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North Carolina Press Association

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1938

WEEDS AND SNEEZES

Editors are sometimes urged to write articles in which there is little or no interest. However, we find the suggestion made by Chas. E. Ray, Jr., in a letter to the editor last week, asking that editorial mention be made about cutting down weeds in the community for the benefit of victims of hay fever, can be handled with "feeling" if not in a persuasive manner.

Mr. Ray's suggestion is one that we won't sneeze at—although we are a hay fever victim. Words cannot accurately picture the misery of an attack of hay fever. Even a victim could not describe the ill effects truthfully and not be branded as one who handles the truth carelessly.

As a general rule, the hay fever season is looked upon as starting August 15th.

Medical experts explain that there are three hay fever seasons, but the weed season in August and September claims the greatest number of victims, and the single weed which does the most damage is the rag-weed, which puts quoniam to shame. And there is a bumper crop of rag-weed this year.

It has been found that two per cent of the nation's population suffers from hay fever—two out of every hundred.

Hay fever makes itself known in a chemical irritation by pollen grains in the nose of sensitive persons. It can be caused by emanations of animals and also has other causes, medical experts explain.

In general, however, the various species of plants known to cause hay fever in the United States are divided into three main groups and give three more or less distinct hay fever seasons. Trees give the spring-type hay fever; grasses the summer type, and weeds the fall type. The giant and short rag-weed plant causes the most trouble, while a group of minor weeds such as lambs quarter, sheep sorrel and pigweed pollinate a few weeks before the rag-weeds and do not last as long. These cause only an occasional case.

Medical science has gone far into the treatment—preseasonal, perennial and co-seasonal, differing essentially in the time element.

After all, however, the pollen from the weeds that are now to be found on most of the vacant lots of the community, together with the overgrown hedge rows in the rural districts, causes one subject to hay fever to shudder at the very thoughts of an attack.

Now that this is "open season" for hay fever, it will be an act of "brotherly love" to have the weeds cut.

CHILD'S PHILOSOPHY

A small negro boy, looking just like thousands of other negro boys in size, came into the newspaper office recently and inquired with a soft drawl if we'd like to buy a package of peanuts.

We did and handed him a nickel. We began eating the tasty goobers and noticed that he made no move to leave. Staring at us with cow-like eyes he ventured to ask: "How is dey?" "Fine," we replied.

"Dat's good," he said, "Ah always 'et's my customers try dem out 'fore ah leaves."

The negro urchin was sold on his product and meant to give his customers their money's worth. Although he is lacking in education, refinement and material wealth, that negro youth had a philosophy of business that is singularly refreshing in a time when so many people are out to gyp the public and play their acquaintances for suckers.

What a Utopia this would be if people were as frank in their dealings as the negro boy and as anxious to please each other in their business relationships.—Whiteville News Reporter.

TRASH FROM PICNICS

One of the best kept rural churchyards of the section, was cluttered with papers, boxes, cups, and trash in general late Sunday afternoon, following a picnic by a group of folks from town.

The above has perhaps happened at a number of rural churches, and schools. The cleaning up had to be done by members of the church, or civic minded patrons of the school.

Those who picnic should be more considerate, and leave the place as clean as they found it. If the practice continues, there will be steps taken to protect rural public property from the thoughtless groups who spread their trash around.

UNCONCERNED

Several weeks ago, a young man, with an unbalanced mind, leaped eleven stories in New York to his death. His act was discussed by millions. Newspapers in every corner of the globe carried the news.

Last week-end eight North Carolinians were killed and fifteen injured on the highways of this state.

The average person on the street has no concern, nor cares of the highway fatalities—and entirely too many users of the highways give the serious matter no concern.

W. C. T. C. STEPS OUT

Western North Carolina Teachers College can no longer lament that it is the "forgotten institution."

The special session of the legislature made an appropriation of \$581,000 for the college at Cullowhee. This was the third largest in the state, and almost equal that amount given the University at Chapel Hill.

With over a half million dollars for improvements, the college that has meant so much to this section, will be able to branch out and increase its usefulness many times.

The school at Cullowhee deserved the appropriation, they have skimped long enough, but have done splendid work on what they had.

MADISON'S AFFIDAVITS

Ever so often, it seems part of the life of Madison County for one of two factions to begin publishing a series of affidavits and making charges against the opposing group.

The latest is that of a former school teacher "affidavit" that he paid certain sums to the school board while he was teaching, and when he stopped his contributions, he lost his job.

Of course, all this exposing of such things might not do any particular good as far as correcting what has past, but it does put those who might be tempted to work out such schemes on guard that all such trades made behind closed doors do not always stay there. When such things are brought to light, it puts all involved "on the spot."

HOW'S YOUR WILL POWER?

And speaking of chiggers, some years ago we read that if one will refrain from rubbing or scratching the point at which a chigger digs into the skin, the stinging, itching sensation will last but a short period—say, ten to twenty minutes—and that after Mr. Chigger gets himself dug in, there will be no further discomfort to his unwilling host. This we have found to be true, but one must have a strong will-power, well trained over a period of years, in order to resist the impulse to claw up large patches of epidermis where chiggers are drilling. There are, of course, a number of persons with flabby will-power who can't keep from scratching chigger bites to save their skin. If you belong to this category, we offer this suggestion: Have an attendant tie boxing gloves on your hands and handcuff them behind you for thirty minutes. If this suggestion doesn't appeal to you, you might take a needle and dig the redbugs out one by one. (They are easily visible to the unaided eye). If you don't want to do this either, just go ahead and scratch. We're getting tired of dispensing free advice.—Olin Miller, Atlanta Journal.

WHAT THE YEARS HAVE BROUGHT

The news agencies and editorial writers have used the 99th birthday of a barber in Vermont to call attention to the pageant of social history he has witnessed since he began barbering. One writer noted the following changes that the aged barber has seen come to pass:

Once the talk was of barehanded baseball. Then it was talk about baseball with gloves.

Trouser cuffs went from wide to narrow, to wide, and back to narrow again.

The customers panned new administrations almost every four years.

Collars went from hard to soft and back to hard, and back to soft, high, low, high again, low.

And over the customers' shoulders he watched the old Police Gazette, with its pictures of lovely girls in tights, give way to modern periodical, with its pictures—of lovely girls.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. Curtis Russ

After seeing the fine stock at the mare and colt show at Crabtree last week, I'm no longer puzzled at the way some of the young people can ride bareback in this section.

One little fellow, weighing not over fifty pounds, stuck to a twisting and prancing mare like he was glued on. And more than that, he did not show any signs of fear when it looked to some of us that he might tumble off head-first.

These little fellows are not like the summer visitor, who after an hour's horseback ride remarked as she dismounted: "I never knew anything full of hay could be so hard."

The little boys riding bareback actually demanded more attention than did some of the prize winning entries. Numerous older men remarked with envy, of the times they road bareback, and the fun they got out of holding the reins while the animal they road was being judged. Among this group of "former boy riders" was L. N. Davis, County Agent Smithwick, Frank Davis, A. P. Ledbetter, and several others.

One man, in a rather sentimental mood, said that the sad part of it all was that the little barefoot boy did not realize that right then was one of the happiest moments of his life—and no doubt the little fellow was wishing that he were grown, and wearing long pants and out in the crowd pointing to animals and saying, "There's mine."

Such is life.

And if any one should ask you, this is a watermelon eating population. At Weaver Cathey's I stood by and watched the melons disappear—some folks used salt, some ate plain. Others picked out seed, others bit off melon and seed and disposed of several seeds at once, and if I'm not mistaken, some ate seeds and all—.

Evidently the soft drink business is growing by leaps and bounds, judging from the steady increase of new firms that are putting products on the market. Right now, there are seven different firms selling wholesale, soft drinks in Waynesville.

Every plan has been followed to get new drinks on the market. Some names resemble some of the older drinks. Some firms have increased the size of their bottles from the standard six ounce to eight.

And only in the past year, one firm believed they could give twice the standard amount, and put a twelve-ounce bottle drink on the market, and it is meeting with favor among a certain group.

The soft drink business is a highly competitive field. All kinds of mixed drinks—such as orange, grape, lime, strawberry and the like, come under that head, and constitute a large volume of the drinks sold.

Filling stations now do a good business in the soft drink trade. It seems that the average motorist is in the frame of mind for a drink before driving on, and then too, the change from the gas and oil makes it easy to part with a nickle, and often a dime, with a nickle going for one of the attractive packages of cracker sandwiches which are conveniently displayed above the drink stands.

And from reports of last week, at the "coming out" party of a daughter of a soft drink manufacturer, there

DEMONSTRATION CLUB ORGANIZED AT MORNING STAR

Under the supervision of Miss Mary M. Smith, a home demonstration club was organized at Morning Star, Monday, August 8. The following officers were elected:

- President—Mrs. L. L. Smathers.
- Vice president—Mrs. Marlin Hall.
- Leaders of home projects were appointed as follows:
- Food and Nutrition—Mrs. Will Miller.
- Food Conservation—Mrs. Jim Allen.
- Home Furnishings—Mrs. Hugh Medford.
- Home Management—Mrs. Oscar Smathers.
- Home Beautification—Mrs. Chas. Mease.
- Home Gardens—Mrs. Sewell Rhinehart.
- Home Poultry—Mrs. Helen Gaddy.
- Home Dairy—Mrs. Marlin Hall.
- Parent Education—Miss Dewey Rhodarmer.

There must be money in the business—he spent over \$20,000 on this one party. Whew, that calls for a soda, such expensive parties makes me dizzy.

Summer Visitors— DON'T TAKE DIRTY CLOTHES HOME

Call One One Three, and we will call for and deliver your garments, properly dry cleaned and pressed, and in bags that will protect them while you travel.

NEWS EVENTS FROM DELLWOOD SECTION

Mrs. Oscar Grasty and her daughter, Dorothy, were in town during the week-end. Vergie Setzer, and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, Mooreville.

Mrs. Elbert Daniels and daughter, Dorothy, were in town during the week-end. Mrs. J. A. Campbell, Mooreville.

Mrs. D. O. Platt and Mrs. Sheehan were joint hosts of the home of the former F. D. Platt, honoring Mrs. Robert D. Platt, miscellaneous shower. Mrs. Platt received a number of lovely presents. A large number of friends were present. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. Platt's mother, Elbert Daniels and Mrs. D. O. Platt.

D. O. Platt and Fletcher, spent the day in Asheville, N. C., on business.

Amos Moody has almost completed a new barn.

SAYS HE IS NOT DEAD

Syracuse, N. Y.—Deputies and police officials called off a "dog" the body of Raymond Rhoadarmer, instructor walked into the office to deny that he had met a foul play. The finding of some carded clothing led to the mistaken assumption that he had been injured.

STOLID BOSSY

Dover, Dela.—A bolt of lightning struck the dairy barn in which wood Dulin and his Negro-farm hand George Broadas, sat side by side milking. Three cows, including one Dulin was milking, were killed but the cow Broadas was unscathed and to get the least bit excited, even upsetting the milk pail.

Health and Relief—Mrs. Rhodarmer. Education—Mrs. K. Davis. Recreation—Miss Elm Mae Smathers.

4-H Club—Mrs. Wally Ammons. The new club was invited to hold next meeting at the home of Mrs. E. Medford. The date will be announced later.

Before adjourning, the members enjoyed a short recreational period.

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