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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1931

THE SILENT APPEAL

—By Uncle Abe—

Now

"Closed for lack of funds," it reads,
 This sign that is ever in view;
 So sad 'tis there on a silent door,
 This appeal to me and to you—
 "Closed for lack of funds."

Funds

We raise for football games,
 For music and for schools,
 For radios and parlor suits,
 For motor cars and tools.

Cash

We always have for picture shows,
 For sumptuous meals and clothes,
 Cosmetics, smokes and lager beer—
 And more, the good Lord knows.

Yet

"Closed for lack of funds," it reads,
 This sign on our Library door—
 Contented we seem to let it hang,
 And to read this o'er and o'er:
 "Closed for lack of funds."

FACTS STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

The Haywood County Grand Jury certainly did not make any ifs and ands in their report to the court and Judge Pless last Friday.

They shot straight from the shoulder, and anyone within shot-range got a smattering of shot.

There is much discussion over the state as to whether or not grand juries are useless to a county. There are good points on both sides of the question, but this must be remembered, if all that the Haywood Grand Jury recommended is done and carried out, then the cost of the services of the group would be money well invested.

As far as can be learned they were sincere, hard working, citizens, and their report should be seriously considered and appreciated by the people whom they represent.

GENERAL CARELESSNESS

For sometime we have been thinking along the line that the Grand Jury reported last week—the courthouse is not being kept as clean as it should. We do not feel that any one group or person is responsible—it is more of a general let down on the part of the citizens who use the building.

The cause being that of general carelessness on the part of the citizens, it is then essential that the same people tighten down on their habits and strive to keep the building cleaner.

Down in Raleigh the other day it was found that 99 out of 444 voters in a certain precinct were either dead or moved away. Because of the fact revealed in the investigation it was decided to have a new registration soon.

Wonder if it had ever occurred to the people of the state that by publishing a list of qualified voters several weeks before the election would tend to eliminate such conditions as were found in Raleigh?

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

The annual sale of Christmas seals for the purpose of raising funds to combat tuberculosis will engage the attention of the public spirited people of Haywood County.

While it is not our province to tell others what to do with their money, it is a pleasure to call your attention to this effort and to ask your consideration of its work. You can participate in a great undertaking by purchasing seals or bonds and thus make a helpful contribution to relieve human suffering.

TWENTY-BUSHEL FINE

Up in Haywood county, which if its press agent is to be believed is the capital of "God's country, young Judge Pless found it necessary the other day to assess against a defendant court costs of \$20.00. This was bad news, as you shall see.

"Judge," the fellow confessed, "I haven't got \$20.00 and I can't pay. All I have, Judge, is potatoes, and all I can get for them is 50 cents a bushel."

"All right," His Honor replied; "I'll give you more than that for your potatoes. In fact, I'm going to give you \$1.03 a bushel. You take 20 bushels of potatoes to the hospital (20x\$1.03 equals \$20.60) and then report back here and the costs against you will be marked paid." It was done.

This, simple as it is, we consider no less a token of humanity's eagerness to pay its inescapable debts than a tribute to Judge Pless. In this single spontaneous decision of his are to be found elements of ingenuity, wisdom, understanding, charity and farm relief.—Charlotte News.

NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATORS SHOULD ACT

Latest figures indicate that fatalities from street and highway accidents will exceed 36,000 this year. This would top the all-time high in deaths from automobile accidents, 33,000 in 1931.

The figures are rather discouraging to those who imagined that improved highways and better automobiles would mean greater safety to pedestrians and the riding public. While higher speeds are in vogue one can hardly imagine that the excessive death toll is altogether explained by the single factor of so-many-miles-per-hour.

Statistics compiled by the Travelers Insurance Company show that 48 per cent of all persons killed in these accidents have been pedestrians. Of the drivers involved in the 600,000 accidents reported there has been an increase of almost 21 per cent in the number who were declared intoxicated but the pedestrians involved showed an increase of 55 per cent. This undoubtedly indicates that alcohol has something to do with the increasing number of fatalities and injuries, regardless of what individuals may think.

Along this line let us call your attention to a survey of Maryland, made by the Maryland Casualty Company, which shows that 10 per cent of drivers cause 60 per cent of accidents. This indicates that drastic revocation of licenses to drive would tend to eliminate this dangerous group, which includes reckless and unfit drivers, as well as those with physical defects.

Henry Edward Warner, of Baltimore, thinks that we ought to start over in the matter of licenses by requiring examinations under new rules, which would require "medical certificates of fitness, assurance of sobriety and evidence of maturity to eliminate collegiate types and just plain fools." He cites the case of a young man, "subject to epileptic fits," who is licensed to drive a machine that travels up to 80 miles an hour and he rightfully pronounces it as "potential murder" to let him drive.

The problem affects the people of Haywood County and North Carolina as much as those of other sections. It can be solved, so far as we are concerned, by appropriate state action, which will cold-bloodedly and unsympathetically weed out the dangerous drivers. The legislators of North Carolina might set an example for the rest of the United States by taking prompt steps to save the lives of our own people.

\$150,000 BECOMES \$50

Times have changed and values with them. The other day in a metropolitan city there was auctioned off a collection of stocks, bonds and other securities once owned by a gentleman now behind the bars and which had a par value of nearly \$300,000.

The assortment brought \$6,257 on the block. The old coupon notes of a real estate corporation, with a face value of \$136,000 brought only \$50. A mortgage note, with face value of \$150,000, also brought in exactly \$50.

The significance of the difference in values lies largely in the fictitious nature of the original face values but the tragedy of the case is that innocent men and women, unaware of the great gamble underway, put money in similar instruments, not worth the paper upon which they were inscribed.

No wonder there is resentment in this country and a bitter feeling towards those who led the mad procession. Naturally, those who suffered are anxious for steps to be taken to prevent a repetition of the disaster.

If making money was as easy as spending it some people would still be in debt.

A GOOD NAME

by Lawrence Hawthorne

Oh, Lord of men, teach me to know
 Just what "a good name" signifies!
 Help me to understand its worth,
 And let me never cease to prize
 Above all else that life affords—
 Yes, better far than wealth or fame—
 The reputation that is won
 Alone by him of worthy name.

A sturdy strength of character,
 The will to do some useful deed,
 The vision that conceives a way
 To satisfy another's need—
 On such as these a man's good name
 Is built; his leadership depends
 On service to his fellow-men,
 And loyalty to humble friends.



Hospital News

Admissions

Miss Mary Francis, fractured ankle.
 Miss Frances Blaylock, operation on eye.
 Mr. Sam Leatherwood, treatment.
 Mrs. Harley Jenkins, treatment.
 Mr. Bob Alley, operation.
 Master Farrel Sutton, operation.
 Master Edward Crawford, operation.
 Mr. John Rathbone, treatment.
 Mr. Robert Boyd, Jr., treatment.
 Mr. Jule Welch, treatment.
 Discharged

Master Geter O'Dear.
 Mrs. Willie Love and baby.
 Mr. Jay Welch.
 Mrs. W. V. Neece.
 Mr. J. L. Miller.
 Miss Frances Blaylock.
 Mr. Sam Leatherwood.
 Mrs. Harley Jenkins.
 Mr. Bob Alley.
 Master Farrel Sutton.
 Master Edward Crawford.
 No births or deaths.

BREAKS ARM

Oral Yates had the misfortune to break his arm while tearing down an old log house on his farm last Monday week. The injured limb is getting along nicely.

22 Years Ago
 in
HAYWOOD

(Taken from the file of Dec. 6, 1912.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Graves, Sunday in Asheville.
 Miss Eugenia Harrison, of Asheville, spent the day with her mother, Miss Olive Boone.
 Miss Willie Willis has been ill this week. We are glad she is getting better.
 Mr. Thad D. Bryson, former mayor of Bryson City, has been in this week on legal business.
 Miss Elizabeth Gwyn, of Asheville, was the guest of Miss W. Swift the first part of the week.
 Hon. Felix E. Alley, the efficient solicitor of this county, has spent this week in town on business.
 Mrs. A. M. Bennett, of Asheville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hyatt.
 Miss Hattie Siler gave a special Christmas Sale in the town. When doing your Christmas shopping this week stop in and see her. She will get a bargain.
 Miss Lucile Blackwell, of Asheville, is the Do As You Please Club for the day.
 The Woman's Literary Society, with Mrs. John N. Shook, president, Thursday, Dec. 5th, at 10:30. Practically all the members were present as it was the meeting of the annual election of officers, and hot coffee, sandwiches, and will be sold by the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church at the school building during the recess of the singing convention, held on December 14th.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN

Here's a new treat for boys, girls who like to build models of planes. The Junior Birdmen of America is a nation-wide organization of any child over 10 years of age. Join. Read all about this organization in the BALTIMORE SUN, AMERICAN. On sale by your favorite newsdealer or newsboy.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lawrence E. Green, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 22nd day of November, 1931, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate please make immediate payment. This 21st day of November, 1931. OLIVE BOONE GREEN, Administratrix of Lawrence E. Green, deceased.
 No. 273—Nov. 22-29-Dec. 6-13

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Thanksgiving is over, and I haven't had a bit of hash to this date.

You see, I was among those invited out for dinner, and did I do justice, or was it injustice? I've been sleepy ever since.

Honestly, that table was bow-legged from being overloaded, and after I finished I was bowlegged instead of the table.

After all, I had a very enjoyable day, but sure faced the gout square in the face every time I shoved my hoofs under the table—you see I ate four times Thanksgiving—and each time at a different place. (Figure it out for yourself, why).

Now that Thanksgiving is over, and Christmas is less than three weeks off, let's talk about politics.

There was more handshaking in the courthouse Monday morning than there has been since the primary last June. 'Course this time it was for congratulations instead of "vote for me."

There was a mighty good feeling among all those present at the inaugurations Monday morning. Some sadness, but on the whole everyone seemed well pleased.

With court going on, and together with the first Monday crowd, things were sure stirring in the Temple of Justice.

A few weeks ago I invested in some gold fish. They were lively little creatures, and seemed to be thriving, until last week I had them on our radio, and unthoughtfully I got to pranking with the insides of the set when all of a sudden the loudest noise I ever heard burst forth. I had crossed two wires that weren't supposed to be crossed.

In an hour both fish had passed on to their reward.

The only thing I can attribute to their sudden departure was the vibration of the radio. Even if they were half as scared as I once was when the main spring broke in our old phonograph while I had my heel jammed down in the horn, they had a right to die.

Never before or since have I been as frightened as I was then. I remember I had an Uncle Josh record on when the spring broke, and instead of pulling my head out of the horn, I think I must have pushed it in for I got it stuck.

Right at this time of year I am like a five-year-old kid, I get the figgets when I get around the toy counters.

It would never do for me to work around toys, 'cause I would always be winding them, or tooting the horns or trying out the newest games.

'As childish as it may seem, I hope I will always maintain a little of my childish ways.

A RIOT OF FUN

You'll find many a chuckle in the big 20-PAGE COMIC WEEKLY which comes each week with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Don't miss this great treat. Order the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN from your favorite newsdealer or newsboy.

THEY ALL GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL



CIVIL ENGINEER, Capt. Eric Loch: "Camels have been my cigarette for nine years. The longer I smoke them the more I appreciate their milder flavor. I smoke all I want and they never jangle my nerves."

EXPLORER, Mrs. Wm. LaVarro reports: "My husband and I are devoted to Camels. Any time I'm tired I stop and smoke a Camel. It wakes up my energy in no time. And here's an important point. Smoking Camels steadily, I find, does not affect one's nerves."

The "S. O. S." Behind The Lines

Physicians and nurses form the front line forces in the endless battle against sickness, but behind the line there is another essential unit, fighting just as hard and conscientiously as those at the front.

Comprising this unit are the ethical pharmacists, the "Service Supply" corps, on whom doctors and nurses must rely for ammunition in the shape of medicines and serums.

Alexander's is justly proud of their reputation for dependability and speed in supplying this demand.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54

Opposite Post Office