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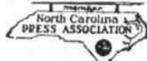
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THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1938

BIBLE THOUGHT

He who holds the stars in his hand may be trusted: Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.—Psalms 20:7.

'TIS APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

Every spring when the apple trees are in bloom, someone advances the idea that an apple blossom festival should be staged the next spring.

In advancing these ideas, comparisons are usually made with the strawberry festival of Wallace, the tulip festival of Washington, (N. C.) the tobacco festival of Wilson, and the Rhododendron festival of Asheville, all of which draw thousands of visitors.

Here it is apple blossom time again. No effort has been made to publicize the beauties of the orchards that stretch over the mountain sides.

At the very time the apple trees are at their best—this week—a group of Waynesville people were gathered in a smoke-filled room trying to devise ways to attract more visitors to this section.

It seems to us that to stress the beauties of the apple orchards in bloom would be one answer to the question.

NOT SO MUCH TALK THIS YEAR

All next week will be recognized as annual clean-up, paint-up, fix-up and light-up week.

There is not anything new that can be added to what has been repeated for years on the subject.

This year, there has not been as much talk and promises made as in former years on the campaign.

To us, this is the most encouraging sign of a successful week's work. Heretofore, there seems to have been more talk and ideas portrayed than real work done. It is characteristic for a civic club or average committee, to get elated over the proposed campaigns of this nature, and to sit for hours and build air castles, all with the hope and view that someone else will do the actual "dirty work."

Now that there has been less of that idle talking this year, we should be ready to launch individual campaigns successfully.

LOOKS LIKE WASTED TIME

All of us are indebted to the marvels of science.

We are enjoying life because of the progress science has made.

There are many things that science will do for the world yet, that many of us have not yet dreamed.

But with all of that, we sometimes get a little fed up on some of the seemingly absurd things that science works on.

Take for example the learned professor who spent weeks and months figuring that the Washington Monument was sinking—about an inch every 100 years.

Another scientist spent an equal amount of time exploding the theory that an insect called the deer botfly travels at about 25 miles an hour instead of a reputed 818.

On the other hand, in electrical laboratories, man-made lightning of millions of volts has been created in order that the mysteries of lightning may be studied.

Perhaps it is all necessary, yet it seems that such far-fetched ideas are a waste of time to us.

It was not until we read Harry Hall's article in today's paper, that we knew there were three "official kinds of time. We have always been under the assumption that a person had too much time, or not enough time, now his explanation upsets our idea, or at least adds to its complication.

HIGHWAY SIDEWALKS

"The State of Virginia's plan to cut down the toll of pedestrian deaths on the open highway seems altogether sensible," says the Concord Daily Tribune. "Under a bill passed unanimously by both houses in the general assembly and signed by Governor James H. Price, the State Highway Commission will build sidewalks along the most heavily traveled roads."

"The walkways are to be built at the request of county boards of commissioners and each county must bear half the cost of construction within its borders. Henry G. Shirley, State highway commissioner, estimates that the walks will cost between \$7,000 and \$8,000 per mile.

"That expense will be well justified if the new walkways bring a drop in the number of persons killed by cars on the open highways. Such accidents claimed more than 50 lives during the last three years."

We agree with the Concord paper, yet on the other hand, we fail to see the need of spending all this money unless the pedestrians use the sidewalks. Right here in this community, there are sidewalks along the principal highways, and at almost any time of the day, there can be seen pedestrians walking on the shoulder of the highway instead of using the sidewalk away from the grave dangers of heavy traffic.

Knowing that too many pedestrians refuse to use the sidewalks, we wonder if a vast expenditure of \$7,000 to \$8,000 per mile would be justified?

TRIBUTE TO THE COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

Turning from the city to the small town press exchanges that come to the editor's desk is like stepping from the slums, full of vice, into an old fashioned garden sweet with lavender and thyme and the scent of perennial flowers. The pages of the big dailies are full of murder, thievery, immorality and selfishness that the better news is obscured by these glaring shatterings of the Decalogue. One puts the paper aside with a feeling of depression and heartache that the world is so full of terrible and unhappy things.

Then picking up the papers that record the happenings of the little towns around us, one gains renewed faith in life. Here are set forth only that which uplifts a community—the activities of the business men, the church items, the happy social gatherings of the people, the marriages, births and deaths, farmers' items, and all the thousand and one daily occurrences that make up the simple annals of the great common people, who are really the foundation of this country of ours.

Scandals are seldom published in the country newspapers, but it so happens that decency demands it, the uglier details are omitted or given a kindly touch that it is widely different from the unfeeling publicity of the city press. The offenders may be our neighbors, or people we have rubbed elbows with all our lives. They are real human beings to their town paper, while to the great city dailies they are merely grains of a sort that are ground out hourly in their news mills.

Sometimes people speak lightly of the country newspaper, but it is one of the most potent and uplifting factors in our national existence.—The Christian Science Monitor.

We have always thought of the fall as circus time, but this year it seems to have changed to spring, with one here Tuesday and another slated for Friday week. With two circuses, and fishing season just open, we don't see how some people will get their spring planting done.

The Hazelwood Boy Scouts, together with their leaders, were quick to see the need of a meeting place, and in less than no time, had a forty by sixty hall built. The result of a determination linked with co-operation.

TWO MINUTE SERMON

BY THOMAS HASTWELL

THE GREATER MARVEL

We are prone to wonder, as we study the early ministry of Christ and his efforts to turn men from the dead ritualism and formalism of the old dispensation to the acceptance of a marvelous new philosophy of living, why it was so difficult for men of that day to give up an empty formalism and to accept the wonderful new teachings that possessed the secret of human hope, and inspiration, and triumphant living. If we but pause to think, the indifference of that day is not nearly so remarkable as is the indifference of thousands of men and women today, who, though living in a world which has seen countless times the power and truth of Christ's teachings demonstrated, still hesitate to accept them and make them the motivating principle of their lives. They are in effect ruled by dead formalism as completely as were the Pharisees of their day. They have never reached that point in their experience where they can turn with confidence to prayer, man's common medium of communication with God, and receive the assurance that their voice has been heard, and the consciousness that the desire of their soul has been supplied. Religion has not become to them a practical, usable thing. Instead of being a part of living, it is a thing apart from living. We marvel at the indifference in the days of the Pharisees, but, how much more of a marvel should be the indifference of men and women today.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. Curtis Russ

The thud of baseballs will resound from many a bat this week, as the official season opens.

Baseball still remains the favorite sport of the American people, and of all groups, I believe the colored folks get more real enjoyment out of baseball than anyone else.

For a pastime, I rather see two good colored teams play than the New York Yankees. I've seen both, and there is more baseball per minute in the average colored game than all the professional teams can provide in an hour. There might not be as much scientific playing, but for general "entertaining" playing, the colored folks have the lead.

They put so much into the game . . . they play as if it meant life and death . . . defying all dangers, and forever playing to the applause from the grandstand.

The story comes from Atlantic City, that in a pre-season game several years ago, the New York Yankees were playing a good colored team, and the Yankee pitcher, a league leader, was tossing the ball with all the speed he had, and when the captain of the colored team went to bat, he deliberately stopped the ball with his head and yelled: "White man, put some steam on dat ball, so's we can hit 'em."

About the best non-professional catcher I ever watched, was a fearless colored man of about 50. Half the time he refused to wear a mask, and in his opinion to don a chest protector was sissy. He got down on his knees, and even threw the ball to second base while in that position. His continual line of chatter, mingled with a typical war cry just as the ball crossed the plate caused more than one good batter to strike out. As far as I can remember, his only injury was the result of a soda water bottle being thrown at the back of his head during a close game in which he was the star. He shook his head, rubbed his eyes, cursed the person throwing the bottle, and down in his knees he went, ready for more of the bullet-like pitches from the lumber-jack pitcher.

About the funniest thing I ever saw happen on a baseball field, was during a colored game. A clowning left fielder was going after a high ball, as in his usual manner, crossed his hands in order to make the catch look more spectacular, and just as he did, the sun struck him square in the face, and the ball dropped on the left eye and a deathly thud. He staggered for a moment, and then with both arms outstretched, fell backwards, in a dead faint.

When he was revived, he was mortified and mad at himself, and when he went to bat he hit the hardest line drive I ever expect to see—especially from the bat of a man with one eye closed and a bump the size of a goose egg on his temple.

After all, the big leagues may pay fancy prices for their players, and draw thousands to the parks, but it is doubtful if any of them will put up a show during the season as good as two average colored teams.

Small Oversight
 "Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Parker?"
 "Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday."

Who Knows?

Answers Are On Page Three

1. For what is Gar Wood known in the news?
2. What was the new daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns named?
3. Who plays opposite Claudette Colbert in the new movie, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife?"
4. What are fish ladders?
5. What well known young movie star is playing the lead in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm?"
6. What was ex-President Herbert Hoover's opinion of the possibility of war in Europe following his return to this country after several months' visit in Europe?
7. The removal of what tax, ap

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I KNOW THAT CHOICE TOBACCO'S MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN A CIGARETTE. AND BEING IN THE BUSINESS OF GROWING TOBACCO, I'M PARTIAL TO THE CIGARETTE I KNOW BUYS UP THE CHOICE KINDS OF TOBACCO. THAT'S CAMEL. I SOLD THE BEST LOTS OF MY LAST CROP TO CAMEL. MOST OF THE GROWERS HERE DID, TOO.



WALTER DEWINE gets high prices at the market, smokes Camels.

WHAT cigarette is made from costlier tobaccos? Planters who grow tobacco—and get the check for it—give the answer. They know Camel buys up their extra-choice tobacco. "Most smokers who grow tobacco," they say, "favor Camels." Camels are different... made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

"WE SMOKE CAMELS BECAUSE WE KNOW TOBACCO"

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