

The Mountaineer

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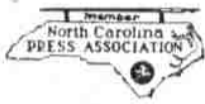
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Our judgments are so liable to be influenced by mere considerations, which almost without knowing it, are unfair, that it is necessary to keep guard on them.—Dobson

It is only with pronunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.—Carlyle

The end of man is in action and not a thought.—Thomas Carlyle

All help must be mutual. No man can help a woman unless she helps him—the benefit of his help lies as much in the giving as the receiving.—Harriet Taylor

Of true wisdom and humbling of the heart arise the hope of forgiveness.—Thos. Kempis

—AND "STEVE" HAS PLENTY OF NERVE

The news that S. H. Stevenson had resigned as fire chief and head of the light department of Waynesville came as unsuspected news.

No storm got too bad, no lightning too sharp, or any fire too hot for "Steve." He was on the job to see that property was protected and saved, and that the light service went uninterrupted. For eleven years he displayed a nerve not usually found in men. But it came natural for "Steve." He liked that kind of work.

There might be others that have as much nerve as he when it comes to fires, and climbing light poles, but we seriously doubt if any other man would dare carry as many pairs of heavy pliers in their pants pockets as he often did.

BEING NATURAL

While the world mourns the loss of the leading humorist of the day—Will Rogers—it is encouraging to note that his work is by no means at an end.

Mr. Rogers was ranked among the notables of the day "as different." He was different to the extent that he knew himself and lived accordingly.

He was well aware of the fact that to wear formal evening clothes would not be in line with his natural-self. He had little regard for rules in grammar—he expressed himself as he saw fit and as the occasion demanded. The highly educated understood his as well as the less learned.

His success can be attributed to the fact that he knew himself, and never tried to imitate others. His life was a living example of "attaining success by being natural."

GOOD "CONNECTIONS"

Miss Anne Albright, of this city, and Western Carolina Teachers College, Cullowhee, are to be congratulated over the recent decision on the part of both whereby Miss Albright becomes dean of women for the coming year. We feel that both are fortunate to make such "connections."

Time and time again we have made mention of the fact, that as a rule, the people in this county do not fully appreciate the value of Lake Junaluska. Few towns and communities ever have the opportunity of hearing programs of the high type that are presented at the lake.

Citizens in other places have to go miles to hear such programs as have been presented there this year, and as will be presented for the coming two weeks.

We feel that the least the local people can do is to take every advantage of the Lake programs for the coming two weeks—not only will it more than worth your time, but it will show Mr. Atkins and his co-workers that we're behind the work there.

The Lake is one of the county's greatest assets, and only when we patronize it will all concerned realize the fullest advantages offered.

\$1500 WORTH OF BLACKBERRIES

The lowly blackberry, that thrives without any attention, or scientific cultivation, has brought to pickers of the berries in Haywood County this year over \$1,500, for thirty tons.

It must be remembered that \$1,500 represents a net profit, inasmuch as no investment other than time was involved in bringing in this amount. This is just one of the instances of where "taking advantage of opportunities" has paid Haywood County.

The cannery at Hazelwood has already been worth much more to the county than it cost.

TWO NAUGHT EIGHT FIVE

What seems to be a novel idea, yet having the possibilities of being well worth while, was recently undertaken in California after a group of Rotarians were brought face to face with the fact that last year 36,000 people met untimely deaths in the United States resulting from automobile accidents, and that 2,085 were Californians.

The idea is simply a large sticker on the windshields bearing a large 2085—a constant reminder of what has happened in the past. Underneath are these words: "In the interest of the General Welfare; to protect and preserve life; to promote good citizenship—earnest and continuous efforts are being made to operate this automobile in strict compliance with motor laws and regulations."

Constant reminders as these stickers should impress the motorists to the point where they would be more careful at all times, lest the now large figure—2085—be increased.

An encouraging incident for Western North Carolina is the meeting of the state highway commission in this area this week-end. They are here, not only to rest, but to get first hand information as to the actual road needs in the section. Their coming here is worth dozens of delegations to see them in Raleigh. They are interested in our part of the state, and after they know our problems more thoroughly it will be easier to "do business."

It was only recently that much was said about the black widow spider. Probably the fact that they are widows accounts for their activities, which are said to be dangerous.

The good prices for tobacco on the Eastern market is encouraging news in this section—as the flue-cured market goes, so goes the burley.

If the man goes through with the experiment of being frozen by the scientists in California, we wonder if his wife will list him as "a frozen asset?"

Cornfield Philosophy

THE PESSIMIST AND CHRONIC KICKER

Some one has described them as being the "self-appointed inspectors of words and carbunkles, the self-supervisors of sewers and street gutters."

There is usually no difference between a pessimist and chronic kicker, the latter being just a full-grown pessimist. And if the pessimist is not a chronic kicker from the outset, he soon will develop into one; for let a man once begin to look on the dark side of everything and pretty soon he'll be swearing that white is black, that day-light is utter darkness. So, pessimists, chronic kickers, prophets of gloom—whatever you wish to call the breed, they're all one and the same. . . they talk alike, act alike, and look alike.

And since the chronic kickers have a great affinity for one another, we may often see them gathered together in little squads. . . passing adverse criticism on everything and everybody from the administration at Washington down to township constable. It makes no difference their place of abode, these pessimists, whether from town, village or back-woods, once they meet they are soon acquainted and making love to one another. And why not? Are they not self-appointed members in the Brotherhood of Full-Time World-Critics?

Too bad that every community, rural or urban, has to tolerate one or more of these chronic kickers, the fellow who makes it his business to sit about on street corners, at the court house, the village store or cross-roads, and cuss, lambast and criticize every thing that's being done under high heaven. We have a number of them here in Waynesville. The Relief office and dole has been their standing pet subjects for criticism for the past two years; but now, since the dole is being closed out, I think they have changed to the wet weather—what time they are not criticizing the cannery.

A DREADED NIGHTMARE

A certain Haywood citizen recently had a dream, or rather a nightmare, for it was more dreadful and depressing than any mere dream. He dreamed that he had gone somewhere for a little rest. . . and therefore to try to get taxes off his mind for awhile, when he and behold! the tax collector suddenly appeared at his chosen place for recreation. The tax-payer evaded the collector and went to another quiet corner, but about the time he was beginning to take interest in the birds and flowers the collector re-appeared to show him how many times his name appeared in the delinquent list. And so it was, on and on, until the man awoke with a scream, asking that the tax men be taken off of him.

Well, whenever taxes become so burdensome as to be a nightmare to our citizens they are getting to be quite a weighty matter. However, this dream can also be interpreted in another way: It would seem that the tax-payer had been trying to dodge the collector. . . and this he should have known better than try to do.



Random SIDE GLANCES
By W. CURTIS RUSS

Just as the paper was being placed in the typewriter for this column, in walked Colin McInnes, from England-Walton Tannery at Hazelwood. Within a few minutes we were discussing the needs of the country, the solution to its problems and the ins and outs of all lines of business.

Before we finished our confabing, we were confident we had the key to the situation well in hand—but, we have yet to set the price for this information.

When we get our "price" and divy up, McInnes plans to take a vacation in Scotland, and I will invest in pickled pigs feet for the winter's needs. So, you folks that have been worrying over the outcome of things can rest easy now. . .

Joe Davis—son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. —a—accomplished an almost unbelievable feat the other day, when he carried a 20-pound watermelon down the street under his arm while riding a bicycle.

Glenn Boyd and I happened nearby when he started off and we were sure that in a few minutes the melon would be all over the street that we followed, but young Davis got to his destination safely. Mr. Boyd said afterwards that he couldn't eat watermelon, anyway, which was the best way to look at the matter.

I'll confess that I can and could have eaten some, and for a minute thought I was going to have the chance.

A couple of days ago, two negro couples were strutting down the street—all four dressed fit to enter an elaborate ball room. They were the center of but little attention. A few minutes later the two girls came strutting by, minus their boy friends, and also their dresses—one in white shorts, and the other in brown pajamas—what a sight.

Now, the brown pajamas blended very nicely with the complexion of the wearer, but the white shorts were too much of a contrast.

But what has my curiosity, was where the did the boys go, or why leave. . . were the girls' sudden change to modernistic clothing too much for them?

Have you ever noticed how different people applaud? Down at the take last week I took particular notice, and not two people out of ten use the same method.

Some use their finger tips—others the palm—others use part of the fingers and part of the palm—some applaud like they mean it—some like it is a necessary evil—some make a noise—others a show—some take plenty of room for the "swing"—others work just from the wrist out—some make about three "claps" and stop—others continue on, seemingly just to attract attention—some swing both hands—others hit the left hand with the right—but the most common, I observed, was the fingers of the right hand clapping into the palm of the left—

Right now, I doubt if you can tell which method you use, without first trying it out. . . Dan Watkins uses the loud method—so does Miss Alice Quinlan—and after all, that's best.

W. R. Woodall insisted that I test out the new ice cream that Carolina is now making—lemon flake—of course, I assumed the duty, and did justice to the generous sample, but the name is misleading—the ice cream is so smooth, and velvety that it should be named "Lemon Smooth," ed sumthing. . .

Seeing a group of children playing in the sawdust at Galloway's mill this week made me want to take my shoes off and get in with them—next to wading in the creek, there are but few things that stand out more in my memory as things I enjoyed as a boy. . .

Early Printing
It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beach tree.

Two-Minute Sermon
By Thomas Hastwell

THE HIDDEN TREASURE—When the young king Josiah came to the throne in Judah he found that his kingdom had drifted far from the true worship of Jehovah. His grandfather, Manasseh, and his father, Amon, before him had deserted the religion of God and turned the temple over to idols and idol worshippers. Josiah set about at once to restore the true religion. He ordered the temple cleaned up and all the idols and altars carried out and destroyed. Not a trace of idolatry was left. There was no hesitancy, no faltering, no halting between two opinions, no compromise. He did a thorough job of housecleaning. The story is told that while the rubbish was being removed from the temple the book of the law was found. It had been covered up and forgotten for many years. How like the lives of many people today. They are filled with the useless and trivial things and the finer values are forgotten and are hidden in the rubbish and the trash. Josiah might never have discovered the book of the law except for the fact that he chose to clean out the temple and turn his people from the error of their way. The determination to clean up a life often reveals treasures that it was not suspected existed and opens up new horizons of living in every way richer and fuller and more desirable than the old.

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate

(As recorded to Monday noon of this week)

- Beaverdam Township
W. M. Anderson to J. L. Rhodarmar.
- J. L. Rhodarmar to William McKinley Anderson.
- Gurney P. Hood, Commissioner of Banks, to Mrs. S. N. Gossett.
- James Swanger to R. L. Saunders.
- Cecil Township
H. P. Ledbetter to Champion Fibre Company.
- Clyde Township
H. D. Wintz to R. P. Russell.
- M. D. Robertson to W. E. Abbott.
- C. G. Robinson to H. R. Medford.
- Crabtree Township
J. R. Kinsland to W. H. Kinsland.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of August 18, 1911)
Mr. Harry Rocha has returned from a trip to Aspen.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Amon were in town on Saturday to attend the singing convention.

Miss Janie Love Sexton is visiting relatives this week in Franklin.

Mr. Preston Strickland, of Madison, N. C., is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Jessie Moody spent Thursday and Friday in Asheville with friends.

Messrs. Hone and Leon Ward, of Tuscola, were in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Burn have been as their guests, Mrs. W. H. Burn, Miss Florence Burn, of Buford, S. C.

Misses Alma and Myrtle Logan of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Logan.

Miss Eliza Killian, of Greenville, S. C., is the guest of her cousin, Mr. Hazel Killian.

Mrs. Will R. Johnson, of Franklin arrived this week to be the guest of relatives in town.

Messrs. Hurst Ferguson, Maness McCracken, Weaver McCracken, and Waldo McCracken, of Crabtree, were here Saturday to attend the singing convention.

Mr. Ralph Morgan arrived Monday to join Mrs. Morgan and family for a visit to relatives here.

Miss Alice Quinlan was hostess of the Wednesday Bridge Club this week at her home on Pigeon street.

Five tables enjoyed a most entertaining game, after which delightful refreshments were served.

President Taft, it is learned, will designate Thursday, November 30th as Thanksgiving Day this year.

It has always been the custom to do it for the last Thursday in November. This year there has been debate because there will be five Thursdays in November, and the White House has been besieged by theatrical managers, football coaches and others, settle the matter, so that definite arrangements could be made for Thanksgiving festivities.

The Farmers Institute was held Wednesday and Thursday in the school house and the regret was that many of the farmers of the county were not present. There were only a few of them attending.

Perhaps the biggest crowd ever assembled at academy hall in Waynesville was that of last Saturday when the Haywood Singing Convention met out there. People came from all over the county, and the hall would not begin to hold them. The opening song was "Oh, Love Surpassing Knowledge," and was led by Mr. T. J. Shitle.

M. F. Hoglen to J. V. Noland.

Waynesville Township
Eldridge Medford to C. E. Medford.

W. R. Francis, Trustee, to Guarantee Title and Bond Corp.

Mrs. Sydenham Ray to W. H. Bevin.

C. E. Medford to Jack McCracken.

Doyle Alley, Trustee, to R. Stretcher.

Have No Thermostat
Animals that hibernate in winter are those with poor heat-regulating devices.

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