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And Ruralite

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He serves his party best who serves the country best.
—Hayes

I sat me down beside the sea
And wondered who could ever be
So dull to hold, with shallow mind
That God is not, and faith is blind;
Could any other one man than he
Have formed this earth and boundless sea?
No, only God's creative mind
Could make such beauty for mankind.
—G. H. Dey

I Shall Return

Keeping a promise which he made over two years ago General Douglas MacArthur has returned to the Philippines to begin liberation of the imprisoned American soldiers who were taken at the fall of Bataan and Corregidor, and of the 16,000,000 natives, who have suffered under Japanese oppression since he slipped away from the Islands March, 1942, at President Roosevelt's command to go to Australia for the purpose of assembling and army to do what he has now accomplished—return to liberate the Philippines—this remains yet to be done, but in the General's own words, "it will be done."

As General MacArthur landed with 250,000 men on the Island of Leyte he split the Japanese forces in the middle which is following out his usual strategy of divide and conquer. MacArthur is particularly pleased at being on Leyte as he now faces the 15th Japanese division which he said did the "Dirty Work at Bataan". They have been living off the fat of the land for more than two years and I believe they'll be a little softer now, said the General. "But soft or not, we'll get them," he said.

The Filipino men, women and children greeted the Americans with great joy as they landed and began to advance into the interior. Everywhere they go the natives rush out to greet them with tears of joy and shouts of happiness. General MacArthur and his veterans of the invasions of the Solomons, New Guinea and the other stepping stones back to the Philippines and eventually to Tokyo, will find much hard fighting ahead but with the help of a strong home-front furnishing the needed supplies for such an undertaking, they will be victorious.

Our Lady Senator

As is so often the case we fail to really appreciate the people with whom we are in close contact. This is the case with Mrs. Gertrude McKee. True, we are all proud of her and the many things she has done for Jackson County, but I am afraid none of us really realize just how much she has done.

It made us very proud to see in the Congressional Record the compliment that Hon. Josephus Daniels paid her in his address to the Council of the N. C. Federation of Women's Clubs, in Raleigh, Wednesday September 20. Quote:

"Three-fifths of the members of County welfare boards are women and their deft hand guides government with a heart, as do the hundreds of other women who serve with ability.

May their tribe increase!

North Carolina's record of giving women a place in the halls of legislation does not differ materially from that in the Federal Government. The women have been voting in this state since 1920, and, though there are 170 seats in the legislature, exactly seven women have had a voice in making the laws which affect the whole state, many of which peculiarly affect women and the home. It may be well to call the roll. In the state senate in this quarter of a century only one woman has been elected, Hon. Gertrude McKee, of the mountain county of

Jackson. As if to atone for the injustice to the better half of the electorate, let us pause to do honor to that district whose voters have had the wisdom to return her to three sessions. Her record of progress and wisdom makes us hope the people will give her a fourth and even a fifth term—not because she is a woman or because she is indispensable—but because her record shames other senatorial districts for not drafting well qualified women to do for them what Mrs. McKee has done for her district, and indeed for the whole state."

Pulpwood Maps Speed Victory

The United States Army today is better equipped with maps of the territory it invades than any army in history. With every new advance, maps revealing every roadway, stream and hill are made available to our fighting forces.

One news story related that captured German officers were found to be using these American-made maps in preference to their own.

Aside from their remarkable accuracy, these maps are marvels in paper construction. They can be soaked in water or gasoline, smeared with blood, grease or mud without suffering any damage that soap and water won't remove.

Pulpwood cutters can feel justly proud of this development in paper making they are a part of it. A large part of the value of this map paper is that it can be furnished our troops in huge quantities when they need it most.

More than 70 million maps were used in the invasion of Normandy. Ten million were used in the North African invasion. Ten tons of maps were dropped by parachute to General Patton's army when it sped across France.

Thus pulpwood is doing a specialized job which pays dividends in lives saved and enables our armies to out-blitzkrieg the Nazis. Pulpwood cut today may be used to make the maps for the invasion of Berlin and Tokio.

INSIDE WASHINGTON

SPECIAL TO CENTRAL PRESS

WASHINGTON—Some of the most thrilling stories of modern warfare are buried in the official files of the Navy, and many may never be told. They are tales of exploits of daring American undersea raiders in their forays against Japanese shipping.

Logs and reports of sub commanders are among the Navy's top secrets.

The Navy obscured the fact that there were survivors when it announced tersely that the submarine Flier was lost in recent operations against the enemy. Alert newsmen noticed peculiar wording of the communique and pried out the statement that at least the skipper was a survivor.

The Navy's communique said that "the next of kin of officers and crew have been informed." The usual wording when all hands are missing is that "the next of kin of casualties have been informed."

However, the Navy stood firm on declining to comment as to how the skipper was saved or whether any members of the crew were rescued.

The Navy high command contends that any stories about subs may give the enemy some idea of our undersea technique. Newsmen contend that by clever writing thrilling stories can be told without giving the enemy any valuable data. However, the Navy so far has won the battle.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

GRANDPAPPY JENKINS says he can remember when cowboys had no trouble gettin jobs even if they hadn't had a single singing lesson in their lives.

There are 30,000 varieties of flies and they all make a bee-line for the break in the screen.

Hitler is reported to be drinking one cup of strong coffee after another, all day long. Probably trying to forget that all his troubles began over a stein of Munich beer.

The man at the next desk says it is sad-dening to think of how those beautiful post-war motor cars will be driven by drivers with ugly pre-war tempers.

According to Factographs the Roman Emperor Nero loved to play the bagpipes hours at a time. Oh, what a fiend that man was!

Like many a more modest motor car the Nazi war machine is finding the going plenty tough this year.

"SOMETHING ON OUR CHEST"



News and Comment From Raleigh

CAPITAL LETTERS

By THOMPSON GREENWOOD

BAPTISTS—Are you in favor of combining Meredith and Wake Forest colleges, selling \$1,250,000 worth of buildings at Meredith and setting up the school as a part of Wake Forest College at Wake Forest? The beautiful buildings at Meredith will be paid for in full this year, and the campus now is one of the most beautiful in the State.

However, there is a move on foot at this time to scrap the whole business and move Meredith, lock, stock, and barrel, 17 miles north to Wake Forest.

There is a rumor that Governor J. M. Broughton, the leading Baptist of the State, has considered plans for the purchase of the Meredith buildings by State College. There is no foundation to this gossip. Governor Broughton in a recent letter to the president of the Meredith Board of Trustees denied knowing anything about any plan for the purchase of the Meredith plant in the event the college was moved to Wake Forest. A gentleman from the Wake Forest Board of Trustees had talked with Governor Broughton about the possible sale of Meredith, but no plan was offered and the Governor would have nothing to do with such idea.

If you are opposed to the move, you had better get ready to fight it at the convention to be held in Charlotte in November, for the matter will certainly come up at that time. In the event you would like some information on mergers of colleges, just talk to an alumnus of State College or W. C. U. N. C.

DEANS—Governor O. Max Gardner some 14 years ago conceived the idea to combine Woman's College, the University, and State College into one university, calling it the Greater University. When he went out of office, he pronounced this one of the outstanding acts carried out under his administration. But it has never been satisfactory, and you know it, whether you will admit it or not.

At the recent meeting of the University Board of Trustees the matter of what to call the administrative heads of each of the schools came up for some discussion. It seems that folks don't like to call them "deans"—they want to call them "presidents". Well, then, what shall we call Dr. Frank Graham? We will call him "chancellor".

With a little revamping of the organization, the Greater University should become much stronger. This will likely be done. We must not overlook the fact that, within the past decade, the University has become THE State University of the Nation, outranking them all in almost anybody's poll. The present set-up should

not be seriously disturbed. When the editor of this column was in Wisconsin recently, he found that the people of that State rank our University right up with the University of Wisconsin—and that's some rating when you know something about the intense pride those Wisconsin folk take in their State.

MEETINGS—The rallies being held by the Democrats throughout the State are being very well attended—250 average at each meeting, which is the best attendance in a long time. While there is no doubt the State will go for Roosevelt, some of the counties which are close may go Republican.

The regular Democrats here in Raleigh thoroughly despise those "Constitutional Democrats". Oh, yes, they dislike them much worse than they do the Republicans. These C. D.'s are doing right much harm in those close counties. It doesn't make any difference how prominent they are, it will be a long time before the regulars have anything to do with them in a political way.

MC—Roosevelt has no worse hater than Malcolm McDermott, head of the Duke University Law School. This fellow can really wax pretty bitter now and then. The Duke—not the alumni, necessarily, but the builders and backers of Duke—should not look on the President so keenly, as a matter of fact, for he had done very little for public utilities during his 11 years in office. Perhaps McDermott is talking for his bosses, who knows. But we must not forget that during the past 11 years the REA has carried electricity into area the utilities didn't know existed prior to Roosevelt. Those farmers who have lights in their homes now should think twice before they cast a vote against that man in the White House.

INCIDENT—A heart-rending little incident occurred here a few days ago. The girl's husband was drafted early last spring, and, not used to working downtown, she had tried to get along without getting a job. Finding this impossible she took a little position as a clerk in one of the clothing stores three weeks ago. Saturday night she received her pay (\$22.50) in four five-dollar bills, two ones, and two quarters. She put the envelope in her bag. It had been raining hard that afternoon. While waiting for the bus, she pulled a handkerchief out of her bag. With it came the envelope and the money. Water was gushing down the gutter. Yet, it caught the envelope and carried it down the drain before the girl could grab it. It is said she stood there and cried over that hole for an hour or so.

Glenville Lake
R. F. JARRETT
Today I stood by Glenville Lake
And watched its crystal wavelets
break
Against the shore about my feet,
While o'er its waves a Zephyr sweet
Bore from some far-off, southern
strand
The odors of a tropic land,
Within its bosom all the day
A mighty forest mirrored lay
While towering peaks their vigil keep
Above its waves so calm and deep.
A million flowers fairy-sown
Have here sprung up, budded and
blown
To make of this a magic land
With beauty spread on every hand.
This lovely lake lies cradled high
Like some bright jewel in the sky.
A beacon light that sends afar

A beam as from some glittering star
To guide 'all those who fain would
find
Healing of spirit and of mind,
And God looks on this lake and wood
And cries, "Behold, 'tis very good."

Carl Cagle, Jr.
Visits His Parents
Carl Cagle, Jr., S. 2-c, of Norfolk, Va., spent a 72-hour pass with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cagle of Sylva last week.
Seaman Cagle enlisted in the Navy in May, 1944, and took his boot training at Camp Peary, Va. and was sent to Norfolk for further training. He returned to Norfolk for further assignment.
He is a graduate of Webster High school.

This & That

By HELEN A. HOOPER

We all know the story of Lidice—the Polish village in which every inhabitant was murdered by Nazis. But China has had twenty "Lidices".

When Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders had to come down on account of lack of gas, they landed on the coast of Ja-occupied China. Regardless of personal danger, the people of 20 villages hid the flyers by day and night, stealthily guided the uninjured and carried the wounded from village to village until all were safely in Chungking.

And then—in revenge, the Japanese shot every man, woman and child in every one of those twenty villages.

Wes Gallagher, AP writer, tells us that if the doughboy of 1918 should be sent back to the sector northeast of Nancy, in France, that he would find things very much the same as when he left it in 1918. The same shell-shattered towns with mantle piles in front of the wrecked homes, the same dripping skies, and above all the mud, oceans of it, rivers of it where the roads should be. GI's arriving in this area found the ground laced with long irregular grass covered depressions—where trenches of the last war have been almost obliterated by nature. Modern foxholes were dug in these same depressions. He tells us that destruction of the villages is even greater than it was in the last war, because of our heavier equipment and the air force.

The freezing winds and ankle-deep mud fail to dampen the troops' spirit. They kid about having running water in every dugout.

I wonder how many of us could kid about sleeping in dugouts with water up to our chins, and wading in mud over our ankles.

We may hear the Liberty Bell ring out when peace is declared. Congress may decide to have the bell restored by arc welding. By radio it could be heard all over the world.

The natives of Hazel Creek must have thought that the war was raging in their section on October 16 and 17, when a group of men from Sylva and surrounding towns, were down there bear hunting.

When they were stationed at the stand a drove of bears came running toward them with the dogs about a half mile in the rear. Mr. Frank Frick and Mr. Harry Ferguson used up all their ammunition in the first phase of the hunt but they each had a bear, and Mr. Frick had a cub for good measure. Everette Harris and Vaughn Plotz each bagged a bear.

Mr. Frick told us that after he had used all of his ammunition that he started back up the mountain to borrow some from Mr. Ferguson when he came face to face with a big bear. There he stood with a perfect shot and no ammunition. Wonder if he sang, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

LELA'S BEAUTY SHOP
Has been moved to their new location over **STOVALL'S CAFE**
Sylva, N. C. Phone 62

DON'T FE A

"BAREFOOT BOY!"



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BLUE RIBBON SHOE SHOP