

**The Mountaineer**  
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1937

**"A HOWLING SUCCESS"**

"A good time was had by all."  
That Phrase is frequently blue-penciled by newspapers, because they no longer consider it the best of journalism. We feel, however, that such a phrase would be permissible to use today in expressing the outcome of the Labor Day celebration in this county Monday.

More particularly, the celebration staged in this immediate community by Waynesville, Hazelwood and Lake Junaluska.

It is significant that this being the first Labor Day celebration in this community that it met with such success. Every part of the detailed program "clicked" according to schedule. Everyone seemed more than pleased with the celebration.

As a general rule, people of this section look on Labor Day as the last day of the summer season. While it is the last official summer holiday, it seems that we might well look on it as the beginning of a big fall season.

We have said many times, that this community is passing up many dollars in business by not capitalizing on the fall season. With ideal weather, colorful foliage, and bracing air, we have everything to make visitors enjoy themselves and get a renewed grip on life.

Now that we have had it demonstrated that Labor Day in this community can be made a big thing, it seems that from now on we should have equally as good Labor Day programs as the first of a series of events lasting through the fall months—for the benefit of local citizens and visitors from afar.

**INVESTMENT IN SAFETY**

As motorists become more conscious of the high tax that they pay on every gallon of gasoline, they are demanding more safety in highway construction.

This summer, this mountain area has suffered from heavy and steady rains. The excess water has washed holes along the curb of some of the main highways, and in some places the ruts have been washed to a depth of over a foot.

This past week, for the first time, we noticed the washed places were being filled with asphalt, and the shoulders of the highways leveled.

It is dangerous, especially at night, to have these gaping holes and deep ruts along the highway open.

The present method of filling in the places with asphalt instead of ordinary topsoil seems to us to be an investment in safety that we have long needed on our highways.

**NO WAILS, NO CHEERS**

All over North Carolina a phenomenon is taking place. As a constant reader of the State exchanges, we can testify to the fact that taxes are going up—city taxes, town taxes, county taxes, taxes here, there and everywhere—and the payers give every indication of having resigned themselves to it.

Nor is that all. The people who stand to benefit most from these increased taxes, the helpless old, the helpless young, and the needy of all ages, appear to be totally unenthusiastic at their good fortune. In any case, they are inarticulate about it. On those rare occasions when they do express themselves, it is belittlingly at the size of the beneficence. They are glad to get it, of course, but . . .

Thus unwept and uncheered has Social Security made its start in North Carolina, a State where there has never been a superabundance of life's good solid things but usually enough to go 'round, after a fashion. What this manner of reception signifies we know not, unless it is the grim realization upon the part of all the people that governments may help a little but that the individual rises or falls according to his own individual energy and capacity. That may be it.—Charlotte News.

**"POOR MOUNTAIN WHITES"**

Just about the time we feel that the clouds have disappeared from the sky, and everything is rosy, here comes another sensational, and sob writer relating the fact that the "poor mountain whites" are again living as uncivilized animals.

Just what these one-sided, and unfair writers want to go to such gross exaggeration we cannot understand. Certainly they know better, or should never try their hand at trying to paint such an unjust word-picture.

Last week, one such sob-sister, by the name of Mrs. Jesse M. Bader, saw fit to leave her slum-fested city of New York to come to the southern mountains, "to find conditions among the poor mountain whites appalling."

She sent out a series of letters to editors over the country appealing for help for these poor mountain folks, and the letter read as follows:

Dear Sir:

Because I have seen this week children starving in the Southern mountains of our country, I am appealing to you to print something in your columns in behalf of these mountain children.

As an official of the Save the Children Fund, I am visiting a portion of the Southern mountain field served by this child welfare agency. This organization supplies food, clothing, shoes and other help, including, with cooperation of school teachers and other local forces, programs for educational, spiritual recreational and character-building development.

I am writing you from Livingston, Tenn., while I am still visiting the mountain sections, because I am appalled at the great specific and immediate needs I have seen. Large numbers of children are so ragged that unless clothing can be procured at once they will be kept out of school this fall. Many have literally nothing but pieces of rags wrapped around their thin bodies. These children will walk as much as ten miles to the one-room school house, and some of them will sit on the floor because there are no seats or desks. Some counties are too poor to buy much equipment, and are behind in the teachers' meager salaries.

These conditions of these children is most pitiable. They are in isolated mountain sections or in abandoned mining towns. Never have I seen such poverty. Babies are ill and dying from starvation. Older people are going insane from slow starvation. A very few of these isolated people are on WPA work and receive \$20 per month; a very few are on relief and receive \$5 per month, but more than half are in stark poverty. The situation is appalling.

I know the conditions of wretchedness in large cities, but none parallels the poverty that exists in these isolated rural communities in the Southern mountains. The children need everything: Dresses, overalls, jackets, coats, underwear, shoes, stockings, socks, shirts, of all sizes and for all ages. The workers for the Save The Children Fund could find use for one hundred layettes per month for babies who are born without the aid of a doctor and not one clean cloth to be wrapped in.

The Save The Children Fund serves needy children in mountain and mining sections of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia. Any contributions that your readers will make toward these forgotten Anglo-Saxon children of ours will find most appreciative and worthy recipients. A used suit of clothing, a dress, a pair of shoes, will enable some child to attend school. If garments are too large they will be cut to fit by local sewing groups. A simple layette, including two gowns for the mother, will be a blessing. Money will buy cod liver oil, tomato juice, powdered milk, and cereal for starving and undernourished children.

Contributions of clothing should be shipped parcel post prepaid to Save The Children Field Headquarters, 309 Market Street, Knoxville, Tenn. Money should be sent to the Save The Children Fund National Office, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The need is beyond words to describe. Winter is coming on. Clothing and food for the children will keep them in school. A little will help so much.

MRS. JESSE M. BADER,  
Livingston, Tenn.

Without going to the extremes, we would be willing to wager that within half a mile of this woman's so-called headquarters in New York, that there is more poverty and worse living conditions than she or anyone else can find in the Southern mountains.

If she is so interested in doing good to suffering humanity, why not stay in her "own backyard" and do some work in the slums?

The mountain people, as far as we know, have never issued a call for their help.

As a result of the 1937 session of the legislature, Californians have more than 900 new laws to observe. Poor Californians, are suffering from "legislation indigestion" like the rest of the nation.

**THE OLD HOME TOWN** By STANLEY



**Random SIDE GLANCES**

By W. CURTIS RUSS

This week marks my sixth year in Waynesville.

It doesn't seem like six years, yet on the other hand, when one recalls the many things that have happened, it seems almost impossible that it all could have taken place in such a short time.

The first person I met in Waynesville was Tom Lee, Jr., and to say the least, he's about as good a person to greet strangers that I know of—maybe it was that first hearty welcome from Tom that made me like this town from the beginning.

Six years ago—at that time we were looking for better times just around the corner—

Steam shovels were grading the lot for the new court house—

Court was being held in the Masonic Temple—

There were no traffic lights on Main street—

A \$185,000 apple crop was grown, and to me this was more apples than I had ever heard of.

J. E. Massie was president of the Chamber of Commerce.

J. H. Howell was Waynesville's mayor.

There were five members of the board of county commissioners.

—and the chief topic of political observation was "Can the Democrats put Hoover out?"

On every hand people of prominence were predicting that "things have hit bottom."

Lots of other things took place right about that time. Oh, yes. The Mountaineer had just closed a big circulation campaign, and had given away two cars and a radio, a diamond ring, and some cash prizes. (That was the last sub campaign, too.)

A new company was formed and leased The Mountaineer, and bought it outright a few months later.

Of the four interested parties, it seems that I'm the only one of the original four who weathered the "depression storm."

Yes, it seems like a long time, yet, six years is only about 2,190 days, and that doesn't sound so long.

Anyway it might seem that after six years steady on one job, that I should know better than to try and get up such a column as this each week . . . and in case you're interested, do have plans for changing the editorial page, which will perhaps mean the doing away of this all together. . . .

It took the United States 10 years to win back the Davis cup, International Tennis Trophy. And then, when we got it back it was discovered the cup was empty.

A man may be a "Dear" to his wife, and a "Lamb" to his secretary, and a "Horse" for work, but to the public he's just a "Road Hog" when he monopolizes the middle of the highway.

The most improbable yarn heard recently is to the effect that income tax blanks are to be simplified.

Real estate promoters should have a good knowledge of arithmetic, especially "addition" and "subdivision."

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS**

Those who have their revenue increased by tourist travel should be interested in the prediction that, by 1960, the population of the United States will reach 150,000,000.

We agree with the statement that "General Hugh S. Johnson is outspoken." But we can't think just now by whom.

Natives of the Kru coast, according to a traveler, worship gin bottles. But you don't have to actually go to the Kru coast to see that sort of worship.

A collector has paid \$39,500 for a rare Bible. But we can read more easily—and with as much profit—ordinary Bibles that cost a dollar or two.

A Chicago man has written a new grand opera on the theme of the Spanish civil war. Anyone who can discover harmony in that mess must be a genius.

A woman in Connecticut is seeking a divorce from her husband, absent from home 35 years, because she "believes he isn't coming back." That's the eternal feminine—always jumping at conclusions.

We note where a Nebraska farmer turned his ducks loose on an alfalfa field infested with grasshoppers, and the ducks became so fat eating them they could not waddle and had to be carried home. That is a good story, but it has a sound of fiction in it.

Vice President Garner is the champion hard luck victim of the month. He has been kept so busy on political business since he returned to Washington that he has had no time to tell the boys about his fishing achievements during his summer vacation.

A lot of foolish men inhabit this world. A few days ago one of them married a woman who can throw a discus 143 feet.

A Wisconsin man is dead at 102 and he didn't utter a profane word in his entire life. Which makes it quite evident that he never paid any taxes.

Massachusetts reports a man who refused to buy his wife a fur coat because she wouldn't mend his socks. She didn't give a darn and he didn't give a wrap.

The two stones most commonly associated with marriage are the diamond and the grindstone.

**MORE THAN A STORE**

In many ways, Alexander's is very little different from thousands of other modern drug stores. But there is a PROFESSIONAL atmosphere around this establishment that lifts it above the general run of stores. It is the same atmosphere that characterizes a hospital or a doctor's office, or any place where serious work is taken in a serious way. It must be evident to everyone who knows this institution that Alexander's fully appreciates the big responsibility which prescription compounding involves.

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR**

**ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE**

Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

**HEADLINES of The PAST**

(From the files of September 12th, 1918.)

Forty-nine more boys leave Camp Jackson this week.  
"Casting bread upon the waters" Jessie Daniel Boone.  
Letters from Haywood boys in U. S. A.  
Red Cross to hold auction at house—A. C. Walker donates. Home aid being given by Red Cross in spite of war and high water.

(From the files of September 1st, 1932.)

Many visitors are planning to main for dahlia show.  
Judge Grimball has under way here as a summer visitor.  
First marriage held in new house here.  
Much building soon to be under at Lake.  
People of White Oak busy mending at this time.  
Final plans for Labor Day.

(From the files of September 2, 1937.)

Plans are for President Roosevelt to pass through here.  
50 per cent over last year of Lake.  
Varied program to feature Labor Day celebration.  
75 killed on State Highway in Tampa family are boosters of area.  
District Masons to meet here.

Modern girls are far more interested in mending a man's ways than mending his socks.

You never know how much a man can remember until he is called on to testify on the witness stand.

Among the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a good memory.

An egotist is the easiest person to entertain. All you have to do is listen.

One thing can be said about school of experience—you never have to take your books home.

There are very few dark and gloomy days for citizens who never learn to spread sunshine.

Whenever you buy a man's friendship, you always pay more than its worth.

Maybe it would help if the highway department would try painting a stripe near each edge of the road, the benefit of those who insist on driving on a stripe.

A swift kick, administered at the right time and place, frequently is a more brotherly act than a pat on the shoulder.

Automobile prices are going something which can be chalked against strikes.

The day may not be far distant when Russia will wish she had a few of her generals.

Life could be worse for you. In instance you might be a refugee in China or Spain.

Fashion dictates that a girl's waist line must shift from season to season, but the boys usually manage to find it.

When grandpa was a boy he had buy his naughty literature from train news butcher and read it in haymow.

In trying to balance the budget, appears that someone has put a few extra bricks in the wrong end of the sack.