

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1936

PRESS ASSOCIATION COMING HERE

Waynesville and community are indeed fortunate in having been chosen as the convention-city for the summer meeting of the North Carolina Press Association. The meeting will be held on July 9, 10 and 11, with perhaps a number remaining over for Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

At this time it is hard to predict the number that will attend, but a conservative figure is two hundred. Those in attendance will be representatives of newspapers from every section of North Carolina, and from the largest to the smallest. Besides newspaper men and women, there will be a number of representatives of some of the larger printing supply houses in the country.

It would not be asking too much of this community to adopt as one major project for this year "the royal entertainment of this group."

At present there is no group in the state in a position to help this community more than the Press Association, while on the other hand we feel that there is no community in the state that is better prepared to entertain this group than is Waynesville and vicinity.

Plans are already underway for their convention, and before long different ones here will be called upon to shoulder certain duties that will be necessary in making Waynesville known far and wide as "the ideal convention city."

It is not too visionary on our part, to feel that once we get the habit of entertaining conventions that they will become a part of our summer business, and certainly a profitable part.

Several other communities made strong bids for the Press Association for this year, but Waynesville's offers were accepted.

PURE-BRED STOCK

This week four pure-bred Guernsey animals were purchased by Haywood County people, or groups, and brought here for breeding purposes.

The animals were not just cheap pick-ups, but from the best Guernsey herds in the state.

Those who lack vision, fail to understand why the necessity of paying handsome prices for such stock, yet if they only know the number of inquiries that are coming into this county for information about pure-bred stock, and where it can be bought, there would be a different feeling.

Within a short two years, this entire county will be dotted with pure bred Guernsey stock, and within five years it will be possible to build up a retail business from the sale of stock alone that will be profitable.

There is a feeling that those who are investing in pure-bred stock, and give a reasonable amount of care and attention to their herds will before long be getting large dividends on a reasonably small investment.

POLITICAL RUMORS

Now that we know who the candidates are for the different offices, it is about time for unfounded rumors to begin making the rounds about the candidates. It seems that rumors begin to come thick and fast with the closing of the filing time.

Only this week it was rumored here that one candidate has already withdrawn, and another taken sick and sent to a hospital in a large city. Both were unfounded.

From now until June sixth rumors will be presented as absolute facts, but it will be well not to repeat them until a thorough check-up has been made.

ACTING THE PART OF A FOOL

No doubt the average reader has heard and heard so much about safe and sane driving that they are about to become fed up on it all, but when instances come close home it is always well to stop and at least give passing notice.

A certain well known driver, who has bragged to every one of his friends in Waynesville that he can do sixty and seventy miles an hour without endangering his own life or that of others, clearly demonstrated the cause of all his fast driving recently.

Coming from a nearby city, he passed everything on the road. Took unnecessary chances. Passed cars on curves and on the crest of hills. Sped through crowded districts, and in fact broke every speed law and every safe driving rule.

On the way home he passed a careful driver. Passed him at a dangerous point in the road.

When the careless driver—by mere luck—rolled into town he immediately sought his friends and started telling them that only forty minutes ago he was in West Asheville, and continued with the usual line of "brag" that such people can give.

Within five minutes up drove the careful and sane driver who had been passed. He soon joined the crowd, and heard the speed demon bragging of his accomplishment.

With an expression of disgust, the careful driver turned and said: "So that is what prompted all his hurry and reckless driving—just to get here as quickly as possible to tell his friends what a fool he had been on the road."

And we heartily agree—people often play the part of a fool in order to get to brag about it to their friends.

THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD

At the time of the Crucifixion the dogwood tree was the size of the oak, and other large forest trees. So firm and strong was the tree that it was chosen for the cross on which Jesus was to be put to death.

To be used thus for such a cruel purpose greatly disturbed the trees, the legend goes, and when Jesus was nailed upon the cross he sensed this, and His gentle pity for all sorrow and suffering, said to it: "Because of your regret and pity for my suffering, never again shall the dogwood tree grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender, bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be the form of a cross—two long and two short petals and in the center of the outer edge of each petal, there will be nail prints brown with rust and stained with red and in the center of the flower, there will be a crown as of thorns and all who see it shall remember."—Selected.

THE HYMN TO THE GREAT SMOKIES

Congratulations are offered to Miss Stringfield and Mrs. Boyd on the publication of their new song: "The Hymn To The Great Smokies."

This should prove to be a very popular piece of music, and certainly will be quite an addition to the many forms of publicity and advertising that this section is now using.

From a business venture it is doubtful if it will prove very profitable to the sponsors, but it will create much good will for this section, and clearly shows a community spirit on the part of the two sponsors that is worthy of our most loyal appreciation.

"EXCELSIOR"

Whatever is to be said of man, he is distinguished for his love of dangerous adventure. From the beginning he has dared death to reach high places and today has practically conquered all nature's strongholds.

All that is, except one—towering, savage Mt. Everest, 29,000-foot king of the world's mountain peaks. It alone has repulsed man successfully time and again. In all, 13 lives have been lost on its icy slopes in recent years, and many expeditions have turned back, defeated after weeks of intense suffering.

But has man given up the battle? Most assuredly not! Even at this moment a new expedition ventures to scale the highest mountain on earth. Ahead of these men lie inescapable torture; possibly even death.

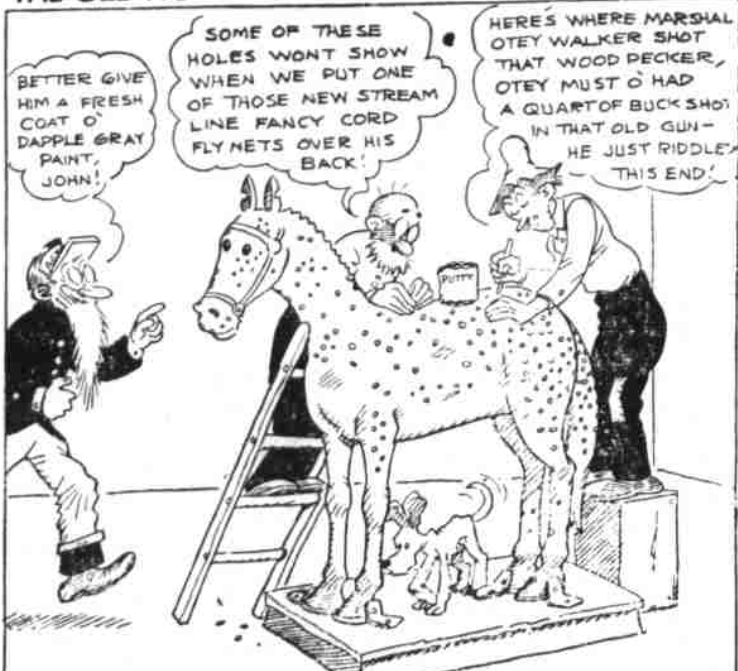
And what will they gain? Already the summit has been viewed and photographed from a plane; there is no territory to be claimed, no great reward to be won. Man is driving onward and upward because he is man. There is no other explanation.—Salisbury Post.

PIKE'S PEAK ADVERTISED

If you sometimes doubt that advertising pays, remember that there are 26 mountains in Colorado higher than Pike's Peak. Can you name them? Neither can we. Pike's Peak has been given publicity and plenty of it, so it gets all the business, and other mountains just sit—or whatever mountains do—and complain that business is punk. Don't let your business suffer from lack of advertising. Make it a Pike's Peak.—Chariton, Ia., Herald Patriot.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Registered U. S. Patent Office by STANLEY



BETTER GIVE HIM A FRESH COAT OF DAPPLE GRAY PAINT, JOHN!

SOME OF THESE HOLES WON'T SHOW WHEN WE PUT ONE OF THOSE NEW STREAM LINE FANCY CORD FLYNETS OVER HIS BACK!

HERE'S WHERE MARSHAL OTEY WALKER SHOT THAT WOOD PECKER. OTEY MUST O HAD A QUART OF BUCKSHOT IN THAT OLD GUN—HE JUST RIDDLE THIS END!

BETWEEN THE WOODPECKERS AND A FEW AIR RIFLES THE WOODEN HORSE IN FRONT OF THE HARNESS SHOP WAS PRETTY BADLY KNICKED UP LAST FALL

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Last Thursday afternoon, just about four o'clock the phone rang: "Hello, is this Mr. Russ?" "Yes."

"Well, Mr. Russ, this is Martha Mock at the high school. When can we get the high school paper?" (At this point mischief entered my head.) "Oh, I'd say sometime about noon Friday—in fact that will rush us to get the paper by then."

"You Mean t-t-tomorrow—e-r-r-Friday—t-the school paper t-tomorrow? Why, e-r-r-tomorrow will never do—this, yes, this is the last day of school—gulp—and—gulp—Why Mr. Russ we just must have the school paper today—yes today—why we couldn't get a student within a mile of this place tomorrow—Oh what will we do?"

"I'm sorry, about it—but will come right over and talk things over." The fact of the matter was that I had the papers under my arm starting over when she called—

And was she glad to see the paper—not me—just the papers— And after all, it was a dirty stunt because her nerves were on edge and she was rushed to death—but she was a good sport, with it all.

I do know this—she can look mighty hard one minute, then the opposite the next—and that is what I call controlling temper—I haven't been able to master the art, but am thinking seriously of getting Miss Mock to teach me.

There is a certain nervous feeling, and tense atmosphere that exists behind the scenes of every play or event. Those who seem to possess nerves of steel at any other time get shaky when having to appear before a crowd—no one has ever been able to find a solution to the problem—except to "keep your seat and never appear before an audience."

And why is it that a crowd will shove and push when trying to go some place, and knowing all the time they just retard progress that much?

"Chat Thomas tells the yarn about the time he was in Washington, and going to the ticket agent said: "Give me a ticket to Waynesville, North Carolina."

The ticket agent in Union Depot smiled and replied: "Sorry, mister, I can't sell you a ticket to Waynesville, but I can sell you one to Frog Level, and you can get a taxi to Waynesville."

Chat later found out the man had once lived in Frog Level, and knew the "lay of the land."

Last Friday, a party of four—Charles Ray, M. H. Bowles, Rev. W. A. Rollins and I made a trip to Morganton in behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, and before starting back Mr. Rollins just insisted that we drive over to the state hospital to see the place. After making the trip, Mr. Bowles and I learned we were the only two of the group visiting the place for the first time.

And on the same trip, four highway patrolmen were stopping every car that passed, making a check-up on whether motorists had their driver's licenses. While we were all prepared with ours, it was a rather uneasy feeling to be stopped—but even at that it wasn't a new experience for one of us.

Only a few days before I was made to pull to the curb by a Charlotte cop, when I failed to see a light change—in fact the light at the corner I had just passed was on the side of the street, and the light I ran over was in the center of the street. . . . Quite an unsatisfactory situation.

And while on the subject of cars, I have found a sure fire way to get rain—have your car washed and polished.

Mrs. Hopemore—I want to open an account with your bank.

Cashier—Do you want a savings or checking account?

Mrs. Hopemore—Neither. I want a charge account like I have at the department stores.

Marriages

(As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

Russell C. Warren to Gladys Brackett, both of Lake Junaluska.

Ben Scott to Aurelia Sutton, both of Canton.

W. H. Covington to Blanche White, both of Mt. Sterling.

Frank Freeman to Nettie Mae Perdue, both of Canton.

Martin C. Inman to Pearl Moore, both of Canton.

Ralph Blaylock to Helen Gertrude Mason, both of Canton.

Aslett—Young chub says he is going to buy a car with the \$1,000 his aunt left him. I wonder what kind he will buy?

Tellett—A \$2,000 one, no doubt.

23 Years Ago in Haywood

(From the files of May 2, 1913.)

Mr. Hearst Ferguson, of Cranston, was in town this week.

Mrs. R. H. Mitchell spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Murphy.

Mrs. Jim Reed is in Spartanburg this week attending Grand Opera.

Mr. Thurman Williams left on Thursday for Marion, N. C., where he will be for several days.

Master Joseph Welch spent week with his grandmother, M. Sarah Boyd on Jonathan Creek.

Little Miss Janie Lyle Magee went to Cartersville, Ga., last week to be the guest of relatives for some time.

Mr. J. H. Rand and family, who have had the Captain Howell house for the past winter, left this week for their home in Boston.

Mrs. J. C. Caldwell and Miss Mary Logan, who have been in Louisville, Ky., have returned.

Miss Bettie Hvatt was the hostess of the bridge club last Wednesday afternoon. The highest score was made by Mrs. James Carraway. A delicious ice course was served.

The North Haywood Singing Association will meet at Crabtree church Saturday. Several choirs will sing a quartet from Clyde will render some selections if permitted to do so.

Messrs Henry Messer, Jarvis, Campbell, and Rufus Nichols are appointed a committee on management.

Mrs. Hez Reeves will be in charge as hostess for the library tea tomorrow afternoon. She will be assisted by Mesdames Blaylock, Howell, Carraway, Atkins, Abel, and the Misses Nanette Jones, Jessie Moody, and Lillian Allen. Last week the Misses Quinlan made \$21.00. Let us make this one even more successful.

On account of our paper coming late this week it was impossible for us to come out in full size. We have been having trouble lately with the recent shipments of paper. Sometimes it is delayed several days beyond the time required for it to come.

Lawson—You look like a nice, sensible girl. Surely you will marry me?

Frieda—Oh, no. I am just as sensible as I look.

For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels



TOMMY BRIDGES

(left), star pitcher of the World-Champion Detroit Tigers. "I smoke Camels during and between meals," he says. "Camels set me right!" You can smoke Camels all you want. Camels never jangle the nerves—never rasp the throat.



COLLEGE WRESTLING CHAMPION, Henry T. Snowdon (above, right), says: "It's my experience that smoking Camels aids digestion." Camels encourage the flow of digestive fluids—stimulate good feeling.

CAMELS Costlier Tobaccos!

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

"Close Enough" Is Not A Part Of Alexander's Vocabulary.

According to the standards of this institution, a prescription must be compounded EXACTLY right or it is all wrong. No "just as goods" or "close enoughs" ever leave this drug store under any circumstances. As a result of the rigid maintenance of this standard through more than a decade, Alexander's label today is universally respected by the medical profession as well as by the people in general of this community.

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ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

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