

THE MOUNTAINEER

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1936

ACHIEVEMENT AND PROSPERITY FOLLOW COMMUNITY LOYALTY

The loyalty and prosperity of a community is only as strong as its weakest link—and that link may be the thoughtless habit of sending our dollars to the four winds of out-of-town business establishments—sowing seeds on barren soil from whence the harvest is far away.

You do not reap crops by sowing your seed in a neighbor's field, neither do you build communities and prosperous sections by spending your money within the confines of that political subdivision which looks to another's good. Live and let live is an adage which may well be considered by the people of Waynesville and vicinity.

It is an adage for which The Mountaineer has great respect. To live in Haywood and let other folks who so desire live elsewhere is charitable. To live in and support local institutions is not only charitable but loyalty to those things which are closest to the hearts and lives of us all.

Not even by the wildest stretch of the imagination can one see further growth and welfare for this community and vicinity when dollars takes wings and bid fond farewell forever to our local community in their flight to distant points and into distant cash registers.

Build your community and you build for yourself. Build the other man's community and you are creating and erecting material wealth for him. Bad pennies may always return, but perfectly good dollars seldom wing their way back home when tossed into the coffers of the out-of-town and out-of-state institutions.

The distant friend is a friend so long as your dollars contribute to his well being—when they cease to grease his wheel of prosperity you cease to be a welcome guest.

THUMBED RIDE—ROBBED OF PANTS IN COLD WIND.

Giving hitch-hikers rides continues to be a dangerous business, or habit. It is dangerous for both the hiker and the motorist, and usually it is the motorist that gets the worse end of the deal, but only last week two hikers were given a lift, and in the car were four men and a woman.

When the car got to a lonely spot in the road, the two hikers were robbed of not only their money, but their clothes—even their pants—and left shivering in the cold wind.

And as we said in the opening sentence, giving hitch-hikers rides is still a dangerous business for all concerned—some lose their lives, others lose their money and even some lose their pants on a cold day.

PLOWING AHEAD

The locomotive is one of the noblest works of man. It seems to be almost human. We never tire standing by it, listening to its pulsating heart. We love to take our place on the platform of a station and watch it racing along the tracts, drawing an almost endless train of cars after it.

The giant on tracks of steel seems to say to us, "Never become discouraged." Then to illustrate its own message it plows ahead through heat and cold, day and night, over mountains and through valleys, and hesitates not when it is facing the driving rain and the blinding snow.

What else could a human creation like that say to us except "Forge ahead; do not falter before discouragements; never think of giving up; you will reach your goal if you do not allow the obstacles in your way to discourage you." —Young Folks.

ON THE APPROVED LIST, AGAIN

When the twenty-sixth annual Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons met in Philadelphia Monday morning and read the list of approved hospitals in this state, the Haywood County Hospital was again on the list, as it has been for the past several years.

This distinction for the Haywood Hospital again this year does not come as a surprise. Those who come in contact with the institution readily realize the importance that the institution plays in the community.

Although crowded beyond capacity, the work is being carried on in the faith that within a short time larger quarters will be added to the present plant.

The fact that the local hospital has outgrown itself by almost fifty per cent speaks for the good work that is being done.

LATE FALL—BEAUTIFUL TREES

Old timers, and weather records show that this is an unusually late fall. Thus far this county has had but one noticeable frost, and quite a few fields are still green, while the trees in the woods have turned every color.

At no time during recent years have the woods been so full of colorful leaves as this fall. The usual dead appearance that many trees have taken on in early fall are absent from nature's paint box this year.

A MIXED UP AFFAIR

Even the best of politicians are in a swirl when it comes to predicting the winning party in November third. The Literary Digest straw poll, always a reliable indicator, gives Mr. Landon a big lead, while Wall Street is betting 3 to 1 on the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt. The two just go together.

And another upsetting factor, is that many leaders of the Democratic party have recently announced their intention to vote for Mr. Landon, while those who have made it their business to study elections say that Mr. Roosevelt is as good as elected right now.

About all that we are sure of right now is that this nation will welcome with glee, the rising of the sun on the morning of November fourth—and shout in unison, "The 1936 election is over, now to get back to work."

PARK TRAVEL INCREASING

There is a slang expression: "Who would have ever a thought it."

And that is what we thought when we received this week a communication from Superintendent J. Ross Eakin, of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, saying that from October, 1935 to September, 1936 over 602,000 people in 194,932 automobiles traveled in the Park.

Six hundred and two thousand people. What a crowd. That is a little better than twenty per cent more than visited the park the previous year. Cars were from every state, also Canada and 9 other foreign countries.

Just for the sake of comparison, we find that if all the cars visiting the park last year were to line up, with 12 feet allotted each car, that the line would be about 450 miles long.

The largest single day's travel was on September sixth. This was the Sunday before Labor Day, when 11,974 people entered the park in 3,192 cars.

Such records as these should begin to convince us that travel into the park is really getting to mean something.

PROPHETS OF DOOM

Luckily for humanity it still maintains a saving sense of humor. Were this not so, the wailings of the pessimists would drive us all crazy. For surely there is no lack of prophets of doom to hurry us with their doleful warnings that the world is going to pot.

Each long-faced brother solemnly assures us that unless his particular panacea for saving the race shall be speedily adopted there is no hope. Modernism, flapperism, automobiles, hootch, movies, bridge, dancing, and cigarettes, either or in combination, constitute the outstanding menace, according to the viewpoint of the particular alarmist who happens to have the floor.

Thus, after listening to these apostles of doom, with a more or less pronounced feeling of boredom, unregenerated humanity turns to the funny papers and smiles at the varying fortunes of Jiggs and Andy Gump.

This does not mean that the average person is indifferent to the evil of the world. It means that sensible people recognize the inherent weakness and folly of humanity, and refuse to become unduly excited about it. They realize the futility of trying to carry the world's burden on their shoulders, though they seek to be helpful in practical ways. They courageously face the things that are, while sanely striving for the things that ought to be.—McDowell News.

THE OLD HOME TOWN by STANLEY



OLD MAN TRICKER'S LONG-HAIRED CATERPILLAR HAS BEEN A GREAT STIMULANT TO HIS SON'S COAL BUSINESS THIS FALL

HERE and THERE By HILDA WAY GWYN

We saw recently in the head lines of the papers... "President Roosevelt greatly impressed with his trip through the Park." I wish he could have seen it last Sunday... the brilliant crimson of the sourwoods and the golden maples side by side with the dark greens of the balsams...

At this season of the year I always find myself as I am sure you do... struggling for adequate expressions... nothing seems quite extravagant enough... when attempting to describe autumn in the Great Smokies...

During a stop at one of the gift shops en route, while I was waiting for my young daughter to find a basket to meet the contents of her pocket book I walked over to the large fireplace, with its huge burning logs...

In speaking of local products did you see the exhibit of the Unagusta Manufacturing Company as shown by C. N. Allen, of Hazelwood... at the Haywood County Fair? Some of the pieces were particularly lovely...

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate (As Reported to Monday Noon of this Week)

- Beaverdam Township J. L. Rhodarmer to J. E. Branson. Roy Patton, trus., to Canton Building and Loan Association. C. M. Smather, et ux, to J. M. Wells. W. W. Mitchell, et ux, to W. J. Hall. James E. Tate, et ux, to J. E. Whitaker. H. A. Osborne & S. H. Miller & F. E. Branson, to John H. Rhodarmer, ward, to B. Rhodarmer. Grover S. Russell, Comm., to E. A. Gaddis. J. L. Westmoreland to Gladys Wright. D. L. Allen, et ux, to W. R. Allen. J. L. Swafford, et ux, to G. McCracken. Jonathan Creek Township J. S. Harrell, et ux, to Earl Messer. Pigeon Township Roy Evans, et ux, to Bert Cagle. Waynesville Township F. W. Miller & J. R. Morgan, et ux, to J. W. & Minnie Ray, Executors, C. E. Ray estate. J. M. Long, et ux, to H. E. Simpson. C. D. Medford, et ux, to Wayne

surprise and slight chagrin of the buyers... each article bore a label "Unagusta Manufacturing Company, Hazelwood, N. C."

23 Years Ago in Haywood

(From the files of Oct. 17, 1913) Miss Sara Stringfield spent Wednesday in Asheville, visiting friends. Miss Willie Willis spent Monday and Tuesday in Asheville. Capt. Alden Howell went to Canton this week on business. Miss Adora Smathers left this week for Atlantic City, where she will spend several weeks. Mr. Guy V. Ferguson, of New York City, is home for several days. Mrs. W. C. Allen will leave this week for Barnesville, S. C., where she will spend the winter. Miss Jessie Herren returned Saturday from Knoxville, where she went to attend the fair. Mr. Bill Schaufle has accepted a position as clerk at the Sycuya Park Hotel for the winter. An event of last week was the straw ride picnic up in the Balsams. Mrs. C. D. Almond, of Winder, Ga., chaperoned the party. Miss Sophia Roache spent Wednesday and Thursday in Asheville on business. Mr. Ira B. Williams, of Atlanta, and Mr. Manson Shook, of Leicester, spent Wednesday in town shipping cattle. Miss Edith Williams left for her home in Savannah, Ga., after spending the summer as the guest of Miss Hattie Siler. Mrs. James R. Thomas delightfully entertained with bridge on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Ed Battle. A large number of guests were present. At the intermission of the games a salad course was served. If former Governor Glenn should come to this section next year in search of votes to send him to the United States Senate, we wonder if he would remember his remark about "poor mountain whites." Individually the members of the North Carolina legislature are an agreeable and honorable group of men that can be found anywhere in the state, and this being true we have often wondered just what happens to them when they get to Raleigh and get organized as the law making body of the state. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKS "War Memories" is the title of a highly entertaining series of articles by Lloyd George, former prime minister of Great Britain, appearing in the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Get your copy from your local newsdealer. Rogers. J. C. Evans, et ux, to C. P. Edwards. Mrs. J. A. Randolph, to Mrs. D. E. Camak. Frances Louise Secret, to Harry D. Secret, et al. R. L. Prevost, et ux, to Trustee Hazelwood Presbyterian Church.

"I am a hearty eater and smoker"



SUBWAY MOTORMAN (above). Clyde Smith, of New York City, likes a big steak—then enjoys Camels. He says: "I eat what I want when I want it—and then smoke Camels."

"I MAKE SURE to have Camels at mealtime," says Johnny Murphy (below), Bowling Champion. The flow of digestive fluids is increased when you enjoy Camels.



CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"The Scientist On The Corner"

Everyone knows, the great, yet often unappreciated service rendered by the trained and skilled hand of the Pharmacist. He is indeed "the scientist on the corner". Shoulder to shoulder, he battles with the Doctor against disease and death. But his part is often overlooked and forgotten. He makes no headlines. But he has won and holds an everlasting place in the hearts of those whom he has helped when life itself hung on his hands and his lifetime of study.

Every day in the year he should be honored and respected in the minds of everyone who knows what the druggist—the scientist on the corner—means to every family in the land.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION