

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose, he has found it and will follow it.—Carlyle.  
Moderation is like the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.  
Without the wisdom of the learned, the clown could not be governed; without the labour of the clown the learned could not be fed.—Chinese Proverb.  
The spectre that I am most afraid of at the last is the spectre of lost opportunities.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

IGNORED, BUT STILL ENTUSED

For the past two years, on the 30th of January, the nation has observed the birthday of President Roosevelt by staging "birthday balls" over the entire nation, with 30 per cent of the proceeds going to the Warm Springs Foundation, in Georgia, which he had such an important part in founding for fighting the dreaded child's disease, infantile paralysis.

Haywood County staged such a ball, in Canton, and all the county joined in. The exact amount sent to the national headquarters was something like \$70, and about \$171.00 being kept at home to be used for local treatment of the disease under the direction of the Haywood Medical Society.

Plans are already underway in Canton to stage another ball there this year, and an invitation will be given Waynesville to join in again this year. Last year some four hundred persons participated.

The amount raised was splendid, those attending had a good time, and every one was happy, but this week's mail brings a letter from the national chairman, Henry L. Doherty, saying, "your community up to this time has not taken part in the national crusade for the benefits of victims of that child-crippling plague, infantile paralysis." This puts a damper on the enthusiasm that has heretofore prevailed, but it should not. In fact it should instill in us a spirit to go on and stage even a bigger ball than ever, and show them that their overlooking this community in no ways affects our loyalty to things worth while.

WHAT WILL THE WPA OFFICIAL'S ANSWER BE?

Many Haywood citizens are scratching their heads and wondering where all the WPA allotments that were assigned to this county have gotten too.

It seems, from reliable sources, that in all there were five major projects scheduled and promised to this county, but to date they have not materialized. The money for these five major projects has been "ear-marked" according to authentic reports coming here via local citizens from WPA officials in Asheville, Raleigh and Washington.

The accounts also bring back the statements that the "powers-that-be" have pigeon-holed the Haywood projects, while other counties are getting more than their share of the "goods."

Far be it from this paper to start anything, but we have learned from reliable sources, that "organized pressure" is being assembled, and will be brought to bear within a short time and a show-down demanded of certain officials of "why the broken promises?"

The day for the final show-down is not far off—unless we have been misinformed and what we are interested in are the answers. We wonder if the answers will be satisfactory, or whether they will be the cutting off of some work already started, or if the 1936 election will loom bright on the horizon and bring the projects "back home?"

We wonder

Some girls take advantage of every chance they get to wear men's clothing, but the man who will make excuses to wear women's clothing is rare.

—AND THE INDIANS SAID "NO"

Those who conceived the route of the Parkway, suggested that it enter the park from Soco Gap, and then take one of two routes, or divide either via Black Camp Gap or the Cherokee Indian Reservation. At that time, the state was completing a survey from Soco Gap to the Reservation for a state road. The money had been appropriated and the contract let, if we remember correctly, when the decision was made to take the Parkway from Soco Gap to the Reservation.

This seemed the logical route, as it would afford the visitors a glimpse of the Reservation, which is the only land in Eastern America never owned by a white man, we are told.

But with the restrictions which the federal government made regarding the Parkway, in that no commercial vehicles can travel on it, and that the right-of-ways will be from 800 to 1,000 feet wide, did not meet with the approval of the Indians. They took the position that they could not afford to give up a strip of land 800 or a 1,000 feet wide, which would necessarily be right through the heart of their most fertile section. They also maintained that the Parkway would do them no good as they could not have shops along it from which to sell their handiwork.

So, in view of all this, they have ignored the pleas of the white men to grant them the right to go through the Reservation, even upon payment for the land used.

Eventually, there will have to be a road from Soco Gap to the Reservation, but there might be some unnecessary delays as it was contracted, and then recalled, and it is hard enough to get appropriations through once, much less twice.

The Indians are holding out for a state road over which they can use their trucks, and even teams, if necessary. In a way they can hardly be blamed for their attitude, at the same time, we have the feeling that the Parkway would have meant a lot of business to them, and a parallel state road for commercial use would have given them ample road facilities, and at the same time an avenue of tourist travel over the Parkway that otherwise they won't get.

Now that you have done your Christmas shopping, you can go ahead and do your Christmas buying.

Cornfield Philosophy

ALMOST GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

It was a rainy day, and on rainy days a crowd of some eight or ten, often more, would gather at the country store to swap yarns and relate their experiences in the back-woods fashion of thirty years ago. Thirty years ago, if you remember, there was one or more stores in every rural community of this county; and often there was a blacksmith shop near by.

Now, on this particular occasion we have all three—store, shop, and a leading crowd of about ten or twelve men inside both places. Besides Jones the "store-keeper" and Keith the blacksmith, we find Towles who had come to get his big horse, Henry, shod; also the two Brown boys, Jerry Meadows, Sam Bryson, "Red" Welch, "Buff" Anders and Dick Jolly the community wag.

"How many of you fellows left the old woman 'nough wood to get a meal?" asked Dick, sitting on a nail keg by the door of Keith's shop. "A smite went around the crowd and Buff Anders gave Dick a sly wink and nodded toward Red Welch.

"I bet 'Red's wife made him lay in the stove-wood before she'd let him come," said Dick. A hearty laugh went around the crowd, for "Red" had the reputation of being somewhat hen-pecked.

"What's yore i-dee, Dick, 'bout how a man orner treat his wife, sein' as you've never been married?" asked one of the Brown boys.

"Don't have to be married to know that," replied Dick. "Treat 'em good, like you would a good work hoss. Like Towles that treats of Henry, frinstance, only in a different way, you know; but allus keep the reins on 'em and never let 'em kick out of the harness. 'Cause if you let 'em kick out of the harness, they'll have the harness on 'em party soon."

At this subtle philosophy all laughed but "Red", and the crowd, seeing that they had carried the joke far enough, were silent for a moment. Towles got up and looked fondly at his big horse, taking him by the tail.

"How much does he weigh now, Towles?" asked some one.

"Bout fourteen hundred—that was three months ago," replied Towles.

"Goin' to enter him at the Fair?" he was asked. "Calculated I would," returned Towles. "But ye see, we don't allus get a square deal at the Fair. . . seems like them judges allus have to have some favorites, or else don't know how to judge hoss flash."

"Guess they ort not to call it 'Fair' then," said Dick. "Now, boys, here's the way I judge a good hoss, work hoss I mean. He must be built from the ground up and—"

"That's the way to judge a man too," interrupted Dick, "now look thar at Buff, he—"

At this point the conversation was broken off by Keith the smith, who also shod horses for the community.

"You'll have to move 'round a little I guess, boys," said he as he patted Towles' big horse on the shoulder and picked up a foot. "Cause me an' Henry takes up rite smart o' room."

"Alright, Henry, this will be the sixth time for you I b'lieve," and Keith commenced to pry off the old shoe. "How many you reckon you've shod in all, Mr. Keith?" asked someone in the crowd.

"Don't know, don't know ezactly, boys; but I calkylate some whirs around six thousand hosses, six thousand—more or less, as the land deeds say. I've shod on an average of 'bout nine or ten hosses a week outside o' the time I was laid up with my back an' a cut on the hand a few weeks. . . you all remember that, when I got hurt a shoe'in' Higgins' wild hoss. Well, you can count it for yourself; I've been on the job nigh onto fifteen years."

"Well, you're purty apt to keep it up now, long as you're able to do the work. . . don't ye guess so, Mr. Keith?" asked Buff.

"Well, I don't know," replied Keith, "sometimes I think I'll give it up; not that I've made nuff money at shoe'in' hosses to re-tar on, 'cause thars nothin' to be made at it. . . but it's mighty hard work for a man of my age. Guess I'd a done give it up before now, but ye see, boys, I'de hate to be called a quitter—AND I HATE A QUITTER."

THE OLD HOME TOWN



AFTER DOC PILLSBURY CENTERED THE ATTENTION OF HIS WAITING PATIENTS—HE WAS ABLE TO PROPERLY TREAT A STRANGER WHO HAD TEASED HIM FOR TWO HOURS

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Freddie Crawford is home, and wearing a hat, which happens to be the third hat he has ever owned. One when he was two years old, a Boy Scout hat, at the age of 12, and the present one.

Charles Ray is a most obliging person. Last week he helped a fellow-motorist get their car started by pushing the balking car quite a ways, and lo, and behold, Mr. Ray hadn't gone 100 feet after getting the other car started, until he gave out of gas—but the car he had helped was out of sight.

Miss Sylla Davis comes back at me with the proof that she once had the pleasure of being the sole occupant of a Pullman, similar to my experience of two weeks ago, except she was "side-tracked" for several hours.

I have always tried to do my part towards advertising Waynesville, so I readily bought one of the bumper signs when they first came out several months ago. And within thirty minutes after having it put on, the car was run into while parked. The sign was bent double.

Two days later the car was parked in almost the same place and was hit again, and for the second time the sign was twisted and scratched.

Knowing that everything runs in threes, I waited for the third "strike," and sure enough it came, although not as bad as the first two, but the sign was bent. Each time the car was parked when hit. So I am looking for someone that is useless and I am going to pin that sign on the seat of his britches and "park" him on the street where my car usually stands, and hope that the sign draws a reckless driver his way as it has towards my car.

There's something about spats that I can't quite overcome. And answer me this, are they really essential?

Mrs. Nora Ashton has three daughters who have birthdays on national holidays. One was born February 22—Washington's birthday. Another on July Fourth, and the third on November eleventh—Armistice Day. The patriotic three, eh?

A reader of this column this week suggested more pictures in the column. That's an idea. I will see what can be done about it.

A woman stepped on the scales in the Waynesville Pharmacy last week and called to Jeff Reeves to verify the reading of the scales. He looked stunned, then quietly told her the "scales said 284 pounds." The woman gave a hearty laugh, and said, "Why, I'm off three pounds."

During an odd moment Saturday night I snooped around town a bit, paying particular attention to the toy counters, and was amazed to find the number of grown-ups that were with the toys.

The next time you are up town just notice how many men and women will pick on the toy pianos, blow the horns, wind the trains, and pick up this and that to see if it will run.

And in a local drug store last week, three of the town's younger bachelors had one of these mystery cars down on the floor playing with it, and they had wound up a train, and then got to shooting at a moving target with a toy gun—and all three of them knew all the secrets about Santa Claus 25 years ago.

And to get wise about S. C. is one of life's greatest disappointments. Do you remember how you found out? My sister, who is five years younger than I told me—no, I'm not quite that dumb, I just "pretended" until after getting the bicycle—catch the point?

Here I have gone and gotten all

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

THE FINE ART OF LIVING:—The art of being happy with the things we have, yet still being stirred by a desire for better things, for more comforts, more luxuries, more possessions, is a nice problem of balance in human living. To one so attuned to living in the world today life gives its best reward. It is a well known fact that it is in the planning, the anticipation, the achieving, rather than in the actual possession or realization, that the greater happiness always lies. How fortunate and wise, then is he, who, while appreciating to the fullest, that which he now has, is also able to live in the enjoyment and anticipation of the things of which he dreams and the things for which he longs. How much more sensible to approach life in this way. How often men and women rob themselves of most of the pleasure of living by failing to strike this nice balance. This, truly, is the fine art of living.

enthusiasm about Santa Claus and Christmas, and I haven't even written him my letter—but I usually think of Christmas as not having to work, and having the opportunity of going around nibbling candy here, there and yonder, then a nut or two, and maybe a few apples, and tangerines. And where I spend Christmas there is always a dish of stick candy—and

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of November 28, 1911)

Messrs. Henry Campbell and Roy Platt spent Sunday in town with friends.

Mr. Clarence Holmes spent Sunday in Asheville with Mrs. Holmes.

Col. Ludlow, of Winston-Salem, is in Waynesville this week on business.

Mr. Joe Schenck, of Copperhill, Tenn., is spending this week visiting his mother, Mrs. Anne Schenck.

Mr. Way Kinsland left on Wednesday for Bristol, Tenn., where he will spend several days.

Miss Esther Wharton, of Cruso, is in the house guest this week of Miss Lucile Blackwell.

Was there ever a more ideal day anywhere than in Waynesville on last Sunday?

Mr. R. Q. McCracken returned last week from a business trip to Raleigh.

Mrs. John T. Bailey, of Canton, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. L. MacFayden, on Sunday.

Mrs. James R. Thomas was hostess last Thursday to the Round Dozen Book Club. After an enjoyable hour and a half the club adjourned to meet with Mrs. R. L. Allen on December the 10th.

The Misses Alsteatter entertained the members of the Bridge Club Saturday afternoon. The prize, an embroidered hand bag, was cut by Miss Nan Killian. A tempting salad course was served after the game.

The talk of the town is the Thanksgiving special sale that is being put on by Miss Siler. To get your millinery at these prices is like a Christmas present to you.

Miss Alice Mae Harrold invited a number of her little friends on Monday afternoon in honor of her birthday. The usual childish games were enjoyed and at five o'clock the hostess invited her guests into the prettily decorated dining room.

The dance given by Mr. Earl Norman at the Suyeta Park Hotel marks the beginning of a series of dances to be given at this popular hotel this winter. The floor was in excellent condition and the dance was greatly enjoyed.

The advocates for federal appropriations for highways in Richmond last week, carried the good roads congress with a whoop, when the question came to a final vote. The rebel yell of the Southern delegates, who had led the fight for government help, filled the large auditorium.

what is better to nibble on than that?

But shucks, I've got another column to pound out before Christmas, my say—anyways, will be talking to you perhaps early Sunday morning via this same space.

COMBINATION OFFER

FULL SIZE ROYAL CLEANER  
Same as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine, Ladies Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post. Cleans floors, rugs and carpets. Motor drives revolving brush type. . . Value \$39.50. And a ROYAL JUNIOR HAND CLEANER for cleaning upholstery, stairs, draperies, automobile interiors, etc. . . Value \$12.00. Total retail value . . . \$51.50  
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