

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Of all combats the sorest is to conquer ourselves.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

What Christ does is the best answer as to what he is.—Alexander MacLaren.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsel, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess and just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—Fitzosborne.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things. Smiles and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Devy.

HAYWOOD RICH IN MINERALS

Haywood County, North Carolina, in which is situated the beautiful little City of Waynesville, has before it an important future in its mineral background.

Near Canton, low grade copper is found. A very valuable vein of copper ore has been located it is stated in Fines Creek Township.

Gold ore has been discovered and although as yet never commercially developed, it is believed that on the slopes of Lickstone Bald the showing merits intelligent development.

Near Waynesville the minerals of proven economic value are kaolin; mica and feldspar. Kyanite occurs in Crabtree; mica is being mined near Lickstone and on the Big Ridge south of Hazelwood.

Near Woodrow, kaolin clay has been mined to a considerable extent and further deposits are known to exist near Hazelwood and Clyde.

Added to its fame as a tourist and recreational center; its other developed resources and industries, Waynesville has a right to look forward into the future with the greatest confidence based on the new interest in the mining industry and will surely take its place as an accepted mining district of importance as its mining resources are gradually developed on the basis their merit justifies.—The South East Miner.

WHY WORRY?

Everybody knows that worry is useless, and yet they go right on worrying. We tell others not to worry, that everything will come out all right—but we seldom take our own advice. The fact of the matter is, there are only two reasons for worry. Your health is either good or you are sick. If your health is good there is nothing to worry about. If you are sick there are two things to worry about—you are either going to get well or you are going to die. If you are going to get well there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to die there are only two things to worry about—you are either going to heaven or you are not going there. If you are going to heaven there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to the other place you'll be so busy shaking hands with your old friends you won't have time to worry. So why worry?—Reidsville Review.

Within two weeks, two new Western North Carolina newspapers have made their appearance. The Daily News, an Asheville tabloid, and The Graham County News, Robbinsville. The first copies of both papers were impressive, and indicate that they will serve their community to every advantage.

The fact that eighteen cases, mostly for drunkenness, were tried by one magistrate here the Monday after the fair, seems like a great number, although it speaks well for the officers, so the report can be tagged as either good or bad.

WHEN THE CROPS ARE GATHERED IN!

James Edward Hungerford
In Progressive Farmer

Country life is full o' pleasure, and sometimes it has its woes;

Ev'ry farmer has his troubles—just as ev'ry farmer knows;

There are days chock-full o' sunshine, when the world is good to see,

An' dark days when Nature's Storehouse seems chock-full o' deviltry!

There are times a fellow feels like he could strut around an' smile.

An' then times when life seems full o' things to agravate an' rile!

Oh, a farmer has his worries, an' sometimes they wear him thin,

But he gets his compensation When The Crops Are Gathered In!

Yes, his days are sometimes burdened with their cares an' wears an' frets.

An' he surely is deserving all the good things that he gets!

There art times when too much dryness withers up the growing grain,

Or he's filled with depression on account of too much rain;

There are weeds an' worms an' insects that he always has to fight;

There are frosts that come unlooked for, an' play havoc over night;

Yes, he has tribulations, an' he has to work like sin—

But he gets his compensation When The Crops Are Gathered In!

Then's the time he's feeling happy, with a heart full o' content!

Then's the time that he's forgetting all the weary days he's spent,

When he reaps the golden harvest an' it's safely stored away;

When his bins are full to bursting, an' his mows are full o' hay;

When his cellar's full o' good things, an' his grain-house full o' grain,

Then he knows his days o' labor have been far from spent in vain!

Then's the time he feels like strutting, with his face wreathed in a grin,

For his woes are all forgotten—When The Crops Are Gathered In!

The rains over the week-end did much to eliminate the dangers of forest fires. The woods were completely dried out after about six rainless weeks. It is times like this that extreme care should be taken to guard against fire, and thus far, as far as we can learn, people have co-operated in protecting one of the county's biggest assets—the forests.

Contractors are making progress on the road from Asheville via Enka towards Canton, and the announcement that a new bridge will be built over the railroad at Enka will be welcomed news for this entire section. One noticeable thing, is that the new road will not only be wider, but much straighter.

Cornfield Philosophy

TOLERANCE, WHERE ART THOU?

"Going to church are you?" A lady public school teacher asked a little girl.
The girl said she was.
"What church do you attend?"
"The ——— church," replied the girl, "where do you go?"
"Me? Oh, I attend the ——— church, that's all the church there is," the lady teacher said in reply.

Now if this had taken place seventy-five or even fifty years ago it, at least, would not have seemed so much out of place, improper and unwise. Because back then the Baptist and Methodist preachers often "dug in," as it were, on their respective fields and sniped, cross fired and bayoneted each other front and rear, never giving quarter nor asking any. And of course, the members, following the example of their leaders, did likewise.

But in this 20th century day of more advanced ideas, liberalism and tolerance of both thought and action—well, it was hardly to be expected, especially from a teacher!

Rank church intolerance like that is dangerous running rampant in the community. Do you not think so?

The late Phillips Brooks said that we should be more afraid of the littleness than of the largeness in life. Now, it is not necessary to go into the littleness of all this contention and argument about certain church practices and beliefs. If you want to be a "whole-sold, four square, dyed-in-the-wool" Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Holy Roller or What Not—why, you can be it without having to snub, insult or hurt the feelings of your neighbor or neighbor's child. To be loyal is all that is required, or should be required, of anyone; loyalty does not imply hatred, jealousy and bigotry.

And let us remember, also, that from childhood on through life there are many qualities, duties and responsibilities that we are called upon to exercise before that of loyalty to the doctrines of a certain church: Christianity, love, truth, obedience, honesty, neighborliness, good citizenship, etc.

The Cornfield Philosopher does not claim to be consistent in all things; but I so loathe, abhor and detest this thing of church intolerance that I know I'm consistent along the line of church membership. I have always let my children attend Sunday School and church wherever they wanted to attend; and furthermore have told them to join what ever church they desired to join—if different from my church, okay!

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

It has been a long time since I've heard of a man having harder luck than did T. L. Gwyn last week.

To begin with, he ate a bar-b-que sandwich which made him sick. Just as he was getting better from that, news came in that two of his choice cows had died that same noon.

That seemed to be enough bad luck for any man for a week, but that evening as he was resting at home, he heard a crash out in front of his home, and upon looking saw where a careless driver had come all the way across the street to side-swipe his new car, doing about \$50 or \$60 damage.

Now in that instance, that was one more day of genuine hard luck.

At some time or other, it seems that every columnist on this paper has resorted to poetry—especially Uncle Abe. I found the following piece the other day that more or less impressed me:

Mary had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That cold was sure to roam;
It wandered into Molly's eyes and filled them full of tears,
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose, and thence to Jimmie's ears,
It painted Anna's throat bright red and swelled poor Jennie's head,
Dora had a fever, and a cough put Jack to bed.
The moral of this little tale is very quickly said—
She could have saved a lot of pain with just one day in bed!

I wasn't as foolish as Mary—I've stayed at home—yes, for over a week—not only with a cold, but with almost as many ailments as Uncle Abe numerates semi-monthly. In fact, I've caught up with Mr. Gwyn in the number of hard luck breaks.

It wasn't a cold I had—it was "flu"—according to two doctors. That was bad enough. But that was only about a third of the trouble—the second being an infected foot, and certainly "flu" and a paining infected foot was sufficient, to say nothing of the case of poison oak.

Wonder how Mr. Gwyn would swap?

"Course, I know, it isn't nice to talk just about one's self, but what else is there to talk about when in bed, with one foot "hoisted" high above your head, and pills to the right of you, and gargles to the left of you, and pains "all around"?

The only enjoyment I've had during the "ordeal" is that for four days I refused to shave.

If I were a poet, or even thought I were one, like some of these folks who aren't, I'd pick the fall of the year to write about instead of the "Flowers that bloom in the spring, etc."

What is more beautiful than seeing the colored leaves lazily falling to the ground to form a gayly covered mantle on the forest's floor?

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Howell have two of the cutest children in town—a boy and a girl—and both the perfect picture of health, and equally as pretty as their mother—Good morning, Joe.

At Canton Sunday night during the rain, a model T. Ford and a car three times larger, side-swiped at the railroad crossing. The Ford was not scratched. The larger car had a bumper torn off.

Three or four times Sunday night, in the vicinity of Canton, there were flashes in the sky as if a reflection of an explosion. Some think it was high tension wires crossing—do you know—I'm curious.

Dr. J. R. McCracken is one man who can drink a Cocoa-Cola in one swallow.

Thanks to Oscar Briggs for the invite to the Fireman's oyster supper—how I did miss that thing.

Just a few minutes after having to turn down the oyster supper, Mrs. Jean Dillon invited me to dine (and speak) with a group of nurses, but under circumstances that could have been visa versa—Thank for the compliment, though.

Well, here's a pill and a gargle waiting to be disposed of by me, so—gulp, gurggle—gurggle—

Backgammon an Old Game

Backgammon is said to have been invented about the Tenth century. A similar game was known to the Romans, and Plato alludes to a game in which dice were thrown and men were placed after due consideration. The etymology of the word, backgammon, is disputed; it is probably Saxon—baec, back, gamen, game, that is a game in which the players are liable to be sent back. The French name for backgammon is trictrac, imitative of the rattle of the dice.

Cane and Beet Sugar

All brown sugar is partially refined cane sugar. Beet sugar made by present processes is marketable only when refined.

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

THE BEST HERITAGE. The other day I received a letter from a young man who had gone to distant city to seek employment. His letter was in answer to one I had written him in which I advised him to complete his education before he took up permanent employment. His reply was that he had no money for an education, "for as you know," he said, "my father, when he died, left me nothing." For years I had known the family well and knew his father, who had died recently. He was one of those men the like of which the world will never have enough; honorable in all his dealings, upright, temperate, industrious. A man of high ideals, strict integrity, a man without hypocrisy, kindly, considerate, charitable. With these things in mind I wrote the young man and told him that in my opinion his father had left him a great fortune. I called attention to the fact that his father had left him a sound body, a keen mind, clean blood and a steady nerve. He had left him a heritage of honesty and industry and sobriety, an appreciation of the real values of life, a hatred of sham and hypocrisy and dishonesty and meanness, and littleness, a high regard for the true and honorable and upright. With such a heritage, I told him, any young man with the right stuff in him could succeed in securing an education or anything else he wanted. With such a heritage the best in life was his for the asking. Without it all the money, all the stocks and all the bonds his father might have left him would be of no value in the making of a life.

Marriages

(As Recorded to Monday Noon of this Week)

Harrold Norris to Margaret McKinnish, both of Canton.

Jerry Cagle, of Waynesville, to Lela Sutton, of Cove Creek.

James F. Trotter, of Reidsville, to Martha Neal, of Waynesville.

Ray Pressley to Nora Smith, both of Waynesville.

Hoary for the Monkey!

"I got dis much to say foh a monkey," said Uncle Eben. "He may act funny but he don't talk foolish."

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of October 20, 1911)

Mr. Homer Plott was here Thursday from Plott, N. C.

Mr. Robert Howell, of Jonathan's Creek, spent Thursday in town.

Miss Marguerite Briggs was the guest of friends in Asheville on Wednesday.

Mr. N. N. Ferguson, of Atlanta, is making a short stay here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lee have gone to Raleigh for a three weeks visit.

Mrs. G. D. Green was an Asheville visitor on Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Fletcher, of Asheville, has returned home after a visit to friends here.

Misses Robena Miller and Lizzie Cole went to Asheville on Wednesday for a visit to relatives.

Mr. Henry MacFayden has entered Bingham School at Mebane, N. C., for the winter term.

Miss Lillian Allen is in Raleigh this week attending the State Fair. Later she will go to Belhaven where she will visit relatives.

Miss Zelma Lee Browder, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Horton for the past several weeks, left on Thursday for her home in Sweetwater, Tenn.

Senator F. M. Simmons was in Waynesville last Saturday shaking hands with his friends. He had been on a trip West and on his return stopped over in Waynesville. Senator Simmons is of course in the race to succeed himself and is a strong candidate. He is withal a genial gentleman.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Clyde last night Rev. J. M. Haynes was elected municipal tax collector. The preacher is not by any means the first good man that was selected as a tax collector, for there was St. Matthew two thousand years ago and many more since then.

Development of Western North Carolina was the theme of the address by W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway Company at the Battery Park Hotel in Asheville on October the 9th.

Lenoir Editor writes about Waynesville and the adjacent fruit farms. He is much impressed with possibilities of this section.

Specked Apples for Sale—Ten cents per bushel and up at the Hall Apple Orchard.

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