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 THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1936

**THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS**  
 The crest and crowning of all good, life's final star, is Brotherhood.—Edwin Markham.  
 One who is too wise an observer of the business of others, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.

**A GRAVE MISTAKE**  
 Being 300 miles away from the state prison at Raleigh last Friday, anyone in this section can read as if fiction, the barbaric method in which the 20-year-old negro was put to death in the lethal gas chamber.

We were in the vicinity at the time of the execution, and the first-hand report from those who witnessed the sickening act, was the main topic in Raleigh and near-by towns.

It seems that the state in trying to find an easier and more humane method of taking life just fuddled—not intentionally, but through a lack of knowledge of either how to use gas or the lack of investigating the places in the few states out west where gas is used instead of electricity.

Veterans who have witnessed many an electrocution, and hanging, vowed that never again would they witness a death where lethal gas was used. That opinion was general among all those witnessing the act, which took 11 minutes, as compared with less than three with electricity.

In fact, the negro was in the death chamber 36 minutes in all, which we are told by history, was as long as the time taken by some of the olden countries who delighted in seeing condemned men suffer.

The gas slowly rose from underneath the victim's chair, and as he saw it coming towards him he naturally fought it by trying not to take a deep breath, but of course, had to yield and just choked to death, instead of having the muscles of his heart paralyzed as some of those who introduced the bill to change the method from electrocution to gas had promised.

**A GREAT CONTRIBUTION**  
 The most optimistic piece of news which this community has had in several months, was the leasing of the Waynesville Furniture Plant by R. L. Prevost and his associates.

Between 75 and 100 men will be given work in the plant, and smoke from the stacks will soon indicate that a substantial pay roll is in the making.

When this plant gets underway, we learn from a reliable source, that the total payroll in the town of Hazelwood will be between \$35,000 and \$40,000 a month. Not a small item by any means, and a figure that should make every citizen just a little happier.

The industrial life in this county is showing material growth—also agriculture, while it is a known fact that the tourist business has fallen behind the pace set by the first two mentioned.

But leaving the contrast for another discussion, we feel that the community has been rendered a great service by the steps taken by Mr. Prevost.

The development of payrolls in any community is a great contribution.

A hit-and-run drunken driver struck and killed a woman in California the other day. When he sobered up, he read in the paper where it was his mother he had killed. Any drunken driver might have done the same thing.

Dr. E. W. Gudger makes the proposition in this week's column of letters to the editor, that he will join with 19 others in contributing \$5 each towards the library with which to buy books. This is a worthy cause, and certainly there are at least 19 others willing to join in with Dr. Gudger.

**HALF DONE**  
 One of the major improvements in Waynesville last year during the beautification campaign, was the removal of the livery stable from Church street.

It seems, however, that the job of making the spot one of beauty has been only half done. Nothing has been done towards improving the locks of the walled-in hole, and above all, the side next to the sidewalk has been left open and looks like a ten-foot yawning chasm into which someone is liable to fall.

While a guard rail would not add to the looks of the property, it would provide a means of safety.

**STUCK TO HIS GUNS**  
 If the comment that has been making the rounds here among the veterans of the World War is any indication of the attitude of those over the nation at large, there is no question but what President Roosevelt's popularity was increased when he vetoed the bonus bill.

The veterans argue, that as bad as they wanted the bonus money, and wanted it quickly, they cannot help but admire a man, who even in the face of a certainly hard election, would not change his mind on something which he believed to be wrong.

President Roosevelt has always had the conviction that payment of the bonus was not right. Even those most enthusiastic about the payment of the bonus must respect such a view point.

With this attitude prevailing, the question of his attitude toward the bonus will not likely be a campaign issue.

**WHICH IS IT?**  
 The country as a whole spends annually \$42.84 per pupil. North Carolina spends \$24.10 per year per pupil. You can look at these statistics from either of two angles. Either the nation at large is spending too much or North Carolina is not spending enough.—Charlotte Observer.

**THE TRAGEDY OF AL SMITH**  
 To my mind Alfred E. Smith is one of the most pathetic figures in contemporary America. But a few years ago he was one of the sanest and most hopeful political figures in America, the idol of millions of his countrymen. Today he is an embittered, disgruntled and sour old man sold down the river to a little group of Republican financiers and munitions makers, who led him first to the flesh pots and then to the tar pots.

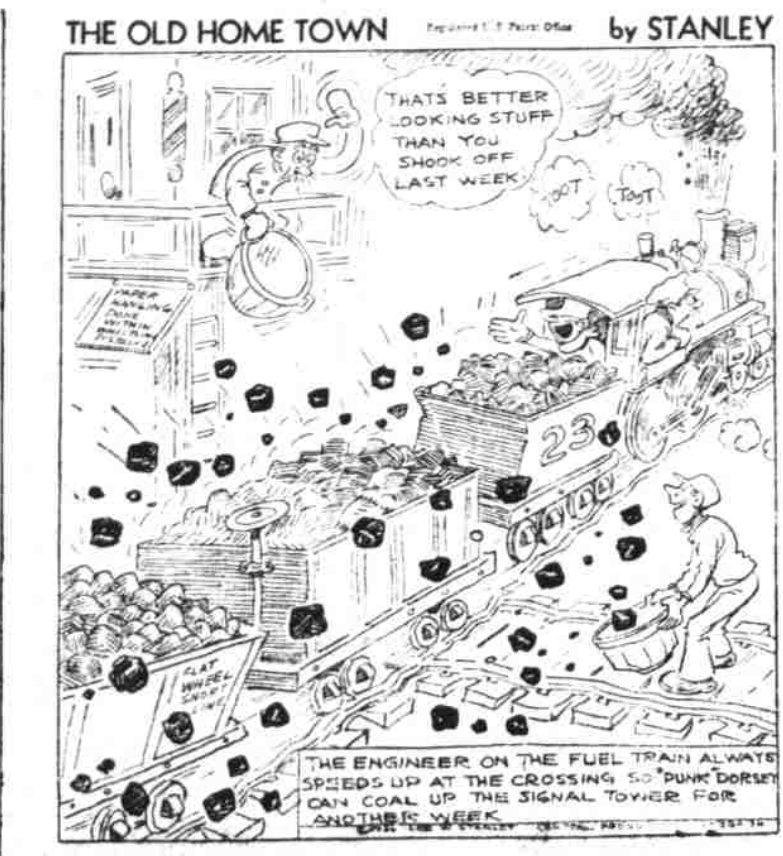
When Al Smith discarded the Brown Derby for the Silk Topper, that was the beginning of the end of one of the most promising political careers in America.

Having recognized his political sagacity and astuteness, his mental alertness, capacity for work and sustained enthusiasm, plus his attractiveness to the masses, the du Pont crowd and their affiliates resolved to claim Al Smith for their very own. They made it easy for him to invest in securities that presently gave him the status of a rich man. He was placed at the head of one of the greatest real estate adventures and investments in the world, the Empire State building. And then came the depression beginning in 1929 and from which we have not yet completely emerged. Al Smith saw his paper wealth washed out and a building of more than 100 stories threatening to collapse and bury him in its ruins. In this crisis he had to hold fast to his rich friends. There probably was no other choice than to sell out body and soul or get back to the lower East side of his origin. Did Al Smith sell out?

"Unthinkable," says the du Ponts, but obvious to any student of American politics and of human nature. Certainly Al Smith has earned the financial and moral support of the Wilmington munition makers and their affiliates by playing their Republican game, although to pull their chestnuts out of the fire he has been compelled to turn his back upon every sentiment and tradition of the democracy from which he sprang. A pathetic figure, this latter day leering, sneering, snarling Tammanyite who swapped a brown derby for a high silk hat.—Elizabeth City Independent.

A man and his wife and nine children riding in a ten-year-old car in Indiana last week, were instantly killed when a train struck their car. The family was on relief. The fact that there were nine children in the family could have been one reason for them being on relief, and the other was because they were trying to keep a 10-year-old car going.

It was not until this week that we knew there was a town named Hell. It is in Wisconsin, and during the blizzard Monday and Tuesday it froze over. We've often heard people say they would not do certain things until Hell froze over—now it has. We have also heard people being told to go there, but it wasn't the frozen region they had reference too.



**Random SIDE GLANCES**  
 By W. CURTIS RUSS

Since the main topic of the day is the weather, the yarn told by LeRoy Davis should be a good beginner. A workman started to work Monday morning and put a bottle of hot coffee in his hip pocket, and before he had gone a block the coffee had frozen and bursted the bottle.

Br-r-r—and br-r-r.—"Throw another log on the fire"—and don't stand in front of me.

J. R. Morgan comes along with his face wrapped in a full smile, and this was the cause: "One man asked another: 'How's business?'" Pessimistic one: "It's so quiet that you can hear the notes drawing interest; a block away at the First National Bank."

It makes me shiver to see small school children standing around a fire while waiting for the bus. Fire and children should be kept separated.

The man that gets the most out of life must be one who takes things easy, never worries, and work steady, thinking out every move before starting somewhere. I know such a man, and he really accomplishes a lot.

To save my neck, I don't know why the above paragraph has a place in this column—maybe I'm slowing down.

Sam Cobe is just back from Washington, where he spent two weeks taking in the sights—and what better place on earth than Washington can one really see the sights.

But with all the exciting things Washington offers, Sam took time to read The Mountaineer.

A woman appeared at the express office the other day and inquired of Mr. Terrell about a package that was due to have arrived that day. When told it was not there she said: "Well, guess I'll wait 'till it comes before I get it." No doubt she did.

There is a noticeable increase in train travel. Saturday's train was packed—and yet, it required three buses out of Asheville to bring passengers home. This roving country.

In Raleigh the other night, in a crowded movie, the news reel showed a picture of Josephus Daniels, when secretary of the navy shaking hands with the Prince of Wales, and to his left stood Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Daniels' assistant. The scene lasted several minutes, and much to my surprise not one sound of applause was made—and Raleigh, the home of Mr. Daniels and also supposed to be the center of Democratic activities in the state—to say nothing of this being election year.

Heard a man the other day say he made over \$200 a month, but under no circumstances would he ever own a car. "They should be used just for business and nothing more," he said, "and my business doesn't necessitate travel." Can you imagine a man like that?

If you want to read something gruesome, look through an undertaker's catalog.

Last Saturday I let the breakfast hour slip by and decided to wait until noon before eating, and whether you believe it or not, I forgot to eat dinner—yet never felt better in my life. Have about decided to make a practice of it.

Down in South Carolina eggs are carried about in baskets of cotton seed. That keeps them from breaking. But here in Haywood nothing is used to keep the eggs apart, and I've

**LETTERS to the Editor**

**OUR DEBT TO THE FARMERS**

The people of the modern age hardly realize what they owe the farmer. All the food we eat comes from the hard work of the farmer. The wool and cotton for our clothing and the leather for our shoes come from the farmer also. Most of the wealthier people of this age look upon the farmer as a peasant, but they should do all in their power to help him. They should help him find suitable markets for his products and help him obtain the best prices possible. The United States Government has come to realize the help the farmer needs. It is helping him by providing the various programs in his behalf. They see that he gets the best price possible for his products and provide a market for them. The miner, the lawyer, the doctor and all business men have a great responsibility but the farmer has the greatest for he has to provide food and clothing for everybody. ZIMRIA SIZEMORE, Clyde, N. C. (An 8th Grade Student.)

**STARTS CAMPAIGN TO HELP**

To the Editor: I read in the last issue of The Mountaineer that the Waynesville Library is badly in need of funds to purchase new books before the opening of the tourist season. Now the library is one of the drawing cards of Waynesville to our visitors and must be helped. To me personally the tourists in our community, excepting the few whom I know and who come back year after year, mean nothing. But they and their spending mean a great deal to Waynesville, and the library must be kept a going concern for the visitors as well as for our own folks.

This preamble is to call attention to the situation and to let me say that I will be one of 20 persons to contribute \$5.00 each for the upkeep of the library during the coming season. I suggest that Miss Alice Quinlan receive the subscriptions. When I see this in print, I shall send her my check for \$5.00 to be held till the other 19 like amounts come to her hands. E. W. GUDGER.

never seen a broken egg yet. Maybe the hens here lay harder eggs.

—And in order to end with the same subject I started with, here's hoping that Mr. Ground Hog has gone blind and won't see his shadow Sunday.

**23 Years Ago in HAYWOOD**

Mr. Wurt Gudger, of Asheville, was in town today. Dr. Tom Stringfield is in Raleigh this week where he went to attend the inauguration of the governor. Mr. Sam Jones has accepted a position with the Pelham Drug Store near the Southern depot in Asheville. Misses Clarine and Dollie Lee are in Raleigh this week to attend Gov. Craig's reception and inauguration. Dr. McMannaway returned yesterday from Greensboro, where he spent several days. Mr. and Mrs. Byron Reeves and little son made a visit to Asheville on Sunday and returned on Monday. Mr. J. Bat Smathers, one of the leading lawyers of Canton, was in Waynesville on Tuesday. The Friendly Dozen Club met on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Harry Rotha as hostess.

At a special session of the council last Tuesday at the mayor's office, several citizens and taxpayers were present and discussed important measures. New up to date chairs for the auditorium of the school building were ordered. It is said they are "beauts."

A most pleasing reception was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Killian last Thursday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Killian. It was quite a brilliant affair. More than a hundred invited guests were present. The reception hall was artistically decorated in pink and white carnations.

The mailing of babies by parcel post is a real infant industry which Postmaster Hitchcock is asked to foster.

Hazelwood—We are improving here at Hazelwood and sometimes things happen that are a little out of the ordinary—Julie Allen married Alma Allen on Allen's Creek, by Mayor Millard Allen, at Allen's Creek church and two Allens were made one Allen.

WEST ONCE MORE SITS IN THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR—Locke Craig inaugurated amid shouts, music and pomp—20,000 people from over the state—Demonstration and applause not equalled since Vance's Inauguration in 1877—Weather Beautiful—Impressive parade.

**Rain—Snow—Sleet—**  
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