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The Human Side O' Life

Incidents and Observations

Anecdotes and Humor

By UNCLE ABE

My Neighbor and His Cow

When passing by my neighbor's house
'Twas Henry Ladd's I saw.

He was a-milkin'—and gittin' mad,
And ravin' at the cow—
"So, dad burn ye, so
So-oh, now darn ye—SO!

Rave he
Says me,
"Now what on earth's the matter,
Hen?"

Jes 'cause she's got no tick—
So? Nan then you'de better—so-oh!
Before I take a stick—
So-oh! plague take ye—So!
So-oh little devil—SO!

Rave he
Says me,
"Look there Hen on that cow's lair—
A big fly, don't you see?"

He turns and swats the fly drops
down.

All's quiet as quiet can be,
"So little Jersey, so!
So, now my baby, so!"

Now there, Mr. Editor, I do hope
the above will put a spicula on your
poetical aspirations for a long time—
I can't see. And this isn't nothing to
what I can do—when my hair grows
out long like Longfellow's or Shakespe-
peare's you know. And as for the
little "borde" words, in my verac,
well, they are nothing like as bad as
my neighbor used in his argyment
with the cow for he was shore a-
javin' back at that cow. The "cow"
is a fiction; it might have been a car
or a collar-button, as for that matter
—just whatever happened to arouse
this man's ire because the object of
his anathemas. Yes, and this "Mr.
Ladd" (for that was not his name,
was a spoke in the Rotary wheel here
in Waynesville, a pillar in the church
and—I don't know what else. Yes—

He was a stranger and (Waynesville
took him in;
Then he took Waynesville in
In return,
This happened in Waynesville
Agin an' agin,
And still Waynesville refuses
To learn.

We Waynesville and Haywood folks
are mighty slow to listen and bestow
upon our own sons and daughters no
matter how deserving they might be
—sorter jealous of each other, I reckon.
But just let a stranger come in
who happens to have a little money
or social prestige and watch twenty-
four hundred men, women and chil-
dren "fall for him"—oh boy "Hu-
man Side" I reckon, Mr. Editor.

Well, I've been a farmer, peddler,
hobo, salesman, teacher, book-keeper,
editor, preacher, auctioneer, J. P.,
grocer, timekeeper, foreman, and col-
umnist—everything under the sun—
but a humorist. And now I'm a
humorist, I know, because after being
all these things I feel like one. Then
I know I'm a humorist because I make
folks laff—if they don't laff at my
stuff they laff at me, so "odds is the
difference." Last week on knocking
at the door of a farm house the
"lady" appeared with the deer of
Mountaineer in her hand still hot
(the paper, I mean). Well sir, she's
a-laffin' fit to kill. After a while she
sorter dried up an' was a wipen out
her eyes when she looked and saw my
white pants—then she busted out
agin in a new place an' collapsed right
in my arms. The ol' man was at the
wood pile an' I thought he might not
like the way things was a-takin'
shape, so I tried to explain, but says
he,

"Withdraw your arms, let my gal be,
She's jest a-laffin' at Gee McChee.

Says me,
Why you damfool, can you not see,
She's now a-laffin' straight at me—
Not Gee.

That is why, Mr. Editor, I know
I'm a humorist—or sumpun,
Speakin' of jokers reminds me that

Kidnapped Rich Man Makes Escape

San Antonio.—Abducted for \$50,000
ransom, H. D. Snell, wealthy Cordell
(Okla.) merchant and farmer, acci-
dentally gained his liberty from two
kidnappers early Friday when he fell
out of the kidnapers' auto while it was
lurching along an unpaved road sev-
eral miles north of San Antonio.

Snell lay unconscious, but revived
sufficiently to stumble along until he
reached Alamo Heights here, where
J. R. Enrie, a special policeman, saw
him.

Snell said he was kidnaped early
Thursday morning at his home in
Cordell, a town 100 miles northwest of
Wichita Falls, Texas. Despite tor-
ture by his kidnapers and two confed-
erates who joined them near Wichita
Falls, Snell refused to sign notes or
checks for \$50,000 to gain his free-
dom, he said.

Eating Calves Brains Helps Humans, Is Said

Cleveland.—Ordering a dish of
calves' brains with your meal is prob-
ably a way to build up your brain
power.

The finding of a brain vitamin
which gives color to this idea was re-
ported to the American Chemical
Society today.

The fact that good gin contains
fused oil, contrary to common belief,
was also reported.

BELIEFS UPSET

What appears to be a new law of
electricity, upsetting scientific beliefs
which have existed since before Mich-
ael Faraday, was described by two
youngsters from Purdue University.

The brain vitamin goes by the name
of B1. Its discovery was first re-
ported about a year ago by University
of Wisconsin scientists, who showed
that it was directly connected with
paralysis.

Later work, now reported here, in-

LOVE WILL DO STRANGE THINGS

New Orleans, Sept. 15.—Love does
strange things.

Mrs. Laure Gambino, 50, died for
it. Mrs. William P. Hopkins, 25, was
stabbed in the side for it. And it was
all so unnecessary.

Mrs. Gambino thought she had
killed her husband, Vincent Gambino,
54. Mrs. Hopkins was only trying

to kiss her husband, who is 50 years
old.

Mrs. Gambino cooked dinner yester-
day as she had done for many years.
She made fish cakes and served them
to her husband. There are no child-
ren, and they live alone together.

When her husband became violent-
ly ill, Mrs. Gambino discovered she
had rolled the fish cakes in a poison-
ous insecticide, mistaking it for flour.
She looked at her husband, suffering
terribly, and tears welled from her
eyes.

She believed he was dying. Kiss-
ing him, she mixed more of the poison
and took it herself.

Both were taken to a hospital and
placed in separate wards. Mrs. Gam-
bino died, but not before her husband
reached her bedside. He was report-
edly recovering today.

Mrs. Hopkins' case was a little dif-
ferent but there was the same touch
of irony to it.

Her husband was in the kitchen
sharpening a knife to carve a roast.
Mrs. Hopkins pulled up to him and
leaned forward to shed a kiss. Hop-
kins was startled and wheeled. The

knife penetrated her side.

The husband rushed her to a hos-
pital. Physicians kept her under
close observation. They said her con-
dition was serious.

Legless Beggar Has \$9,000 Home

New York.—Magistrate Aurelia in
Yorkville court today suspended sen-
tence on a legless beggar whom a
production report showed to be poss-
essed of:

A \$9,000 house in the Bronx.

A wife.

Three roomers, each of whom paid
\$32 a month rent.

A son earning \$10 a week.

An automobile.

The accused, Michael Bartero, 47,
who admitted wheeling through
crowded sidewalks seeking alms, said
he gained all his worldly goods as a
mechanic before he lost his legs in an
accident.

There's A Reason!

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