

The Mountaineer

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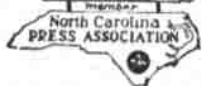
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THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1939

THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY

The dream of the Blue Ridge Parkway that will make its winding way over the crest of the hills of Haywood County, has become a reality, when actual work was started last week on the Haywood-Transylvania line, with 450 days set for its completion of 5.1 miles.

It is another encouraging sign that those who have labored long in this section for great developments are seeing another one realized. Individuals and groups have worked hard for the building and completion of this 400-mile-long highway, and runs from the Shenandoah National Park to the Pisgah-Balsam range near the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

It will be another link for this area with the outside world. It is hard to estimate the thousands who will travel this highway into this section. It will be another attraction to the list of interesting drives in Western North Carolina.

Thus has been ended any further speculation of the routing of the Blue Ridge Parkway west of Asheville, Haywood County is especially fortunate in having already, practically completed, two connections with the Parkway—State Highway No. 284 is in fair condition to Wagon Road Gap, and the other road from Sunburst to the Transylvania line is near completion.

So that at least in the near future a short loop over the Parkway and one of the most scenic drives over Western North Carolina may be enjoyed by going up one branch of the Pigeon and down the other.

TO THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Felix Stovall was elected president of the Woman's Club, largest organization of women in town, last week. We congratulate the club on its choice of Mrs. Stovall as the leader.

She has been active in club work for several years. She has held offices in both the present larger Woman's Club, and in the Community Club, before the two merged into one group.

She brings to the office, enthusiasm, civic pride, and ability to work with others, and a wide vision of service for the Woman's Club.

"OUR BOB" FOR THE PRINTERS

Senator Robert R. Reynolds gave a straight dig at the editors of North Carolina last week when he made the statement that he was glad there are more printers in the state than editors.

After reading into the Senate record a resolution from the printers of San Antonio, Texas, endorsed his proposal to suspend all immigration "Our Bob" is quoted as saying:

"I like printers very much."

"I have found in my state of North Carolina those who do the mechanical work of making up newspapers are always for me, while the editors are always against me."

"But I thank Heaven there are more printers than there are editors so that I may add that I have fared very nicely."

Arthur Brisbane could take a sheet of paper worth one-tenth of a cent, write and editorial on it and make it worth \$5,000. That's genius.

Henry Ford can take a similar sheet of paper, write a few words on it and make it worth ten million dollars. That's capital.

A workman can take three cents worth of steel, make it into watch springs and collect hundreds of dollars. That's skill.

A merchant can take an article worth 50 cents, advertise it and sell it for \$1.00. That's business.—Anon.

If you don't believe in cooperation watch what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

SOMETHING OVERLOOKED

From the South are being distributed colorful and alluring booklets on the Magnolia, Cypress and Middleton Gardens. They make one want to fill up the car and load up the family and take a vacation, just to see these interesting beauty spots of man and nature.

The Craggy Gardens, of Asheville, are coming in for some timely advertising and literature is being sent over the country inviting travelers to include a trip to this scenic spot on which is located a "natural garden" of mountain shrubs.

The Apple orchards in Virginia are being brought to the attention of traveling America, and the season is gaining prestige each year, as an important event, for those who "take the road," to include in their itinerary.

But "Apple Blossom time in Haywood," is being kept as a secret as far as the outside world is concerned. Only those visitors, who happen to pass this way will know this spring about the exquisite beauty of the apple covered slopes, when they are clothed in their ethereal blossoms of delicate pink.

For several years this paper has reminded the readers of this opportunity that knocks each spring, but so far it has not met with an active response.

ABC STORES VERSUS ILLICIT DEALER

Down in Durham recently, 32 persons faced trial in the recorder's court as a result of a series of liquor raids conducted by the city and county police working in co-operation with State ABC undercover agents.

The round-up was said to be the biggest assault on illicit whiskey operations in Durham since a wholesale arrest last spring of 120 persons. Most of those arrested in the recent raid, posted bonds of \$300 each, but others spent the night in jail.

Police stated that more than half of the persons arrested were under suspended sentences of six months or more for previous liquor law violations.

This is very interesting to counties that have not as yet voted to operate ABC stores. Many of the advocates of this system of handling and controlling this type of beverages, often lead us, in their enthusiasm, to believe, that the ABC store would put the bootlegger out of business, and sober the drunks.

Yet, when we read such accounts in vicinities where the ABC stores are run, we ponder on whether or not there may be room for both to flourish. For there will always be the opportunity for the bootlegger to under-sell the legalized dealer, and likewise those who are looking for bargains.

Bring the question home to our own front door, would the bootleggers in Haywood County take to other vocations, if we voted in ABC stores, or would competition add zest to the illicit business?

BRAKING CARS

Two weeks ago a run-away truck made its way two blocks down Main Street.

Not so long ago, a car parked in the court house driveway, started down the hill, ran over the shrubbery and fortunately for the owner, stopped on the brink of a steep hill.

On numerous other occasions, owners have gone back to where they left parked cars, only to find that the cars had rolled away.

So far, we have heard of no serious accidents, but some have been narrowly averted, which makes it a concern of all, to see that cars are properly braked, and some prefer to leave them in reverse gear, and cut the tires into the curb.

THE MOVIE AWARDS OF 1939

We have not always, from our acknowledged unprofessional view point, agreed with the annual selections made by the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences for the best acting of the year in their eleven years of making these coveted recognitions, but when Spencer Tracy was chosen for his work in "Boys Town," we would like to commend the choice.

The play, "Boys Town," is as impressive as a great sermon, with the same desired reaction. As Father Flanagan, Spencer Tracy played his part with feeling and sincerity.

As the actor, himself described the character of Father Flanagan, "as so great and so good that I am sure a little of his light shone even through me," he left out the fact that the combination of the Father's character and his magnificent acting made the play an unforgettable story.

It's the fruit of good works, not the blossoms of good intentions, that count.

Some well-meaning folk talk about the value of saving. That's jaw-bone. Some wish they had saved or were saving. That's wish-bone. A few people resolve to begin now and do it. That's back-bone.

THE OLD HOME TOWN Registered U. S. Patent Office By STANLEY



THERE'S GOING TO BE A PARTY

Blackie Bear Book Two—Story 26

When the animals got the news that Blackie Bear was on his way home they were the happiest lot of folks you ever heard of, and they began to plan to give him a big party when he got back. They talked a lot about what sort of a party it should be and where they would have it. They couldn't have it at Blackie's for they wanted to have it all fixed and ready for him before he knew anything about it. Each animal wanted to have it at his house, but none of them seemed to have a house that was big enough. After they had talked and talked and talked about it, they decided that the big spot of green grass around Doctor Coon's house, where he always had his big Sunday dinner when his friends came, would be the best place, and so it was settled that they would have it there. They thought sure that Blackie would be there in another day, so they had to hurry to get the dinner ready.

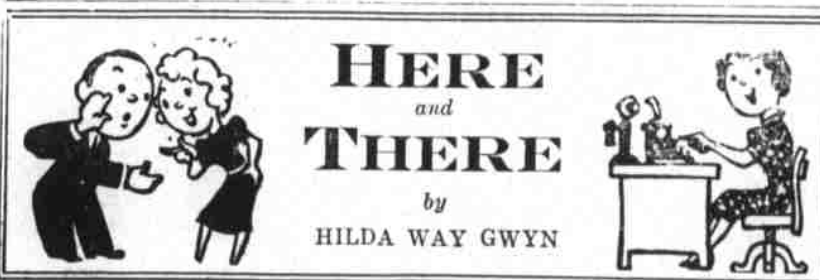
While they were all making plans for the dinner, Doctor Coon jumped up on a stump and hollered out for everybody to keep quiet a minute, as he had something mighty important to say. Then he told them that Blackie Bear was the biggest animal on the creek and that he was the wisest animal, too. That he had done lots of favors for all of them, and had been the best sort of friend. He

told them that Blackie had slapped Rover Dog into the creek one day when he had caught Dr. Coon and was about to kill him, and of a lot of other good things that Blackie had done for the creek folks. He told them about the big Christmas dinner they had all had at Blackie's house, and what a good time they had all had. "And now," said Doctor Coon, "I move that we give Blackie Bear the biggest party that ever was, and that we crown him king of the creek. All in favor of that motion will say 'aye!'"

Well, it's a wonder that Mr. Man and Uncle Joe didn't hear those animals and birds scream "aye," for you never heard such a noise as they made in voting to make Blackie king of the creek. The idea just seemed to tickle them most to death, and Billie Possum and Jocko Monkey got out on the grass and danced and turned somersaults. Who-Who Owl, who is always so wise, said they must make up a yell to give when they crowned Blackie. All the animals thought this would be just the nicest sort of thing to do, and they asked Who-Who Owl to make up one for them. He promised to have it ready, and told them to go ahead and fix up the party.

And now the next thing to do was to get up the things to eat, and they all started out to see what they could find. They certainly must have a supper fit for a king.

(To be continued.)



It is simply astounding how the public disregards . . . or perhaps, we should say, ignores . . . signs . . . there hangs in the vault of the clerk of the court in Haywood County court house . . . a placard with red lettering . . . that would attract anyone's attention immediately upon entering . . . in bold type . . . "Please replace books on shelves after using" . . . Saturday around noon . . . almost closing time for the office . . . we saw no less than 25 enormous books . . . by actual count . . . and two filing cabinets . . . piled on the long table in the vault . . . we asked about them . . . and pointed to the sign . . . we were told that 7 were index volumes . . . that were supposed to stay on the table . . . accessible for those who wished to consult them . . . yet there were 18 books out of place . . . of course, Bill Byers would never complain . . . neither would his assistant clerk, Miss Kate Williamson . . . but we felt a lot of sympathy for Miss Kate as she prepared to tidy up the vault before leaving . . . most of the books had been used by men who could have lifted them back in a second . . . and would never have missed the time the gesture took . . .

Mrs. R. H. Blackwell contributes the following rather remarkable incident . . . a customer of Mr. Blackwell, who wishes to open a country store in this county . . . was visited by a salesman . . . who lived beyond Asheville . . . the merchant got in the salesman's car and they discussed business . . . after the salesman had been gone an hour or so . . . the man missed his pocketbook . . . which contained \$230 . . . naturally he was quite upset . . . remembered he had had it in his pocket in the afternoon . . . but had no recollection of having taken it out . . . he spent a sleepless night . . . in the meantime . . .

the salesman had made his way to his home beyond Asheville . . . being late in the afternoon he had made no stops until he reached his destination . . . then getting out of his car he discovered a pocketbook on the running board . . . he examined it . . . so the next day he returned the pocketbook to the owner in Haywood . . . some people do have all the luck . . .

The story of last week in this column of the disposal of cows by the various political groups brought the following from one of the readers . . . it seems that Pat had turned Socialist and tried to induce his friend Mike to accept the doctrine . . . Mike was trouble and asked Pat to explain the principles . . .

"It means dividing up your property equally" said Pat. "Tis this way, if I had two million dollars I'd give you a million and keep a million myself. See?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those too?"

"Now Mike," cried Pat, "You go to thunder. You know I got two pigs."

We were interested during the week in an editorial that appeared in "Charity and Children" . . . titled "Three Elect Ladies" . . . in which tribute was paid to Miss Annie Hall, Miss Eulalia Turner and Miss Sallie McCracken, the latter of this county, who have served an aggregate period of one hundred years teaching in the Baptist Orphanage at Thomsville . . . "trying to heal the hurt of little children . . . to guide the ideals of boys and girls . . . and their influence, which has seeped

WISTFUL NOT

H. E. C. Bryant in Chapel Hill

My mother was a short light and I inherited that trait. She is all that I want or need. She, for when I attacked my studies college it was not hard for me to study until one o'clock in the morning and get up at seven. Dr. thought that I played poker, for days I looked sleepy.

Another weakness of blessing from my mother was my inability to drink coffee, a cup of which, in the morning for a week, would send me into an airplane.

This leads me to a story of a remarkable man. When I went toington to report the Shenandoah trial in 1895—my first newspaper assignment—I met William E. Otion, then on The Raleigh News Observer. He had then reached old age and seemed like an old man to me. He was nervous, active, hust and courageous. He took a greenhorn and a rival newspaper under his wing, and steered me a proper course. Our acquaintance resulted in a friendship that lasted until his death.

To me Mr. Christian was a Fed. He drank 27 cups of coffee that day I met him. I said to myself "There goes a good fellow to his by the coffee route." He lived to eighty-odd, and died in Washington to the time of his last illness was as gay and debonair as a youngster.

Another North Carolina acquaintance who puzzled me was "Uncle Fed" Messer, who lived to be more than 110 at his home in the mountains of Haywood County. I rode miles on horseback for an interview with him, and he told me he had chewed tobacco from the time he was ten and had taken "a little" of hard liquor every morning breakfast for ninety-odd years.

Being unable to carry more than occasional drink of whiskey, or tobacco at all, I have wondered at "Uncle Fed." I have been without those necessities for Christian and Mr. Messer but sometimes I wish I could have some coffee and liquor and tobacco.

Colonel Swift Galloway of Haywood County used to indulge in a climb on the beautiful green frog and climbs out of a pool, mounts a sock and looks out on the world. He said that, in a conversation with an amphibian, he learned that it was not happy.

"The frog complained" he said "that while bees went buzzing over his head, and birds flitted from tree to tree, and deer went bounding over land, he, a miserable piker, went through life a-bumping his snout upon the ground."

Sometimes I wonder if I am a piker. Scruples have not deterred me.

GEMS

For Your Scrapbook

"Any exception to the old rule, 'Mind your own business' is rare."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Everyone lives by selling something."—Stevenson.

"Business was his aversion; pleasure was his business."—Edgeworth.

"To business that we love we betime, And go to 't with delight."—Shakespeare.

"Wist ye not that I must be a piker my Father's business?"—Luke.

into many lives will be transmitted from generation to generation." Miss Sallie, in particular, it was said . . . "How dare estimate her worth to the orphanage . . . her world of wide interests, have lifted the eyes of children and workers from the dirt of mill villages . . . the corners of cotton fields . . . the business places, of a very busy city, to far horizons, so that the children have left the home, citizens of the world."

With the cattle industry being agitated so much recently in Haywood county . . . the division of the famous King ranch in Texas, among the heirs of the former owner . . . caught our attention . . . it prizes 1,200,000 acres . . . larger than Rhode Island . . . started in 1852 by Captain Richard King . . . nucleus of which he bought from Mexicans . . . he added to his holdings . . . encouraged settlers . . . towns and railroads . . . and raised prodigious herds of cattle . . . related that a few years ago some meat packers were short of meat and in the market for 20,000 head representative from the King ranch was in Chicago . . . and said he would supply them . . . the packers were skeptical . . . and asked that the ranch be wired to find out . . . whether such a large number could really be furnished . . . the answer came . . . "Yes, do you want horns or Herefords?" . . .