

The Mountaineer

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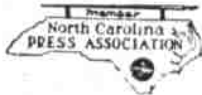
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

It is only those who do not know how to work that do not love it. To those who do it is better than play.

When love and skill work together expect a masterpiece.—John Ruskin.

Co-operation, not competition, is the life of trade.—William C. Clich.

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

That is a good book it seems to me, which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Louisa M. Alcott.

Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.—G. W. Curtis.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

This week, two of Waynesville's young men happened to meet at a soda fountain for their morning refreshment. Both, well dressed, well groomed, and each the very picture of American manhood...

The other, about the same age as the first, is energetic, ambitious and making good. He has the confidence of the community, and his ability warrants this confidence.

The other man depends on others, just as he did the day he was born.

The energetic young man is getting something out of life because he is putting something into it, while the other is barely existing.

Yet, the young professional man is burning the candle at both ends. He knows no rest. He does nothing but work, work and work.

Happy, must be the person who can regulate their life between the two extremes mentioned above.

THE LITTLE THINGS NEED ATTENTION

According to Dr. E. W. Gudger, there are a number of small things that can easily be done in Waynesville to make it a better community, rather than so many large undertakings.

Looking at the matter through the eyes of a native visitor, he told the Rotary Club that the average visitor's eye catches the small things that are left undone more quickly than the large things that would be difficult to accomplish.

The world forgives the big thing not done more quickly than it does the little things willfully neglected.

A man with clean, though ragged clothes is pitied, while the man with a dirty face dressed in the finest of raiment is looked upon with disgust.

MANY CONGRATULATIONS

Thus far we have failed to find a couple that has been married longer than has Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Trantham, of Clyde—sixty-four years of happily married life.

The expressions on their faces indicate that it has been a happy sixty-four years, yet the present generation, in many instances, look on even two years of marriage as "eternity."

It is refreshing to read of people like Mr. and Mrs. Trantham, after seeing so much of the flighty two and three months marriages that seem to be the vogue in some of the so-called social centers of our nation today.

For the sake of coming generations, our divorce courts and social workers would do well to stress the importance of following examples as set by Mr. and Mrs. Trantham and other couples that have been married for many years, rather than the disgraceful divorce records set by some worthless Hollywood stars and the like.

PROSPECTS FOR A GOOD FAIR

It is just a matter of a few short weeks until the Haywood County Fair will swing wide the gates for the second annual showing. The interest already shown this year indicates that a successful fair is in the making.

A half dozen people cannot make a successful fair, a half dozen small groups can't do it. The success depends upon the effort of the citizens at large. The exhibits determine whether a fair is successful or not.

The exhibits are worth far more than the cost of effort and time to prepare them. It is an educational movement, in that it shows others what can be done by the individuals, as well as the organized groups.

Those who have been working on the fair program are doing all in their power to make it a worthwhile event, and we feel that Haywood County's support will be forthcoming in every measure.

WADE H. HARRIS

Few people have played a bigger part in boosting Western North Carolina than the late Wade H. Harris, editor of The Charlotte Observer for twenty-three years.

His only hobby was travel, and his favorite destination was the mountains of Western North Carolina. After his visits in this section of the state, he would devote column after column in his paper giving in detail each and every little phase of mountain life and scenery that he had found.

He was truly a great editor, and his passing is a distinct loss to the entire state, particularly to Western North Carolina.

A \$24,000 ARMORY

Word coming out of Raleigh that Waynesville was one of the forty-seven cities in the state to get a \$24,000 armory under the WPA set-up is indeed encouraging. The matter has to go through another department before actual work can begin, but those in charge in the Raleigh office were confident that no hitch would arise hindering beginning of actual work within four weeks.

As we understand the plan, the armory will be at the disposal of the community for housing conventions and similar gatherings, with the main purpose, however, being a place where the local Home Guard unit can drill to a better advantage.

If for no other reason, Waynesville deserves a building of this nature, in view of the fact, that few towns this size have yet produced a Home Guard Unit that is superior to Company "H" of the 120th Infantry—Waynesville's unit.

The men that worked to see that Waynesville was included in the list also deserve distinct recognition, as they have done this community a real service.

Maybe a little far-fetched, but we are almost of the same opinion of the man who said: "The angels of heaven would spend September and October in Western North Carolina if they knew the fine weather we have during those two months."

Cornfield Philosophy

THE LAW OF DEGENERATION

Man has always striven for a permanent civilization, but has just as often failed.

The splendor of the ancient Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, was but for a day.

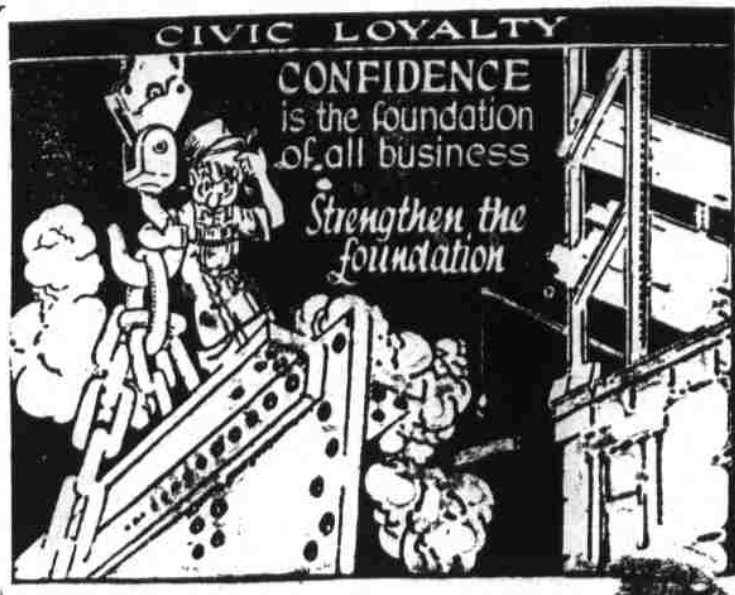
And why? The answer is, because of the Law of Degeneration, from which there seems to be no sure escape. And the products of any civilization, its government, literature, religion, science and art, its educational and judicial systems as well as its navy and other means of defense, will also decline and degenerate with the physical and moral decadence of the people themselves.

The processes of degeneration are at work all around us—everywhere, continually and in everything; for since man himself degenerates, it stands to reason that man's achievements or the products of his mind and hands must also degenerate. Now, it is with reference to these material things that I intended to speak.

The Cornfield Philosopher has been in many sections of Haywood during the past few weeks, and I could not help but notice the way many of the old settled places had gone down. This was especially noticeable in Waynesville, Crabtree and Eines Creek townships, where several once prominent old homesteads have changed hands and are now being cultivated by tenant farmers. In two or three instances the homes have been abandoned entirely. Aside from the loneliness that attaches to these old places, it is a sad sight to see houses, barns and fences rotting down, cellars caving in, and fields, lanes and fence-rows growing up in bushes and briars.

When we pass these old farm houses and are reminded of the happy, busy and prosperous life—the picture that was of a generation ago, and contrast it with the present, there is only one encouraging thought: That that life has probably gone out to enrich some other community, town or city.

But to say that families, communities, States and Nations degenerate and decay is but to reiterate an historical fact—a high-sounding generality that gets us nowhere. What you and I want to know is, Why this degeneration and what, if anything, can be done to prevent it. Of some families once prominent in the social, political and economic life of this county there is now nothing much left but the memory. And it may be that your family or mine, is destined to follow pretty soon. If so, here are three signs of the physical, moral, social, and spiritual degeneration of a people—because they are the three principal causes: Wealth, Intemperance, and Dissipation. These generally go together, and any family noted for such indulgences will not long endure.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Some folks have a knack of renaming almost everything they talk about—for instance, only yesterday heard the cemetery called "Skull orchard."

Doyle Alley substitutes "hound barking" for a weiner roast.

And I've forgotten the person's name who changed horses to "mule slippers."

And, so far, far into the night. . . .

This is not supposed to be in the form of scandal, or anything akin to it, but Dan Cupid informs me that a wedding of interest to all Waynesville, will be announced in January.

And the young lady who thought things were at sea, suddenly finds her "to-be" has already wed, leaving her on the market.

That is enough of that for this time, but really, there's lot more. . . .

And before I forget it, hospital people refer to first aid treatment for cuts, etc., as "patchwork" . . . how appropriate.

Not that it matters, but 'tis said that the average person who has been cut or hurt while fighting—especially where a woman is involved—will seldom tell the truth about affray, even to the attending M. D.

The hunting season for squirrel opened Sunday, and the shooting yarns have already begun to make appearance. . . . some whoppers—I believe some have been in soak since last year, 'cause they couldn't have grown to such proportions in this short time.

Last week watched Mrs. Jim Toy take a bag of money out of one of these "slot-machine telephones." Talk money, eh?

Since oil companies started putting oil up in sealed cans, the sales have increased. In fact, so they say, more oil is being sold now than ever—which leaves but one explanation—and could be that old oil was not always disposed of?

With the new filters on cars, the oil shows little wear and tear, and a slight coloring added to oil even used 2,000 miles looks OK to the average motorist.

But one of the meanest tricks of all, was the man who sold every grade and weight of oil out of the same barrel. . . .

The chains hanging from the rear of gasoline trucks are there to carry off static, and tend to eliminate the ever grave danger—a spark.

Several times lately I have had a new experience over the phone. Saturday afternoon I was phoning to an office in the court house while the Salvation Army service was in progress on the court house steps, and I heard the song over the phone just a wee second sooner than it drifted in through the office door—then again last week, while talking to a depot official, a train whistle blew, and it came in over the phone and in a jiffy it reached the office. . . .

I've forgotten how fast sound travels. . . . but if memory serves me right, light moves at the rate of 185,000 feet per second—some of you physics students have a chance to display yer learnin' by correcting me.

One of Waynesville's citizens insists on spelling chinquapin just as most of us use it—chinkapin.

Not that I wish anyone any bad luck, but I couldn't help but smile if the young speed demon who insists on making his car backfire down hills around town would burst the muffler all to pieces. . . .

Straw hats are still being worn, but the majority look like the "hind wheel" of destruction.—the phrase in quotations is borrowed.

It is a fact—yes sir—no joking, that a woman 99 years—yes, just one year less than a hundred—gave birth to a son. "Impossible—unbelievable," says you? No, it's a fact. For proof, read the book of Genesis.—(Sarah and

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

IN TRUTH A QUEEN—The news of the death of queen Astrid of Belgium, which occurred recently as the result of an automobile accident in Switzerland, has the hearts of people everywhere with a sincere and genuine regret, and plunged the little nation of Belgium into the depths of grief. It is not unusual that the death of the ruler, a king or queen, awakens an expression of regret among the people of the world and especially the bereaved nation, but it is unusual when such a death fills the whole world with a sense of keen personal loss. What were the elements that entered into the life of this royal household that so won the admiration of people everywhere and the devotion of the people of Belgium? It was not the queen's beauty, though she was the most beautiful of all the queens of her time, it was not the fact that she was the wife of King Leopold and Queen of a nation. But the thing that endeared her to people everywhere and made her the beloved idol of her own nation was the simple democracy of her life, a commonness with the people over whom she ruled, a family life possessed of a beauty and simplicity and naturalness that found an eager response in the hearts of men and women everywhere. When death comes the true values appear. We do not miss a man then because of his possessions, but because of what he was. How often those who might be truly great overlook cultivating during their lifetime these simple but enduring values.

The Tibetan Terrier

The Tibetan terrier, a dog resembling the Skye terrier, was originally smuggled from Lhasa in Tibet.

Abraham.)

Sam: "Listen heah, boy, jes' what kind o' life is you been livin'?" Rastus: "Oh, ordinary, jes' ordinary."

Sam: "Well, if yo' pull any mo' aces out o' yo' shoe, yo' ordinary life is going to mature."

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet? Servant: Yes, ma'am. You come in now.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of Sept. 19, 1911.) Mr. John Campbell was at a Wednesday from Maggie. Mr. Waldo McCracken was in town on Monday regarding business. Mr. R. Q. McCracken, attended Fields Minstrel in Asheville on Saturday. Mrs. E. H. Potter, of Quantico, was the guest of Mrs. C. D. Logan on Tuesday. Miss Mary Stikeleather, of Asheville, was the guest last week of Mrs. Josephine Gilmer. Miss Leilia Mitchell, of Asheville, was the guest, this week of Mrs. Fannie Bean. Mr. Charles Knight, spending several days as the guest of relatives in town. Miss Helen Davis will leave next week for Thomasville, N. C., where she will accept a position to teach. Mr. Reeves Noland left Monday for Durham, where he will enter Trinity College for the winter. The new Dog Law is now in force and is explained elsewhere in this paper. Misses Mary Moody, Nina Howell, Kate Turbyfill, Mary Turbyfill, Fannie Bean, Annie Turbyfill, and Mr. Horner, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. J. E. Caraway and little daughter, Theodora, are visiting relatives in Black Mountain this week. Mr. Hilliard Miller, of Asheville, spent Monday in town as the guest of relatives. The Woman's Literary Club meets September 21 at 8:30 o'clock with Mrs. B. H. Greenwood at her residence. The seventh annual county Fair opens Tuesday with an address by Hon. E. J. Justice, of Greensboro, who will be introduced by Gen. R. D. Gilmer. The Haywood County Teachers' association met in the graded school building at Waynesville, on September 2, 1911. The following officers were elected: Prof. C. E. Ward, president; Prof. Arthur Cook, vice-president, and Miss W. McQueen, secretary and treasurer. Judge Webb will be agreeably surprised when he walks into the court house next Monday morning to open court. The great changes that will be made on the interior of the court house by that time will prove an eye opener and a challenge to the admiration, to the judge as well as to those who will attend court.

Marriages (As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

Jarvis Messer to Beulah Cagle, both of Waynesville Route 2. D. F. Snyder, of Waynesville, to Ruby Lindset, of Luck, N.C. Arthur Wilson, of Murphy, to Pauline Leathers, of Rosman. Hiram Caldwell, of Maggie, to Tolitha White, of Mount Sterling. Jack Bradley, of Maggie, to Fay Henderson, of Dellwood.

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