

The Mountaineer

Published By THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO. Phone 137 Main Street Waynesville, N. C. W. C. RUSS Managing Editor P. D. DEATON General Manager Owners

Published Every Thursday

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Duration (1 Year, 6 Months, 3 Months) and Rate (\$2.00, 1.25, .65). Includes note: Subscriptions payable in advance.

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1933

THE SOCO GAP HIGHWAY

Announcement that the survey of the Soco Gap highway from Dellwood into the Great Smoky Mountains will be completed immediately from the Haywood county line through the Cherokee Reservation to top State Highway No. 107 is gratifying. This is the most important road project still uncompleted, so far as Western North Carolina is concerned.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS

Superstitions regarding the prevention and cure of disease have persisted from time immemorial, many of them being still prevalent in the more backward sections of the country.

Another old-time notion was that wearing a mustache was beneficial to weak eyes, just as it was thought that carrying a buckeye or a potato in the pocket would prevent or cure rheumatism.

One doesn't have to be so very old to remember when children were caused to wear a little bag of asafetida strung around the neck as a protection against "catching" diseases, and when in many homes bunches of various dried herbs were hung about for the same purpose.

The writer remembers being warned when a boy not to wade in water when afflicted with hives, lest they "strike to his heart and kill him." He waded, nevertheless, and lives to tell the tale.

These superstitions, like the belief that a horse-hair placed in a rain barrel would turn into a snake, are gradually dying out—but many presumably intelligent persons to this day will refuse to take the third light from a match or walk under a ladder for fear of dire consequences.—Monroe Enquirer.

RELEASE THE BRAKES

It was on a mountain railroad. The long freight train chugged and puffed along for miles and with a final snort made the divide. The engineer sighed with relief. "Thought we couldn't make it," he said. "That was what I thought, too," responded the inexperienced brakeman, "but I had the brakes all set to keep us from sliding back."

Too many concerns are like the brakeman. They are playing safe at the very moment when they should be delivering the maximum of power directly to the wheels. Today's empty shelves are prophetic of a demand for more goods tomorrow and, according to a recent survey, there's forty billion dollars of latent buying power in the United States alone to pay for them.

The stage is set for 1933 to develop what every depression in history has created: New and aggressive leadership.—Rotarian Magazine.

TECHNOCRACY ON THE FARM

Borrowing an idea or two from the Technocrats, the farmer may soon turn to mechanized production on an increased scale in an effort to reduce labor costs and compete under new economic conditions.

New developments in this line that have just been announced by manufacturers include: A sugar beet topper that plows the beets out of the ground, grabs the entire beet plant and carries it to the chopping knives. It is claimed for this device that it will cut labor costs 75 per cent and obviate the necessity for transient labor.

A new type of tractor that weighs little more than a big draft horse, but has the sustained pulling power of four draft horses. It costs no more than the average small motor car, does belt work and supplies power for binders and other machines hitched to it.

A machine which brushes, grades and polishes 1000 bushels of potatoes a day, being somewhat similar to a recent invented machine which brushes the fuzz from peaches.

A "combine milker" with which the milk is never exposed to the air from the time it leaves the cow until it enters the bottle.

A new balloon-type of tractor tire which is said to increase the rate of plowing by 27 per cent and to make a saving of 23 per cent in fuel costs.

All steel barns which are shipped in parts from the factory and erected on the farm in units designed for 24 or 32 cows or any other standard sized herd or flock.

Thus the mechanical experts have it all figured out how a farmer can cut his labor costs and increase his production at the same time.

So far, however, none of these engineering wizards have invented a machine which will enable the farmer to find a market for the tremendous crops already on hand or a machine that will lift a mortgage.

Until somebody invents machines of that nature, it seems that the others might just as well wait.—Bruce Catton—Hendersonville Times-News.

EGGS

Poultry and egg production has grown enormously in the southeastern states within the past few years, but they may expand many times more before the importation of these articles of food is stopped.

Here is a case in point. A farmer wanted several egg crates for a use entirely apart from poultry and eggs. He went to a store in the little town near his farm, and seeing that the merchant had labeled his display of eggs as "fresh country," said: "I suppose you haven't a few egg crates you'd sell me." The merchant replied that there were several in the rear of the store. They were there, all right, and bore the label of Kansas.

It is fully 800 miles from any point in Kansas to the point where these eggs were being sold. If they came by fast freight the transportation charge was lower than if shipped by express, and there were at least two middlemen's profit before they reached this country merchant, together with some handling charges. And they were not fresh country eggs, at that; they might have been in cold storage six months, which meant more cost piled up.

That fellow up in Kansas, whose hens produced those eggs, received a very low price for them, or the people in that Georgia town were paying a very high price. We think, however, that the Kansas farmer got a fair price, because they produce more eggs in Kansas than in several southeastern states.

We continually hear the complaint that there is no local market for home-produced food-stuffs. Well, there cannot be a market until the stuff is produced and offered for sale. In the matter of eggs, if a farmer gets a reputation for having absolutely fresh eggs for sale he will have no trouble selling them to home merchants—and we are a long way from over-production in this section of the country.—Southern Agriculturist.

Answering the criticism of another poet that her works are sadder, Edna St. Vincent Millay said: "The best poems are more likely to be sad than glad. Why, I can't think of a single great poem that's glad." Perhaps this explains why so many people prefer the best works of the minor poets to the minor works of the best poets.—Exchange.

Most successful short-story writers do not concentrate on plot, declares a professor of English. Does he mean they find it pretty hard to get their thought away from the amount the editor will think the story is worth?—Exchange.

What to do with the Christmas cards of yesterday is a question uppermost these days in the thoughts of housewives faltering between sentiment and tidiness.—Exchange.

Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILL.—A Preacher named Rev. Grant of Simpson Methodist Church, of Minneapolis, Minn., wrote me: "I am speaking on you and your life's philosophy at a Sunday evening vesper service, in our great Church of two thousand members. Is there any word of greeting? I would appreciate it. Yours, A. Raymond Grant, Pastor."

Well the same night I answered his letter I had to write my weekly Sunday article. So I couldn't see why one "Greeting" or "Alabi" wouldn't do for both. He had been mighty nice and I appreciated it. So I got stung out and in my long winded way, I sounded like a Preacher without a stop signal.

Dear Rev. Grant: I got your letter saying you was "Speaking on me." But you didn't say why? There is an awful lot of different ways to speak on me, and all of 'em be pretty near true at that.

My life has got more angles than a cat. You may be one of these Republications, (as most of the ministers have gone into politics). You may be one that blamed me for electing Mr. Roosevelt, or you might be one of those Democrats who blamed me for electing Mr. Hoover four years ago.

This is kinder the public season to jump on me if anything has gone wrong, everything from a scarcity of skunk hides in the Northwest to a pre-dominating amount of girl babies in Pennsylvania. You see, Rev. Grant, I think I am as independent as any one writing. I have as many Republican as Democratic papers, as many readers that can't read as can. The editorial policies of these great dailies mean nothing to me. I am going to call 'em like I see 'em.

I think I have complimented many a worthy thing in my time, and I have taken a shot at a lot of "Hoosies." I am not against it mind you, as it just seems that it takes so much of it in every business. And they are all my friends, I am proud of the fact there is not a human being that I have got it in for. I never met a man I didn't like.

I got no "Philosophy," I don't even know what the word means. The Fourth Reader (McGuffey) is as far as I ever got in schools. I am not bragging on it, I am thoroughly ashamed of it for I had every opportunity, everything I have done has been my luck, no move was premeditated. I just stumbled from one thing to another. It might have been down. I didn't know at the time, and I don't know yet for I don't know what "Up" is. I may be lower than I ever was, I don't know. I may be making the wrong use of any little talent (if any) that I accidentally have. I don't know.

I feel mighty proud that you will discuss me in your tabernacle. The joke is more on you than on me. I thought the only time I would ever make the pulpit as a conversational subject was when I finished, and then only by one minister who charges for kind words would be deducted in the estate.

I feel like I did the other day when they told me I was in the British "Who's Who." There was no way I could see 'em or make 'em retract, and there is no way to keep you from gabbing around about anything you like. I heard a fellow preach one time on Jess, James the outlaw, and I bet the church wanted to hold up everything and everybody I ran into.

So if you are such a persuasive preacher you are liable to turn out a flock of Swedish comedians up around Minneapolis. Don't make the life too rosy, for with the politicians morning in, our comedian business is overpowered as it is. I preached one time in a church in Cleveland, Ohio. But the collection didn't warrant me carrying it on as a steady profession. Preaching should not only be done by a preacher, but a man like Gandhi, who can do fasting when necessary, for it will be necessary.

Love to all your congregation, including the ones that are not paid up, its just hard times, they mean well, Parson. They got just as much religion as the paid up ones, so you will just have to trust 'em, and give 'em a little preaching "On Time."

You see preachings is one of the few things that folks have never been able to dope out exactly what its worth anyhow. Some preachers ought to pay admission to get into the church themselves, but as a rule preachers do a mighty good job and are underpaid.

But there is a lot of dignity about the clerical profession that you would have to work for years for in any other line. But you are sympathetic, useful, instructive and the most worthwhile profession ever invented. I wish your church a happy and charitable '33, or any other years. No use being stingy in our wishes. Pick out as many years as you want and I will wish you good luck with all of 'em.

1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Nada Girri of Los Angeles furnishes each year 3,000 synthetic skulls made of plaster, to universities and the medical profession at large.

Shirley Staschen, 18, of San Francisco, will abandon her art studies and assume management of the mortgaged garage left by her father who died recently.

A committee of representative business people selected Ann McCarthy of New York City, as the "ideal business girl" at the 29th annual national business show in Grand Central Palace.

QUACKS

By I. E. A. QUACKER



The new posts along the highway will hold the careless drivers—and also careful ones in the road for many years—not only that, but their appearance pleases the sense of sight... but what about us countrymen on our horses or oxen and you Frenchmen on your bicycle... Too, the old plank fence kept the drunk from falling off the roadside... it served as the farmer's fence to keep cattle on the road to market or in the dry pasture to starvation... but science has a new stop for wayward cars... the plank fence must go the way of the covered bridge... and where are the roadside loafers going to carve their names?... and, say, does Haywood county possess a covered bridge?... Haven't seen one since I returned from Georgia...

Ferried down towards Albert Walker's back down past John Hipp's farm, past Mrs. Noland's, who is probably the oldest woman in the county, and back through Iron Duff... found the roads in a worse condition than I have seen them since the era of good roads... may need a road report if these rains don't stop... still they were not bad enough to be compared with the roads when Bob Morrow was pulling cars from his house across Cedar Top hill...

I would like to form one town... with town limits just beyond Mr. Murray's railroad crossing and at this end of the Ratcliff Cove road... in this new town what you will even your taste is no better than to call it Richatkinson... but if you do want a better picture of Bon than was in the paper last Sunday... suggest that Rich wear a cap so that his eyes will not embarrass Bob Howell by calling him Mayor...

J. C. Patrick claims many people want a special number for their car... Mr. Bunn has had 365,500 reserved... we all want particular tags if we could get them... there is nothing strange about that... Of North Carolina's little tin tags that cost so much I prefer number one... but what would the Governor think? you see he also wants a particular number... Canton has a nice ensemble of blue and white city and state tags...

My old friends Mr. and Mrs. Spears have moved from the Clyde Inn... I bet it wont be long until their new place in Canton will be full of bridge.

Rev. Herman of Asheville: "The teacher is the maker of civilization, the keeper of civilization, and the maker of progress." I hope the law-makers in Raleigh realize the truthfulness of this statement...

One of Haywood county's greatest assets: The Duke University Summer School at Lake Junaluska... there the teachers get better prepared to better prepare your child to live more nearly like God intended it to live... as for immediate cash... the student coming here to board leaves seventy-

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

Miss Mattie Love gave a very delightful party at her home on last Tuesday evening in honor of the Misses Alvaeger of Gallion Ohio the guests of Mrs. Hugh A. Love Progressive Hearts was the game of the evening. The ladies prize, a dainty collar was won by Miss Jessie Moody. The gentlemen's prize, a box of cigars, was won by Branner Gilmer. After the game delicious refreshments were served and the evening was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The Waynesville Printing Company has formally taken over the plants of the Courier Printing Company and Sentelle and Dickson. At a meeting of the stockholders recently directors were chosen and the following officers elected: President, Hugh A. Love; Vice President, James E. Carraway; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Allen; Business Manager, Horace Sentelle; Supt. of Plant, C. L. Dickson; Solicitor, John Sentelle.

Dr. Thos. Stringfield, after a severe attack of La Grippe, is able to be out again.

The inauguration of W. W. Kitchin, of Roxboro, as governor of North Carolina took place in Raleigh today in the presence of thousands. The parade was a feature, 16 military companies being in line, with many civic organizations, and also the student body of Wake Forest College, of which Mr. Kitchin is a graduate.

22 YEARS AGO IN HAYWOOD

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Waynesville Printing Company was held in the office of the company in the Courier Building, Tuesday afternoon. The future of the Waynesville Printing Company is very bright, and the management feels exceedingly hopeful and proposes to make the year 1911 a hummer.

The wedding of Miss Sydye Moore and Mr. Davis Ray was an interesting event of last week; taking place Wednesday, January 4, in Birmingham, Alabama, the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. James Killian are visiting Mrs. Killian's parents in Stark Florida.

Miss Jennie Ray will leave the last of the week for Spartanburg, S. C. where she will resume her studies at Converse College.

five dollars... the instructor with his family and car will leave much more... The Duke school at the Lake looks like good business to me...

Briefs: "To the victor belongs the spoils"... How some will regret their tratorism in '28... Ed. Howe in "How About It" says to read McCauley who advised reading Addison for the same purpose?...

If science can let me hear the king's voice from Europe, why can't it send me something to abolish this dandruff?... When I'm tired of hearing the banquet speaker I cross my fingers and feel my nose... but that reminds me of the two-headed calf at the county fair here many years ago. I prefer Al Smith the speaker, not (Continued on page 5)

JUST A TIP—

You need no longer throw those old shoes away. Just bring them to us and we'll return them to you almost as good as new.

"The Trade Is Not Closed Until You Are Satisfied"

THE CHAMPION SHOE SHOP

E. T. Duckett, Prop. MAIN ST. NEXT WESTERN UNION

ALEXANDER'S QUESTION BIRD

How can I improve the health of my children? Answer:- Consult a reliable physician and have your prescriptions filled here!



You should with zealous care investigate the purity of any medicines given to a child. If your prescriptions are filled here you can feel sure that they are safely followed to the letter and that the drugs contained therein are of the highest, purest type. Bring your prescriptions here.

Alexander's Drug Store PHONES 53-54