

The Mountaineer

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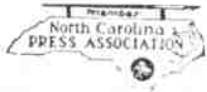
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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work to play and to look up at the stars.—Henry Van Dyke.

Behavior is the theory of manners practically applied.—Bene Necker.

Blessed are the joy-makers.—N. P. Willis.

Truth is such a precious article, let us all economize in its use.—Mark Twain.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when whatever be the attitude of the body the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

A WORKING GRAND JURY

The Haywood Grand Jury was praised in no uncertain terms Saturday by Judge Felix E. Alley, after their report had been read to the court.

The Grand Jury "was exceedingly diligent in investigating crime," they were told by the court.

Of course, there is much that the grand jury did which has not been made public, but it stands to reason that the recommendations made by them are well worth while.

There is one particular item which we feel has been neglected long enough, and that is putting the name on the court house.

While in many parts of the state there has been an increasing sentiment against the grand jury system, but evidently there was a need of one in Haywood this term of court, as they worked until Saturday noon, and as one member expressed it: "I felt like I was on a vacation when I went back to my regular job Saturday afternoon. It was the hardest work I ever remember."

HE FORGOT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

A few weeks ago a new store was opened here with the intention of remaining open all summer, but the management neglected to inform the buying public that he was in business.

He took for granted that customers would find his place and be eager to buy.

His assumption was all wrong.

People buy where they know their wants can be met, and there are very few that spend time trying to find these places—they expect the merchant to inform them of what he has. The buying public has also learned to expect this information in the form of newspaper advertisements.

The man who came here and opened for business expected to get customers via the "word of mouth" system. But didn't. He has closed, and gone.

Others have opened similar places of business—advertised, and ARE doing business.

CIVILIZE THE DRIVER

Science and industry have done their part in producing the automobile. Paul de Kruif, in a recent magazine article, declares that "hardly fifteen per cent of all accidents can be laid to automobile defects." The culprit is the driver. Collectively, he has not yet mastered the new device, has not yet adjusted his nervous organism to its demands, has not yet mastered the technique of making this invention a part of his social routine with economy of human wastage. He is, in short, not yet civilized.

But, to sum all, he lacks courtesy. The vital core of courtesy is consideration for other people. Courtesy is a product of the fine sort of imagination that instinctively pictures other people desiring the treatment you would like to have them do if the circumstances were reversed. Courtesy is not the cloak to be exhibited upon occasion for admiration of friends; it is a way-of-doing so regularly practiced that it best may be described as a habit.—Rotarian Magazine.

FAR-FETCHED IDEA

The Miami Daily News is quite upset with the news that has drifted back to that city from North Carolina (?) that the so-called "epidemic" of infantile paralysis is nothing more than a publicity stunt pulled by Eastern North Carolina against Western North Carolina for alleged avenging resulting from the wet and dry election in 1932.

As will be remembered, several Eastern counties went into the wet column in 1932 while the west stuck solidly in the dry division. For this, the Miami paper says, the East began the propaganda in an effort "to get even."

The first that we had heard of the alleged feud was in the Florida paper, and we believe they have been misinformed. The citizens of North Carolina are not made up of the type of people that would resort to such tactics. It is true that there was a difference of opinion during the 1932 election, but not enough to start the damaging propaganda credited to them.

It would be just as reasonable for the press of North Carolina to "assume" that the storms which southern Florida is subject to in late fall are due to the prayers of Floridians in and around Jacksonville and Northern Florida, just "to get even."

We fail to understand why such far-fetched ideas as presented by the Miami paper are even worthy of second thought, much less a lengthy editorial.

POWER RATES ALMOST EQUAL IN COUNTY

The Federal Power Commission just sent out a report of a survey recently completed in North Carolina of the present prevailing power rates. In Haywood county, three of the incorporated towns—Canton, Clyde and Hazelwood—are served by Carolina Power and Light Company, while the town of Waynesville buys from the same concern but resells the power. A comparison of the rates shows that there is but little difference.

Waynesville has a minimum charge of \$1.20, with 15 kilowatt hours included. The other three towns have a minimum charge of \$1.00 with 10 kilowatt hours included.

For 40 kilowatt hours Waynesville residents are charged \$2.95, while the other three towns pay \$3.00.

When it comes to lighting, small appliances and refrigeration rates, the other towns are \$1.00 cheaper on 150 kilowatt hours than Waynesville—\$7.50 and \$8.50.

The average charge per 500 kilowatt hours in Waynesville is \$3.45 as compared with \$2.51 in the three other towns.

It is interesting to note the vast difference in rates in many towns in the state, some having rates almost twice those existing in Haywood.

Cornfield Philosophy

TWO QUESTIONS

Well, do I remember that old range cook stove... It stood in a corner of the kitchen down at my old home some forty years ago. There was a space behind the old range that made a good winter-time warming place for a small chair; so into this corner the young Cornfield Philosopher would often go after the evening chores had been done to await supper perhaps, or to warm a few minutes before the mid-day meal. Now in that day, the price of a "Home Comfort" range was considered a pretty fair fortune, and as the old cook stove commenced to give away in places, I had dark forebodings of the day when it would be finally spent, and a new one would have to be bought.

And about that time another, and more perplexing question took hold of my mind, naturally, gradually—that of religion. Naturally, I say, because in that day people took their religion far more seriously than they do today. Such Bible questions as the end of time, the judgment and separation of the righteous from the wicked and destruction of the latter by fire and brimstone were preached as being literally true back then.

So the question of the end of time and that of the final wearing out or end of that old cook stove were the two most serious problems weighing on my child mind; and somehow I came to connect the two together, that is, I thought the end of time would be about when the old range gave away. And why not, I reasoned; if we could not afford to buy another cook stove, it would probably be best for time to end then and there—provided we were all ready to die.

Well, time went on, we, of course, managed to buy another cook stove, and the matter was dismissed from my mind as being of little consequence after all. But the other question, that of religion, is one that cannot be cast aside so lightly, although we live in a day when it is no longer taken very seriously, not even by those who preach it.

TIME CHANGES

Time heals, time destroys—and my how time changes things! For an example of how changes are continually being wrought all around us, look down on Jonathan's Creek where the grading of highway No. 284 is now in progress. The new survey, the second within the past fifteen years, is not only straighter than the old road, but it is about in the center of that fertile valley, splitting it in halves. Farm houses that fronted against the old highway will now be cut off a considerable distance by the new road, and visa versa.

Another example of what changes have taken place in a short period of time is the old road leading from the main highway on Jonathan's Creek via the old Fowler place and connecting at the Cass Leatherwood place.

This was once the main traveled road between Jonathan and Iron Duff; today it is seldom ever traveled save by the few families living on it, and the section it traverses seems lonely and neglected. This condition is to be attributed chiefly to one little, yet important thing, the laying out of the R. F. D. route via the Dock Boyd place.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

As this is being written right after a big meal, the most appropriate subject is "eating." I've eaten under many circumstances and in many places—from swanky places to munching a sandwich between peeks on a typewriter and I've also come to the conclusion that the manner in which you eat is a very determining factor in a large degree how this fact.

The food in the average swanky place does not taste any better than ordinary food, but when served in style it just seems so.

The manner in which it is served determines the "mental" acceptance and that means a lot. When the food is "thrown" at you it seems awful, when it really is the food itself might be perfect.

There are some people who can serve in such a way as to make you almost like the certain food you ordinarily turn down.

And in eating places, the biggest asset is the over-marked slogan: "Service with a Smile!"

The best meal on earth can be ruined when served by a person with an expression as if they were suffering from indigestion.

—and tell me, what is worse than under-estimating the amount of watermelon you can eat?

While seeking shelter from the Asheville storm Sunday, dropped in on some old friends, and their little boy informed us that he liked school fine, but liked the recess better.

Until several months ago he had never been in a fight, but after taking all he could from the neighborhood bully he forgot himself and won his first fight—now he is the "cock of the walk."

After the other boys found it was useless to mix with him over disputed questions, they sought to take revenge out on his dog—but have found that to be a bigger undertaking than expected, after paying the consequences later.

There is something about these Sunday afternoon visits that makes you take a new hold on life... and nothing makes such a visit more nerve-wracking than to hear a chronic grumbler tell of all their troubles.

People walking down the street with their arms folded look as if they don't know what to do with themselves.

And it is just about this time of year when some June-grooms wish they could trade places with an ostrich... it being said that an ostrich can digest almost anything.

More than one of us mountaineers suffered a stiff neck last week, after trying to keep up with the flights of the planes here—one at McCracken's field, Hazelwood, and a sea-plane on Lake Junaluska.

A Scotchman paid a visit to a friend in London, but stayed far longer than was expected. Time dragged on, and still the visitor from the north made no attempt to leave. At length the friend dropped a general hint. "Don't you think," he said, "that your wife and children would like to see you again?"

"Thanks verra much," was the answer. "It is most awful kind of you, I'll send for them."

Strange—but-True

Of the 1,426 Radio stations in the World, 598 are in the United States, Russia comes next with 75.

On the U. S. S. Lexington there are 6,000 lighting fixtures, 700 electric motors, nearly 600 automatic dial telephones and 330 loud speakers with microphones for verbal orders and bugle calls.

It is said that the loudest noise ever heard was on August 27, 1883, when the volcano of Pik Perbuton, on the Island of Krakuta, exploded in the most violent eruption within historic times, killing 35, injuring 147.

There are 2,300,000 stones in the Great Pyramid.

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

THE GOOD SPORT—There is something in all of us that impels our admiration of what we term is good sportsmanship. We all like to see a man who knows how to win, and who also, when fortune is against him, knows how to lose. It is generally conceded that he is a poor sport who won't take his own medicine. The person who persists in playing the game, of life his own way, who pays no attention to the sign posts along the way, who scorns the advice and warning of wiser friends and then when trouble inevitably overtakes him comes crying on the shoulder of those whose admonitions he refused, is a poor sport. We see them about us every day. They tell the world that they are living their own life and playing the games their own way. They are squandering their time, their money, their youth with the abandon of a prodigal. They are indulging in habits and practices that will eventually break down their morale and dissipate their youth. They are cultivating habits of idleness instead of industry. They are drifting instead of pulling against the current. Some day when they arrive at the destination toward which they are definitely headed they will wake up to their own mistake. They will discover that they, instead of their well intentioned friends, are wrong. At such a time they will call for these same friends to come to their rescue and loudly bewail their lot instead of taking their medicine as they should and would if they were truly good sports.

China Breakage on Big Liners China breakages are a big item on an Atlantic liner. On an average voyage a big liner will require about 21,000 plates, 10,000 cups, and 12,000 glasses of all sorts.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of the Mountaineer) Mr. Corney, Edgewood, was visiting in the city... Dr. F. M. Davis... on business... Mr. D. M. Carr... among the visitors... Mr. Clifford L. Davis... arrived this week... for a visit to relatives... Miss Eleanor... is the guest of Miss... Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Long... children spent Sunday... on Jonathan's Creek... Messrs. Charlie... of Canton, were... on Sunday... Miss Lillian Allen... Miss Mattie Elmore... Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shackelford... were the guests last week of Mrs. Mattie Queen... Prof. and Mrs. Max Bryant... Webster Grove, Mo.,... will spend the summer in Waynesville at their cottage... Road.

Friends of Mr. ... will be glad to learn... promoted to superintendent... Maysworth Manufacturing... at Maysworth.

Mrs. Harry... Philadelphia, arrived yesterday... several weeks to...

Mr. D. J. Bryson... guest several days... and Mrs. J. M. Long...

Solicitor Felix E. ... an excellent prosecutor... the state. He is thorough... scientific, and fair... immovable for the... lawyer, and an eloquent...

There will be a meeting... of the Woman's Christian... at the Baptist church... at five o'clock... attendance of the members... especially those who have recently joined the union... and strangers always welcome.

By request of a lady of Waynesville, space has been granted in this paper to be filled regularly with articles of general interest and profit to our citizens. The column will be entitled, "Communications and Selections." The first installment will begin next week.

Adjournment of Congress The Constitution says: "Neither house, during the session of congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting."

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 TOBACCOS!

CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN
Avoid serious illness. Consult your doctor before a minor ailment has time to become a chronic disease.
Then, aid your physician by having your prescription properly compounded by registered pharmacists only.
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