

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1936

VOTE FOR QUALIFIED CANDIDATES

As far back as history is recorded, office seekers have carried on election campaigns on promises of a reduction in taxes. It is a well known fact that people the world over, and since the beginning of time, have hated to pay taxes, and the mere mention of a reduction was sweet music to their ears.

We feel safe in saying that more office seekers have gone into office because they promised a reduction in taxation than any other one thing—with the possible exception of absentee votes.

Instead of the voters learning not to take political promises at face value, it seems that the more promises offered, and especially if they are absurd, the more the voters fall for them.

On the ballots that will be handed some 400,000 voters in North Carolina next Saturday, there will appear the names of some capable men, and also some that are not worthy of the office they seek. It will be the duty, also, of some 8,000 Haywood voters to vote on a ballot that contains the names of competent men, and some that are far from being competent.

While under no circumstances would we attempt to point out those who are competent for office. We do feel that the voters should use their better judgment next Saturday and vote for men that are qualified for the office they seek, rather than vote for them on the strength of some absurd political promise.

A candidate who has a record of service, and is qualified for office does not have to resort to the childish method of making absurd promises which he knows and the voters should know, he could not keep even if he wanted to.

Voting for men qualified for office should be the first consideration and duty of each person putting a ballot in the box.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SYMBOL "UNCLE SAM"

Often words spoken in jest have a greater significance than realized and become so fixed in the minds and hearts of the masses till they are accepted as appropriate and fitting. This is quite true with the symbol "Uncle Sam" as associated with the pictorial figure in striped pants, high hat and long-tailed coat.

There is a story in the "Book of the Navy" of 1812 by John Frost, telling that the inspector of meat at that period of history was Samuel Wilson, Troy, N. Y., and was affectionately called by many of his intimates "Uncle Sam." Of course the cases and barrels of meat came stenciled "U. S." Some one asked what the abbreviation stood for, and instantly a worker facetiously answered with a twinkle of the eye "Uncle Sam."

Now the government is in search of a picture of the original Uncle Sam and there is the belief that a picture of Samuel Wilson is in possession of a descendant now living in Kansas City.

Frost wrote in his history "how odd it should be if this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, muddle and hoop-poles nationally became a cognomen." It did, and if the story is authentic there are some who think Wilson deserves a place in our archives along with Betsy Ross and others who have given our country a symbol. However, traditionally the story is an interesting one.—Ex.

OBTAINING VOTES BY FALSE PRETENSE

There seems to be a law on the statute books against obtaining money under false pretense. Of course, this law, if enforced to the limit, would place a large portion of the population behind the bars. In fact, there would not be enough left outside to feed those inside. People who are strictly honest are extremely scarce.

Those who place perfect specimens of potatoes or apples or eggs or any other commodity offered for sale on the top and purposefully cover up defective articles with intention of deceiving the purchaser, strictly speaking, are guilty of obtaining money under false pretense.

The man who misrepresents anything he has to sell would come under this law. Those who get caught and are punished for obtaining money under false pretense are the outstanding exceptions to the rule of violators. But the fact that so many people are guilty does not make the crime less objectionable, but does teach us that we all should be on the alert at all times to avoid this offense.

But climbing into high positions of public trust through false pretense is, in our opinion, much more to be detested than obtaining money falsely. In this economic system of conscienceless competition, a man may be driven by circumstances to do some things that he himself would not approve under other circumstances. But no one drives a person to run for office. Nor is any person dependent upon obtaining office in order to make a living for himself and family. Moreover, office holders should be examples of right living and honest conduct.

We have no patience with those who make promises in political campaigns that they know are impossible of fulfilling.—Marshall News-Record.

NO TIME TO ARGUE AND DRINK

For the past six months, Haywood County's homicide record has been kept clear. Then, Sunday the record was marred, when a homicide case was entered upon the books, and another man so seriously hurt that death might result.

Just the circumstances leading up to the tragedy of the week-end is a matter that will be brought out by the courts, and not a subject for discussion here, but records of past cases show that the majority of homicides are caused by one or more of the participants being drunk, and most of the time all involved are drunk, and the second most common cause is when someone loses his or her temper during a discussion.

From now until after the primary, there is likely to be an excessive amount of drinking, and certainly a lot of arguments, and those who participate in either should by all means make every effort to avoid trouble.

While not a pleasant thing to mention, the state of North Carolina not so long ago saw fit to electrocute a Haywood County man who was found guilty of committing murder.

WE NEED MORE CONVENTIONS

At intervals, some one will take time to count the number of cars bearing out-of-state license tags that pass down the main street here. Sometimes fifteen or twenty states are represented during the course of a day. The majority of these cars do not stop, but go right on through.

For those interested in seeing cars with out-of-state license tags, we suggest a trip to Lake Junaluska where the Eastern Regional Meeting of the Supreme Forest Woodman Circle is in session, with something like 700 delegates from Ohio to Mississippi—including 20 states.

Motorcades from these 20 states, and even chartered busses brought the delegates to the lake for a five-day meeting.

Meetings of this nature are worth a lot to a community, and with the accommodations that are offered in this section, it seems that we are passing up a great deal by not catering to more conventions.

Did you ever think what gullible suckers we voters are? We know the stork doesn't bring babies. We know the magician doesn't really pick money out of the air. We know water doesn't run up hill. But we never seem to learn that political magic is no different from stage magic, except the price of admission is more. A good politician can make us think he picks money out of the air just like a good magician. But while the politician holds our attention by promising to give us something for nothing but our vote, his hand is in our pocket taking out our money (taxes) to pay for his "gifts." Unless we learn to say "No" to the tempting "gifts" offered us, the politician magician will promise us a free trip to the moon with a golden chariot to ride in when we get there, but by the time we arrive, we would have long white whiskers and the pawn broker would have the chariot (and probably our return ticket) for the tax lien the political magicians gave him against us.—Ex.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE TOWN MARSHAL OTEY WALKER VOLUNTEERED TO WHITEWASH THE INSIDE OF THE JAIL AIDED BY JIM THATCHER'S TREE SPRAY OUTFIT.

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Having just endured a two-day attack of hay fever, all thoughts have left me in the form of tears. So under circumstances, a column this week will have to be taken from immediate surroundings, and not a collection of general observations of the past several days.

Monday morning is a busy time in a newspaper office, especially when two linotype operators are standing around waiting for copy that should have been prepared on Saturday afternoon—but who could get up copy on Saturday afternoon when the primary is just one week off? And everybody wants to talk about so-and-so and their race.

The first thing to dispose of on Monday morning is the week-end's accumulation of mail—consisting for the most part from 25 to 30 pieces of free publicity on every subject under the sun—also received one check, and two matters to be disposed of before noon. So with the mail cleared—and the waste basket filled to overflowing—a hurried trip to the court house to appear before the board of commissioners before the usual first Monday crowd arrived.

When I got there, the bench was full, and at least 10 standing in line to see the board. Some must have waited there since last month. Most of them were women, this month.

After getting my matter presented, back to contact other officials for the news of the week-end, but so-and-so has made some gains in the race since Saturday—gee, do politicians even work on Sunday?

Back to the office to dispose of a traveling salesman and to hear a politician lay-out his opponent. Then to make out an order for paper.

Answered three phone calls, and tried in vain to rewrite an article, but gave up by tossing the whole thing in the waste basket.

Another phone call suggesting an editorial—poor suggestion, and not practical at this time of year, so turned my thoughts to politics again and ventured to court house to confab with James E. Henderson, member of the board of commissioners, who had just adjourned for lunch. Jim was of the opinion that the preachers should be paid in order that we might get some rain, whereupon R. L. Prevost joined the two of us agreeing to same.

Of course, Mr. Prevost got to telling of the good things about Hazelwood, and then we settled down to discussing the issues of the day, and just as we were getting several major problems settled, up walked a Mr. Jones, of Asheville, who was looking for Grover Davis. Right off we found he was a strong booster of Ralph McDonald, and he immediately began pointing out that his candidate would be the next governor of the state.

And after going into details of the platform, he remembered he was looking for Grover, and left.

While crossing the street saw a fire-red tie and made for it to find it belonged to Hugh Leatherwood, who was all elated over the news from Raleigh that his man, "Sandy" Graham was steadily gaining.

And while listening to Hugh tell his news, I walked Charles C. Francis, who had put in a good morning's work in his own behalf as a candidate for register of deeds.

Dr. F. M. Davis and I met, and I heard his version of different county matters, which he would favor if sent to the legislature next January. Dr. Davis, by the way, is spending much time in Waynesville.

Met George Plott, who was getting ready to light up a big cigar, but he took time out to shake hands and

LETTERS to the Editor

Mr. Curtis Russ, Editor,
The Waynesville Mountaineer,
Waynesville, N. C.

My dear Mr. Russ:

You are aware that some 12 months ago, a local group organized a hiking club which chose the name Balsam Mountains Hiking Club. During the past year, this group has enjoyed a number of very worthwhile hikes. Not only has it been a matter of enjoyment, but those participating have become personally familiar with our mountain peaks and ridges. Also, the club has been accompanied, from time to time, by visitors from out of town and out of state.

Individually, the members participate on account of their personal appreciation of the out-doors, and the beautiful scenery which only these

express himself on a matter or two, and in his usual native wit.

Then by chance, hailed Will Hyatt for a minute, to learn that the board would be in session right after lunch.

Back to the office to go through the morning mail and found only more free publicity, and an invitation.

This is a poor excuse for a column, but with hay fever, and the June primary just five days off what could be expected?

CHAS. E. HAY, JR.

Read The Ads

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS



KELLY PETILLO (above), Speed King, says: "Camels stimulate my digestion. Camels encourage the flow of digestive fluids...increase alkalinity."

TENNIS STAR, Miss Jane Sharp (below), says: "Smoking Camels helps my digestion—makes my food taste better."



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