

# The Mountaineer

Published By  
**THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.**  
Main Street Phone 137  
Waynesville, North Carolina  
The County Seat Of Haywood County

W. CURTIS RUSS Editor  
MRS. HILDA WAY GWYN Associate Editor  
W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, In Haywood County .....\$1.50  
Six Months, In Haywood County ..... 75c  
One Year, Outside Haywood County ..... 2.00  
All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 29, 1914.

Editorial notices, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, and all notices of entertainments for profit, will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1938

### DREAMS COME TRUE

For more than fifty years the people of this section have dreamed, have talked, and have done all in their power to bring to pass the realization of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Back in the 1890's prominent citizens of Western North Carolina organized into a group for the purpose of promoting the idea to have the present park area taken over by the government and thereby preserved for posterity.

With the authorization of the establishment of the Park by an act of Congress approved May the 22nd, 1926, and the generosity of the Rockefeller family, the dream began to take a very definite form. Now after twelve years of anxious waiting we are to see the final dedication, of this vast and primitive area, to the enjoyment of future generations.

Like most things of great and permanent value it has taken years of work to make the dream come true. When officials of the North Carolina Highway and Public Works Commission met recently in Washington in conference with Secretary Ickes, and the National Park Service, the last obstacles which stood in the way of the official opening of the Park area, were removed.

The idea started by a hand full of citizens has gained momentum through the years, until the park has become a reality. Many of those who conceived the plan are gone, but it is gratifying that a number of those who attended that first meeting at the old Battery Park in Asheville have lived to see this development.

What the completion of the Park, the routing of the Blue Ridge Parkway, the construction of the Soco Gap-Cherokee road, will mean to Waynesville and Haywood County, is hard to predict.

"If we only had the Park"—"When the park is completed" have been bywords in this section so long that most of us have used the expressions with a parrot like manner. Now it all will soon be true. What are we going to do about it? Are we going to let other counties and communities not so fortunate in their location carry forward a program of progress and development that will leave us out of the picture?

### ORIGINALLY NEEDED

As the summer season passes on, and we look with renewed hope into the future, we often have suggestions put to us as a community, for improving our tourist business.

It is a mighty poor business man who won't listen to suggestions, whether he takes them or not. But during the past few weeks, we have heard dozens of suggestions for providing entertainment for the summer visitors. This newspaper realizes the need of entertainment, and believes that the community should do more than is now being done.

But, for the life of us, we can't see why people still insist on comparing Miami's methods of entertaining with Waynesville; or suggesting that Waynesville draws such crowds as St. Petersburg.

Waynesville can never hope to put things on in a way comparable to Miami or St. Petersburg. Several Western North Carolina towns have tried it, and have almost gone into bankruptcy.

What Waynesville needs in the form of entertainment, is not to copy that staged by other places, but to devise something entirely new and different, and a plan that will fit in with the size and finances of the town.

What is needed, is something original—and the profits will be far greater.

### NEW ROADS, OLD ROADS, BAD ROADS

Haywood County would do well to join in a celebration when the first shovel of dirt is moved on the 13-mile stretch of road from Soco Gap to Cherokee.

This road is going to mean the shortening of the distance from Cherokee by about 14 miles, and will make Cherokee a prospective customer for all of Haywood County.

Besides the business to be gotten from the Indians, and others, the road will afford another scenic loop from Waynesville.

While we have every reason to be elated over the routing of the Parkway from Wagon Road Gap, via Tennessee Bald, Balsam, Soco Gap and Ravensmord, we have equal reason to be glad of the news that the Soco Gap-Cherokee road will be constructed.

But, we must not overlook the fact, in our moments of happiness over the new road, that there are several roads right here in the county that are essential to our progress that need immediate attention. We refer to the Fines Creek road, and the improvement of the road from Waynesville to Bethel.

### THE WEDGE IS BROKEN AGAIN

The dry forces of Orange County broke the edge of the "wet wedge" last week, when the voters of the county defeated a measure which would have established liquor stores in the county.

Durham County is still the most westerly county in the state with legalized liquor stores, and the reason we repeat this fact, is that the last time we made similar mention, the word "legalized" was not used, and several of our most technical and careful readers called the "error" to our attention, pointing out that they could prove that there were scores of such places in operation, west of Durham.

### PUBLICITY MAN, REYNOLDS

The heated senatorial campaign last spring, seemed to have inspired Senator Reynolds to higher realms in the capacity of North Carolina's senator-publicity man.

The tanned senator is back from a hunting trip in Alaska, and with him comes an influx of publicity, including pictures in national magazines of the Tar Heel traveler standing over a 3,000-pound bull walrus, which he shot.

In his usual style, and manner, he gave the meat to Eskimos for a feast—but we bet it wasn't given them until "Our Bob" had told them what a fine country they had, and how glad he was to be their friends.

Back in the states, he is advocating more national defense for Alaska, but did take time off to suggest that North Carolina needed more trees.

It can be handed Senator Bob, he is North Carolina's number one publicity man. And his ability to pick subjects "to be for" is making him popular with the masses—and what more can a politician ask?

### WHITTLING

Is whittling becoming a lost art, asks the Christian Science Monitor in a recent editorial. The Boston editor continued:

"Not until vacation time when we watched a countryman leisurely and deftly reduce a pine stick to curly shavings with his jackknife did we realize how long since we'd seen a whittler before. In our boyhood' most everybody, man and boy, whittled and kept his knife sharp and shining. You sat on the milkstand by the barn or on the porch of the farmhouse or crossroads store and whittled—sometime alone and often as you conversed with companions. If a neighbor pulled up beside the road with his horse and buggy and stopped under a shade tree, you put one foot restfully on the hub of a front wheel, and found a stick.

"Most of the whittlers we remember, except a few who whittled out paddles, watch charms or other articles, seemed to whittle just for the sake of whittling—just plain, pure relaxation, and let the shavings fall where they would. Not all whittling however, was as simple and guileless as that. When Hiram Stebbins was cogitating a horse trade or wanted to buy your bay colt, he would whittle so nonchalantly that horse or colt seemed the farthest thing in creation from anything that he wanted to possess—that is, if you didn't know Hiram.

"Maybe a census of whittlers would show more of them left in villages and on farms than the city man thinks. If so, 'tis well. If whittling passed, something very American, neighborly, and leisurely would go with it. It is needed to temper the tempo of today and continue its contributions to serenity and contentment as in simpler days."

The Mountaineer does not know where the Boston editor spent his vacation, but we feel that if he had been around George Miller, at Bethel, or Chief Jim Stringfield here in Waynesville, that the editorial on whittling would have been four times as long, because when it comes to making curls fly, those two know how

### THE OLD HOME TOWN



### Story 2

After Blackie got settled in his new home, he started out one day to look around and see who lived in his neighborhood. After a while he came to a little field that had one of those old fashioned zig-zag fences around it. Blackie was always mighty careful about letting people see him, and so he crept up right easily towards the fence, and peeped through a crack. And he saw a little cabin that had a garden back of it, and certainly somebody lived there, for the back door was about half open, and there were chickens in the little field the other side of the house. But there wasn't a bit of noise, and he wondered if the folks had all gone away.

Nobody has any more curiosity than a bear, and even if Blackie hadn't wanted to find something to eat, he was curious to know what was in that little house. Blackie waited a little longer, but there still wasn't any noise, and so he climbed over the fence, without making a bit of noise, and began to creep around a fig tree that was between him and the house. And now just look! Lying there on the little back porch was a nice, big cat, and that wasn't all: there were six little kitties, and every one of them seemed to be fast asleep! And what was that on the table in the kitchen? A big bowl of honey, sure as you live—wild honey, taken from a tree, for just look at that big ragged piece sticking away up! If anybody had asked Blackie what were the two best things in the world to eat, he would have said: "honey and young kitties—they just go together."

This was Aunt Linda's cabin, and she lived with her boy, Tom, who was twelve or thirteen years old. She was a Negro woman, fifty years or more old, and she made her living on the little place, and she and Tom went to town about once a week to sell eggs and chickens and other things, and bring back what they needed from the store. And this was a day when they had gone to town.

Aunt Lindy knew there were foxes and coons and other varmints in the woods, for sometimes they had come and caught a chicken at night; but she never knew them to come in the daytime, and so when she went away she didn't bother to shut her kitchen door, but left it open so Sallie Cat

and the kitties could come in if they wanted to.

Well, when Blackie saw that nice fat cat and all those kitties lying there asleep, he smacked his lips and licked his tongue just like he was tasting kitty and honey, and began creeping up nearer and nearer, so he could jump in and slap the whole bunch over while they were asleep.

But Sallie Cat had heard about Blackie, long before he came to the creek, for he was the very fellow that had slipped up on her husband. Tom Cat, one day when he was on a hunting trip to the mountains, and had slapped him over and killed him and eaten him all up. When Sallie was sleeping out doors this way, or when her kitties were sleeping, she always kept one eye about half open, and nobody could come without being seen.

So when Blackie came around the fig tree and started towards her, Sallie jumped up and humped her back like a camel, and squalled to Blackie: "Don't come any closer!" All that did was to make Blackie laugh. What could that little thing do to him? She was no bigger than a rabbit, and he could just slap her head off, and then he would eat her and her kitties too.

So Blackie just licked out his red tongue again and started on towards Sallie. Now Sallie remembered that her grand-mother, Tabby Cat, had

(To be continued.)

Your nerves need a rest every now and then...

Let up—Light up a Camel

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves!

### YOU'LL FIND IT HERE!

There are some staples you can find in every drug store. But there are other drugs, rarely used, that can be found only in exceptional pharmaceutical establishments. On our shelves and in our special refrigerating equipment, we stock such items as a matter of course, because this is a PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY. Here, then, is ONE source to which you can confidently turn in one place where UNUSUAL SERVICE is all in a day's work.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 and 54

Opp. Post Office

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION

### What's the Answer?

By EDWARD FINCH



WHY ARE THREE BALLS THE SIGN OF A PAWNBROKER?

THE first pawnbrokers were from the famous Italian family of the Medici. The name Medici was derived from the medical profession and the family coat of arms was three golden pills. When the first loan office was opened for the purpose of lending money on goods which the banks would not accept as security, the Medici coat of arms was used as a business trademark and it has been maintained in its somewhat corrupted form of the three gilded balls.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### GEMS

For Your Scrapbook

"I have ever seen a more admirable and more beautiful example of a good example than this one."—Thomas Jefferson

"Lives of great men all resemble one another, in that they are made of a good example, and departing, leave behind them Footprints on the sands of time."—Lafayette

"Consistency is well in its more than in its present. It is shown by words without which are like clouds without rain."—Mary Baker Eddy

"We should endeavor to do nothing so that we may say that we not lived in vain, that we may have some impress of ourselves on the ds of time."—Napoleon Bonaparte

"Let your light so shine before them that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matthew 5:16

"One example is more valuable than twenty presents without books."—Roger Ascham

An ordinary newspaper contains about 10,000 movable types. There are seven possible wrong positions for each letter, affording 7 chances to make errors, and 70,000 of possible transpositions. In sentence, "To be or not to be, transposition alone, 2,770,000 can be made. Isn't it marvelous so few errors appear in print?"

told her about how to do it. Her nose was, and when Blackie coming, she made an awful jump and landed right on her with her front feet, while her legs spraddled out over his head.

Did she scratch his nose? He would say till this day that she and he would tell you that he had around and started for home faster than he had come. He ran the fence and thought that he shake Sallie loose, but it didn't, but she was scratching his nose.

"Get down, Sallie, and never bother your kitties again—er, never," Blackie roared to her. "All right: here's good-bye," he said, and she gave him one good scratch, and then jumped, and went back to her kitties and didn't know a bear had been there till they woke for their own and Sallie told them how she whipped a big bear to keep him eating them.

(To be continued.)