.

Mr. Brock has an inclination to be an exponent instead of manager of a five and ten. Any man who will dig all one afternoon for a few pieces of pettified wood must be inclined to expect that that's the way he gets his work.

Edward Engman is going to sleep on until he finds a good time yet. He was in last week and told me that recent tests showed that one on his piece was yielding \$200 a ton. Not bad. And the further down he goes the better the results.

If he keeps on lagging like he has in the last few years he might come to rest with DeLinger in the lower regions.

Dr. R. P. Walker dropped in Monday afternoon, and in a few minutes "The Weather" was the topic of our conversation. "I don't see how the folks down South stand this," he said, "seems that they would just die." While thinking of the poor unfortunates that do not have mountain breezes to cool their fevered brows, great balls of perspiration popped out on his face. Now that's brotherly love.

Notice—If you ever see the above pastor when he is not smiling give a rind, willya?

Angus C. Craft has a unique way of expressing himself when he said: "I have been keeping the Hotel Gordon, and now that we have grown I'm letting the hotel keep me."

Saturday night I was among those who enjoyed the concert given at the Lake by the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra. Soon after leaving the lake, my wife and I were riding around a bit before retiring and happened to get near a place where a string band was playing for a square dance. The contrast between the two different types of music was rather amusing.

If you ever get to a place where the conversation becomes dull, just begin recalling old days, and the things that you did that now seem so foolish.

R. C. McBride and myself did that last week and 45 minutes passed so quickly we hardly knew it.

One of my favorite stunts when a kid was popping-the-whip with a green-horn on the end. The last time I ever played it we had a small negro on the end and of course the sudden sling sent him whirling through the air at a rapid pace. When he landed he was in the midst of the largest sandspur patch ever grown in South Carolina.

The warmest spot in Waynesville is the room where police court is held.

A watermelon tastes better when picked, bursted and eaten in a field. Many a melon has been devoured in a "hurry" that way; and many a melon has been left half eaten, and therefore few things that are more heart-breaking.

Miss Mary Jean Mac Fie, of Winnsboro, South Carolina, arrived Sunday for a visit to her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Seaver, and Mr. Seaver.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reel are leaving today for their home in Spartanburg, South Carolina after a visit to their daughter Mrs. Paul Hardin Jr. and Mr. Hardin.

Mr. M. H. Wyatt, pastor of the Main Street church of Jacksonville, Florida, Mrs. Wyatt, and daughter Nancy Jane, and Mr. Wyatt's parents of Bradenton Florida, made a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hardin, Jr. the first of the week. The visitors were en route to Chicago.

What has become of our A. and County Commissioner macadam in all our roads down and will soon be beyond? Would it not be better to give the present macadam than to new roads in a year or two?

A CITIZEN  
Senator Richard Russell, Jr., ex governor of Georgia and his father Chief Justice Russell, were guests Mrs. J. Howell Way during the week.

**Insist on —**

**NO VIM — AND THEN HE SMOKED A CAMEL!**

Do you ever get to work feeling "done in"...dreading the long, hard day ahead of you? Then light a Camel. Fatigue and irritability slip away in a few minutes. You feel a delightful "lift." Enjoy it as often as you please. Camel's costlier tobaccos never interfere with healthy nerves.

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