

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Wardour is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of all sunshine, graceful from all gladness, beautiful because bright.—T. Carlyle.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate, like clocks, they must occasionally be cleaned and wound up and set to true time.—H. W. Beecher.

There is nothing more evident than that which can be seen by the eyes and nothing more palpable than that which can not be perceived by the senses.—Confucius.

THE COUNTY FAIR

The second Haywood County Fair will open its doors next Tuesday morning. Indications are that the fair will be far better than last year, and if present enthusiasm is any measuring rod for the success of the fair, it is an assured thing now.

From all sections of the county the news is coming in that many exhibits have been prepared and will be on hand for the opening early Tuesday morning.

Hundreds of dollars in premiums are being offered, and it is believed that the farmers and others will take advantage of the prizes. This year has been a good year for the crops, and many have made above the average with their yields.

The fairs back in the teens brought thousands to them, and it is believed that this year's fair will attract crowds from far and wide. The fair officials are making every effort to make this year's fair on par with those of the long ago, as far as exhibits are concerned.

The attitude of the public towards this year's fair will determine to a large degree whether others will be staged in the future.

POETIC JUSTICE

Last week the Rambler in his column mentioned the chicken thief in Stanly county who left \$200 in the chicken yard after making a raid. On the same incident, The Charlotte News had the following editorial:

"Down in Stanly county sits a farmer who waits, with a gun on his knee and a grim smile on his face. It is to be taken for granted that there are shells in the gun and buckshot in the shells. In his pocket is a wallet, containing \$200.20. The farmer is waiting for the owner of the wallet to come for his property. One of the joys of life would be for some person to walk up and claim the money.

"Chicken thieves robbed his hen house the other night and stole his choice hens. He found the pocketbook there the next morning. He was delighted for the person who lost the money to come for it. Findings keepings in this case, what?"

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION

We hear complaints both ways in connection with the new highway patrolmen. The patrolmen have a just complaint. They have arrested more than one drunken driver whom they overtook zigzagging from one side of the road to the other and averted them. At the trial the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty." There ought to be some sort of a law to deal with a jury like that. The other complaint comes from good law abiding citizens who have the misfortune of having one of their lights go out just before meeting the patrolman. However a one-eyed car is a dangerous thing even if it has not been one-eyed but five minutes.—Charity and Children.

Walter Winchell describes Broadway as a place where people spend money they haven't earned, to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like. We are not so sure that the condition described is confined altogether to Broadway.

HAVEN'T TIME TO HIBERNATE

As a general thing, the Waynesville Chamber of Commerce hibernates at the first sign of cold weather, not to be aroused again until the first call of spring, but this year it seems that the organization is too wide awake to hibernate—in fact, just the opposite is the case—a winter program far more active than the summer one has been adopted, and already underway.

The board of directors, under the leadership of President Ray, have undertaken a program for winter activities that will, in our opinion, far surpass even the most elaborate summer program of years.

Outside of the general routine of Chamber of Commerce work, the officials have gone out and "dug up" several outstanding matters which are being given considerable attention at this time. While no definite plans are ready to be made public, those in charge of the various activities do report "satisfactory progress" is being made.

Among the things which the Chamber of Commerce has on hand for the winter program includes:

- 1. Assistance to County in opening Waynesville Furniture plant.
2. Sponsoring more up-to-date post card views of community.
3. A general beautification program.
4. Urging cleaning up of Suncrest Mill property.
5. Numerous road and park developments, and better co-operation with officials.
6. More adequate dance hall facilities.
7. Promotion of better fellowship between communities.
8. Possibility of beginning nursery for planting of seedlings of hemlock for "official city tree."
9. Urging better enforcement of city traffic laws.
10. Out-lining, and preparation for the 1935 tourist season.

In looking over the above list, although not numbered here as to their importance, perhaps, it gives reason enough to see why the Waynesville Chamber of Commerce is very much "wide awake" and has not the slightest desire to hibernate this winter.

BOOST—OR GET OUT

There is no place in any community for the chronic knocker, as every good citizen realizes.

Constructive criticism is all right—but the men or women who cannot say something good about their town ought to get out and find a place they can boost.

Charles G. Dawes, who has a way of expressing himself straight from the shoulder, outlines our civic duty as follows:

"If you work in a town, in Heaven's name work for it. If you live in a town, live for it. Help advance your neighborhood. Respect the great power that protects you, that surrounds you with the advantages of advanced civilization, and that makes it possible for you to achieve results. Speak well of it. Stand by it. Stand for it. Stand for its civic and commercial supremacy. If you must obstruct or decay those who strive to help, why—quit the town. But as long as you are a part of a locality, do not belittle it. If you do you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the community and with the first high wind that comes along you will be uprooted and blown away, and probably you will never know why.—Hickory Record.

TWO KINDS OF NEWS

There are two kinds of news in this and all other newspapers.

Part of the news is about the affairs of other people; their sayings, doings and goings to do; things that have happened, may happen and didn't happen; things that affect the lives of everyone in the community.

But there is also a lot of other news in this paper—if you know where to find it—about your own personal affairs.

That's the part of the news you will find in the advertisements. There's valuable news in them about things you want or will want; perhaps about things you have that others want.

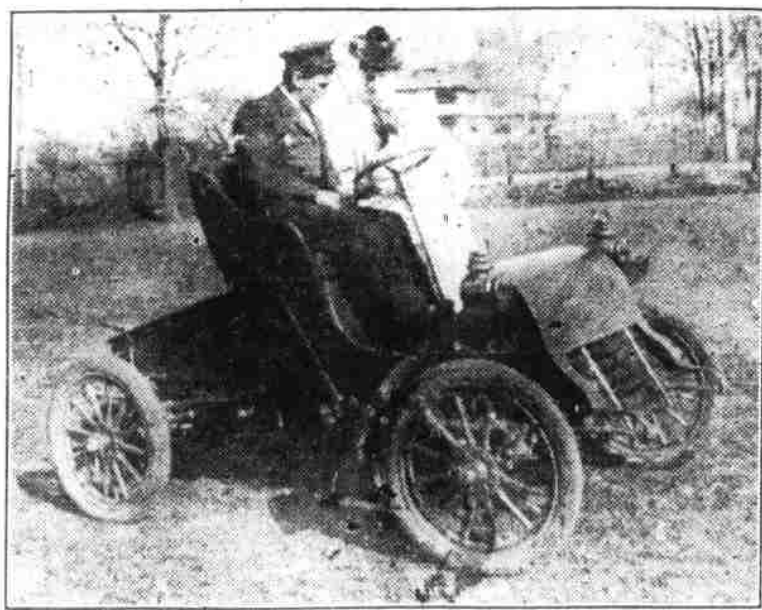
Every advertisement carries a message to someone. That someone may be you.

Many advertisements carry a message of interest of value to you.

Failure to read the advertisements may cost you the opportunity to buy something that you need—something that would be of inestimable value to you.

You can't afford to pass up the advertisements because so many of them are news relating to you and your affairs.—Reidsville Review.

Waynesville's First Automobile



The old Haywood County Fair was started back in the days when the above was the only automobile—in fact this was the first automobile west of Asheville and was owned by Mr. G. Logan, who is shown in the wheel chair—Mrs. Logan and son await the "take-off." This photograph was made in 1900—and the car had just arrived in town.

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

John's has wants to know if the... (text continues)

Walter Crawford and Alvin Wood discussing the Baer-Louis... (text continues)

Last Wednesday I, M. Richardson... (text continues)

And as a soft-ball player, Dr. Roberson shows signs of developing into a leaguer, while Colm McInnes can't get serious enough at stopping granders.

I'll admit, that I don't know whether to believe or not, but after buying a mouse trap—two for a nickel—the clerk reminded me that if I ever wanted to replace a spring in them that they had some in stock at ten cents each. Naturally I thanked him, and then it dawned on me—just one spring for a dime, or four new traps for the same price—how someone well versed in high business places explain the reason for such.

There is a cow that stays in the pasture near the laundry that eats paper—twice a day been by there and both times she was eating paper—wonder what kind of milk she gives?

Although rather late for summer apparel, the little colored boy who still does nothing but shorts, displays one of the bluest skins in three counties. But who knows, he may be going that way in imitation of Joe Louis, huh?

A certain Waynesville man was called to a section of town one night, for no other reason than to get him into a trap set by some of his "non-friends." He expected their gun, so spent a few minutes polishing his nickel plated 44 before leaving. Arriving at the designated place, he parked under a light, and braced his gun on the steering wheel at an angle that caught the beams of the overhead street light. The parties were there until they saw the gun, then they had business elsewhere at that very moment, and didn't intend to be "arty."

There is something about fair week that has as much thrill in it for me as Christmas—almost—people seem happier—carefree—and not only out for a good time, but seem to enjoy seeing their neighbors and friends make over their exhibits.

As a boy, fair week was always something I looked forward to, because then it meant a day out of school, and a visit to the "Crazy House," then one of the major attractions on the midway—also the house of mirrors, and a ride on the ferris wheel, and the whip. I never took any stock in throwing at the kites, or ringing articles with hoops, but I almost fell from grace when 13-years-old at attempting to ring the bell on one of those strength testing contraptions, where you hit a bar with a sledge hammer and send a hollow ball flying up a tight wire to the bell, but my courage faded me when I saw a 250-pound giant miss by two feet.

The biggest thrill of all from a carnival came once, when a carnival was forced to remain in town two weeks, because of excessive rains and flood. The cars and trucks were mired down in the hubs of the wheels, and all the freaks that we had been eager to see were forced to take to high land, and

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

A SUCCESSFUL MAN'S ADVICE TO HIS GRANDSON.—I read recently an interview with Theodore Gary, telephone magnate. In which Mr. Gary told the story of his life and then devoted the remainder of the interview to the advice he had often given his grandsons. Three things especially attracted me in the interview of this very successful man. The first was, that though now the head of a concern which does an annual business of 150 million dollars and employs 25,000 persons, Mr. Gary started out as a poor boy. The second thing that impressed me was that although almost eighty years old and having during his long active career been

followed by the lady, the bearded lady, sword swallower, fire eater and thin men all over town.

Carnival today are different from those years ago—where is the spider woman—just the head of the woman?—Where is the man who ate ground glass? Where is the strong man, who bent nails in his teeth? And where, oh where is the trained flea circus? And the glass blower? Have all of them given away to the dancing girls and minstrel shows?

But that is just the side-show of the fair. After all the most interesting part of a fair is to see a young boy or girl standing by a coop of chickens, or near a stall where a splendid calf is tied, and see there a blue ribbon and ask the boy who owns that calf or those chickens and have him beam back, "They're mine." Now that is the "meat" in every boy's life.

I remember when I would not have exchanged my blue or even red ribbon for a distinguished Congressional Medal, offered by the president himself—no sir, there isn't anything like getting a blue ribbon at a county fair.

And next to getting a blue ribbon at a fair is getting a prize at a school field-day meet. I am the proud owner of a rusty, broken dollar watch which I won for pole vaulting once. Of course, clearing the bar at ten feet, in front of all the crowd was nice, but the tick of that watch was much louder to my ears than the applause of the on-lookers—even those of the "little girl" that was holding my sweater while I made the jumps.

Now, that we have looked back into the pages of history on the fairs of the past, here goes to the Haywood County Fair—next Tuesday through Saturday—will I see you there?????

ON COMMON GROUND

The doctor's time and skill are dedicated to the sick and suffering. With him, all else is secondary. That, too, is this drug store's chief concern, and so Alexander's works with the physician on common ground, co-operating with him whole-heartedly through conscientious, ethical practice of the profession which is so closely allied to his own.

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