

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1936

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Only yesterday Russia was regarded as a menace to civilization. Today Russia is the best boy in the Sunday-School class.—Rev. Dr. F. W. Norwood, British churchman.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.—Judges 6:12.

REALIZING THE VALUE OF TIME

The hour before a newspaper is supposed to go to press is a hectic period in the lives of all newspaper men. Nerves are on edge, and everyone is pushing forward to get the last line of type in place ready for the press to start turning.

The smaller the plant, the greater the strain on the individuals, and most especially if the person making and planning the pages is detained.

Very frequently it happens that the key-man at such times holds up the entire force, and often a ten-minute delay along the line of preparing the pages for press will result in an hour's delay in getting the paper to patrons—especially where mail schedules are to be met.

This is just to give a little insight on what goes on behind the scenes every press-day, with every paper.

As a rule the average person doesn't know the difficulty under which newspapers are made ready for press, and for that reason fail to understand why they shouldn't be accorded every courtesy at press time that a loafing group would give.

And when a person is found that appreciates the value of time during the last minute rush for press, the newspaper long remembers such a person, and that is the reason for this comment.

Last Wednesday, just as the last pages were being assembled for press, in walked Mr. James Penland, of Hayesville, who is blind, and is making a survey for the state in behalf of the blind. We had read about Mr. Penland before meeting him. Although blind, he is by far one of the most active men in his community. He owns and operates a telephone system in Hayesville. He operates the switchboard which is equipped with bells instead of lights. He takes care of the business office and holds the following titles: steward and trustee in the Methodist church, chairman of the North Carolina social service in his county; county chairman for the Red Cross; county chairman of the federal housing-plan and county director of North Carolina relief for crippled children, to say nothing of the work he is doing towards making the survey for the blind.

After his introduction, his first question was "How busy are you, and is this press day?" When told that it was, he quickly remarked he would call another day and discuss his plans, as he realized the value of time at the particular moment.

He made such an impression that we tried to pry from him something more about himself, but he wouldn't remain.

We have thought about that incident a lot since last week. There is a man with a serious physical handicap, yet doing more for others than the average person.

He can't see the fast-mad world rush by, yet he realizes the value of time—and few people appreciate and value time more than do newspaper people.

AN EASILY UNDERSTOOD STATEMENT

Printed elsewhere in today's paper is a financial statement of the county, as of April 21.

The statement is prepared in such a manner that it is easily understood, and should be carefully studied by each tax payer. It is easy to see just where the money has been spent, and how much is left to be spent.

THE FINES CREEK ROAD

It is most unfortunate that the road through Fines Creek has not been paved, or at least improved.

It is unfortunate for two reasons—first, for the inconvenience it causes citizens of the community which it would serve, and second, because some of the citizens of that section feel that Waynesville has not done her part in helping Fines Creek secure the desired road.

By looking the facts squarely in the face, it might be that Waynesville could have done more towards getting the road, and then Fines Creek might have expected just a little too much from this community. We are inclined to believe both assumptions are correct.

Would it not be a good idea for both communities to get together and thrash out the matter instead of having the prevailing distant-feeling?

We are strong believers in the old adage that "in unity there is strength" and it might be that by combining all efforts along one line that the matter could be presented in a more forceful and convincing manner than it could under present circumstances.

We believe that if such a meeting were called by the Fines Creek citizens that a large and influential delegation from Waynesville would attend and work with them untiringly on the matter.

MUDDY CREEKS—VANISHING PROFITS

Until recent years, the average citizen knew or cared little about soil erosion, taking for granted that it was only natural that the surface of the earth should wash into creeks and rivers after each rain.

By constant driving along educational lines, the government through foresters, county agents and other agencies, have created among the people, and most especially right here in the mountain country, the necessity of controlling soil erosion.

Last week at the Rotary Club, Herbert J. Stone, forester in charge of Pisgah National Forest, gave some interesting facts about soil erosion. Recent experiments made at Ducktown, Tennessee, where vegetation is devoid for approximately 25 square miles, it was found that from one acre, over eight tons of soil washed off during a 14-hour rain. Of course the soil washing off was top soil, and it might be interesting to know that North Carolina farmers are spending each year over thirty million dollars for fertilizers—more than any state—and at the same time letting the rains wash the most valuable thing they have—topsoil—into creeks and rivers.

Not long ago, while discussing the recent heavy rains with business men in Sylva, the fact was brought out that streams coming out of the park were clear as crystal even after the cloudburst, while creeks flowing through farming sections were almost streams of mud. This is ample proof that soil erosion can be controlled.

It is a serious matter—even for those of us not directly dependent upon farming for a living, because after all, the wealth of a nation is determined by the value of its resources, and if we continue to let the top-soil wash down to the sea, it won't be long before the majority of our best farming lands will be sea-bottom, instead of crop-producing farms.

A COMMUNITY ASSET

According to The Transylvania Times, more memberships have got to come forth for the support of the community golf course in Brevard if it is to be operated this summer.

It is after reading news of this nature that makes us appreciate all the more that Waynesville and community have available one of the best courses in the country, and one that is operated without public subscription and on a business-like basis by private individuals.

Very often we fail to appreciate what we have—either as a community or individual, until we see what others around us are up against.

There is no question about it but what the Waynesville Country Club golf course is the largest single drawing card for summer visitors that this community has. And it is certainly an enterprise that we should appreciate and support. Sometimes it takes circumstances similar to what Brevard is facing to make us realize the importance of such community assets.

HERE COMES A CONVENTION

Our hats are off to the local members of the Woodmen of the World who presented Waynesville as the convention city for the fall meeting of the district organization.

The convention will mean much to this community, and it will come at a time when we can give them more attention than if they had come during the summer months.

The fact that the convention is coming here proves that those presenting Waynesville's claims did a good job of salesmanship.

THE OLD HOME TOWN Registered U. S. Patent Office by STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES By W. CURTIS RUSS

Last week, a well known Waynesville man, under the influence of bay rum, or cheap liquor, was standing right under the drain pipe of a building on Main street, and as I passed he spoke in a most "loving" manner, and looking up at the dripping sky asked: "Do you think it is going to rain?"

I told him I didn't think it would, since there was not a cloud in the sky. He looked at me with an expression of relief, as he felt that I was the one soaked to the gills and standing under the drain.

W. G. Byers recently told a group he had nothing to say about the Hoover administration, since he had adopted a policy to never talk "disrespectful of the dead."

Heard a man the other day say he was so hungry he could eat shoe leather, which brought back memories of the time when I was in the same frame of mind. It was while being shown over a large German submarine that the pangs of hunger struck me—the salt air, an afternoon of continuous walking, and the aroma of fried potatoes coming from the kitchen of the submarine was almost more than I could stand.

And if you have never visited on a submarine you have something to look forward to. Not one inch of space is wasted and as neat as a pin.

Things I'll never forget—my first trip to a dentist—his name was McCord, and I guess I would have cried when he pulled the tooth, if it hadn't been for the fact that his daughter was the best looking girl in the third grade, and I knew good and well he would tell her about my actions, so I mustered up enough nerve to take "it like a man"—and if he ever told her, I never knew it, because she never showed the slightest interest in my dental work, even after I carefully showed her where the ailing tooth had been pulled.

But that was just like those third grade girls—didn't appreciate "he men."

But later, when in the fifth grade, we were paired in a school entertainment together, and I got to hold her hand while she sang some ditty about fairies to me—and I responded as head man of the elf group—imagine. Now I could easily pose as an elephant.

At the end of the year, her family moved away—and she left without ever mentioning how brave I had been, in her father's office two years before. So I didn't care. Such hard-hearted folks, anyway, and then too, the only other time I needed a dentist was when another boy and I failed to agree on a minor matter, and my front tooth became loose during the discussion. But I still believe my kite flew the highest.

During the past week three people told me yarns that were suitable to put in this column, and I've forgotten everyone of them, except the one Charles Ray related about the caretaker of a certain Waynesville hotel years ago, while dressed up fit to kill one Sunday morning, met a stranger on the street in front of the hotel, and the stranger remarked what a beautiful day it was, etc., and then said: "Say, that's a fine house you have there. A big one too." Whereupon the care-taker threw out his chest and said, "Yep, it is, and cost plenty of money, too."

This is the time of year, when it pays to slip up to the house, and if all the curtains are down, and chairs and rugs spread out over the lawn and porch, you might know it is spring cleaning time, and the best thing to do is to move on, and call up and tell the wife, "Sorry, but have to work late tonight—or, a salesman just arrived, and will be detained."

Even if the gag doesn't work, the

LETTERS to the Editor

ADVERTISING PAID

The Waynesville Mountaineer, Waynesville, N. C. Attention Advertising Department, Gentlemen:

I regret I did not find time while I was in Waynesville to call at your offices and thank you for the splendid manner in which you conducted our advertising.

The demonstration was a success, and we attribute it to the magnificent drawing power which your fine newspaper has. We certainly know that advertising in your paper gets results, and you can rest assured that we will use it again when the occasion presents itself.

Again thanking you for your wonderful co-operation, I am

Very truly yours,
L. A. OWEN,
Southern Foot Clinic,
Asheville, N. C., April 24, 1936.

VETERANS TO GET BONDS SOON

Within two months the mail men will begin delivery to World War veterans of checks and neat \$50 bonus bonds, printed on crinkly green currency paper and bearing likeness of the soldier president, Andrew Jackson. The bonds may be either cashed at once or held accumulating 3 per cent interest, for cashing at any time before maturity in 1945.

GAME HIT BY WEATHER

Reports from the forest and lake districts of Wisconsin disclose widespread destruction of fish and game by the severe weather of the past winter. Sportsmen and wild-life clubs of that section are planning a combined movement to restock the game fish waters and many lakes and streams may be closed to fishermen this summer.

consequences are never as bad as having to hang curtains, and pictures—and that reminds me—has there ever lived a man who could hang a picture straight? Oh, I mean straight enough to satisfy his wife?

A FAMOUS FAMILY OF MEN'S HATS BYRON — DUNLAP — KNOX C. E. RAY'S SONS

A COMPLETE CLOTHING SERVICE Try At Home First — You Will Never Regret It

A SINGLE TARGET

In the face of a modern tendency on the part of drug stores to diversify and expand the lines of merchandise carried and service rendered, the resources and energies of this organization are concentrated almost entirely on PRESCRIPTION COMPOUNDING. We have always felt that if a drug store renders the right kind of service to the sick, it just about has its hands full, and that's exactly what ALEXANDER'S is aiming to do.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION

23 Years Ago in Haywood

(From the files of April 18, 1913.)

Mr. Horace Wyche spent Sunday in Canton.

Misses Annie and Nora Howell spent Thursday in Asheville.

Miss Mary Turbyfill is visiting relatives in Bryson City this week.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Asheville, has returned to his home after visiting his grandparents here.

Mrs. J. F. Abel left last week to attend the D. A. R. convention in Washington. She will also visit in Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mr. Ernest Withers spent Sunday with friends at Turnpike.

Mr. George McLean, of Ontario, Ontario, Canada, is the guest of his brother, Mr. James McLean.

Mr. Charlie Moody, of lower Jonathan, was a business visitor here on Monday.

The Smart Set met with Miss Hetta Mock last Tuesday afternoon. Those present were Misses Bess and Grace Lee, Josephine Thomas, Willie Edna McCracken, Mattie K. Osborne, Bessie and Florence Ray, Rosa Neely and Bess Adams.

The Woman's Club met on April the tenth with Mrs. Shoobred. It was decided to have three classes in the flower contests. Those from seven to ten years of age—a plot three by four feet; those from eleven to fourteen years of age, four by six feet; and those fifteen or more, four by eight feet.

An up to date ice cream and soda water parlor is being put up in the building on Main street formerly used as the Waynesville Theatre.

May the sixth and seventh will close the public schools of the town, with the closing exercises held on the evening of the seventh, when thirteen certificates of the tenth grade will receive pupils of the tenth grade will receive certificates of proficiency in the studies they have completed.

This paper is not fortunate enough to have a pair of "high powered" spectacles, with which to survey the local field for fitting candidates for aldermen, but if they did, things that revealed only two men in the entire town, who measured up to our notion would throw the high powered glasses into the ocean and take a slip for the other side—for who would want to live in a town that could furnish only two men, when five were needed?

Marriages

(As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

L. B. Hooper, of Hazelwood, to Gertrude Edith Bumgarner, of Wilmot, N. C. Lawrence Gragg to Ruby Pressley, both of Swannanoa.

ON THE AMATEUR HOUR.

Mayor McNair, of Pittsburgh, who appeared on the Amateur hour conducted each Sunday evening by Major Bowles, had a very close call. He almost missed a chance to play his fiddle. On Saturday he defied a judge's order to refund a \$100 fine imposed on an alleged gambler, he was arrested and jailed. The arrest came just before he was to perform on the radio, but after a talkative hour in jail his lawyers got him free.