

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1934

BLACKBERRIES VS. CHARITY

The thrifty, hustling people of this community are not hanging around the relief office pouring out tales of woe to the tired ears of relief workers, but they are out in the by ways and fence rows picking blackberries which is paying them more than salary wages.

The Cannery received on Monday over 10,000 pounds of blackberries, for which they paid five cents a pound—\$500 in one day for a product that grows wild and is easily gathered.

The few days of the week before over 25,000 pounds were bought at the same price, which means that in less than ten days over \$1,700 has been spent right here among the people for picking blackberries to say nothing of the salary paid to some forty people for canning them.

In spite of all the hundreds of dollars that are being spent for more blackberries, there are dozens who continue to argue that there is nothing for them to do but beg at the relief office for rations to live on.

We are well aware of the fact that the needy must be cared for in extreme cases, but it seems to us that we would be inclined to hand out to the professional, trifling loafer a bucket or basket and tell them there were blackberries to be picked and for them to get out and do it.

Those that refuse to do a little work for themselves, if we were handling the relief, would be faced with the problem of digging for themselves or doing without.

PRESIDENT DOYLE ALLEY

Doyle Alley brought home the bacon last Saturday, when the Young Democrats honored him by making him their leader for the coming year. The Young Democrats could not have found a person who is more of an "aged-in-the-wood Democrat" than Mr. Alley. Although he has never been in the race for any office, he has always been in the thickest of the fight when there was fighting to be done.

The presidency of the Young Democratic organization is an honorary position and not one that remunerates the official with large salary checks—in fact its just opposite. The place demands a lot of time and considerable expense in traveling to the different clubs over the state to keep speaking engagements, all of which the president must take care of.

By looking up the records of the past presidents of the organization, however, we learn that "pay day" for being president of the organization comes after retirement from office, and this is usually in the form of an appointment to some place that is worthwhile.

Not for a minute would we dare hint that Mr. Alley had this in mind when he was requested to become a candidate, because it was only natural that he be president since he was vice president last year, and the general rule is to promote the vice president to the presidency.

We look forward, together with Mr. Alley's friends, to the day when he will be given a post that will at least show a mark of appreciation for what he has done and is doing for the Democratic party.

The business men of Waynesville are certainly doing their part to make this a clean town. We do not know of a place on Main Street that has not had some improvement made within the past 12 months.

Almost every store front in town has been painted within the past 6 months.

That speaks well for the business men, and shows the outside world that a spirit of progressiveness prevails.

—BUT THEY DID DO IT

Last May The Mountaineer carried a news item that Lowell Thomas would appear at Lake Junaluska on July 28th. The announcement was given by James Atkins, manager of the Lake.

Within a few hours after the paper was published, which also carried mention of other outstanding programs for the lake, the editor was called on the 'phone and told that it was all ballyhoo about big nationally known men like Thomas to ever appear at the Lake. The man doing the talking even went so far as to question us as to whether we knew news from high class propaganda. We thought we did and told him so.

Several times since, we were reminded that the Lake could not stage a program like Lowell Thomas or the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra.

We were among those present for both of the above programs, and each time the throng that attended gave evidence that programs of that nature are appreciated, regardless of those chronic knockers who insist on saying "It can't be done."

The Mountaineer congratulates Mr. Atkins and his staff for accomplishing that which some of the minority thought was impossible. We have always thought that Mr. Atkins was capable of staging what he went after in a successful way, and never considered his interviews as anything but the highest type of news, and we shall continue to do so.

Our greatest wish now is that the people who said it could not be done would mention it to us—we're ready to get a few things off our chest.

(When Mr. Atkins and his staff read this, it will be their first knowledge of the incident).

PENSIONS

The problem of old age and want becomes less acute for one more state.

Iowa's old age pension law, passed in 1934, becomes operative in November.

Under it a pension of \$25 monthly will be provided for any person over 65 years of age whose income is less than a dollar daily.

Approximately 6,000 are now eligible for the pension, which it is estimated will cost the state \$1,000,000 annually.

The revenue necessary will be obtained by a \$1 head tax to be levied against each man and woman in Iowa. After January 1, 1935, the tax will be doubled.

With the tangible encouragement which the Federal government has given the states, it is likely that most of them will have such old age pension systems within two years or less.

We are coming to agreement that for years to come some form of human relief will be imperative in this country. Old age pensions represent a device to separate the permanent problems from the temporary ones, reducing by much more than the total of the pensions the burden which helpless old age places upon society unequipped to handle it except by multiplying individual distress.—Raleigh News and Observer.

GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

Government has been forced to go into business because so many business men have been unable to cope with the unusual situation of recent years. However, the unlimited credit of the government was the only thing which made it possible for that agency to meet the crisis in a successful manner. In spite of the fact that government has been forced to enter business in order to prevent a complete collapse, we do not believe that the American people want, nor do they need, the government in business permanently.

A speaker before a large convention last week declared that "no government that takes up the supplying of human needs is performing the duties for which it was created. When it does this it becomes a part of business, whereas the function of government should be to protect us while we carry on our own business."

The government should be regarded as an umpire in the great game of time. Umpires are supposed to be fair to both sides, and unless they are, their removal is inevitable. But no umpire has ever been able to "call" a good game by becoming a player on one side or the other. The government is already in the banking business, the building business, the farming business, the power business, and perhaps more. While its presence in these fields may be essential to recovery now, we can never hope to get conditions on a real stable basis until Uncle Sam again assumes the role of umpire rather than competitor.—Stanly News and Press.

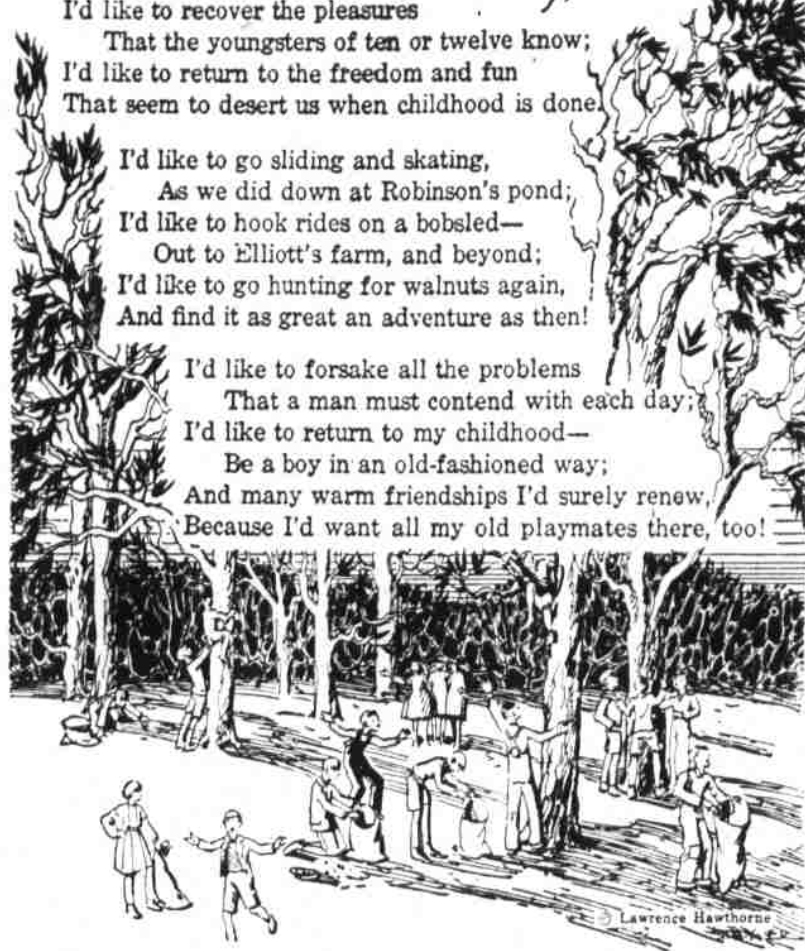
Back to Childhood

by
Lawrence
Hawthorne

I'd like to go back to my childhood,
To the days of the long, long ago;
I'd like to recover the pleasures
That the youngsters of ten or twelve know;
I'd like to return to the freedom and fun
That seem to desert us when childhood is done.

I'd like to go sliding and skating,
As we did down at Robinson's pond;
I'd like to hook rides on a bobsled—
Out to Elliott's farm, and beyond;
I'd like to go hunting for walnuts again,
And find it as great an adventure as then!

I'd like to forsake all the problems
That a man must contend with each day;
I'd like to return to my childhood—
Be a boy in an old-fashioned way;
And many warm friendships I'd surely renew,
Because I'd want all my old playmates there, too!



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Book agents and magazine solicitors have developed a line of sales talk that is superior to none. Each one begins with a line that is entirely of their line but fits into your every day life. Within a few minutes though they begin mentioning their books or magazines and then is when the jig is up with me.

Last week I listened to one for five minutes before I found out what he was selling. He began by saying he was a special publicity representative from Chicago, and I thought there might be something in it worth while—maybe a publicity man from the World's Fair who had a couple of passes with him. I soon found if I would write a testimonial letter praising his set of books that he would give me the \$89.50 set entirely free—of course I would want them kept up to date for ten years, and that would be \$7.50 a year, and since the code had gone into effect it was compulsory that the \$75 be paid within six months. He refused to give me the books unless I agreed to keep them up.

He seemed sore when I failed to see that it was not much of a bargain. I later figured my letter was valued at about \$1.50, since anyone would give ten per cent off for cash on an item like a volume of books.

I did do the man a favor by giving him the name of a friend of mine to see. Later in the day I met this friend with a rather worried look on his face. During the course of a conversation he said: "I had a lot of work to do today and a book agent bothered me. I could have wrung his neck."

I sympathized with him but did not mention that I had sent the agent to see him.

E. L. Hinton enjoys telling folks he sees eating cucumbers the following year:

"A doctor told a patient of his that it was all right for him to eat cucumbers, but not to feed them to the hogs."

The above reminds me of what happened several years ago at a soda fountain in a drug store. A middle aged woman walked in and said: "Please give me something for this pain. It feels like a golf ball lodged in my chest."

The druggist was called and said: "What have you been eating?" "Oh, I had some cantaloupe, a couple slices of cucumber, and a piece of raw onion."

The druggist raised his eye brows as he departed to find a dose. After the woman left, a loafer standing nearby who overheard the conversation and witnessed the doctoring remarked: "What that woman needed was some TNT and common sense."

I don't know about the common sense, but from the smile and devilish look on the druggist's face, I believe she almost got the TNT.

Last week I heard a child screaming in front of the office and at first thought there had been an accident, but upon investigating found that a child about 3 years old was just mad, and his parents were standing seemingly contented waiting for the young man to get over his spell. I wouldn't have done that—I believe I would have added a little "fat to the fire"—or would you say "a little heat?"

Last Saturday for the first time

in years I saw a woman lift a small child up by the arm. That was a common practice years ago but it is almost unknown now. It seems that the little arms would be pulled from their sockets.

Why in the world will people put money in their mouths—

I saw a woman this week with a quarter in her mouth and then passed it to a clerk who gave her change. In the change was a dime which went to her mouth until she could open her purse. Whew—I almost vomit when I think of it.

I will never forget a scene I once witnessed that always pops into my mind when I see people with money in their mouths. A young boy tried to hop a freight and had slipped and fallen under the wheels. The 50-car train had passed over the body and when it was found it was almost impossible to tell whether it had been a human or beast. The boy had just been paid off at the saw mill and was on his way home. The silver change and bills were about the only thing intact in the wreck. The sight of it all was horrible.

For days I flinched at the thought of handling money, because I could

"PEP" GONE



AND THEN HE SMOKED
A CAMEL!

It's easy to overdo at strenuous summer sports. So remember that smoking a Camel helps to chase away fatigue and bring back your natural vigor. Enjoy Camel's "energizing effect" as often as you want. Camels never jangle the nerves!

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

On Common Ground

The doctor's time and skill are dedicated to the sick, and suffering. With him, all else is secondary. That, too, is this drug store's chief concern, and so ALEXANDER'S works with the physician on common ground, co-operating with him whole-heartedly through conscientious, ethical practice of the profession which is so closely allied to his own.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S
DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54

Opposite Post Office

22 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the file of August 2, 1912)
Saturday evening, July 28, 1912, a porch party in honor of the Misses Mabel Cook, of Bay Mills, Clara Leatherwood, of Bay Mills, and Harrold of Waynesville. Many interesting games were enjoyed, the east end of the porch and the country well had been overflowing with fruit from here each young man with "Rachel" was refreshed. Queen and Clara Leatherwood, before any one was aware, they named the mid night hour and hurried good byes all was quiet. Mrs. J. F. Abel, accompanist, little Miss Mary Abel, of Asheville Thursday.

Miss Josephine Cloney was today for New York City, to buy fall and winter styles of millinery. Miss Willie Willis leaves Saturday for Lexington where she will stay the rest of the summer.

The Hon. W. W. Kitchener, of North Carolina, will address citizens of Haywood county at places on August 7.

The Farmers' Institute, of July 31 was well attended. The school hall and other rooms were crowded with neighboring farmers, their wives and children. Many donations for county offices were hand from all parts of the county, including Messrs. Bradshaw, Sherrill, Garner, and others.

Just see some of the money from tragedy.

Then people put money in their mouths.

About the next worse thing to put money in one's mouth is to put gum with the mouth open, especially when they make a noise with it.

Seeing the Holy Land by a Winding River Jordan, the Roads Saviour Journeved Over, and the Red Spots of Bible History Now Seen From Sightseeing Airplanes. A Feature in The American Weekly, Magazine Distributed With BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN, issue of August 5. Buy your copy from your favorite newsdealer.

NOTICE

All persons, firms and corporations are hereby notified that the undersigned will not be responsible for debts contracted by my wife or any one else other than myself from after this date. This July 19, 1934. CARBAN McCLURE, San Pedro, Calif.

July 19-26-Aug. 2-9—pd.