

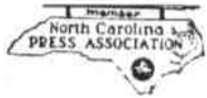
The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Sleep hath its own world, a boundary between the things misnamed death and existence.—Byron.
Live and think.—Samuel Lover.
The Nation that has the schools has the future.—Bismark.
There are whole worlds of fact waiting to be discovered by inference.—Woodrow Wilson.
Behavior is the theory of manners practically applied.—Mme. Nicker.

TIME FOR ACTION

We do not believe we would be going to the extreme to term the matter of getting a loan for the construction of a sewer line from Hazelwood to Pigeon River below Lake Junaluska, as serious.

It is "serious" from several angles. Never before in the history of the country has the federal government made such offers to towns in the ways of loans and out-right grants as they are doing under PWA. The fact is, forty-five per cent of the loans are straight grants. The other fifty-five per cent on "easy terms." This opportunity won't be available long.

There is another serious point in the matter. It is generally understood, and taken for granted, that sooner or later the sewer line will have to be built, and those who are familiar with work of this nature state that postponing will not reduce the cost.

If Waynesville and Hazelwood are forced to the point of having to borrow the money through regular channels after the PWA has expired, it will mean a heavy burden on both towns. Under the present plan, however, the proposed tax of about eight cents per 1,000 gallons of water consumed would make it reasonably easy for the residents.

The officials have worked hard and long in trying to get the loan approved, but thus far the average citizen has taken but little or no interest whatever in the matter. And as James Atkins, Jr., said last week, "pressure should be brought to bear at once to get the loan."

Concerted effort is being made on the part of state officials to get more loans through for the state, and right now is the time for both Waynesville and Hazelwood to let it be known in no uncertain terms what is needed and wanted regarding the sewer line.

BOY PROBLEMS GROW UP

To most men, a boy is one of the most interesting things on earth. No two are alike. To one, the description "a noise with dirt on it" may apply. Another will be shy and serious with conflicting ideas struggling for expression in action. Wise adults understand this, for they know that the growing period of a youngster is above all a time of adjustments to a constantly expanding social and physical environment.

But boys grow up, and so do their problems. Youngsters have had an especially difficult time in making their adjustments in the past five years, for the conditions about them with which they would come to terms have themselves been shifting. Uncertainty in the world has hyper-complicated the task of "getting set" faced by youth in the late teens and twenties.—The Rotarian Magazine.

In North Carolina there are hundreds of bare banks where the road has been cut through a hill that causes no end of trouble, in that the rains wash down the soil and fill the drains. On Highway No. 209, such a bank was planted in kuduza, a running vine, that not only prevents erosion but also adds to the looks of the bare, rain-washed bank.

Prior to planting the kuduza, highway workers were forced to clean the drain ditch every three months of two truck loads of dirt. The kuduza vine needs no attention whatsoever. Only the first planting.

BOTH COWARDLY ACTS

Huey P. Long is dead. His assassin is also dead.

Both expected death, Long had prepared for it weeks and even months ago. His assassin could hardly expect anything else but death with Long's half-dozen armed body guards on hand.

The circumstances under which Long was shot were cowardly—so was the way in which his assassin was pelted with lead—sixty-one in all—it seems that after the man had fallen face forward on the floor dead that it was more than cowardly for Long's body guards to stand over him and continue shooting.

Certainly public sentiment would never approve of a man shooting another as Long was shot, neither do we believe that the people of the United States will be satisfied to let the fact go without an accounting of the manner in which the assassin was made into a sieve.

TIME TO BUY A FARM?

Is this the time to buy a farm? That question has been asked in this neighborhood many times recently. For some time it has looked as though a man couldn't go wrong buying a farm at present prices and although prices for farm lands have gone up in the past two years good land still looks mighty attractive. It is always better to buy when prices are going up than when they are coming down. A lot of city people have come to the conclusion that the farm is a mighty solid place in which to have some of their money invested, instead of trying to make it pyramid in the stock market. Our answer to the question: "Is this the time to buy a farm?" is "No" if you are buying for speculation and quick rise. But if you want a good, safe investment the answer is "Yes." Good land at present prices, managed intelligently, should bring a good return on the money and at the same time gradually increase in value.—Mooresville Enterprise.

"WELL TRAINED SERVANT"

Ads are most polite, points out the West-side (Ga.) Journal. "Newspaper advertising does not shout at you when you are trying to concentrate on something else; it doesn't obscure and mar the landscape; it doesn't interrupt your enjoyment of a good grand opera program; it doesn't clutter up your mail and waste basket; it doesn't make you turn to page 37 and then shuffle through 18 more pages to finish the story; it doesn't clutter up your front yard or obtrude itself onto the seat of your motor car on Saturday evening. Newspaper advertising is like a well-trained servant—never intruding or making itself obnoxious, but always quietly at hand ready to give service when called upon."—Morganton News-Herald.

In 1932, Haywood County ranked 27th in the state in the number of Federal income tax returns made. This ranking showed that one person in every 165 filed a return, making a total of 171 returns sent in.

That was back in 1932—today's history would be better.

Sunday will mark the opening of the hunting season, and a timely warning is never out of place. Extra caution should be taken, especially for the first few days, when anxious hunters are in a hurry to get their best shots in.

Each year, scores are killed during the hunting season—and in almost every instance, if a little more care had been taken, the tragedy could have been prevented.

The resignation of Lamar Stringfield, for the past five years director of the North Carolina Symphony orchestra, is a heavy loss to music lovers of the state.

His work was a success from every standpoint, in that he was instilling in North Carolinians a love for a type of music that heretofore had been neglected.

Cornfield Philosophy

GETTING OUT OF THE OLD RUTS

Business is about normal again. Statistics show that retail trade in all lines is about the average. Bank clearings are much better, factories are running with wages fair to good, cattle and sheep are bringing fair prices, the hog market being exceptionally good. And now tobacco has opened up good and cotton is most sure to do the same.

Yes, things are about normal again; a man does not have to hypnotize himself into believing—it is apparent on every hand.

But the point I wanted to stress is the fact that many folks don't seem to know that conditions have improved wonderfully within the last two years. They had gotten so much in the habit of talking hard times, criticizing and complaining that they're now in the grouch's rut—and can't get out. You see, it's possible for a man to get so deep in the grouch's rut, or any rut, that he can't get out. Just like getting into deep wagon ruts or automobile ruts on bad muddy roads.

So, today, there are folks following right along in the ruts of 1930-33 just the same as if they really existed.

A person who pretends to "drive" in this life should have sense enough to see when and where the roads are made better—and pull themselves out of the old ruts.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Since last week, several have come forth with suggestions for other "ought to be against the law" ideas. One of the ones that hit me hardest, being, "It ought to be against the law to eat raw oysters in public."

And ever since the man walked out of the cafe last fall, leaving his entire dinner, when I began eating a dish of raw oysters, I've tried to make certain that I never offend anyone else in that manner.

The crowds that attend the singing conventions here, ever so often, seem to have more fun than any other group that I know of.

This is the first time that I've known of Indians attending—yet, as a rule we fail to recognize them in our meetings, which is our loss, and not entirely theirs.

Last Friday I joined a group that inspected the farm of Albert McCracken—saw his dairy barn, milking stalls, trench silos, some terracing and enjoyed a generous box of grapes.

Mr. McCracken even took the group to see his pigs and bees, but since we had nothing in common with either, we roamed back to other projects.

This terracing proposition is much bigger and more to it than the average person thinks for. And if you think it hasn't gotten to the place where a farmer must do his work on a scientific basis, just visit a model farm.

One of the tallest girls in the county was continually poking fun at one of her co-workers, who happened to be one of the shortest men in this section. He took it about as long as he felt justified, then told her: "If you don't shut up, I'm going to get a step ladder and come up there and slap hell out of you."

She was quiet, thereafter.

A certain school is having trouble with yellow jackets and bees. It seems that the children insist on carrying apples, grapes, and pears for lunch, and in one day, no less than ten children were treated for stings.

And next to a bee or yellow jacket sting there is nothing worse than that of a cotton worm. When just a small boy I experienced my first visit to a cotton field, and so thrilled at the opportunity of being allowed to pick some that I came in contact with a cotton worm. He stung me, and the only "field remedy" is tobacco juice. My hand was doused in the juice, which was almost as bad as the sting.

This column is being pecked out on a typewriter that is as far different from the one I usually use—the circumstances are also unusual, as I am waiting for the doctor to examine the pretty knots he sewed my lip with after four of my front teeth went through.

Things I never knew before:—That in 1915 there was one car for every 140 inhabitants in this state.—That last year there was a car for every seven inhabitants.—Last year there were 471,092 in this state.—That female misquitos are the only ones which bite.—That estimates are that 2,900,000 cars were junked in 1932.—That it is claimed that babies cry only 14 per cent of the time under a blue light and twenty per cent in the dark.

Calends, Nones and Ides
The Roman calendar was divided into calends, nones and ides. The calends always fell on the first of the month; in March, May, July, and October, the nones on the seventh and the ides on the fifteenth; in the remaining months the nones on the fifth and the ides on the thirteenth.

Use of English Language Words
The English language contains more than 455,000 live words, yet only 48 of them comprise one-half of all the words that are spoken and written by those who use this tongue.—Russell Bailey, Youngstown, Ohio, in Collier's Weekly.

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

LIVING, A HIGH ADVENTURE—Cardinal Newman once said: "Fear not that life shall have an end, but rather that it shall have a beginning." How often have we seen men and women who are going through life and getting very little from it. They merely skim the surface and never experience the finer and better things it might give them. They move about in a narrow little circle or walk back and forth in a beaten track from morning until night, from one week's end to the other, year after year. How often we find these same people haunted by fears that this or that will happen. Life holds little promise and no adventure to them. Instead of fearing that their life would end they should be deeply concerned that it has never really begun. The life that merely lives as the animals live, sustaining itself from day to day, supplying its physical and material wants and at night seeking its repose, has not begun to live. It takes high courage to venture out in untried depths, to open the mind and heart and seek to new experiences, new contacts, new scenes. It takes courage to be a pioneer. It takes courage to keep an open mind. It takes courage to live one's convictions. But no where is courage so richly rewarded as in living. Life can be little and drab and dull and narrow and contracted and uninteresting or it can be full and complete and challenging. It is up to us and us alone. Truly the fear should be in the heart of every one not that life shall have an end, but rather that it shall have no beginning.

The Lion's Track

A lion's track consists of a large circular mark made by the main part of the lion's paw called the pad, with four or five smaller and narrower marks at one side of it made by the sheathed claws.

Benzine From Petroleum

Benzine is a colorless, inflammable and volatile liquid obtained from petroleum by fractional distillation, consisting of various hydro-carbons. It is used as a solvent for fats, for cleansing and other purposes.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of September 12, 1911)

Mrs. Andrew Moore spent Thursday in Asheville shopping.

Mrs. Walter Hawk spent Sunday with relatives in Andrews.

Mrs. R. Q. McCracken attended the Old Folks Day at Canton on Sunday.

Miss Jennie Mae Senter and Miss Olive Boone left yesterday for Raleigh where they will attend Meredith College.

Mrs. William J. Dale, of Columbia, Tenn., has arrived to be the guest of her parents.

Mrs. W. C. Campbell and small son left Sunday for Asheville and Monday where they will visit relatives.

Misses Hattie Siler and Sadie Lee returned on Saturday from the markets where they purchased their fall and winter millinery.

Mrs. Gayle, of Jacksonville, Fla., is spending some time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lindsay.

Rev. William Way, rector of Grace Church, Charleston, S. C., is spending some time at the Jeffries Farm at Canton.

Mrs. George Hampton, of Canton, is visiting her parents in Waynesville this week.

Mrs. Frank Byers and Miss Sam Cathey, of Clyde have opened the Hazelwood school with 125 pupils on the roll. This is quite a large attendance for this little town.

The postmasters of North Carolina will hold their annual meeting at Asheville next week. There are about 1800 postmasters in the state and they would all go it would make a big gathering for the convention.

An unusual wind storm came Wednesday and did some damage in Waynesville. A beautiful shade tree in the court house yard was badly damaged, one of its branches being twisted off and falling across the telephone wires on Main street, knocking down two telephone poles. It was a pretty bad looking wreck there in front of the court house. The telephone poles will be repaired, but the symmetrical branch of the beautiful shade tree cannot.

Marriages

(As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

L. A. Miller to Mrs. H. C. Ross, both of Waynesville.

Massie Barnett Rowe to Grace Bumgarner, both of Canton.

Marshall Stevens to Fannie Loman, both of Cove Creek.

Isle of Capri

Capri is an island in the Mediterranean at the entrance of the Bay of Naples. It is 21 miles south of Naples and has an area of 5 1/2 square miles and a population of 8,300. On the land are ruins of Roman baths, aqueducts and of the 12 grand villas built by the Emperor Tiberius. To the west of the town of Capri is the Grotto, a cavern entered from the

SCHOOL CLOTHES
For Boys — Girls — Teachers
SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR
Value — Quality — Style
C.E. Ray's Sons

TWO ARTISTS

May use the same materials—the same grade of canvas, the same kind of pigments and oil, the same quality of brushes—yet one painting will be a masterpiece, and the other a failure. The difference of course lies in the human element—the skill of eye and hand. This element must be reckoned with also in the filling of prescriptions. And that's another reason why such a large percentage of Haywood's population will entrust their prescriptions ONLY to Alexander's Drug Store.

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