

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Better to sink beneath the shock, than moulder piece meal on the rock.—Byran. Manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education.—Ernest Thompson seton. All truth is an achievement. If you would have truth at its full value, go win it.—Munger. Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire. It is only those who do not know how to work that do not love it. To those who do, it is better than play.—H. H. Patterson.

A WISE MOVE BY THE INDIANS

The decision made by the Cherokee Indians refusing the Scenic Parkway to pass through the reservation from Soco Gap to the Park cannot be termed the unexpected—nor the regrettable. The fact is, the entire section will be better off by their refusal.

Certainly the Indians are better off, since the Parkway would have taken 1600 acres of their best farming land, and the new proposed route from Soco Gap via Black Camp Gap to Smokemont affords scenic views that cannot be found anywhere in the park area.

The Indians will be content with a Paved highway from Soco Gap to the Reservation. This road would give them a shorter outlet into Waynesville. The contract for the road from Soco Gap to Cherokee was let at one time, but held up because of the decision to run the Parkway over the route. The contract called for \$430,000.

The State Highway Commission is scheduled to meet in Raleigh within ten days and if we are not too far wrong we believe the Indians will be on hand to see that the contract is renewed for building the road from Soco Gap to their reservation.

It is a known fact that through the years the Indians have given and given, until they have very little left, and the very least that can be done now is give them this eastern outlet. Not only would the road help them, but would afford a loop into the park and back through the reservation that would be unsurpassed.

So after all, their decision on the routing of the Scenic Parkway was a wise one, from every standpoint.

BEWARE OF RUMORS

Not that Waynesville is any different from any other town, but it seems that there are entirely too many unfounded rumors floating around these days.

The least little thing out of the ordinary sets things going—whether good or bad, and most of the time it is the bad that gets the most push and greatest circulation.

Several times this week rumors about this or that have gotten out, and not a one of them panned out to be true. This is especially true

Just for an example of how rumors can go regarding the paralysis scare, to the extreme, only last week two women were in an automobile accident about five miles from here. Within a short time the report was that both had died from injuries. One man even saw them pass out—but a check-up showed that the women weren't injured enough to be required to remain in the hospital but a short while—a couple of hours.

And there it goes. In another instance a hotel man said his business was off about five per cent. After passing by rumors, in less than an hour it has grown to twenty-five percent.

Of course, there will always be rumors, but the best thing is to never repeat one for the truth, nor take stock in them. Chances are that one in a million is right.

Corn growers of Haywood County report more than usual trouble from the bud worm and corn borer this season.

NEW TERRITORY AFFORDS OPPORTUNITIES

Figures just released by the park service show that during the month of June an estimate of 17,100 automobiles carrying 65,021 people entered the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

That alone is worthy of careful consideration, but the fact that 1,081 of these cars were from Ohio and 795 from Illinois, 366 from Michigan, 298 from Kentucky, 199 from Indiana, 171 from New York, 155 from Pennsylvania as compared with 150 from Florida clearly shows that the great travel into the park will be from the mid-west rather than from the South.

Does this report of the Park Service mean that we should divert some of our advertising and efforts to the mid-west and north rather than wholly in the South? The figures show that greater opportunities are there, at least.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Science is man's modern worker of magic. There is hardly a story of ancient magic which has not been more than matched by the accomplishment of modern science in the same field.

Science is man's greatest weapon and his greatest ally against hunger, disease, and the dangers of the unknown.

Science even takes note of our fads and fancies and attempts to satisfy them.

There's the odoriferous onion, for instance. Most people like the onion, but dislike its odor intensely, especially when it is in somebody else's breath.

And so science has for a long time been trying to invent, or develop, or produce—or however it is that one gets a new kind of onion—a variety of the allium cepa which is minus that particular offensive odor.

And now it is eureka, or something, for science.

The president of the United Brotherhood of Vegetarians says the odorless onion is about to make its debut.

Which will be good news for the lovers of "steak and onions," to which brotherhood certainly most of us belong.—Rock Hill, S. C., Herald.

A check-up of the week-end auto accidents brought the total of the country to eighty-two. The average citizen reads such alarming news with little concern, and no thought of doing anything about it, yet if some contagious disease claimed that number of people in the same length of time we would all be up in arms demanding the officials to "do something."

Isn't it peculiar how hard-up some people claim they are, while others claim they're not hard-up but are.

Cornfield Philosophy

ONE DAY OF COURT

Monday, July 8—Judge Alley is holding court. The crowd is gathering, a typical Criminal Court assemblage, and how interesting to observe, to study the faces of this human throng! All ages are here, from the child in its mother's arms to bowed and decrepit old men and women seventy-five or eighty years old. . . all mixing, elbowing, jostling. . . Little groups gathered here and there, talking, laughing and joking. Some have sad, care-worn faces but most of these folks are in the best of humor. And why not? For this is reunion time come again, Haywood County Court!

The charge is finished. "John B. Doe, John B. Doe" the court crier calls out. . . and there's a stir in the lobby as some one answers and makes his way toward the grand jury room. . . Now look outside. . . the people are still coming. . . already it looks like there's little parking space left. Listen! Strains of music. . . the crowd is shifting. . . now the people are crowding around two mountain boys with banjo and guitar, and soon the notes of "Birmingham Jail" are heard, piercing, sad.

The poor devil in trouble is always to be seen—and pitied. . . violators old and young, but mostly young. They've come to get it over with. But the saddest part of it all is the constant dragging of other members of the family, probably innocent, into the picture. . . often we see a care-worn, frail mother with child in arms, waiting, waiting to hear the verdict and sentence of her "old man."

"This afternoon, the sun is getting low. . . Oh, yes, oh yes, this honorable court is now adjourned."—and soon the scene has changed again, as the clatter of hundreds of feet are heard on the sidewalks. . . another day of Haywood County Criminal Court has passed into history.

HEROES GREAT—AND SMALL

Yes and we don't have to go to "Flanders Fields" nor turn back the pages of history to find them. Neither do the names of those heroes chiseled in monuments of stone and the lists of those who voted a place in the Halls of Fame begin to name all the heroes.

Heroism, what is it but devotion to a cause, principle—or person maybe, the unselfish sacrifice, "carrying on" under difficulties, etc. And there's so many of these common-place, everyday heroes that the world, always looking for great heroes, scarcely notices them at all.

I like to think of Mr. Clarence Miller, with a lifetime of service to his church and community and 60 odd years of close application to business "at the same old stand". . . with totering steps carrying on until the end.

And of "Granny" Underwood, nearing 80 years of age and a great grand mother of many children; she, with bowed form still sits, Marner-like, at her loom and turns out those intricate and beautiful patterns.

And I like to think of that honest, sun-tanned farmer and his wife laboring, laboring early and late, sacrificing. . . saving, here a little, there a little, until the mortgage is finally lifted and the children are "through school."

And why not add to these examples that of a poor colored girl here in Waynesville. Stricken with infantile paralysis, she went on a crutch, almost dragging one foot; yet she traveled more than two miles a day going and coming to her place of work where she rendered commendable service for months in heat and cold, rain or shine.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Just as I was all keyed up to write a column on "Court Week" in walked the Rambler with a whole half column about it. That meant I didn't have to go in the crowd. . . and it was hot any way Monday. . . so there—

And since it has gotten warm here, the bean crop has broken loose, according to A. G. Roberts, produce man of the Land O' the Sky Association. To sell four, five or six hundred hampers of beans a week is small pickings in his line. And after selling beans, talking beans, buying beans, and everything else that can be done to beans, his wife tells that he goes home and wants beans. . . evidently a sure nuff "bean man."

I wonder if Mr. Roberts will admit that he could handle a bean shooter in school to perfection?

These "five minute" naps, which many of us like to take just before getting up, are sometimes hours long—or at least that was the case of a certain young business man last week. He thought it was 7:15 so he dozed off intending to get up at 7:30, but something went wrong with his calculations, and at eleven o'clock he woke up. . . imagine his feelings.

There is a man in Waynesville who speaks about \$90 a month for gas and oil for just his one car. . . to call his name would be unfair to the service station he is patronizing. . . but customers like that must be rare.

Last week I was a victim of one of the 'phone calls which aggravates you to death. . . you know, one of the kind where they call and try to make you guess who it is talking, and carry on a lot of fool without giving the slightest inkling of who it is. This particular call, though, turned out to be for someone else besides myself. . . which turned the joke on the caller. . . but only after my dander had been ruffled.

And speaking of service stations, two months ago not a one in Waynesville was operated on 24-hour service—now at least three have taken the locks off the doors for continued service.

During the past week I have passed one of the qualifications of being an outstanding Methodist preacher. . . eaten enough fried chicken to make any person turn green with envy. . . not that times are that good at our house, but just luck and specials. . . started off with a picnic on the Fourth. . . had chicken at Rotary in the Hotel Gordon's new dining room Friday. . . was invited out Sunday and ran into more. . . and Monday had the "pieces" not commonly used on picnics. . . and lo, and behold, on Tuesday evening Mr. Craft up and invited the Chamber of Commerce directors down to the Gordon for dinner, and again there appeared fried chicken. . . (but nary a scrap was left). . . cluck, cluck!

D. A. Howell, the man who has the reputation for collecting taxes, often makes the remark, "Where are you?" He tells the way he started using the phrase—back years ago he and the Dr. B. F. Smathers went on an overnight fishing trip, and during the night it began to rain, so they sought shelter on the other side of the river, with Dr. Smathers carrying the light and Mr. Howell the "grub." Dr. Smathers saw what he thought was a big rock and jumped for it—but it was foam—after the splash Mr. Howell called out, "Where are you?" The answer was: "In six feet of foam."

To save my life I can't understand how some people get by with the driving they do. . . only last week I met a woman on a narrow road, but one that was plenty wide for two cars to pass. Evidently she did not think so because she threw up both hands and just yelled, then reached for the horn and started to blow, and all the time heading straight for me. . . the only way out was for me to take to the ditch, which I did only to ruin a fender. And to this day that woman still believes she's a good driver.

There's no question about it but what the improvements on the Hotel Gordon are the outstanding of the

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

THE GREATEST MYSTERY—

There are three great mysteries in the world. One is the mystery of life, what is it? Where does it come from? Where does it go. The next is the mystery of the human mind. Man is the only animal who has a desire to better his condition. The squirrels gather and store their food the same as squirrels did a thousand years ago. The beaver builds his dam the same as the beavers have built their dams since creation's dawn. But a man alone of all the animal kingdom is not content to stand still. He must improve his condition. He must advance. He must do things better than his grandfather did them, better than his father did them. Man is never satisfied with the degree of perfection he has attained. Something within him is always reaching out and clamoring for higher, greater and better things. This is the mystery of the human mind. The other great mystery is the mystery of Christ in a man's soul. Without it a man is a more dangerous animal than any of the others of the animal kingdom because in addition to the reasoning power of an intelligent mind. He has greater possibilities of cruelty and destruction than the most powerful beast of the jungle. But the presence of Christ in the heart and soul of man has made of him a different creature and is the influence that will cause him to rise still greater and more enduring heights than animal cunning and strength and human reasoning and

season—hot, inside and out looks like a different place—and anyone with a "bay window" has no business in the dining room.

And did you see the Home Guards off Saturday?—a nice looking group, with every ear mark of real soldiers.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of July 7, 1911. Mr. Fayette Swift made a business trip to Marion. . . Mr. Lenoir Gwyn, of . . . spent Sunday and Monday here. . . Mr. Jarvis Palmer, of . . . was a Waynesville visitor. . . Misses Bessie Adams and Bessie Lee have gone to Murphy. . . to Miss Beryl Bryson. . . Messrs. Charlie Tull, W. . . Dee Conover, and Howell . . . spent Tuesday in Asheville. . . Miss Elizabeth Clarke, of . . . Va., is the guest of Miss Annie . . . at the home of her parents on Pigeon street. . . Miss Mary Page, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James E. . . away, has returned to her home in Raleigh.

We have lately received the catalogue of the A. & M. College at Raleigh. This technical instruction is doing a most valuable work for our state. Men trained there are certainly making good, as farmers, as engineers, as textile workers, in all forms of skilled enterprise. . . Miss Hazel Killian entertained with a reception on Thursday evening. In the receiving line were the Messrs. Shockey and Hagood, guests of Miss Killian, and the Messrs. Marshall, house guests of Mrs. Howell.

The reception given tonight at the Suyeta Park Hotel by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in honor of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, will be the most important social affair of the season. The hotel has been beautifully decorated for the occasion, with quantities of sweet peas, rhododendron, and . . . Punch will be served in the hall. The officers of the Haywood Chapter U. D. C. with a number of veterans from the Pink Welch Camp and Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama, will receive with Mrs. Jackson.

The citizens of this section will be given a fine opportunity to learn about the importance of good roads, and the best method of building them and keeping them in repair, when the "Road Improvement Trip," being operated by the Southern Railway, and affiliated lines, working in conjunction with the United States office of Public Roads, visits Waynesville on July 11, at 10 A. M. Those in charge of the train extend a cordial invitation to the people of the community to attend the exhibit. . . logic would ever be possible. It is the one power that can take a human wreck and transform it into a being of purpose and direction. It can take out of the heart cruelty and greed and murder, and put into their place gentleness and usefulness and love. Without its influence man is little more than an intelligent animal. It is the greatest of all mysteries.

CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND ATHLETES SAY. CAMELS HAVE FLAVOR, PLUS MILDNESS... A RARE COMBINATION THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR RUFFLE MY NERVES. I'M NO ATHLETE, BUT CAMELS ARE MY CIGARETTE TOO. I AGREE WITH CARL HUBBELL THAT CAMELS ARE MILD. THEY NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT. CARL HUBBELL, star pitcher of the New York Giants. SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT! CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCO!

DANGERS OF GUESSWORK. When a pharmacist guesses that a pharmaceutical for which there is a known prescribed standard of strength will serve the purpose for which it is prescribed, he is taking chances with somebody's health and with his own and the physician's reputation. He does not need to guess. He can buy that preparation under a name of known reliability, and there is no excuse for the purchase and use of anything with less than that liability behind it. Few men in the drug business ever achieved fine reputations in the communities they serve by assuming that there was no distinct relationship between the quality of a product and the price they paid for that product. ASK YOUR DOCTOR. Two LICENSED PHARMACISTS For Your Protection. ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE. Phones 53 & 54. Opposite Post Office. Try At Home First. . . And You'll Never Regret It