

The Mountaineer

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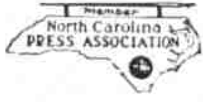
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand heads bowing in prayer.—Saadi.

My business is not to remark myself but to make the absolute best of what God made.—Robert Browning.

The best that we find in our travels is an honest friend; he is a fortunate voyager, who finds many.—Stevenson.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his ability, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—Gail Hamilton.

The soul would have no rainbow, had the eyes no tears.—E. V. Cheney.

WHERE SHALL THEY GO?

The Reidsville Review hit the nail on the head last week in an editorial under the above caption. What applies to that county is also true in Haywood.

What would you think of a man who trained race horses, and never entered them in a race?

What would you think of a man who kept drawing water, and never drank or used it?

What would you think of a man who planted an orchard and let the fruit rot on the trees, after spraying regularly and carefully watching soil conditions, etc?

Well that, my friend, is a picture of the great American business man.

When we Americans get rid of 75 per cent of our "bunk," and realize that we are not doing our job by our young, we will get somewhere.

We train the youngsters in carefully built schools. The rooms are heated in winter and kept cool when it grows warm. Teachers are hired at big salaries, and we pay the taxes, with many a grumble, but we pay them.

And then we throw the children out into the street.

No provision for them locally. No concerted effort to so train them that they will become efficient and trained public servants. We have no course in civics that would enable us to put trained men into public office. And, after paying taxes to educate youngsters for about 10 years we send them to New York city, Honolulu, or some other city for a job.

We maintain there is enough bought and used in Rockingham county to make a self contained county. If we bought what we need in the county.

If every bank bought everything it needed in the county, if every merchant did the same thing, and if they all got together to finance and create such industries as they did not presently have, we could absorb every child in Rockingham county.

We consume, we buy, and we spend enough in Rockingham county to support a population twice our size. And most of the money goes elsewhere.

If you could get a memorandum from the post office, covering cash paid in advance purchases, out of the county, through the mails, you would awaken yourself to what every postmaster knows.

Headline in a farm paper says: "There's a shortage of mules in the South." Maybe so, but with so many people acting like mules, it's hard to believe, sometimes.

Some folks who can only see the dark side of every picture, and insist that things are rowing worse, should try and explain the fact that the receipts at the post office for the past fifteen days are over thirty per cent more than for the same period last year.

The general increase of this year over last year is \$2,323.94, while every quarter shows a marked increase.

AN OUTSTANDING INSTITUTION

This morning marked a change in the superintendent's office at the Haywood County Hospital. Miss Ruth Hampton takes over the place formerly held by her prior to being forced to rest because of her health. For fourteen of the eighteen months that she has been gone, Mrs. Millie Harbin has been in charge, and carried on the work in a most creditable manner.

Four years Miss Hampton worked untiringly as superintendent of the institution, and directed many changes. Fortunately, the board of trustees was able to turn matters over to Mrs. Harbin to carry on.

The Haywood Hospital has become one of the leading institutions of its kind in Western North Carolina, and one that every Haywood citizen should be proud. The fact that the local hospital is outstanding is because of the unselfishness of those who have been in charge—from janitor to trustees—and to them, the entire citizenship of Haywood County is greatly indebted.

HOW MANY GERMS HAS A FLY?

Two scientists recently examined 400 house flies to determine how important that common insect really is in the spread of germs. Securing flies from all sorts of places they found that the average number of bacteria carried per fly was more than 1,000,000, reports the American Institute of Sanitation. Insects taken from garbage cans and other obviously insanitary places as many as six million germs each.

Long before the development of the modern microscope far-seeing physicians sounded notes of suspicion against the common house fly; now their complicity as carriers of germs is definitely proved, comments the institute.

Under the microscope the fly appears like an animated feather duster. The legs and body are covered with fine hairs which carry countless germs from place to place. Each of its six legs have two hairy pads in which a sticky fluid is secreted. By means of these adhesive pads on its feet a fly can perform the novel trick of walking upside down on a ceiling. But those pads, so useful to the fly in defying gravitation, pick up all sorts of bacteria as the scavenger walks along.

A single fly may alight on a dozen objects in a few minutes and leave an unseen trail of germs that would be appalling if made visible to the eye of a housewife. Yet it is easy to demonstrate scientifically that a housefly literally sheds germs with every step he takes.

Cornfield Philosophy

CONTENTMENT

The scene is late afternoon in mid-July. The summer sun has already lowered itself behind the Platt Balsam, where a flame of red now hovers in the sky for old Sol another day's journey is done.

The red glow now fades and turns to ashen grey as the shades of night begin to grow darker in the deep recesses of the mountain coves. Outlined against the western sky, an airplane, finishing its last flight for the day, is seen to glide downward like a huge bird and disappear behind a wooded knoll.

Across from where I sit two milk cows lie in the green grass and chew their cud. . . now the call of a lark is heard in the nearby woodland. . . the shades deepen. The chickens now fly up to roost, one after another, and quietly settle down in their accustomed places. . . my neighbor walks leisurely through his garden, looking first here, now there, Listen! A church bell breaks in upon the deep silence—now another, calling the folks to service. . . Now the people are passing by, young and old, quietly going to church.

Silence again, deep silence, and peaceful contentment seems to brood over and rest upon Waynesville, The Beautiful.

WHAT NEXT?

They quietly appeared on the court house lawn, almost unnoticed, two men a little smiling woman. The woman and the older man carried guitars, the young man, a tambourine and a Bible.

The small court crowd is now coming out, so the two begin to strum on the instruments. . . now they're singing as they play, apparently at ease. But not so with the young man. He turns through the Bible looks up at the crowd, shifts his feet in an awkward position, lays down the Bible and looks up again, evidently not at ease. . . he seems to dread the coming ordeal.

A conversation, almost whispered, is held. . . then the little woman rises, smiles and begins—"Now, I want to tell you folks that I'm a preacher—and I'm glad of it." (Three or four persons in the crowd drop their heads—a rather bad start). Then the smiling little woman—brave little woman, proceeds to tell of their misfortune. . . how that they have a daughter in a western state who was given up to die, but was raised up and healed by prayer. Then she goes on to say how they have planned to "preach and play" their way to this daughter and bring her back east. . . soon as they can get enough money to buy a license tag for their T. Model Ford.

The little woman takes her seat. . . then the awkward, embarrassed young man rises and passes around the tambourine. They get about a dime. Someone in the crowd remarked that they would "have to do better than that, or they'll never raise enough money to buy spark plugs."

Pretty cosmopolitan little place, Waynesville, but not very good "pickings" for strolling musicians and medicine men of late.

When our sign, "Great Smoky Mountains National Park—Eastern Entrance" was placed at Main and Depot, it was on the belief that our Eastern entrance, the Soco Gap road, would go on through without a stop. A park official said at the time that it was premature. . . put the sign up after we get the road and not before, he said. Time has proven that he was correct, for more than one visitor has been fooled.

Now that we're having good rains, "dimes to doughnuts," that the man who has been complaining about how the dry weather was ruining everything, has already about-faced and is saying that there's not going to be anything made on account of so much rain.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

How time flies. Can you believe that it has been ten years since we were all going wild over the real estate boom?

Well, count up. We thought we were making more money than we could possibly spend in our life time—course it was all on paper—but we thought it would be cash within a few days.

Although Waynesville kept her head better than some other places, the boom was known here. But in Hendersonville and Asheville, oh, boy, did it rave?

At one time it looked as if new names would have to be thought up for subdivisions, and we'll never forget those flashy real estate salesmen . . . looked like a million dollars in their swanky duds, and their glib was soothing to the ears of the "get-rich-quick."

Although the high pressure salesmen have gone, they did some good in that they broke us from ever listening to such people again.

Oh, it was the life. Following a brass band at auction sales in the day-time in the hopes of getting a slice of the \$25 in cash prizes, and then in the evening listening to concerts staged by the different subdivisions.

I remember one subdivision that at one time had some twenty salesmen on the force, and even went so far as to have a song published in an effort to popularize their "gold mine."

If you let memory wonder back far enough, you'll perhaps recall the free 800-mile bus trip to Coral Gables, at Miami. Of course, a salesman always made the trip to look after the "conveniences" of the passengers. It has been reported that the late William Jennings Bryan got \$250 a day for speaking for that famous subdivi.

And did the newspaper business flourish—(until collecting time.) I remember one firm running page ads with only nine words in it, and it was not uncommon to get half pages with less than forty words—and such phrases—if the angels in heaven had read those ads they would have left the land enclosed by the pearly gates and sought the subdivisions in Western North Carolina.

Everyone from soda jerkers to bonafide real estate salesmen were selling lots—and almost as many were buying them. I bought one, about a fifty by one hundred—somewhere—with the understanding that if I didn't make \$250 within 30 days on the deal that I would get my money back. Well, I was most happy to get my money back.

The day I bought it I listed in with every real estate firm in town for a profit of \$250. Every firm was sure it would be sold the next day, but as far as I know it hasn't moved to this day—except that it has washed down into the ditch and road.

It was great while it was going on, and the events of the "crazy era" will live in our memories, but it doesn't seem like it was ten years ago. . .

Frank Miller passed a yarn on that he heard in Raleigh last week. Two Democrats were talking about PWA, TVA, NRA, HOLC and some other alphabetical arrangements of the government, when one said: "I like all of them, but the GOP."

Which reminds me, C. B. Atkinson has a good political yarn, if anyone is interested.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bramlett, of Greer, S. C., took time off from visiting to drop in for a "howdy-do." They are from the peach and cotton country, and next to W. N. C. is an ideal place to live.

One of the biggest fool things I ever tried was to whittle a chair from a block of wood. To save my neck the thing would not work, and after working up three blisters getting the first link out, I was encouraged, but after it broke into three pieces I threw the whole thing away in utter disgust. And to this day, I can't decide whether I think more or less of a person who tries to whittle

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

TYPE HIGH—"Type high" is an expression used in every printing office. When a letter or an illustration is not "type high" it does not print clearly. It is necessary for the printer to build up the low parts with layers of paper or card board until they are brought up to the standard height of the type. When this is done a clear print is secured. Sometimes the letter or the illustration is only a very little below standard height, a few hundredths of an inch, so little that the eye cannot detect it, but no matter how little it is, a perfect print cannot be secured until the low spots are brought up to standard height. We often see men like that. To all intents and purposes they are good citizens, observing the law and living uprightly but when the test comes, when the pressure is put on them, they back down or yield to wrong influence and wrong desire. They are not "type high." We find them in all walks of life, in high and low, among the officers of the law and among the masses. As long as things roll along smoothly their low spots never reveal themselves but when temptation comes, with its easy money and the lure of fame and recognition, they break down. Their cheapness and shallowness and selfishness and shoddiness reveal themselves. They do not register true. They are not "type high."

Naming the Pineapple

The pineapple was named because its fruit suggested the look of a pine cone.

chains from wood . . . anyway, its no easy job.

A person without arms has many disadvantages, but one of the greatest, must be that he can't move his hat just a little when someone puts it on for him. To date I've never heard of any being entirely satisfied with the "feel" of a hat when not put on by them.

And just for fun . . . how many times a minute do you blink your eyes? It is a fool question, but you'll doubtless be surprised. . .

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of July 27, 1911)

Miss Grace Bowles is entertaining this afternoon with a tea in honor of Miss Doris Maslin, of Winston-Salem.

Mr. Hilliard Atkin has accepted a position with the Bank of Waynesville.

Mrs. T. A. Love and Master Erick Love went to Asheville Tuesday returning in the evening.

Miss Hattie Wharton, of Frank, is the guest of friends in Waynesville.

Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the State Normal, of Greensboro, arrived this week for his summer vacation.

Miss Lillian Allen is entertaining this evening in honor of her base guests Miss Elmore, Miss King and Miss Grindstaff.

Mr. G. W. Maslin, of Winston-Salem, expects to be here this week. He has decided to sell his home and his Main street property here.

Miss Una Platt has returned the week from Asheville, where she was to a hospital for a tonsil operation.

Invitations to the opening ball at the Hotel Balsam on Saturday, July 29th, have been received in Waynesville. A large crowd of the young people are expecting to attend.

Little Miss Harrie Boone and Master Roger Boone entertained a few of their little friends at a birthday party on Wednesday afternoon at their country home near here. The children were driven out of town at 1 o'clock. Games were played and dainty refreshments served.

This paper is requested to call the attention of livermen, boarding houses, and hotels to the importance of getting baggage to the depot before train time in order to get it on the train. Baggage should be on the train from twenty to thirty minutes before the train is to leave.

Fine prospects for Corn Crop in Old Haywood—From reports it is believed that Haywood county will have one of the biggest corn crops ever grown in the county. The recent rains have acted like magic on all growing crops.

Richland Rifles Preparing for Camp—Were drilled last night in front of this office—The Rifles, one of the best companies in the state, are getting ready for encampment at Morehead City. On Wednesday night Capt. J. H. Howell and Lt. Platt brought the boys in front of this office and drilled them for sometime, going through the manual of arms and other drills.

PECULIAR ROBBERIES ON THE ONCE GAY RIVIERA

Discussing how an aristocratic woman walked away with her rich friend's vanity case and how an Oriental potentate saved her jewels by slaps and shrieks—also how a palace was looted of gems and gold. One of the many interesting stories in the August 4 issue of The American weekly, the big magazine which comes every week with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Get your copy from your favorite news-dealer or newsboy.

If and When
"Wealth," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is most enjoyed by those who dream with magnificence of what they would do if they had it."

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