

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

The worst sorrows in life are not in its losses and misfortunes, but its fears.—A. C. Benson.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

Small is the use of those people who mean well, but mean well feebly.—Roosevelt.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—Benjamin Disraeli.

WHAT TAXES PAY FOR

There is a vast amount of kicking about taxes these days, and most of it is just. Our nation was born of a tax dispute, and discontent and argument over taxes has always been an American prerogative.

A statistician, figuring out that the average taxpayer in this country works one day a week for the tax collectors, makes a fine story about it. But if its so, is it really so bad as everybody thinks?

What do we get for our taxes? Police protection, fire protection, schools, libraries, parks, streets and highways, street lights, sewers, garbage collection, courts in which to maintain our rights.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT

Mr. O. O. MacIntyre, noted New York columnist, recently handed the country press a bouquet when he said:

"Much of the best stuff written in American newspapers reaches only a limited audience. This is because it is turned out for country weeklies and small town dailies. It is a pity that more of it is not syndicated.

"There are very few smart alec writers or exploiters of the personal pronoun among them. They write deeply, if impersonally, of the things they feel. They are interested and believe in the triumph of right, the church and dignity of good citizenship.

"They run clean as the wind of their native hills or the waters of their local streams. I commend to any newspaper reader fed up with shocking crimes, blackmail, law suits and Hauptmann trials a careful perusal of their home town paper.

"Many of the homely little personals may offer a comic touch, but no more so than a city society scribbler's rave that the debutante Miss Gwendolyn Smith-Park is singing hotcha songs in a decadent night club. Or that Lovely Lacey of the chorus walked a baby lamb up the avenue on a platinum leash."—Ex.

It seems to us that someone is falling down on the job of letting weeds grow so tall right on the highways. Not only are they unsightly, but dangerous, in that it makes the highway appear narrow and causes motorists to drive nearer the center of the road which often results in head-on collisions.

With all the rain that we have had in this section this year the weeds have grown faster than usual.

If the 5,657 post cards which were sold here Saturday are mailed out all over the country there will be no way of determining the vast amount of good which will result from the sale of them.

It is our opinion that a repetition of the event be staged in late July or early August would even surpass the sales of last Saturday. At least its worth thinking about.

IT DOESN'T REVOLVE

Eight years ago the North Carolina legislature authorized establishment of a fund of \$2,000,000 to be loaned to World War veterans owning real estate or to aid them in the purchase of homes. State bonds were sold and the money made available. It found ready borrowers. Two years later the legislature authorized two millions more but the council of state was given authority to cut the amount. It exercised that authority and sold only \$500,000 more bonds.

The fund was designed to be a revolving one. Repayment on principal of loans and the payment of a slightly larger rate of interest than the state had to pay for the money was expected to provide funds for making additional loans from year to year, so that the two and a half millions might do service of many times that value.

It is revealed now that there has been nothing in the till to make loans with for the past two years. In fact, there has hardly been enough coming in to keep up the state's interest on the fund, let alone cut down the principal of the loans previously made.

Information secured by The News and Observer from the office of the present loan commission is that 1,314 loans were made. Of this number 280 have been repaid. The state loan board has just ordered foreclosure on 25 more of the approximately 500 loans that are now delinquent in principal and interest. Some of the heaviest borrowers in the past are said to be men charged with duties in administering the fund. A former loan commissioner himself is deeply delinquent in principal and interest. Two former loan officials have been foreclosed.

Consequently it is not strange that liberal practices were followed in putting out the state veterans loan fund. Since it was state money and designed to aid only a restricted group the tendency appears to have been to go beyond the bounds of private financing liberality. Just how liberally this fund has been administered seems to be one of the things those now entrusted with the duty of trying to salvage a part of the fund to apply toward the state debt are trying to find out. They at least know that the "revolving fund" quit revolving when it ran out of the original supply of "grease."

Its started again — publicity seeking preachers trying to prove their faith by letting rattle snakes bite them. We have never taken stock in that kind of faith. Only this past week, though, two snakes refused to bite a West Virginia preacher who tried to demonstrate his faith, which makes us think more of the snakes than to be involved in such an affair.

In San Francisco there is a man who claims to be 105 years old. He lays claim to the fact that he has voted for 20 Republican presidents, and expects to vote for another. Some people here in Haywood have often said that many of the absentee votes came from persons that old — except they were not living.

A young man, who has an astounding knowledge of women, recently was quoted as saying, the wildest ones, unlike wild horses, are the easiest to pet.

A woman reader of the paper said recently that she can tell by the way a woman carries her baby whether it is her first or fourth. If she carries it as though it would break, its her first. If she carries it as though it were a rain coat, its the fourth.

A problem that confronts every school teacher at some time or other is whether to appear before the school board looking "old henish" or "Mae Westish."

Of course it was the old fashioned person who said: "The farmers generally keep their stock off the highways, but parents turn their youngsters loose upon the roads every night."

Some one has defined the difference between a politician and a statesman by saying that a politician is one who thinks of the next election, and a statesman thinks of the next generation.

A proud father recounting the achievements of his nine-year-old son states that he is now able to wash his face without taking off his hat.

Strange, isn't it, that all the people who reaped a harvest from the dime chain letters live in other towns, and other states, or are a friend of a friend who heard someone tell about it?

Our ambition is to one day drive a ninety tone tractor on a narrow road and meet all the road hogs who have crowded over on our side during the past ten years.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

If I remember correctly, Baby Week was observed all over the nation about the first of May. . . . but we observed it at our house this past week when two arrived. BOTH being young to remember. . . . one four months old and the other almost two years old. All that I have heard during the week, at home, has been baby talk or terms used round babies. . . . so what a background for a column.

What is more interesting than to watch a baby play? After watching the babies for an hour or so, I had occasion to see a group of grown-ups playing and the only difference was that the babies seemingly enjoyed what they were doing.

Another noticeable thing about a baby is that you can't make one show off before company. . . . I'm thoroughly convinced of that fact.

If only grown-ups could be as original as babies it would be an easy matter to amass a fortune overnight.

Things I have learned about babies that I never knew before—they cry because you're the most worn out—they demand the center of attention at all times—they have no regard for their clothes or those of the person holding them—they can't tell time by a clock, but they do miss feeding time two minutes—they certainly can change the order of things in no time—they are either twelve hours ahead or behind with the general routine of the house; when its time to sleep, they don't; when its time to be up and about, they sleep—they can make you forget your trouble—they can remind you of your trouble and add more to them—BUT, after all, one smile, or ego from the little rascal is worth much more than ALL their troubles—God bless 'em.

What makes a better picture than a freckled-faced boy with his toe tied up? I just saw one and if he had been diked in fine toggery it would have spoiled the whole thing.

From Mrs. Lynn Frith, of Miami, comes a photograph of "Joe" Cabe and "Lib" Henry taken while watching a Pan-American plane land. Evidently they knew nothing of the picture being made, or the sight of a big plane to the "lassies from the hills" made quite an impression on them, as their expression indicates.

T. L. Bramlett is fond of onions, and has about the best crop of them in his garden of anyone around here. He also has a splendid garden which is about three weeks ahead of the average.

R. C. McBride is offering \$1.50 to find out who the Rambler is.

Oscar L. Briggs made the confession last week that he hadn't shot craps since he was nineteen; and that was in a storm sewer in Asheville. Just at the interesting point of the game a 250-pound cop looked down upon the crowd. . . . they immediately scooted up the drain pipe, which was 24-inches in diameter. When they got to the end there was friend cop. . . . Oscar made a promise that he'd never handle the bone again. . . . and hasn't.

LeRoy Davis is a Baptist, but takes more interest in Lake Junaluska during the summer than any three Methodists in the conference, including the bishop.

Mr. Grennell, of Daytona Beach, who spends his summers at Lake Junaluska making pictures, has arrived for the "best season in years," he says. He made several pictures of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous English racer who drove his car 281 miles an hour over the Daytona sands this past winter. There were 28 photographers making pictures of the racer, but at 281 miles an hour its a man-sized job to catch the subject.

In case you didn't know, I have been told that lye was put in liquor to make it head. Is that correct, or was I misinformed?

Dr. J. C. Murphy and Edwin Haynes have the reputation of being the fastest walkers in town, but Bob Gibson is giving them a chase for

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of the Mountaineer) Miss Willie W. . . . from school in . . . Mr. Thomas . . . a guest at the . . . Mr. E. M. . . made a short stay . . . Mrs. Davis Ray, . . . steatter and Jennie . . . day in Asheville . . . from a visit to friends . . . Mrs. W. . . a visit to relatives . . . Syiva. Mr. and Mrs. . . . announce the birth . . . 25th.

Miss A. A. Shuford . . . her sons, are visiting . . . the Waynesville-Cherokee . . . make its first trip . . . June the 1st instead of June . . . S. H. Bushnell . . . day from Reidsville . . . with . . . dinner for a visit to relatives . . . Mr. Roy McCracken . . . day from Orlando, Fla. . . spend sometime in Waynesville . . . his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Q. McCracken.

Memorial Day was . . . the court house . . . stay the 30th. The . . . opened with prayer. . . consisted of speeches . . . members of the Pine . . . Dinner was served . . . the afternoon the graves . . . federate veterans were . . . Verily the camping . . . air. It took so well . . . ladies of the Crawford . . . that they evolved the . . . party to Junaluska . . . they invited several . . . men of the town.

Thursday, June . . . observed by the Sunday . . . Waynesville as Parade . . . be remembered that this was . . . gained last year, and . . . time of enthusiastic . . . workers, were seen in . . . sion down Main street.

It was a North . . . is said to have . . . moonshine whiskey . . . too prominent and to . . . ways out of sight . . . cold. That sounds . . . the Supreme Court's . . . the American Tobacco Company.

The singing association . . . Crabtree, Iron Duff, . . . Oak, Jonathan's Creek, . . . loeche townships, will . . . the Crabtree Baptist . . . June the 8th. The . . . Hill, Riverdale, Cove . . . Mountain, and Iron Duff . . . reported that they will . . . it believed that Rock . . . Creek and White Oak . . .

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

WE LEARN TO LIVE: It is a comparatively easy thing to commit a grammatical or a mathematical rule to memory, but it is not so easy to apply the rule and work out its application. It is comparatively easy to commit to memory the instructions for the correct way to swim, but it is not so easy to plunge into the water beyond one's depth and successfully put into execution the rules one has learned. It is easy to commit to memory the instructions how to sing or walk a tight wire or ride a bicycle, but it is not so easy to do any of these things until one has practiced and trained the body and muscles to properly coordinate and express correctly and exactly the rules by human action. It is easy to commit to memory the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule but quite another thing to express their precepts in human living. It cannot be done all at once any more than one can learn to swim or sing or be a mathematician all at once. These precepts like the rules that apply to any other human endeavor are only interpreted by us and motivated into human action by thought and study and diligent, consistent effort. We grow in the knowledge of arts by thought, and study and practice, and we grow in Christian living and grace in the same way, by thought, and study, and practice.

their money. . . . he takes short steps but plenty regular, with little time . . .

There is something fascinating about a brick layer—a good one works with such ease and grace that it has always been my delight to watch one.

I wonder if people who have three initials are proud of the fact? To me it makes a name look top-heavy.

Why is pain different from Sunday? To cause it can fall on any day of the week.

Camels don't get your Wind! I SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY THEY'RE SO MILD—THEY NEVER GET MY WIND! AS A CONSTANT SMOKER I AGREE WITH MR. SARAZEN ABOUT CAMEL'S MILDNESS, AND I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR! GENE SARAZEN, champion golfer SO MILD!...YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT! Costlier Tobaccos!

The Greatest Word In Any Language

"FAITH" That, we think, is the biggest word in the world, real relief, the rarest, finest attribute of humanity. Faith in a creed, a principle, a business—what can succeed without it? Certainly not a drug store. People may buy some of their requirements from establishments in which they do not always have implicit faith—but not their prescriptions.

Not in a spirit of boasting, but humbly and gratefully, Alexander's lays claim to having the absolute confidence of its customers. And Alexander's is succeeding because it deserves this faith.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Two LICENSED PHARMACISTS For Your Protection

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office

Try At Home First. . . And You'll Never Regret It