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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1936

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS
 There are but two powers in the world, the sword and the mind. In the long run the sword is always beaten by the mind.—Napoleon I.
 Glory is never where virtue is not.—Le Franc.
 I hold that to need nothing is divine, and the less a man needs the nearer does he approach divinity.—Socrates.
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.—Shakespeare.
 A good opportunity is seldom presented, and is easily lost.—Syrus.
 I trust no rich man who is officiously kind to a poor man.—Plautus.
 He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine.—Jeremy Taylor.

\$17,600 IN COLD CASH

The average person shudders to think back to October, 1929, because that will always mark the beginning of the depression. Yet there are a number of citizens in this community today that look back to that date and smile a smile of independence, because between them, they will receive \$17,600 in cash next Wednesday.

To celebrate the beginning of the depression, so to speak, this group took out shares in the Haywood Home Building and Loan Association, just paying in twenty-five cents a week per share. Today their little twenty-five cent pieces have grown to \$100.

Today they can use the \$100 to many a good advantage, while the meager twenty-five cent pieces were practically worthless within themselves.

The Building and Loan Association is directed by leading business men of the community, who give their time and energy for the sake of the institution in order that the up-building and development of the community might never become dormant.

The lone fact that the institution has weathered the financial storm, kept the faith of the stockholders and paid dividends of at least six per cent is a record of no small attainment.

Not only have the stockholders been paid a good dividend on their money, but scores have been able to build homes with the assistance of the organization.

This is a much better community because of the organization.

VERY, VERY FORTUNATE

Although the snow in Haywood County last week was the worst in 40 years, it did not cause as much damage as was done in other near-by counties.

Western North Carolina is fortunate in having suffered as little as it has during the past winter—while a hard winter in every respect, it has been much worse in other sections of the country. And now the eastern part of the country is just checking up on the loss of life and money done by floods caused by heavy snows and rains.

After all, we are still fortunate.

BEWARE OF WIRES

As a general rule, flying kites is an amusing pastime but one that might also prove to be a dangerous one, unless those flying the kites keep clear of all high tension electric wires.

A damp kite string, held in the hand of a person on damp or wet ground, might prove fatal if the string comes in contact with a high tension wire.

While kite-flying is an interesting amusement, parents should take care to see that their children stay clear of the wires.

In the current issue of The Rutherfordton News, exactly thirty-five candidates have announced for the various offices in the June Primary.

Indications are that the campaign in Haywood will not get into full swing until later, but will be short and hard-fought one.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST

WPA, which is to say Harry Hopkins, has issued strict orders that there is to be no politicking in that agency. Contributions for political purposes shall not be required of WPA employees. No person shall be employed or discharged for supporting or failing to support any candidate or political organization. Furthermore, no WPA employee shall at any time solicit contributions for any political party. Evidence of such solicitations will be cause for immediate dismissal.

Well, that's fair enough, even though it's a little late in the day for WPA, now letting off employees rather than taking them on, to be talking about keeping politics out of work relief. But the instructions are incomplete. They do not include that provision which The News has suggested aforesaid:

That persons employed in executive capacities with the dole & dabble organizations be debarred from running for any office whatsoever for a period of five years afterwards. The first effort of this, we have remarked, would be that political systems would not accept desl: jobs with the scheme of building political machines. A second effect would be, probably, that competent business men might be induced to take their places.

A third and sanguine possibility is that there might be, given no politics in WPA, fewer persons on relief.—Charlotte News.

GOOD OLD DAYS

Always we hear folks talking of the good old days, and wishing they might come back. We believe that we are living today in good days, better than any that have gone by in past history. However, the following communication, from a Carolina man, and published in a number of papers lately, may interest many who sometimes think of the good old days:

"I was born eight miles from a railroad, five miles from a school house, nine miles from a church, 200 yards from a wash hole and fifteen feet from a cornfield. We owned two kerosene lamps, neither of which had a chimney. Our house wasn't ceiled, but two of our rooms had lofts in them. We had a glass window in our "company" room. Our nicest piece of furniture was a home-made rocking chair. Our beds were of the slat, or tight-rope variety. The Trundle bed took care of all the yunguns under five years of age, and it stayed full all the time. We went to school three or four months in the year, but not in a bus. We attended church once a month, but not in a car; we used a two-mule wagon. We dressed up on Sunday, but not in silks or satins. We neither wrote letters nor received any. We made our own lye hominy, distilled our own lye from our own ash-hoppers. We drank sassafras tea and never had a yearning for coffee.

"We sopped our own molasses; we ate our own meat; we considered rice a delicacy for only preachers to eat; we knew about store-bought clothes, but never expected to be able to wear any; we got a stick of candy and three raisins for Christmas and were happy; we loved Ma and Pa and were never hungry; enjoyed going naked; didn't want much and expected nothing. And that's why our so-called hard times ain't so hard on me and a lot of others who were brought up the same way."—Ex.

BLAME THE VOTERS AND NOT CANDIDATES

In a recent issue of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, the following editorial under the caption, "Examine the Candidates" appeared:

"Candidates, and great numbers of them in some counties, are announcing for the next General Assembly of North Carolina. Some of these were members of the last ever memorable legislature in Raleigh, others are new men who desire to become lawmakers for North Carolina.

Now is the time to look into the record of those lawmakers who were in Raleigh through the last General Assembly and see how they behaved then and what reputation they made for drinking liquor and for other acts unbecoming a man who was sent to represent a great state like North Carolina. See also how he voted on the questions that came before that body. And if these men fail to represent the people get busy and make sure that they do not return."

It is only natural that such advice be given out by a church paper, but it should be remembered, that the average voter does not look at the candidate from the standpoint of religious views or moral questions, although many of them rank high in the affairs of the church.

The average member of the legislature will only act and do as the majority of the voters who sent them to Raleigh would approve. The place to remedy such unfavorable situations is not so much a change of the candidates as it is to change the attitude of the voters.

THE OLD HOME TOWN by STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

W. L. "Bill" Lampkin told the one last week about the well-known Haywood County man, who a few years ago was trying to organize a Sunday School in a remote section of the county. About the time things began to move along smoothly, a nephew of the man in charge, came upon the scene with a jug of liquor in his hand, and about as much in his stomach.

The old man knew it would never do to have a drunken relative around while organizing a Sunday School, so he ordered him to leave the scene, and to do away with the liquor.

The nephew could not understand such orders, knowing that his uncle was also fond of liquor, so he hung around a few minutes, awaiting developments.

The old man again approached him and said: "I told you to leave here with your liquor. Now go on and hide it in the bushes. You know we can't have liquor here at Sunday School. But, say, don't forget where you hide it. I might want a little when I get through with this meeting."

Now Bill has all the names involved in the above incident which is absolutely the truth, the whole truth, etc., etc.

Last Friday, Rotarians Bird, Brown, Candler and Wolf, all of Sylva, and Fred Sloan, of Franklin, attended the Waynesville meeting. In due course of the meeting, all were called on for a few remarks. Each one of them claimed that "Tom" Wolf was the speaker for the group, and with that they each took their seats.

It was the first time in my life that I have heard four men introduce one speaker, but, anyhow, "Tom" seeing that he was on the spot for a long speech, rose slowly, took a parting puff from his pipe and said:

"Fellow Rotarians, I see that I am supposed to make a long talk, but somehow I feel like the fisherman who had an alarm clock that would wake him from his deep sleep each morning. One morning, Mike, was awake when the clock went off, and he turned to it and said: 'I fooled you that time, I was already awake.'"

With that story, "Tom" took his seat, remarking, "I was listening to those fellows all the time."

Last Wednesday, after the heavy "frost" of Tuesday, a group of young boys gathered at the Pure Oil station, and began throwing snow balls at the rooster on the sign on the Book Store Wall. They were trying to hit the rooster in the eye, but somehow no one seemed to possess the accuracy to do it.

Several farmers standing nearby looked on for a while, until they could not stand the suspense any longer, so they started in.

As far as I know, to this day, the eye of the rooster has not been touched.

I never knew before that R. T. Boyd, George Garrett, Jim Stringfield and Dr. J. R. McCracken could cut capers on the dance floor. All four of them showed more life than any sixteen-year old person present.

If you want something to test your ability at dodging, just try getting out of the way of a flying piece of smut. Last week on Main Street, I saw a piece making straight for my face, and dodge as I may, it landed just as square on the end of my nose as you please. If I had had forethought enough to have stood still, I would have been OK.

Someone brought by this little squib the other day: "See no evil, hear no evil and talk no evil, eliminates you from the sewing club."

Here is a sentiment from Emerson which a group of business men, starting out in a new enterprise, took as their motto:
 Think big
 Talk little
 Love much
 Live easily
 Work hard

A Lover Of Sports

By A. L. BANISTER, Asheville Times.)

Military and athletic heroes are generally consigned to Valhallas especially created for these eras when they pass along. Their going is usually accompanied by elaborate obituaries and long discursions. But there are other heroes who live and die without notice. For one reason or another their exploits get little notice. Yet in their very oblivion they often eclipse the deeds of the heralded heroes. The sports world has lost a hero of this latter type. Dean Medford, 18-year-old Waynesville youth, died recently after a ten-year struggle against a disease that left little hope in the hearts of his friends and relatives once it struck. Yet up to the very last of his going he kept his spirits high, mainly through connections with the sports world. His hobby was sports pictures and his scrapbook his greatest source of happiness. To this sports writers from many cities contributed. Sports celebrities also paid tribute to the youngster's gameness by sending photographs, messages and other recognitions of his fight for life. Heavyweight Champion Jimmy Braddock wrote to the lad and All-American Freddie Crawford was a frequent visitor. The last word this column had from the youngster was that he was trying to make arrangements to go west with the hopes it would relieve his ailment. Yet his family knew that he lacked strength

Give freely
pay cash, and
Be kind.

23 Years Ago in Haywood

Mrs. Lydia Allen has moved from the Gordon Hotel to the Boone cottage.

Mr. R. N. Barber, who travels, is back home for a few days.

Miss Florence Moody went to Asheville Wednesday on business.

Miss Bessie Lenoir, of Lenoir City, Tenn., has arrived to spend the summer with Miss Hattie Siler.

Mrs. Cory left Sunday for Aiken, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Burt, of Asheville, are visiting their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Willey Brown, of Emma, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. W. C. Campbell.

Mr. Homer Cagle, of Clyde, was here this week visiting his uncle.

There were no women from North Carolina, in the big parade in Washington the day before the inauguration. Hurrah for the women of our state.

Corporation Commissioner W. T. Lee returned from Raleigh yesterday, and will be here until Monday, when he goes to Washington, D. C., on important business. Mr. Lee is looking fine and is the same whole souled cheerful fellow. He can be counted upon to serve his people and this section in every way possible.

North Carolina is now the fourteenth state to have both death and birth registrations—an important and progressive enactment of the legislature, which has just adjourned in Raleigh.

The annual meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Haywood County Fair Association will be held on Monday, April 7th at 2 o'clock in the rear room of the First National Bank for the election of officers and other important business.

The ladies of Waynesville have a scheme on foot to make Waynesville clean and beautiful, a pride and joy to our people, and to the stranger within our gates. The matter has been brought to the attention of the mayor, Mr. Ray, who we understand will lend his support. This is commendable and the proper thing to do and it may be counted on that it will be done—the ladies are behind it.

The trial of the slayers of young Rand at the University was set for Thursday in Orange county court, Judge Peebles presiding.

Writer's Cramp

Writer's cramp occurs in many professions in which repeated skilled movements of hands or feet are involved. It is suffered by writers, typists, telegraphers, musicians, ballet dancers and others. It is due to fatigue of the nervous system and is a form of neuritis.

to make the trip. Such cases often unrecorded, is not unusual. There are many other cases in this area, but those that under different conditions might be written in memorable words.

For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels

IN BRITISH GUIANA—the LaVarre Expedition (below) fords a river. "I always take Camels along," says William LaVarre. "They make any meal digest easier." Mrs. LaVarre (right) adds: "Camels help my digestion, in the jungle or in New York."



CAMELS Costlier Tobaccos!

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