

The Mountaineer

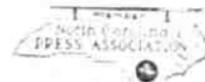
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1934

OLD AGE PENSION AGITATION

The matter of an old age pension seems to be certain to claim at least some of the attention of Congress at its next session. The Townsend Plan seems to have more consideration than any other. This plan would put all people over 60 years of age out of business and on a pension of \$200 a month with the stipulation that the entire \$200 must be spent in the monta. This would put an immense amount of money in circulation and would give people approaching oblige a feeling of security and would take business out of the possession of the old people and leave it with the younger ones, providing jobs for many now unemployed, and give the people who have labored all the years the hope of recreation and travel and amu-ement in their declining years. Of course, there are many pros and cons to a big question like this. We have so far read many more pros than cons. The first reaction to such a proposition is that it would not be practicable—good in theory, fine to think about but not workable. If the bill comes up for debate in Congress, it will be one of the most interesting discussions in many years, interesting not only to those debating but more interesting to the people back home. We are fearful that a plan that sounds so good and appeals so strongly to the great masses will be found utopian or fanciful and abandoned. If it can be shown that it is at all feasible, all the weight possible should be brought on Congress to at least give it a trial. It seems to us no more experimental than some things that are now going on. Instead of spending billions to put young men in CCC camps, why not let those boys have the jobs the older people now have and let the older ones be kept up by the government? Instead of destroying needed commodities—coffee, corn, wheat, hogs, cattle, cotton—let the government buy the surplus and give it to those not able to work—the feeble-minded, the blind, crippled, diseased. Such a plan would reduce the number of insane, would abolish county homes, and could increase the number of real homes, where children could have home training and home life, thus making lighter the burdens of the orphanages. So much is being said and so much more can be said that if the plan is impossible, that fact should be made known in very plain language so that false hopes may not be aroused in our people. If such a plan is possible, then let's adopt it.—Marshall News-Record.

MAKING USE OF TIME

"It's no trick to grow old," says Edward A. Guest, popular American poet. "Anyone can do it—if he has the time."

Behind the humor is an implication which Mr. Guest invariably hastens to make clear—Time, of itself, is nothing. It's what men fill it with that counts.

* Possibly the loneliest men on earth are those who have lived many years, selecting for the target of their efforts not others, but themselves. They are the men who have regarded their vocations as merely means for profit, not as a trust for serving society. They are the men who have had no "ne," in the words of wise old Dr. Johnson, to keep their friendships in constant repair. "They are the men who have not learned the delights of a hobby nor the thrill of a majestic sunset."

They are, in short, the men who can not say, as Robert Louis Stevenson shortly before tuberculosis ended his days, "During my life I have not been bored. All experience has been to me interesting."—The Rotarian Magazine.

WHAT KIND OF HUMAN BEING ARE YOU?

As the year 1934 wings towards its close and the new year beckons with hope it might not be a bad idea for the individual reader of these columns in The Mountaineer to take off a little time from the daily routine and think about life and some of its problems.

Many of us have been so engrossed in the tasks impelled upon us by the economic necessity of earning a livelihood that we have drifted a bit in our thinking and lost sight of the enduring aims of human existence. We have been warped in our judgment by the huge dollar mark that has been hung on everything in this country.

It might pay us to revalue the opportunities of life and begin a more orderly existence that depends upon fundamental and enduring activity rather than upon finances that another depression may wipe off the books. It might pay some of the families in Waynesville to reassess human contributions to general welfare and to strive to take some part in a program that should improve social conditions now, rather than hereafter.

Let's do some straight-talking. Quit kidding yourself. Look carefully into your participation into the activities of the race around you, and decide whether you have been an asset to the community or a form of human shark, preying upon others among whom you live. Analyze your business, social, cultural and individual aims and purposes, your methods in the past and the possibility of reaching a successful goal in the future. Then get busy and to what you think you ought to do in 1935.

HELP FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS

The sale of Christmas seals, sponsored every year by the National Tuberculosis Association, is now going on in Haywood County and should meet with hearty response here.

More than 650,000 American citizens are said to suffer from tuberculosis at an economic cost of around \$350,000,000 a year, and despite the progress being made in control work the disease still kills more people in the prime of life than any other malady.

Early diagnosis is vitally important for the recovery of individuals and extensive educational programs along this line are being carried out. When the disease is diagnosed within six months of the first symptom the chance of recovery is much higher than when treatment is delayed and the cost of the patient's care considerably less.

Once every year, at the Christmas season, the people of almost every community in this country have an opportunity to help fight the scourge that afflicts so many persons. It is the privilege of every reader to participate in this great battle by buying Christmas seals or Health Bonds which will aid the national and local associations to carry on the campaign necessary to win the victory that is desired.

GOVERNMENT WILL FORECLOSE

Announcement that the government will foreclose on property under mortgage to the Home Owners' Loan Corporation unless interest due is paid, made by John H. Fahey, chairman of the corporation, gives notice to all those who have been under the impression that undue leniency may be expected.

The government, in making vast sums available to citizens as emergency relief measures, had no intention, so far as we know, of giving away money, but only sought to relieve distressed debtors who otherwise might have lost their property. For those succeeded to try to take advantage of the government would be poor gratitude and if there are such in the country then the sooner the government cracks down the better.

It will be somewhat reassuring to many citizens, who have wondered whether these loans, and others, would be administered in a business-like way, to know that the government is ready to proceed vigorously against those who can pay their obligations but attempt to evade their responsibilities on the assumption that the government will take no action against them.

If men's shirtsleeves are to stop at the elbow, as a fashion expert advocates, what is to become of the good old custom of writing it on the cuff?—Sacramento Bee.

About the only thing a modern girl takes any trouble to hide is her embarrassment.—Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The general belief that fish is "brain food" is now declared erroneous by scientists. They probably arrived at this conclusion by noting that fish is eaten largely on Friday and observing the foolish things people do on the week-ends.—Mobile Register.

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

During the past few days the easiest conversation topic to engage in has been about the cannery and the shipping out of the state the cattle that was shipped here from the drought-stricken west.

Of course there has been many predictions made and lots of things said on both sides of the question, but it took Walter Crawford to put the finishing touches on it when he said: "They sent them from the west to spend the fall in the mountains and now they are sending them north to see Santa Claus, maybe."

The best yarn of the week goes to Uncle Coot Allen, janitor of the court house:

Uncle Coot said once there was a man who didn't know the name of a thermometer, and while talking to his girl friend called it a "zerometer." The girl didn't understand his meaning, so she inquired for further details. He said: "Land sakes, gal, that is a little pair of scales that you weigh cold weather on."

Do you remember the time when a woman darned her husband's socks? Well, that same woman has a daughter who socks her husband.

That airplane that passed over the town last week broadcasting got my curiosity—(as well as lots of others)—I'd give most anything to get hold of a contraption like that and fly over a negro settlement on Hallowe'en night.

Mr. Campbell told me afterwards that some old woman up the street laughed at the people craning their necks towards the sky when the plane was passing over. She said: "That ere talking ain't from the skies, that's someone jest foolin' you." Later she saw the plane herself and remarked: "Blast if it ain't."

I've certainly had my share of it this past week. Last issue I wrote that when a boy I had my head in the horn of a phonograph when the main spring broke, but instead of setting the type as I wrote the linotype man put it "heel"—now if that isn't turning me end for end I'd like to know what is—and all the folks that have joshed me about it don't believe it wasn't my error.

Oh, well, I think it did some good after all—it made Uncle Abe feel so good that a boner was pulled on me that he went out and bought himself a new hat and overcoat.

The most misleading sign I've seen in a long time is the one about a mile east of Canton on Highway No. 10. At first glance it looks like CAB INS. What makes it so queer is a picture of a weeping-willow tree between the words.

Speaking of weeping-willow trees, they always looked sad to me. With the limbs drooped over they reminded me of the lips of a mad person.

Wife—"At last I've found where my husband spends his evenings."

Friend—"Really? Blonde or brunette?"

Wife—"Neither. I stayed home last night and there he was."

Banker—"Madam, your account is overdrawn."

Woman—"Well, what if it is. It's my account. Can't I do as I please with it?"

Mrs. Jones—There! Broke my

Souvenirs & Joy

BY LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

Our lives are made of little things
From which our joys we borrow—
Sweet memories of yesterdays,
Bright dreams for each tomorrow;
We cherish many happy thoughts
That bring unending pleasure—
Romantic little souvenirs
Our hearts will always treasure.

A baby's tiny shoes... a pool...
A party invitation...
A garden wall and hollyhocks...
A lonely railway station...
'Tis things like these that memory
Surrounds with recollections
That grow more precious through the years,
And live in our affections.

A word of praise... a sprightly song...
An unexpected meeting
With some dear friend of long ago...
These things, however fleeting,
Will brighten all the day with cheer;
And when the stars are gleaming,
It is these happy little things
That linger in our dreaming.

Lawrence Hawthorne

22 Years Ago
in HAYWOOD

(Taken from the file of December 13, 1912.)

The Haywood Singing Convention meets tomorrow.

Dr. J. R. McCracken, minister, lotto the last of the week.

Miss Minnie Boyd spent Thanksgiving.

Attorney W. S. Blackwell, Esq., City has been here this week.

Mr. George Brown of Hayesville whose daughter won the Supreme some parlor suit in the singing competition, came for same on Wednesday.

There will be a box supper at Camp Branch school house Saturday night Dec. 14. The price will be invited.

Miss Minnie Gossett, Waynesville, winner of one of our diamond rings for her prize last week.

On Nov. 29th a box supper given by the people of East Waynesville for the purpose of paying off indebtedness on the new schoolhouse brought \$85.00.

Busy Housekeepers—Give us a little holiday. Take your time to the Singing Convention, Dec. 14th. A good time will right in the school building.

The "Spelling Bee" was a success at Waynewood by the earnest proprietor for the benefit of the Chapel was a success. In the evening the "Get rich quick" prize went to Troy Wyche and the prize went to Miss Maude Miller.

Deng Santa Claus: Will you bring me a doll, a carriage, a stove, and some more oranges? Please bring me some oranges, bananas, raisins, fruit and confections. Good-bye, Crawford.

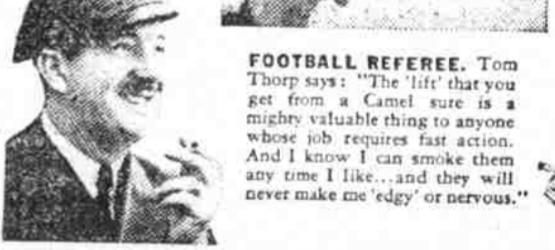
The people of Waynesville by thanked for their generous contribution to the Literary Fund. The sale as a whole was a success. The town and \$75.00 was raised for the library. The tea in connection much enjoyed.

On Friday evening, Dec. 20, the high school choral consisting of 60 boys and girls gave a Christmas cantata. They were assisted by the best musicians in Waynesville.

NEW PLANT ROBOT

Berlin—Operated electrically hydraulically the "autopilot" or self flying apparatus for large aircraft has been successfully tested in flights and is said to be able to a giant airliner at a given height speed without human control for given length of time. If the engine fails, it automatically puts the into a glide.

THEY ALL GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!



Again We Say

"CALL YOUR DOCTOR"

It is a sensible thing to call your doctor frequently enough to preserve health as well as to restore health.

Faith in your doctor, and intelligent recourse to the knowledge he offers, might mean the difference between a bed of pain and continued good health—between a premature death, and a pleasant and useful "three score and ten."

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54

Opposite Post Office