

THE MOUNTAINEER

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1936

ARMISTICE DAY

November eleventh, the 18 anniversary of the close of the World War, found almost 6 million persons under arms. Nations again are in a dizzying race to gain superiority in armaments. The words "the next war" have so frequently been repeated that they no longer carry the whiplash of horror.

And yet the last war is not yet paid for. Mars' ledger is still in the red. Many devastated villages have not been rebuilt, and will not be. Shrapnel-crippled men still hobble down the streets. In hospitals and sanitariums others cough and fight grimly on, some too terribly disfigured to be seen even by kindly visitors.

If people whose attitudes and desires were crystallized into decisions that led to the World War could have foreseen the results, would they have paid the price of peace whatever it might have been? Facing prospects of a war even more costly, more disastrous, will peoples today sacrifice that which is needed to make peace—not war—inevitable.

These are things to think on—not just on November eleventh, but every day.—Rotarian Magazine.

BEWARE OF SCHEMERS

The return of better times has one great disadvantage. It brings along a number of fast talking, scheming salesmen, and also saleswomen, who are after unearned dollars. The better the times, the greater the number of crooked schemers there are on the road.

Sometimes their propositions sound good, but only too often it is only the description of their plan or article that is worth a cent.

Not only are there schemers of every type floating around looking for suckers, but check flashers often take advantage of better times.

We repeat the wise words of one man, who said: "Before you invest, be sure to investigate."

TOY PISTOLS A MENACE?

The nation-wide campaign to keep children from playing with toy pistols, launched recently by the American Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations, has failed to strike a responsive chord in the breast of Judge Joseph B. Lindsley of Spokane, Wash., who has handled hundreds of juvenile delinquency cases.

The judge fails to see that letting a youngster play with toy guns is in the slightest degree likely to turn him into a bandit when he grows up.

"The spirit of adventure is born into boys," says the judge. "They want to read 'Daniel Boone' and other stories of adventure. Then they want toy guns—and, as they grow older, they should have firearms and be taught to use them."

"A man who is following criminal tendencies doesn't need a gun, if he is determined to commit a crime. Nowadays bandits use a sand-bag or a piece of gas pipe as effectively as they do guns."

There is a good deal of sense in the judge's remarks. The youngsters who are going to turn out to be bad eggs need something more than a 10-cent-store pistol to set their feet on the path of crime.—Escanaba, Mich., Daily Press.

Unless you have been around the country recently, you will be surprised at the number of new homes that are being erected. The much heralded rise in prices on building materials evidently has caused much of the building activity.

WORLD WAR TO COST U. S. 100 BILLIONS

What is the cost of wars? Not in human misery, but in cold cash? Henry Morton Robinson, in an article in the Rotarian Magazine, predicts that by the time the last Liberty Bond is retired, the last bonus certificate cashed, the last disabled veteran buried, and the last pension paid, the World War will have cost the citizens of the United States a total of 100 billion dollars!

"At the close of the fiscal year 1920," he writes, "The Treasury Department of the United States unobtrusively announced that America's participation in the World War had cost 27 billion dollars. Staggering as the figure was, no one believed it to be the 'total cost' of the great struggle to American taxpayers. And it wasn't. At the end of June, 1936, the direct cash cost of the World War to the United States—not including such indirect costs as the War's share in causing the depression—was 45 billion dollars.

"Next year this figure will have to be revised upward again by one billion, and in 1938 still another billion will be added. A half century from now Americans will still be paying at the rate of a billion dollars annually.

"If anyone doubts that war is responsible for the larger part of the national debt," he continues, "let him scan the following figures: In 1916, the public debt of the United States was one and one-fourth billion; the per capita interest charge on this modest indebtedness was 22 cents. Two years of war shot this debt to 25 billion dollars—the most terrifying and spectacular skyrocketing of public obligations since governments began to keep books. Interest charges advanced to nearly \$6 a head—and have remained there ever since.

"Next to interest charges on our national debt, the Veterans Administration usually claims the largest annual share of taxpayer's dollar. This Bureau has already spent 17 billion dollars. Last year it expended 550 millions—and this sum does not include a single penny of bonus money, either. The principal outlay was for pensions and disability payments." The author points out that of this amount, survivors of the Indian Wars, and some relics of the Mexican War (1845), and even the War of 1812, received an aggregate of 13 million dollars.

"I believe," concludes Mr. Robinson, "it needs no further demonstration to prove that neither governments nor taxpayers find war a profitable undertaking. Disregarding the human sacrifices that must be made, passing lightly over the millions of young lives snuffed out by war, it should be an easy matter in this ledger-minded world of ours to indict war as a waster of public treasure and a ruinous financial venture to all who engage in it."

HIS HOME PEOPLE PROUD OF HIM

No one hereabouts is surprised when a Haywood County boy goes swiftly to the top in the outside world. We have gotten used to such performances. The three Ferguson brothers have made names for themselves in three widely separated fields of activity. And now Haywood County and all Western North Carolina will take great satisfaction in the election of Judge William H. Smathers, born in Waynesville, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Smathers, to the United States Senate in New Jersey.

The career of Judge Smathers since he left his mountain home, following his graduation at Chapel Hill, for the great resort city in which his brother, Frank Smathers, had already won his way forward, has been one in which his merits have achieved steady and increasingly rapid recognition.

He built up a fine law practice, succeeded his brother on the bench when the latter retired some years ago, left the judgeship to become an assistant United States Attorney, to which position he was appointed by President Roosevelt, resigned to go to the State Senate, was groomed for the governorship and then, this year, was given the Democratic nomination for the Senate.

His abilities have spoken for themselves and the high regard in which he is held has been testified to in the successive honors that have come to him. Here in this mountain country he has a host of relatives and friends who have followed with pride his rapid rise. They are confident that at Washington he will be a figure in the Senate.—Asheville Citizen.

To our way of thinking, these bets on elections where the winner gets a ride around town in a wheelbarrow are no longer news, funny, or smart. Pushing a peanut down the street with one's nose is much smarter—that at least gets one down on their knees.

It has been many years since there has been as much activity on Main Street during this time of the year as there is right now. New places of business opening up, and old ones either expanding, moving or making their places more attractive. This not only shows progress, but proves that business is better.

THE OLD HOME TOWN by STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Harley E. Wright, owner of the Canton Enterprise, and secretary of the Haywood Republican committee, while in Waynesville Monday, jokingly told Democrat friends that he and another staunch Republican of Beaverdam, had been notified that they would be arrested soon for voting a Republican ticket in a Democratic election of November Third.

There is one thing about the Republicans—they take their defeat on the chin with a smile.

Since Henry Gaddy won no less than eight hats, a pair of shoes, a suit of clothes and some old cash on the election, he has promised to give me one of his hats for Christmas, I believe he will do that very thing, too, but if he had promised me some chewing tobacco, I question whether I would have gotten that or not.

And speaking of chewing tobacco, reminds me of what happened to Chief Stringfield recently. There were four of us standing on the street corner talking things over in general, when up walked a cigar salesman and handed each of us samples of a new brand of cigar. Of course, I knew it was because Chief was among us that we were recognized. Anyway, after the salesman had left, each of the other three passed our smokes over to Chief. He was the only one in the crowd who smoked, but at the time he was chewing Kentucky Twist, and wouldn't part with it for even four good cigars.

Last week, a stranger in these parts, ran right smack dab into a reddish fox at Lake Junaluska. The animal was instantly killed and the motorist brought it into Waynesville, and the next morning Chief Stringfield skinned the animal for the stranger, who left feeling very kindly toward our head policeman, and mighty proud of his fox fur.

If ever a man had a right to cuss, I guess I did, when this couple, in her father's car, whizzed passed me under a red light, blowing their horn, only to dash forty miles an hour to the curb of a drug store to order a couple of drinks, and sit there and gab. Whew, such things put me into a summer heat.

And another incident that got up the dander of two service station operators was when two women—both married with children in high school—made exactly 16 turns through the filling station drives at both ends of Main street on a recent Saturday afternoon. The thing got so monotonous, dangerous and uncalled for, the police was called in to put a stop to it. The women thought they were just smart. I'd give a dollar for their pictures to run on the front page. I have their names—and a loaded camera to get their profile the next time they pull such a stunt.

A pitiful sight to me is seeing carloads of apples being unloaded here for the local orchards to fill their needs, instead of the opposite. Local orchard men had to go to other states this year buying apples. You never can tell just what old mother nature is going to do.

Can we stand it all . . . first the election, then the new cars, and this week-end the Duke-Carolina game then the Waynesville-Canton game, then Thanksgiving, and then the naming of the chairman of board of commissioners. Whatta life.

Diamonds in India
 Diamonds originally came from India. For centuries that country remained the sole source of Europe's supply. Diamonds were discovered in Brazil in 1730, and in South Africa in 1867. South Africa produces 90 per cent of the world's output.

MARRIAGES

(As Recorded to Monday Noon of This Week)

Dexter Bumgarner to Ruby Buchanan, both of Waynesville, Route 1.
 O. L. Briggs, Jr., of Waynesville, to Norma E. Rickards, of Canton.
 Howard R. Clapp, of Swannanoa, to Lillyan Fowler, of Walnut Cove, N. C.
 Lipe H. McGee, of Canton, to Verna Marie McCant, of Canton, Route 2.

HORSES IN TRAINING

Eight horses are being put through mysterious maneuvers in the elephants house in the zoo in London. They are being led, ridden, and driven up to and past and around the elephants, while a small crowd looks on. Next spring the horses are to be shipped to India to carry the Viceroy and his staff in the coronation durbar. Meanwhile they are being accustomed to the sight of elephants so that nothing in the great coronation will frighten them.

FLYING CARAVAN

British journalists have dubbed Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's new touring monoplane "the flying caravan." Last week the Colonel tried out his craft for the first time in a flight over Reading, England. Built along its owner's specifications the "flying caravan" has a British frame and an American motor capable of 200 mile an hour. It is painted black on the fuselage, and orange on the wings, because the colonel believes these colors most visible in all weather.

23 Years Ago in Haywood

(From the files of November 7, 1913)

Miss Jessie Moody spent Saturday in Asheville on business.

Mr. Ernest Withers spent yesterday in Canton on business.

Miss Dorothy Mussell was an Asheville visitor on Wednesday.

Capt. and Mrs. J. Harden Howell have returned after spending several weeks in Virginia.

Mr. Horace Sentelle, editor of the Canton Observer, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Morgan have returned after spending several days in Charlotte, visiting relatives.

Miss Sarah Hill Hannah spent yesterday in Asheville shopping.

Miss Helen Reed left Saturday after a several weeks visit to her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Reed.

Miss Elsie Tate entertained with a Halloween party Friday night at her home on Walnut street.

Miss Lillian Green was hostess at a masquerade party at her home on Friday. All the guests came in costumes.

Miss Josephine Thomas entertained a number of friends on Friday evening. Numerous games were enjoyed.

One of the most attractive affairs of the week was the masquerade dance given on Friday night by Miss Dorothy Mussell at her home on the Fairview Road. The house was transformed into a veritable woodland scene, lighted by weird pumpkins.

The city fathers met in regular session on Monday. Mayor Clyde H. Ray, secretary J. H. Howell, and aldermen P. L. Turbyfill, J. L. Stringfield, W. H. Jones, and C. C. Miller were present.

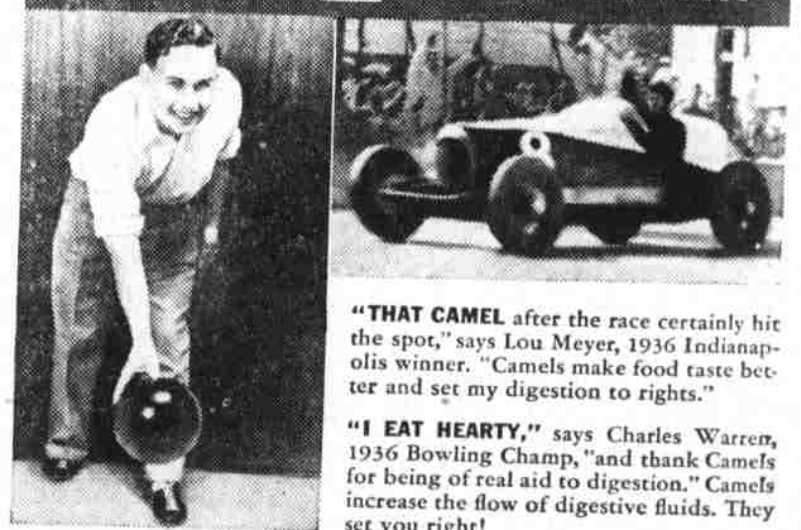
President Huerta has been told by President Wilson, that he must resign the presidency of Mexico, without loss of time and leave the country free of interference.

We were trying to think of something bright to fit the case of the Republicans in the eastern part of the state, who contracted to sell all their cotton at ten cents a pound directly after the democratic victories of last year, when we heard that one of the leading cattle men of Haywood county had made a parallel deal in his cattle and then we didn't have the heart to laugh.

WORK ON CROP INSURANCE

Secretary Wallace, interpreted the Roosevelt victory of last Tuesday as an endorsement of the New Deal's farm plans and proceeded at once to the task of drafting an all-risk crop insurance program for submission to Congress. It will be part of the 1937 AAA program which soon will be formulated.

"I CAN AND DO EAT HEARTY...!"



"THAT CAMEL after the race certainly hit the spot," says Lou Meyer, 1936 Indianapolis winner. "Camels make food taste better and set my digestion to rights."

"I EAT HEARTY," says Charles Warren, 1936 Bowling Champ, "and thank Camels for being of real aid to digestion." Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids. They set you right!

CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS

QUALIFIED

OLD enough to have a wealth of experience from which to draw.

YOUNG enough to appreciate the value of progressive methods and modern equipment.

LARGE enough to give assurance of prompt and efficient handling of orders and deliveries at all times.

SMALL enough to give each customer personal attention and warm hearted co-operation.

You can safely trust your prescriptions to such an organization.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office
 TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION