

The Mountaineer

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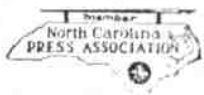
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THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Always tough when you see it is a cheap medicine. Merit—no philosophy not well understood. It is the same side of existence—Bison.

Time is infinitely long and every day is a vessel into which time may be poured if we fill it up to the brim. Goethe.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, that they see so twice as much as they say.—Colton. Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also, but endeavor never does.—Haiter.

INTERESTING BUT PATHETIC

The headlines: "Great Grandmother, 58, Has 4-Months-Old Baby" recently appeared in the Statesville Landmark. The human interest in the story was naturally catching, and appealing, yet there was something pathetic about the matter.

But why think so much about the Statesville event, when right here in Haywood County, there is a woman, 37-years-old, who is the mother of 13 children, living back about nine miles from a road—35 miles from Waynesville—who has never been in a town in her life.

The smallest child was recently brought, by the father, to the doctor, who found it to be under-nourished to the extent that its color was more green than pale.

The Haywood woman is a native of the Big Bend section, and has spent her entire 37 years within that section.

But to get back to the Statesville case, the paper there went into detail in the following manner:

"One never knows what a day will bring forth in the way of surprises in a newspaper office. Start off placid and even as you please and oftentime before noon there'll be the biggest jolt of the year right out of a clear sky. Saturday morning, for instance, Mrs. J. A. Peering, route 3, 58 years old, came in and in the calmest, most matter-of-fact sort of way announced the arrival of her first great grandchild, a girl born Tuesday, June 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Brady Byers. Then continuing the conversation relative to children, families and the general possibilities of life she remarked on her own baby of four months and said she wondered if there were many in our country who had four months old babies and great grandchildren all at the same time. We didn't get our breath or collect our wits in time to assure her that as far as we know or can imagine she is in a class to herself, has in fact hung up a record, we'd say, about equal to the quint's of Canadian fame. Incidentally Mrs. Byers wants Mr. Chal Sharpe to note this great grandchild of hers and she just 58—awhile back she recalls he was boasting his own great grandfatherhood at 59 and betting he was the youngest in these parts."

And to say the least, its just pathetic, that's all.

News from South Carolina, Georgia and other states are that the weather is "sweltering," all of which should bring forth smiles from the hotel people.

Plans are being made for the Haywood County Fair almost four months ahead of the fair date. This not only gives time to work out the details of the business end of the event, but enables the housewives to put up a few cans of vegetables and fruits just for "show" at the fair.

At this time of year we are always reminded of the advice offered by a professor on the last day of school: "Eat light meals; wear light, loose clothing and by no means worry." The advice is good in every respect—so few can refrain from worrying, or think they can't.

TIME TO TALK HIGHWAY 284 AGAIN

The directors of the Brevard Chamber of Commerce spent much time last week discussing the completion of Highway 284—Brevard to Waynesville—and according to The Transylvania Times, the suggestion was made that the entire community contact Chairman Waynick of the highway commission and "present Transylvania's just claim in the matter."

It seems that the Brevard Chamber of Commerce has been doing the same as Waynesville's—often discussing the matter at length and finding out each time the great need of completing the highway, which passes through the picturesque Pisgah National Forest.

We are aware of the fact that the two towns are doing everything they feel justified in doing towards interesting the Highway officials in pushing the work to completion, but we are of the opinion that with a group on each side of the mountain working after the same thing it is rather a big undertaking. If a combination of forces from the two towns should jointly contact the Highway commission, the impression would be much greater than the manner in which it is now being done.

We might even go farther than that, by suggesting a gathering of the two towns in the form of a banquet, dinner, picnic or barbecue and have the commission present and show them first hand on the grounds the need of the road rather than resorting to pointing out the route on a map with a cane pointer.

Not only would this impress the Highway Commission, but it would create a friendlier feeling between Brevard and Waynesville that are working for a common project.

The need of the road to Brevard cannot be over-valued, in our opinion, and any trouble and expense the two towns go to in getting the road through will be money well invested.

How times have changed in two years. In the fall of 1932 the headlines read: "State Votes Dry, 2 to 1." In this week's papers the headlines carry the news that two eastern North Carolina counties voted wet ten to one.

Our idea of the perfect hostess is one who when serving fried chicken and roasting ears says: "Now I want you to act just as though you were at home."

It would be interesting to know all the names that were called the man who double-parked on Main Street Saturday night and held up two blocks of traffic.

The park on East Street is being used daily by scores of children, and several visitors have already used it as a camping ground. As the park is pushed on to completion it will serve as a drawing card for more children, and we've always been of the opinion that to please the children was the best way to satisfy their parents.

Cornfield Philosophy

SNAP-JUDGMENT

I do not know the origin of the term "Snap-Judgment," but have thought it might have originated in the mind of someone who had watched turtles snap. But the turtle will let go his hold if his instinct tells him he's made a mistake. In this respect the turtle's instinct serves him better than some men's reasoning . . . men who are inclined to take snap-judgment will often hold on after they see they are in error.

"Nothing but foolishness," some folks said as they passed by Albert McCracken's farm and looked over on the hill at his "ditches" . . . right while the terracing was being done. A plain case of taking snap-judgment. Some problems can be solved by reasoning while others require the test of time. Reason is undoubtedly on the side of terracing even in this country.

But aside from all this, snap-judgment is hasty and immature, the judgment of minds made up before the evidence is all in . . . that is why the courts guard against it in the selection of jurors. It is also the judgment of the mob . . . it often persecutes, condemns and tortures; and is, therefore, a thing to be feared.

"FIGURED," "CUTE" AND "AWFUL"

Of all the abused and over-used words, I think "figured" tops the list, followed closely by the words "awful" and "cute." "I figured that these two chickens matched yours best." I overheard a man say last week, and I didn't know before that it was possible to figure out the color of chickens.

"Cute" came into use nearly a generation ago. Back then folks were awakened for breakfast by a "cute" bell, had a "cute" cake of corn bread for dinner and read a "cute" story before retiring. The story is told of a girl who, on seeing a powerful locomotive pull up at the station, remarked, "Oh, how cute!"

We often hear the expression that brother so-and-so preached an "awful" sermon, meaning, of course, that the sermon was a powerful or strong one. But "awful" as applied to many sermons would be correctly used if coupled with other qualifying words, like awful tiresome, etc. Then its "awful sorry," "awful kind" (think of being awful kind) and even "awful cute."



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Every afternoon from about four to five o'clock the citizens hear a tatter-tat down about the depot. The noise is similar to a rivet hammer, but more familiar to those who saw service . . . it's a machine gun. Some Guard boys are practicing daily before going on their annual two-weeks' camp trip at Morehead City.

For six consecutive years the boys brought home the trophy for being the best machine gun marksman in the state. Last year something went wrong and they didn't bring it back, but this year they intend to possess it again.

The boys practice in the armory once a week, and have gotten to the place where they can completely assemble and have the guns firing in three minutes.

The practice field is just off Smallers' street . . . and is drawing crowds each afternoon.

The boys got their first taste of duty last fall when the textile strike was on in Piedmont Carolina . . . and as odd as it may seem, the young members of the outfit show as much courage and nerve as the older ones, and according to those who know, sometimes more.

The three officers in charge—George Platt, Paul Martin and Grady Boyd are quite proud of their outfit, and rightly so.

Jack Messer brings forth the yarn that he heard two men discussing the recent capture of some liquor, when one said: "Course I don't care about 'em gettin' the liquor, but think how many songs that much liquor would have made."

At the Rotary Club last week, Paul Hardin won the extra piece of cake for the best bit of native wit. Mr. Walter Hebert of the music camp at Lake Junaluska was explaining that for ten dollars a boy could stay at the camp a week and be taught the cornet, trombone or any musical instrument. Paul chimed in: "It would be worth that to get the boys three miles out of town while practicing. I'm for it."

One of the most human looking piece of wood carving I've seen in a long time is the guitar at the Waynesville Book Store—made by George Miller—the face of a singing negro is carved on the front, and even though a wood carving, it shows perfectly the negro's feelings.

And speaking of a negro's feelings brings to mind what happened last week when the one we had cleaning up the basement was paid off. Although just a boy, he gave one big whoop of joy when he felt the money. The thing that made it so impressive was the fact that he was sincere in showing his feelings . . . out he scooted to the nearest ice cream dealer and there invested his earnings—which is typical of the average negro. Only after they're grown their clothes come first—then their food.

Watching the crowds go by—Colin McInnes always smiles. Ben Colkitt getting the best of the weather via a limoade. J. R. Boyd trying to figure out why all the bugs smashed against my radiator. Doyle Alley and Dave Harris talking Democrat convention. C. M. Dicus looking with joy at his new ferris wheel. Dr. F. O. Garren waiting for a green light becomes interested in three bare-back tourists and forgets to go on "go."

Grover Davis calls working in the garden "his golf." And by the way, he has several dahlias in bloom.

Imagine the embarrassment, and keen disappointment of the man who dropped a half gallon of "joy-water" near the fire station Sunday afternoon. But maybe the package contained another half, 'cause, he held on to it as if it did.

The lower part of the England-Walton Tannery smoke stack has painted—a brush with a six-foot handle being used.

Lemondade stands are popping up

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

I PRESS ON: Not so long ago in the town in which I live the only bank closed. The bank has been in existence for more than fifty years in the town and during that time had built up a reputation for honesty, dependability and reliability. Many had stoungat their weekly saving for the rainy day that lies ahead of every one. On the day which the bank closed many of them came to see if the reports were really true. They read the brief notice upon the door of the institution that told of its closing. Some turned aside with hearts filled with bitterness, some with sadness, some with despair. It was difficult to realize that everything had been lost and they were back again at the starting point. The depression has brought a similar misfortune to many. The investments which in many instances represented the savings of a life time, the denial of the keen desire of youth, are gone. Their value has either been swept entirely away or greatly reduced. The problem now is not so much what the salvage of the investments will be, as it is what the salvage of human courage will be. Those who have lost their possessions and savings have suffered a real loss but those who have lost their courage and their grip on things have suffered a much more tragic loss. How tragic it is depends on the courage one can summon to meet it and lay his plans anew. In such a time it is well to remember that there is no strength to be found in grieving for the past. Courage, and hope, and rehabilitation lie ahead—and nowhere else.

on many vacant lots, and are being operated by industrious boys. As a boy that type of business never appealed to me . . . and as a man their type of goods don't either.

The only kick I get from eating a pop-cicle is that it reminds me of licking the dasher of the ice cream freezer.

A report from New York states that part of a woman's brain was removed during an operation, and afterwards she had a better sense of humor than previously. Does it take all that to make a "yoomeerist," Uncle Abe?

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of June 27, 1911) Mrs. W. H. Woodruff of Statesville Monday in town with her daughter Miss Jennie Ray spent Monday in Asheville shopping. Miss Hazel Kaman had returned from a pleasant visit to Spartanburg.

Mr. Max Bryant of St. Louis arrived to spend the summer here. Miss Josephine Gainer was the guest of Miss Mary Stobbs.

Miss Rebecca Boyd returned home on Thursday from a visit to Spartanburg on Jonathan's Creek.

Mr. Guy V. Ferguson left Wednesday for his home at Oklawaha City, after a short stay in Waynesville.

Mrs. Earl Moffitt and daughter, Eleanor, left this week for Springfield, Mass., where they will join Mr. Moffitt for the summer.

Dr. J. Katus McCracken left Sunday for Charlotte, where he will attend the State Medical meeting. Little Miss Martha Moore, who has been visiting relatives in Waynesville, S. C., is expected to arrive tomorrow to spend the summer with her grandparents.

Master Joseph Linger and Miss Lenora Linger arrived last week from Atlanta, and will spend the summer with their grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Staples of Reidsville, will arrive this week to spend their honeymoon in Waynesville. Mr. and Mrs. Staples will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bunnell.

Mrs. W. C. Allen and daughter, Miss Lillian Allen, have returned from Belhaven, where they have been the guests of Mrs. Allen's brother for a month.

Miss Annie Shoobert celebrated on Saturday evening in honor of her birthday. A spirited contest was the feature of the evening's entertainment. Ices and cakes were served.

Miss Bessie Adams celebrated Monday with a picnic at Balam, in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Betty Bryson, of Murphy. The young people left town on the ten o'clock train and enjoyed a pleasant day and a picnic dinner at the Oak Hamm Springs.

And now that we are to have sheds at the railway station, why can't we make better arrangements for getting off on the east bound trains? Forcing the people to work their way between the freight platforms and trains during the unloading of baggage is not right, and besides is dangerous.

Woodrow Wilson said: "The Republican party is in a state of emergency today." There is a reason for this insuring in the Republican party. There are so many things at which to be offended within the party that any taste can be suited.

Years and years ago this paper told the people of Western North Carolina, that rich as they were in many things, their biggest asset is their climate. The world is appreciating this fact and the number of visitors increases each year.—Baleigh News and Observer.

Friend: "He's worth in the neighborhood of a million dollars, I've heard."

Flapper: "Good! That's my neighborhood."

SEE US FOR SHIRTS THREE FAMOUS BRANDS Arrow—Piedmont—Tom Sawyer Cheaper In The Long Run C. E. Ray's Sons Work Shirts 49c up

The Effectiveness of a Prescription Depends on the purity, quality and freshness of the ingredients of which it is composed, as well as in the accuracy with which these ingredients are compounded. No matter how expert a workman may be, he cannot build a dependable structure out of poor materials. Alexander's patrons receive the benefit of the highest quality drugs obtainable plus the service of two veteran PHARMACISTS. It's a hard combination to beat. 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