

The Mountaineer
 Published By
THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.
 Phone 137 Waynesville, N. C.
 W. C. RUSS Editor
 W. C. Russ and M. T. Briles, Publishers
 Published Every Thursday
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 1 Year, In County \$1.00
 6 Months, In County .50
 1 Year, Outside of Haywood County \$1.50
 Subscriptions payable in advance
 Office of the Post Office at Waynesville, N. C.
 It is second class matter as provided under
 Act of March 3, 1879, November 29, 1914.
 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1934

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM YOUR NEWSPAPER

The *Waynesville Mountaineer* of Springfield, Minnesota, recently asked its readers to respond to "What do you expect from your newspaper?"—and answered as follows:

Well, you expect more from your newspaper than you do from any other person or institution to which you pay the sum of 2 cents per week.

You expect your newspaper to give you all the news for every day in the year—that's why you pay for it; but

You expect your newspaper to take the lead in advocating changes for the betterment of the community.

You expect your newspaper to expose graft in public affairs, to forestall it by publishing itemized accounts of all public moneys spent.

You expect your newspaper to maintain a high standard of enterprise, devoting column after column of propaganda, supporting the band, the baseball team, community celebrations, Boy Scouts, high school athletics, school programs, home talent plays and dozens of causes and events.

You expect your newspaper to boost for good roads and protect your community's claim for its share of road improvements.

You expect your newspaper to build confidence in your home financial institutions and protect home investors from making unwise investments in surplus funds, warning against fake salesmen and other financial pirates.

You expect your newspaper to give notice of all public meetings, public observances, conventions, etc.

You expect your newspaper to urge support of poor relief benefits, library drives, Red Cross drives, Christmas seal drives, legion and auxiliary drives, poppy sales, forget-me-not sales, have-a-heart drives, etc., etc.

You expect your newspaper to publish church notices, church programs, club news, farm bureau information, demonstration unit news, market news, weather news, bring you the market reports and cover all doings of the many semi-public organizations.

And you expect all this for 2 cents per week. No, it can't be done for that. The money you pay for the newspaper covers less than one-eighth the cost of publishing the paper.

Since advertisers pay a large share of the expense of publishing your newspaper, don't you owe them the duty to patronize them whenever they offer you equal or better values than non-advertisers?

But in addition to the many services which the newspaper is able to give you, you have an outstanding buying advantage when you study the newspaper ads before going on a buying trip. The ads point out money-saving values. **WHEN ADVERTISED.** No advertiser cares to invest money in telling you about unattractive buys. His advertising carries the **VALUES** that will bring you to him, to make pleased and steady customers.

Newspaper readers, newspaper advertisers and the newspaper itself are closely linked together in helping one another and helping the community—and all profit thereby.—Ex.

Old maids should be more hopeful now since there is so much talk going around that the old age pension bill is likely to be passed—many a man would marry an old woman and live off her \$200 a month.

The trouble with the experts is that they are rarely able to agree.

HAYWOOD'S RANKING

It is interesting to know that Haywood County ranks fourteenth in the state according to per capita wealth as listed for taxation in 1933. This information is given in the current issue of the University News Letter, and information compiled therein showed that Haywood ranks much higher than the average for the state.

The per capita wealth of this county as shown in 1933, while the average for the state is \$859. The highest average for any county in the state is Forsyth County, with an average of \$1,322. The lowest is Ashe County with \$175.

The taxable wealth in Haywood in 1933 was set at \$20,500,000. In 1933 it was almost the same with \$22,700,000 being on the tax books. The average per county for the state in 1933 was slightly over two million.

The rankings of adjoining counties are as follows: Henderson 9th; Buncombe 12th; Swain 18th; Transylvania 55th; Jackson 63rd; Cherokee 65th; Macon 79th; Clay 92nd.

Haywood's 1933 tax rate of \$1.57 was 47 cents higher than the average for the state for the same period.

WORK OR STARVE

Some people are natural born complainers. They are never happier than when they are complaining about something. There are others who are born lazy, and they never get over it.

There are people who quit jobs to go on the relief roll; workers who refuse jobs because they prefer to take a small amount from the relief and be lazy. All kinds of tricks are played to take advantage. It is reported that in one certain whole community it is almost impossible to get domestic help because these workers prefer the easy money from FERA. No doubt favoritism is shown in many instances. If communities know of cases of "cheating" on these relief rolls and do not report them, they have no right to kick about them afterwards.

We wish something could be done to scare the wits out of these cheaters and make them go to work. Work is one of the real cures for most difficulties. They should be scared as bad as Sambo, when the farmer caught him in his hen house. Sambo, telling about it afterwards, said he was so scared that when the farmer grabbed him by the shoulder, he said to him: "White boy, what you doin' here?"—Morgan-ton News-Herald.

WAY TO STOP CRIME

While definite details are not available, the idea advanced at the Crime Conference held in Washington to create permanent national anti-crime organization strikes us as being one of the best forward steps possible in the realm of law enforcement.

While states and local units should not surrender all powers to the Federal government, some method of control should be evolved which will cope with present-day criminal activities. The widespread use of the automobile has enabled gangsters and bandits to flee from the scene of their depredations and take advantage of various technicalities.

While we are not anxious to widen the scope of Federal activities, there is no reason why the law enforcement officers of North Carolina and Haywood County should not be welded into a compact organization that will form a part of a national anti-crime army.

Two suggestions made at the conference deserve special attention. One is the idea advanced by Attorney-General Cummings to set up a police "West Point" for training officers from all over the country in crime detection and the other was the warning from J. Edgar Hoover chief of the Justice Department's Division of investigation that there could be no permanent suppression of crime until political pressure on law enforcement agencies disappeared and there was established some effective co-operation between all agencies of the law.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IS VITAL

Physical education is beginning to receive greater attention in the public schools and leading educators go so far as to say that the health of school children should be placed on a par with their mental development.

The emphasis is not misplaced. While the schools of Haywood County have shown signs of realizing the vital importance of proper physical development for pupils the surface has been scratched, not cultivated, and there exists vast room for a more comprehensive program.

The present concept of physical education goes much further than producing athletes and embraces all means of building healthy bodies for healthy minds. It is intended to offer supervised athletic opportunities to every boy and girl in the school system, by which they will be encouraged to participate in games and acquire the full benefits that flow from competitive sports.

When Mother Stays in Bed
by *Louise Hawthorne*



When a Mother has a real bad cold
 Or isn't feelin' very well,
 An' Daddy makes her stay in bed,
 It certainly is hard t' tell
 What we're supposed t' wear t' school,
 Or when it's time for us t' go,
 Or if we've got our books an' things;
 'Cause Daddy doesn't seem t' know!

An' when it comes t' breakfast—Gee
 There doesn't seem t' be a bite
 For us t' eat! But Daddy says
 That everything will be all right!
 He tells us that he learned t' cook
 When he was just a little kid,
 An' when his mother wasn't well
 That's only part o' what he did.

But, if he learned, he soon forgot,
 'Cause all the toast is hard an' black,
 An' every egg busts right in two
 When Daddy flops it on its back.
 But I feel kind o' sorry then,
 'Cause he does the best he can—
 And, anyhow, a cookin' job
 Don't look so easy for a man.

No sir, it ain't a bit o' fun
 When Mother isn't well an' strong,
 An' everything we try t' do
 Gets all mixed-up an' turns out wrong;
 But when she comes downstairs again
 It doesn't take her long t' see
 What should be done, an' very soon
 She's got things like they oughter be!

Random SIDE GLANCES
 By W. CURTIS RUSS

Is my face red? Am I mortified?
 Am I horrified?
 Whew! It is not because of the cold weather. During the frigid period I took a little cold, but it was not until Saturday that I thawed out and noticed it much. Saturday morning I wore my sweater in the office, and while talking to a big business man I suddenly felt the need of a handkerchief, and reaching in my pocket pulled one out only to find it was my wife's—she had been wearing my sweater.

Now there I was before this man, in dire need of a man's handkerchief and there all I had was a four by four woman's hanky—what a situation.

To say the least, the cold weather was trying on one's religion.

Edwin Poteat, while not starring on the football field at tackle, makes models of planes. He just does it for the fun there is in it, and spends hour after hour on the slightest detail of the models—what patience.

This question of old age pensions is keeping the world turning now. Some believe it's a good thing—others think it would ruin the country, and others don't give a hang. Anyway it is an interesting subject.

There's this much about it, a lot of people that are sixty or nearly that, wouldn't be as bashful in admitting it as they are now.

One man said he was going to get an official copy of his birth certificate in case it went through. He wanted to be sure that he was born, I guess.

I wonder if some of these women who haven't had a birthday in fifteen years would have the grit to have their sixtieth one then?

Since it will be a couple of years or more before I would be eligible for the pension I've decided I won't grow old by worrying about it.

If you ever want an illustration to give with a story see Mr. J. R. Boyd at the bank. He's got a "sack full" and is always ready to pass them out.

Last week Mr. Boyd was giving a cigar hall Columbia and the cellophane was still on it—he don't smoke 'em, he just lets them melt.

I'm still being kidded about getting my heel hung in the phonograph horn when it was my head—if I knew the Linotype man did that on purpose I'd write him up proper.

A good one coming to this office was about the man who had a dentist make an X-ray picture of his wife's jaw, and in telling about the outcome of the pictures said: "Why all the dentist could get was moving pictures."

Here's a bit of poetry, that is not original with me, but—
 Mary had a little dress,
 Dainty, chic, and airy;
 It didn't show the dirt a bit,
 But gosh, how it showed Mary.

I've been reminded by one of Waynesville's most "noticeable" young men that Santa Claus is about the only person who pays any attention to silk stockings when there is nothing in them.

My curiosity has been aroused ever since I happened to think what members of a nudist colony could give for a Christmas gift.

22 Years Ago
 in
HAYWOOD

(From the files of December 20, 1912)

Captain W. J. Hannah and son, William, spent Wednesday in Asheville and were...
 Miss. Annie...
 Mr. Harry...
 Miss. Dulle Lee...
 Mr. James...
 Mr. J. M. Reed...
 CHRISTMAS GIFTS...
 COAL—FEED...
 ATT & COMPANY...
 BOOKS—TOYS...
 Waynesville Book...
 THE 5 and 10 CEN...
 TURE FRAMING, K...
 USEFUL CHRISTMAS...
 FURNITURE COMP...
 Street...
 WILLIAM BROTHERS...
 LAUNDRY. We guar...
 work...
 THE MEDFORD FU...
 COMPANY, 15 Days Big...
 Sale...
 Bay Red Cross Christ...
 Every seal sold is a real...
 fight against tuberculosis...
 holiday mail be sure to...
 Cross Christmas sticker...
 A plumber arrived at the...
 a busted nine rather late...
 ing the man of the house...
 he received the following ans...
 so bad, I taught my wife...
 while waiting for you."

Be Sure To Include
Carolina Ice Cream
 On Your Holiday Menus
 MADE ONLY FROM GRADE "A" MILK
 All Flavors—Accept No Other

Insist on Carolina Grade "A" Milk, Buttermilk, Cream and Butter at your Grocer.

Western Carolina Creamery
 PHONE 10 R. W. WOODALL, Manager

SATISFYING KNOWLEDGE

When you place a prescription in the hands of ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE, you have the satisfying knowledge that you are getting the BEST that superior pharmaceutical skill and modern methods can produce, both in faithfulness to the doctor's written instructions and quality of ingredients. For a loved one who is ill, nothing less than the BEST would be considered for a moment by any of us, and that fact has always been our guiding star in the management of this institution.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE
 Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office