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**THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1934**

**THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER**

Turning from city newspapers to small town press exchanges that come to the editor's desk is like stepping from the slums, full of vice, into an old-fashioned garden sweet with lavender and thyme and the scent of perennial flowers. The pages of big dailies are so full of murder, theft, immorality and selfishness. The better news is obscured by these glaring shatterings of the Decalogue. One puts the papers aside with a feeling of depression and heartache that the world is so full of terrible and unhappy things.

Then picking up the papers that record the happenings of the little towns around us, one gains renewed faith in life. Here are set forth only that which uplifts a community—the activities of the business men, the church items, the happy social gatherings of the people, the marriages, births and deaths, farmers' items, and all the thousand and one daily occurrences that make up the simple annals of the great common people, who are really the foundation of this broad country of ours.

Sometimes people speak lightly of the country newspaper, but it is one of the most potent and uplifting factors in our national existence.—Christian Science Monitor.

**LEARN FROM THE HEN**

Hard times mean nothing to the hen. She keeps on digging worms and laying eggs, regardless of what the newspapers say about conditions. If the ground is hard she scratches harder. If it is dry she digs deeper. But always she digs up worms and turns them into hard-shelled profits, as well as tender broilers.

Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever know of a hen starving to death waiting for worms to work themselves up to the surface? Did you ever hear one cackle because times were hard? Not on your life. The hen saves her breath for digging and her cackle for eggs.

Learn from the hen.

**THE COST OF ADVERTISING**

Somewhat amusing to the folks who know is the statement that nationally advertised products cost more because so much is spent for advertising. For a fact, advertising actually makes it possible for goods to be sold at less cost. Some figures recently collected by Bernard Lichtenberg, former president of the Association of National Advertisers, are of especial interest.

Campbell's Soup is taken as an illustration. The advertised price of Campbell's Soup is 12 cents a can. The cost of advertising a single can of Campbell's Soup, according to the figures of Mr. Lichtenberg, is 36-1000ths of one cent.

The Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company says that on a ten-cent package the advertising expenditure is less than one mill.

A Lord Pepperell shirt for \$1.95. The advertising expense at that price is one-third of one per cent or some 64-1000ths of a cent.

A five-cent glass of Coca-Cola costs for advertising 1576-100,000ths of a cent.

The Eastman Kodak Company has been a consistent advertiser. It has built its business and reduced its cost, increased its volume, and given the benefits of its business building to the public. The Eastman company justifies the money spent on advertising by saying:

"Savings to the consumers as a result of advertising are so many times the amount of the money devoted to advertising that we think any question of wasteful practice is untenable."

The next time some smart person tries to sell you an unadvertised product with the argument that you are getting just as good for less money because of the saving effected by not advertising, quote him some of the figures given above.

**UNITED WE STAND**

Realizing that without unity the progress of the community was being retarded, the two Chambers of Commerce, heretofore in Waynesville, have merged, which is a step forward, indeed.

The merger of the two organizations does not in any way mean just the elimination of one organization. It means, as we understand it, that the organization will bear the name Waynesville Chamber of Commerce and serve the entire district. Its purpose will be to develop a greater spirit of neighborliness throughout the region; to unify our objectives; and to consolidate our forces. Thus prepared, we shall be in a position to encourage needed projects. Under the old set up, this would have been impossible.

Without unity there cannot be progress; and the lack of progress in a community is most detrimental. We do not know who will be elected members of the board of directors, but we do know this, that the citizens of this community under no circumstances feel that it is up to the board to make a success out of the merger—it is partly their job—but the major part of the responsibility rests entirely with us—and by us we mean you and I.

Both organizations have accomplished things that at times looked almost impossible. Both had determination and ideals, but unfortunately there was not enough financial support to enable them to do all the things they wanted to do. With the combination of the organizations, the decrease in operating expenses, and the knitting together of the ideas of both groups, there should be no reason why this community should not be in the forefront this coming season and for all seasons to come.

We have said time and time again that there is no community that has been blessed by nature as this one and certainly with the program that is being mapped out, the organization that we will have here shortly will enable us to go forward as never before.

Another outstanding feature about the new set-up is the territory which will be served. Waynesville cannot go forward alone, neither can Hazelwood, Lake Junaluska or any other town within this section, but united and all working towards one definite program there is much that can be accomplished, and we believe that it will be.

Heretofore some citizens have had the idea that the membership of a chamber of commerce was composed only of the older men. The new order of things presupposes that the younger men, in fact every civic minded person should give support whether by contributing financially, or by lending moral support to the organization.

With these things put into practice, it should not be long before this community will have accomplished that which even the extreme optimist does not now dare hope for.

**THIS THING CALLED KISSING**

There is no telling who invented the art of kissing, but its a safe assertion that no other inventor ever saw his example so universally adopted or so gosh awfully enjoyed.

Kissing is a pleasure, a habit, an ecstasy, a duty, a sin, a crime—depending altogether on the circumstances.

Kissing a baby is about the sweetest kissing on earth, but it's mighty hard on the baby. He gets such a lot of it, Pretty girls kiss him; married women kiss him; old bachelors kiss him—everybody's doin' it. If he were old enough to assert himself he wouldn't stand for it—not all of it anyway. But then, if he were bigger no one would care to kiss him.

Kissing a girl whose lips are like warm velvet would be about the niftiest kissing, except for the fact that no one gets to kiss that kind of girl except raw boys who haven't learned how to kiss.

Kissing one's wife is about as near perfect enjoyment as a mere mortal need hope to get. But it's a custom not universally followed. Some men never kiss their wives. And, of course, some men kiss other men's wives. The man who doesn't kiss his wife at least ten times a day doesn't deserve her. The woman who doesn't want to be kissed at least ten times a day doesn't deserve a husband. And yet, if the old man keeps a quid of cut plug in his jaw, the wife who stands for ten kisses a day deserves a halo and a cushion seat alongside of Job in the New Jerusalem.

There are many ways to kiss. A little baby merely opens its mouth and slobbers. A coy maiden closes her eyes tight and lets some one else do the kissing. An old maid ties her lips into a hard knot and pecks at the victim like a woodpecker. An old bachelor puckers up and smacks like the dredge of a steam shovel. Wives—real wives—kiss like the lingering clasp of hands between man friends who know how to love. And mothers? Ah, mothers kiss like the soft beating of angel's wings—like the soothing notes of some celestial harp heard through the twilight—like God's benediction whispered over one's bowed head.—Ex.

**Random SIDE GLANCES**

By W. CURTIS RUSS

It is about this time of year that a disease known as "poemitis" makes its appearance. No cure has been found for the malady.

One editor said once "when the sap in the trees begins to rise, look-out for poetry."

This same editor remarked that he saved all the poems he received during the spring and used them for fuel in the winter.

Well, so it goes—some like poetry and others think they can. Some believe it rhymes, that it's poetry, and maybe it is. (???)

I'm not a poet,  
 And how well I know it.

About the best one that has come to my desk in a long time was written by a school child. It follows:  
 One morning I felt sad and blue  
 And did not want to go to school  
 I told my Ma that I was sick  
 And I saw her reach for a stick.

When I reached school that morning  
 The teacher saw an awful sight.  
 Her pupils covered all my face  
 So I did not look like my race.

The teacher sent me home, from school  
 And so I wasn't badly fooled.  
 Ma, she called me Doctor, and he  
 And found me very much in pain.

The Doctor looked into my throat  
 And said "My you smell like a goat.  
 On Friday just at half past three  
 The school was closed because of me.

At the Hazelwood school the chief recreation seems to be marbles and rope jumping. A girl who can't jump 75 times, without missing, even with "hot peas" is a poor jumper; and the boy who isn't owner of at least a hundred agates is a poor shooter.

I was fortunate enough to hear the chapel program at high school last Friday morning. The talent shown by those taking part was somewhat amazing. With a little developing there are several who can become outstanding musicians some day.

Not that I want to be critical, but there are some students that are inclined to be snobbish towards some of their classmates and school chums. That indicates the lack of dignity.

The political situation in Haywood county is warming up. There is a continued increase in enthusiasm and unless I am badly mistaken before the primary, there will be several "jolts" to some of the folks who think things are "sewed up."

One or two "old timers" are paving their way to make a fast race at the last minute. I believe that the sheriff's race will be in for the thickest of the battle.

And did you know that perhaps there will be a "Mrs." on the county ticket this year. Unless present plans fail, formal announcement will be made soon; yes, real soon!

Homer Davis has broken the ice for Waynesville township constable, and Homer is campaigning with as much enthusiasm and determination as any politician that ever ran.

Down in Durham last week, the president of one of the banks sent a newly employed boy to another bank to get the key to "the clearing house." After being sent from one bank to another, the boy realized there was something strange about it all, so he stopped and figured it out as being a joke, which it was.

He went to the five and ten cent store and bought a large wooden key such as is presented to mayors and distinguished visitors at times, and carried it back to the banker who started him on the search.

The bunkey was somewhat amazed to see the boy return with the key.

Every time someone starts to work in a printing office there is a number of things that he is sent for—ranging from a paper stretcher to striped ink.

Not many years ago a boy of about 15 was given work in the shop of a daily, and immediately he was sent out for a left handed monkey wrench. After an hour he returned disgusted and ready to quit because he had failed to perform his first duty as a printer.

About a week later he was sent to the laundry for a bucket of steam. The manager of the laundry did not catch on that it was a joke on the boy so he sent him back to the newspaper office to get "a steam bucket."

After the boy is shown real type lice he is then a full fledged printer's devil, and seldom does he ever live it down.

"What's happened to that nice lodger you had, Mrs. Brown?"  
 "Oh, I had to get rid of him. Do you know, he told me he was a bachelor of arts, and I found out by chance he has a wife and family in another city."

**Obituary**

**RESOLUTION OF RESPECT**

That whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from among us our faithful and beloved Brother, Dr. C. H. McDowell, a brother that was loved and appreciated by all the members of our Sunday School Class, Dr. McDowell was a true and faithful member of our Class. A good citizen, a faithful Father and Husband and a loyal Christian gentleman and a man who was always true and faithful to his church, having been a member of the church for more than fifty years.

Be it therefore Resolved by the Men's Bible Class of the First Methodist Church of Waynesville:

FIRST: That we the members of the Sunday School Class will greatly miss Dr. McDowell who has been taken from among us by a wise and loving Father who doeth all things best.

SECOND: To his family, we extend a warm and sympathetic love.

THIRD: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of Dr. McDowell, that a copy be kept in the records of our Class, and that a copy be published in our local paper.

Respectfully submitted,  
 R. H. Blackwell,  
 T. L. Bramlett,  
 George C. Davis,  
 Committee

**RESOLUTION OF RESPECT**

That whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from among us our faithful and beloved Brother, J. M. Muck, a Brother that was loved and appreciated by all the members of our Sunday School Class, Mr. Muck being a true and faithful member of our class, a good citizen, a faithful father and husband, a loyal Christian gentleman and a man who was always faithful to the community, to the State and to his Church.

Be it therefore resolved by the Men's Bible Class of the First Methodist Church of Waynesville:

FIRST: That we the members of the Men's Bible Class, will greatly miss Mr. Muck, who has been taken from us by a wise and loving Father who doeth all things for the best.

SECOND: To his family, we extend a warm and sympathetic love.

THIRD: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of Mr. Muck, a copy be kept in the records of our class and that a copy be published in our local paper.

Respectfully submitted,  
 J. R. Boyd,  
 T. L. Bramlett,  
 E. L. Withers,  
 Committee

**SARAH ROBERTS HAYNES**

Whereas, God is His wise providence has removed from our midst our beloved friend and co-worker Mrs. Sarah Roberts Haynes, we wish to place on record our appreciation of this faithful member of our organization.

The wisdom of this world has no knowledge of dates more important than those that mark the alpha and omega of a human life. Eternity's destinies of weal and woe are determined by that which we put be-

**22 Years Ago in HAYWOOD**

(From the file of March 26, 1912)

Woodrow Wilson seems to have inside track for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. A feeling of it is found in the feeling and supporters of the other candidates that Wilson is the man they really want.

New from Rattliff Cox, Charles C. Francis of this paper, defeated Mr. R. V. Leatherwood in the debate at Highland Park Saturday night. It was a hard fought question and also very interesting. Misses Lella and Pearl Turner, Hazelwood were in the crowd most of the week.

The friends of Mr. Garfield Briggs, Jr. will be pleased to know that he won the honor of representing the Haywood Institute in the Inter-High School Declamation Contest of Western North Carolina, which was held at Asheville. The young man is said to have won easily and to have covered himself with honor.

The Paris advertisement special for girls for Saturday—Flowers, Bouquets, 25 cent values for 50 cents. Also Human Hair, Shampoos and guaranteed for one year or more, fade and remain wavy—from \$1.00 to \$10.00.

Between these dates of 1912 and 1934, Sarah Roberts Haynes was born and reared in Haywood county and she spent her useful life. A woman thirst for knowledge and a student of that reasoned through to her conclusions were hers. Spiritually she was a tower of strength and it can truly be said "That strength and honor were her clothing."

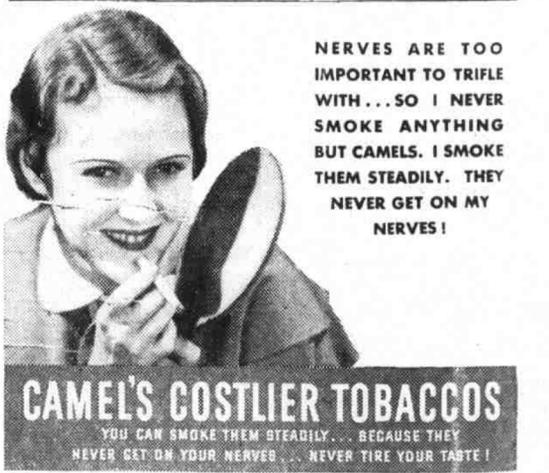
At an early age she chose teaching as her profession. For nearly a half a century she taught and trained the children of the county. Hundreds have grown up blessed by the contact of her consecrated life and her unselfish service. She was ever resourceful and strong in her purpose but gentle always in her method.

Her unselfish devotion to her family has been an inspiration to all who have been privileged to know her. She bore the burdens of life laid upon her without complaint or excuse.

For years she has been a faithful and active member of the Dorcas Help Love Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We feel our loss deeply and will miss her presence, her friendly greeting and wise counsel as we gather for our meetings. We shall remember her always with love and deep affection and shall ever be encouraged by the example of her Christian character and conduct.

Therefore be it resolved that a copy of this expression of our love and esteem be spread on our various records and a copy sent to the local paper for publication.

MRS. J. HOWELL WAY,  
 MRS. RUFUS SILER,  
 MRS. KATE MORRIS.



**NERVES ARE TOO IMPORTANT TO TRIFLE WITH... SO I NEVER SMOKE ANYTHING BUT CAMELS. I SMOKE THEM STEADILY. THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES!**

**CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
 YOU CAN SMOKE THEM STEADILY... BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!

**ONE STANDARD DEPENDABILITY**

The gold standard is, of course, purely arbitrary. Any rate element is internationally agreed upon, might serve as the absolute in fixing values.

Standards in prescriptions, however, cannot be so determined. They must produce the results desired and intended by the physician, and to do this they must be carefully and skillfully compounded with chemically pure ingredients.

For twenty years, Alexander's Prescriptions have conformed to one standard of dependability.

And yet there is no price premium on the absolute assurance of safety which the Alexander label gives.

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