

**THE MOUNTAINEER**

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1936

**'NOTES ON A FAMOUS BIRD'**

A writer in the New York Times offers some interesting information, by way of "obituary material" for the 20,000,000 noble birds that have died this year to make an American holiday.

To begin with, here is something that few people have known before, concerning the name of the turkey.

It is derived, we are told, from the Hebrew word, turki-turki, meaning an ostrich, and came into use by Jewish vendors who, after the great fowl's introduction into Spain, went about the market places selling their new material for table festivals, and shouting "Turki-turki!"

That Benjamin Franklin supported the turkey for choice as America's national bird, is here recalled by way of further interest, but with the fact still true that most of us greatly prefer the eagle, as less original, of course, but more sure of respect seeing that nobody is tempted to eat it.

It is true that Franklin had called the turkey a bird of courage and one, he said, that "would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guard who dared to enter a farmyard in a red coat."

Yet not even with that, could a bird which spends its entire existence with the shadow of the axe above its neck, ever create the atmosphere of independence and defiance maintained by our American eagle with the thirteen arrows of our original states grasped in its fierce talons.

We much prefer the turkey as we know him today, with his drumsticks pressed decorously to right and left of his ample and savory breast, with oyster dressing on the inside of him, and a much brown gravy near at hand—Exchange.

**TWO MISTAKES**

There is a wealth of human interest in a series of letters now being printed in The Progressive Farmer on the subject "Mistakes I Have Made." We quote two:—

**FORGOT NEEDS**—My biggest mistake was failure to have my home remodeled and made pleasant for my children. If I had had it fixed up and bought a radio and a few extra things we needed, I could have made a pleasant home where my boy and girl of high school age could entertain their friends and spend their evenings at home. As it is, there is nothing pleasant in our home but a mother's love, so they seek pleasures elsewhere. It was a serious mistake I made, but I hope now to remedy it.—Mrs R. F. Smith, Mississippi.

**OVERWORKED WIFE**—Last summer I insisted on my wife's taking in several boarders, doing all her own cooking, washing, scrubbing, and general housework. She was not strong but undertook to shoulder the task bravely. Result: By fall I had a broken-down wife in the hospital, doctors' bills to pay, and trained nurses and cooks to hire. Part of the time I had to play handy boy around the place myself and learned many things. The garden was a quarter of a mile away, there was no woodshed or wash shed, and the only pump was located at the barn. The money I had to borrow to pay the expenses of my wife's illness would have remedied all these inconveniences and much more.—Ashamed, North Carolina.

At least the weatherman is giving us samples of real winter weather instead of overstocking us all at once.

More as a matter of record than of fond expectations, the State Department in Washington has sent out notices to 13 foreign nations, that the 15th of December they owe Uncle Sam a total of 155 million dollars for war debts.

**PAYING THEIR OWN WAY**

During the month of November, defendants in mayor's court, pushed across the bench to Mayor J. H. Way, something like \$730 in cash, in payment of court costs and fines.

Last Monday exactly 30 faced Mayor Way in city court, with most of them answering to the charge of being drunk.

But the month of November was not the only good month during the year for collecting fines and costs. For the months of July, August, September and October, a total of \$1,393.42 was collected by the mayor's court. The town gets the costs, and the fines are turned over to the county school fund.

During the month of November, the costs paid by those arrested amounted to something like \$450. This is exactly \$150 more than the salaries of the entire police force of the town of Waynesville cost.

The record as cited above clearly shows that there is much activity in the police department, despite the fact that the department is often the source of much criticism.

Perhaps if the police department was not so modest, and would come forward and make public more of their activities the public would take an entirely different attitude. The public, we feel, would not envy the four men their jobs, if the full details of their duties were known.

**A DOCTOR ON SPINACH**

Every once in a while we run across an item of news that merits emphasis in these columns in order that the unwary, who may have overlooked it in the ordinary news columns, will receive the full benefit of the revelation.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., recently stressed the fact that the same diet did not necessarily mean well for every patient. He has found, for example, that milk is not good for everybody and asserts "it is bad stuff for many people and actually poisonous to others."

The crowning revelation, however, pertains to spinach, which the doctor avers is not "the marvelous food we have long thought it to be." Worse, "it isn't digestible unless it is heavily creamed" and the body "cannot digest spinach sufficiently to benefit from the calcium and iron content of the vegetable."

Boys and girls having spinach rammed down their throats might pass this clipping along to the heads of the house!—Ex.

**PROPER CARE VS. GOOD PRICES**

While there are about 100 acres less in tobacco in this county this year than last, is no reason for either the farmers or merchants to get blue. In fact, it should be about the best news coming from the tobacco crop this year. Less acreage will doubtless mean that the farmers will take more pains in preparing this crop for the market.

The chief complaint from the buyers in recent years has been hasty preparation of the crop that has often been the cause for the low prices on what seemed to be quality tobacco.

If the crop from the 400 acres is properly handled, all indications are that the farmers will bring back home more cash for their crops than they have in several years.

Thanksgiving was a week ago today, but the last remains of the turkey only disappeared yesterday, which is reason enough to be thankful again.

Official quarters in Washington are busy denying that the New Deal is offering to sell Maine and Vermont to Canada, says a Michigan paper. Could this have been a Literary Digest prediction?

Since 1929 the majority of Christmas shopping has been done the last week before Christmas. Shoppers fail to either get the spirit and enthusiasm to buy, or did not have the money. This year the shopping has started earlier. There is evidence everywhere that not only will the season be longer, but much money will be spent in the meantime.

Last week a woman was heard to say: "Oh, I didn't think to go there to look. I haven't heard of that place in so long I'd forgotten about them carrying that line." The public has a habit of forgetting easily. If the buying public is to be impressed, they must be reminded constantly.

Looking over the crowd at court this week, we recognize quite a large number of the regular audience... those who never miss a single session, and look just as dirty and lack as much pride in their personal appearances as ever.

County tax collector W. H. McCracken reports a rushing business in his office last week and Monday of this week, since large numbers of taxpayers were paying their 1936 taxes and saving the one-half of one per cent. That is a sure sign that times are much better.

**THE OLD HOME TOWN** by STANLEY



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

With the thermometer hovering near freezing, I enjoy thinking back to boyhood days in the winter time.

Unless one has lived in the rural districts during cold weather, they haven't gotten all there is coming to them. Some of the fondest memories as a boy are those spent on a farm during Christmas holidays.

It was a typical farm in every respect. The home was modern, and only had 16 rooms. A fire was kept in the parlor and kitchen. Heat in the bedrooms was unknown.

Milking time was promptly at five. Feeding time at six, and breakfast at seven. The owner of the place also had a mill, store, garage and was postmaster.

What more could a boy ask than to be a guest at such a place over the Christmas holidays?

I had no complaint to make until the fourth day when the thermometer dropped to zero. The old fashioned pump froze—the green wood would not burn fast enough—and it was just down right cold. The only warm things about the place were their hospitality, and the sausages which were over-seasoned with red pepper and sage.

The first night, the boy of the house and myself toughed it out by sleeping between the icy fresh sheets.

The second night, we lacked the courage, and moved up just a notch and slept between two wool blankets—thinking no one would ever be the wiser. The next morning we found we were wrong in our thinking—the mother found it out—but how, I don't know.

The third night we slept in our stockings and about half our wearing apparel, leaving our night clothes hung on the hook.

We got by with that, and by that time the weather was about normal again.

I have often taxed my brain trying to decide whether it is better to stay in bed on cold mornings and smell good country sausages cooking, or face the music and get up in cold room to lower three windows.

A boy that has never had the opportunity of jumping out of bed on a cold morning and grabbing a pair of shoes and a few duds and beating it to the kitchen to dress behind the range can't appreciate modern conveniences.

I once boarded in a home where the father kindled a fire in his bedroom heater the night before, and the next morning at six o'clock, would reach over, drop a match in the heater and wait until the room was warm then he got up... and while he was making fires in other parts of the house his wife and daughter would dress in his room.

Cold weather memories: frozen pump... being wrapped until I felt like an over-stuffed toad... trying to get stockings to come up smoothly over long underwear... thumping cold ears... skinning cold knuckles and uttering my thoughts... dreading to go to bed... dreading to get up... staying in same position all night, feezing to move, least touch cold sheets... cold feet... hot soup... snow cream... tracking rabbits... feeding birds... taking enough medicine... cutting wood... wishing spring was here...

**"LIBERALIZE OR DIE"**

From two separate Republican sources in one day last week came demands for new and liberal G. O. P. leadership, with warning that otherwise the party would go the way of the Whig Party.

**Soil Erosion Costly To N. C. Farmers**

It is costing North Carolina farmers \$60,000,000 a year to let their soil wash away.

That is the estimated annual depreciation due to erosion and the resultant loss of fertility, gullying of fields, and silting of streams and reservoirs, said Dr. R. Y. Winters, director of the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station.

This has led to reduced crop yields, abandonment of many fields, and an increase in flood hazard and susceptibility to drought, he continued.

The Soil Erosion Service, the State College extension service, and the experiment station are working to remedy this situation, he stated, but they are handicapped by lack of information about various conditions over the state.

In seeking information that may be used in developing adequate programs for conserving and building up the soil, the experiment station is co-operating with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in making surveys and mapping soil conditions of the state.

The experiment station has been classifying and evaluating soils, studying factors that cause erosion, and determining what uses various lands are suited for.

But to date only the surface has been scratched, Dr. Winters declared. A great deal of work lies ahead.

On many farms terracing is not adequate, he continued, and many are too small to permit drastic changes in the cropping system. Yet some adequate means of controlling erosion must be developed and put into practice.

**23 Years Ago in Haywood**

(From the files of Nov. 28th, 1913.)

Mr. Henry MacFayden, of Sunbury, is visiting his parents here.

Miss Burr Cagle, of Clyde, is the attractive guest of Miss Dollie Lee. Miss Wilkie Smathe's has returned from Pensacola, Fla., where she was the guest of her sister, Miss J. A. Holtzclaw.

Miss Jennie Ray has returned from Salisbury, where she has been visiting for sometime.

Miss Emily Harrold is visiting Mr. John T. Bailey at her home in Clyde this week.

Miss Josephine McCracken spent Thursday in Asheville shopping.

Miss Willie Willis has returned from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Atlantic City.

Miss Maude McCulloch is spending sometime in Rock Hill, S. C.

Messrs. Hilary and Harry Crawford have returned to A. & M. College, Raleigh, where they will resume their studies.

Misses Anna Boone, Hazel Killian, Josephine Thomas, Messrs. Thurman Williams, Fayette Swift, Clyde Chauncey, Harry Fisher, and Will Coble spent Thursday in Asheville, where they saw "The Girl of My Dreams."

Miss Nan Killian very delightfully entertained the Wednesday afternoon bridge club this week.

Congressman Gulger has taken the post office in Asheville from a brother-in-law and handed it to a cousin, so it still stays in the family.

Fred Seely announced sometime ago that if he could not run Grove Par Inn without selling whiskey, he would close it up. We notice that he was not among those indicted in Asheville last week.

There has never been a Morrison sitting in the Governor's chair in Raleigh, but that is no reason why Cam of Charlotte should not have the place.

One of the main things, Dr. Winters pointed out, is to grow more soil conserving and building crops, that will not only hold the soil in place when it rains, but which will also add more organic matter to the soil.

**CONVICTED OF SLAVERY**

Convicted in Federal Court on charges of violating an ancient anti-slavery statute, Paul D. Preacher, Arkansas planter and peace officer, was sentenced to two years in prison and fined \$3,500 in Jonesboro, Ark., last week. Defense counsel completed argument in the case, with a declaration that the charges were the results of politics and that the Southern Tenant Farmers Union was back of the whole situation. Preacher is said to have been the first person ever indicted under the Federal anti-slavery act passed by Congress in 1865.

**"Good digestion is a 'must' in this game"**

—PHIL LABATTE



"AFTER A SLASHING SET-TO on the ice, I head for Camels," says Phil Labatte, hockey star. "I smoke Camels for digestion's sake—for that cheery 'lift'."

MRS. C. SICKLES, a busy mother, says: "What a pleasant help Camels are to good digestion! They set me right!"



**CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**OUR "BLUEPRINT"**

The contractor builds according to the architect's plans and specifications. His own ideas may differ with the instructions on the blueprint, but he makes no substitutions because he realizes that those drawings represent weeks of study and the weighing of factors with which he is not familiar.

The DOCTOR'S written prescription is ALEXANDER'S "blueprint" and we are as careful as the experienced contractor to follow each instruction to the letter. We know it is the only SAFE way.

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