

The Mountaineer

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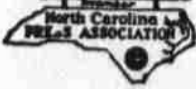
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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1941

The U. S. O.

While we as a Nation are making ourselves strong in military might, we should not overlook the vital need of keeping our defenders strong in body and spirit—and this is precisely the purpose of the United Service Organizations for National Defense. It would be a sad commentary on our defense efforts if the fine young men we have sent—and must continue to send—returned to us hardened and callous to the better things.

The U. S. O., which is a combination of the efforts of such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army, and the activities sponsored by the Roman Catholic Church, etc., will provide the needed wholesome social and recreational contacts which members of the American Legion will recall as their only escape from the rigors of camp drill and discipline during the World War.

In many cases these organizations acting individually overlapped in their efforts. But in the present emergency, the groups will present their programs in commodious and comfortable buildings provided by the Government; and the \$10,000,000 to be raised in the Nation-wide drive will be used to support the joint effort. North Carolina's quota is \$124,000—(Haywood County's, only \$500).

Every dollar given will be used, without executive expense, in making the lot of our soldiers a more cheerful one. The praiseworthy drive gives us all the opportunity, during the hectic days of the national defense emergency, to defend our nationals.—McDowell News.

Buy Defense Bonds

When President Roosevelt the other night proclaimed in the United States a state of unlimited national emergency, it was no dramatic gesture on the part of the chief executive to stimulate the imaginations of a hundred and thirty million people.

President Roosevelt took this far reaching step because America faces such a crisis that such action was deemed necessary. That America must arm to the teeth is no longer a political theory subject to debate in Washington—it is a stark reality which every citizen of the United States must face.

Even the defeatists such as Lindbergh, Wheeler and Nye agree upon the necessity of the United States making itself invulnerable to attack. With the full cooperation of the American public, that can become an accomplished fact—we can become in actuality the "arsenal of democracy."

But America cannot become the "arsenal of Democracy" by American citizens simply reaffirming their faith in the democratic principles, or by speeches about liberty and freedom.

Our citizens now are being called upon to make sacrifices, to work, to "do or die" for democracy.

Right now, 1,300,000 boys and young men have given up their personal life to join the armed forces of the United States. More are being inducted into the service daily.

To put the tools of modern warfare at the disposal of these men will take money—lots of money. Uncle Sam today wants your dollars for national defense—not as a gift, but as a loan.

Moreover, Uncle Sam promises to pay you handsomely for your investment—A defense savings bond costing you \$18.75 now, the United States government promises to redeem in 1951 for \$25.00.

In this gigantic loan program by private citizens to the United States, there is a place for everybody. For as little as a few cents, defense savings stamps may be purchased, so every citizen may participate.

Uncle Sam needs your dollars for defense!—Whiteville News-Reporter.

It Came To Pass

The life of Alfred Nobel the prize giver, has always interested us greatly. His fortune grew out of such hard and strenuous work, as he and his father took upon themselves the task of taming nitroglycerin.

He left his fortune, which amounted to \$9,000,000 to found a prize for distinguished peace workers. Later he included the prizes for science and literature.

In a recent story of his life we read that he did not first intend to found a perpetual peace prize. He even suggested that it be discontinued at the end of 30 years, for he believed that if international peace were not assured by then, the world would relapse into barbarism. This he said in 1893.

Reviewing history during the period that followed that date, it is interesting to note, and also depressing that his judgment has been vindicated. For it was just about 30 years later that an Austrian house-painter was coming into power in Germany.



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

The date 6-3-41 is written on a cast on our left arm extending from our elbow far over our hand with our four fingers out . . . but only the tip of our thumb visible . . . Tuesday, June 3rd, will be a Red Letter Day on our calendar . . . up early in the morning to start the household affairs moving . . . just an ordinary busy day . . . as far as we knew . . . but the Fates had other plans . . . a highly polished floor . . . a scatter rug . . . and the next thing we knew we were picking ourselves up and calling for help . . . for a strange sight greeted us when we saw our hand knocked up from our arm . . . all having happened in what we would have called the safest place in the world . . . our bedroom in our own home . . . now if we had been crossing Main street . . . from The Mountaineer office to the court house . . . as we do many times a day . . . it would have been a different story . . .

Suppose it had been a "first Monday" and we had been deep in thought about what George Brown and the county commissioners might be up to this month . . . suppose it had been "press day" . . . and court week . . . and we had been rushing over . . . just before the paper was to be "put to bed" to get word from some important trial from our friend Katie Williamson, assistant clerk of the court . . . just suppose we had been all worried about how many marriage licenses Charlie Francis had failed to sell . . . we knew by the number of "Clayton, Ga." weddings we had written for the paper . . . suppose we had been on our way for the pleasant task of "covering" the famous farm trio, Lynn, Reitzel, and Corpening on their latest new fangled farm theories for Haywood rural folks . . . just suppose we had been deep in trying to "extract" and untangle a story from Noble Ferguson in the sheriff's department . . . just suppose we had been on our way to get a county budget and tax story from Auditor Cathey . . . wending our way through the continual jam of cars rounding the curve in front of the Hotel LeFaine coming on Main . . . as we so often do . . . it would have made sense to have been knocked down and suffered two broken bones . . . but not at home in my own room . . .

One thing we have tried to teach our young daughter is that whatever happens . . . regardless of its face value . . . no matter how tragic it may appear at the time . . . that there is always a lesson of life to be learned . . . if we salvage the debris from the wreckage . . . and hunt through it . . . we will always find something to keep . . . maybe gain an experience . . . that will become a permanent asset . . . but we must confess that when she was taking her turn at nursing us a few days after the accident and she came out with the following . . . we were a bit taken back . . . "Well, Mother, I would like for you to tell me what possible good could come from your arm being broken . . . now please explain that."

It was a stimulating thought to bring us out of the fog that physical pain has a way of befuddling us . . . the question has kept coming back to us . . . it was a challenge . . . to illustrate our pet philosophy . . . little did she realize that she had said just the right thing to snap us out of feeling too sorry for ourselves . . . and so our thoughts changed their route . . . we have been deeply impressed with the wonder of the human body . . . more than 200

bones yet two small ones broken can put the entire system to aching . . . man with all his talent has never been able to equal this God made piece of machinery . . . broken bones can renew one's faith . . . then along with the wonder of the human body . . . is the marvel of human kindness . . . and thoughtfulness . . . the revelation of such in hours of misfortune breaks like an egg shell any tendency toward hardness and cynicism . . . that so often fails in the path of the news reporters . . . as they see life from all angles . . . but we start all over . . . and actually believe in Santa Claus again . . .

Personal lives are marked by experiences . . . broken bones are no respecters of age or person . . . from the cradle to the grave they seem to meet this sad fate . . . one cheerful visitor we had the week said . . . "Why, Hilda, don't worry, you can get used to anything . . . and what's having your arm in a cast for three months . . . they tell me that you get used to hanging . . . even if you hang long enough."

And we have been a "sucker" for all this advice . . . and have worked ourselves into a well state of philosophical fortitude . . . and we recommend it as a wonder panacea for physical disability . . . and gives one a mighty spiritual uplift . . .

But how in the heck are we going to learn to comb our hair and tie our shoes with one hand . . . to say nothing of keeping enough copy on hand to feed a brand new linotype machine that arrived in the office this week? . . .

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT Central Press Writer

SCENES showing Rudolf Hess have been clipped from newspapers being shown currently in Germany, according to a cabled dispatch. That makes Rudolf the first Nazi to be purged at the hands of a movie editor.

The chief trouble in trying to establish a budget for the home is that it runs into too much— "But—" "Yet—"

The Shah of Persia (Iran), we read, hates barking dogs. Especially, we imagine, dogs of war.

An eastern 10-year-old is reported to have suffered a severe

Undermining Axis In South America To Be Jones' Job

By CHARLES P. ST. Central Press Col.

Voice OF THE People

What is your pet peeve?

Mrs. Jonathan Woody—"To fan a golf ball."

Frank Ferguson, Jr.—"Tall, dark, and handsome men."

Mrs. Howard Hyatt—"The car being over on Cataloochee or some such place every time I get ready to go somewhere."

J. W. Killian—"I don't know of a blooming thing I'm peeved about"

Mrs. Mattie Payne—"Little boys who ride bicycles on the sidewalk and don't look where they are going. One ran over me yesterday and nearly broke my foot. He didn't stop to say, 'I'm sorry.'"

Morty Rabham—"People who go to Florida and come back with a Northern accent."

Joe Ramsey—"When we have finished a sign to the best of our ability, to have someone want part or all of it changed."

Mrs. Whitener Prevost—"Interruption in the movies. There are three things that get me—squalling babies; mammas explaining every little detail to Junior; and persons who sit and figure what will happen next, and then announce their opinions."

Miss Katherine Queen—"People who drive like mad to get somewhere, and then when they get there say, 'Now, what are we going to do?'"

Miss Debrayda Fisher, Clerk to the Draft Board—"Men who registered with the draft board that go off and don't say where they going."

Church Group Plea For World Peace

BOSTON, Mass.—Some 6,000 Christian Scientists from many parts of the world gathered in annual meeting Monday in Boston were called upon by the Christian Science board of directors to consecrate themselves to the defense of the democratic system of government as the best human instrument for preserving the basic rights of mankind to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In thus definitely allying this world-wide religious movement with the defenders of democracy everywhere, the directors stated that it was their conviction that if social and political freedom is to be preserved "democratic forms of government must be maintained."

THE JONES TWINS, Commerce Secretary Jesse Jones—President Roosevelt 'em when he took Administrator Jesse in net without relieving loan bureaucratic duties drafted to direct the out of Latin America. An act of congress necessary to broaden the administrator Jesse Jones authority adequately for the but the needed legislation is pending and sure to You see, dear readers, man are pretty strong economically in the public. So are the Brit last war weakened them ably. This was because folk called on their lean branch 'establish every cent they could scrape to finance the Europe. Consequently mistice found their badly depleted financial haven't fully recovered The kaiser doubtless head off to his branches, many, however, was so blockheaded that its however hard they may couldn't transmit the Hence the war ended branch banks and concerns simply bursting with accumulated cash. They locally thereupon, in all sorts of things. In way, this made 'em part of the world.

U. S. Missed Opportunity The World War No. 1 The United States had chance to horn into that we bungled our job, an opportunity—except a panies, like International ter, Singer Sewing Mac brand or two of autom typewriters. Thus we away outclassed by the gregation—likewise the but they don't matter since we like 'em as we

Italy, never having had money as Germany, isn't Nevertheless, it has utility holdings and a bit of Italian sympathy second generations. The French have qu hold—a rather mean one in process of flopping over to the Axis.

The Japs aren't numerous, but they've got as lists on the west coast and in Columbia Equ and Chile. Now, what's appa Washington is that this will undertake to exte nomic Latin-American p into politics—to twist governmentally Axis-w The thing to do, then, soned, is to undermine gang economically. That'll have to be done Yankee investments sou Rio Grande, down to C literally swamping the with our dough.

That's to be the Jones A kitty of \$1,500,000, posed—to underbid the in Latin-American ma take their trade away from bankrupt 'em and gobb properties. Yankee ca are to be backed financ through the drive. It's a form of well sounds good, but I'll say I was in South Ame the last war ended. We an opening there then s now—and muffed it, d fat-headedness. It certai hoped we'll show bette sense now than we did takes an understanding Latins to make a bit Franklin Roosevelt an Wallace and Cordell signs of such a compre our commercial agents ha have it, too.

Why, we didn't seem 1918, which costs Rio Callaso and Valparaiso We didn't appear to re our summer is winter do and vice versa. It never to us that, "on that si equator, the sunny side o is the north side. We and peremitory in our with 'em and they love a layer.

The other day, it was that the Reconstruction corporation had made a loan to a South America The Jones twins were at it at one of their pres ences. "Oh," rejoined the tw lar number, since the merged), "I can't remem sums like that."

The celebrated pianist boasting all through the Finally he held up his matically and exclaimed ten fingers have made famous."

Come Wind, Come Weather

This is the title of a most interesting book we are reading by Daphne Du Maurier. It is a book of true stories written for the British people in the hope of giving them courage and strength in a time of crisis. It was published last August and contains eighty pages of most interesting reading. In England over 600,000 copies have been sold. There it is called "The Book of the Moment". It is read in air raid shelters as a means of fortifying the inmates against the terror of bombs. An Egyptian and an Indian edition have been issued. In Canada it is called "A War Need."

Some of the comments on it are: Gould Lincoln, political columnist of Washington, D. C.: "It has a message for the people of America today. These stories make for national unity and for national morale."

"Charming . . . throat-catching . . . glorious."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"It has the sweep of the wind and the universal interest of the weather."—Bangor (Me.) Daily News, editorial.

" . . . Miss Du Maurier has hit upon a message that while it is part of the war, at the same time it is bigger than the war . . . The story of a new kind of world."—Peter Grant, radio new commentator, WLW.

"Her style is undimmed and fluid . . . her message heartening."—Indianapolis News.

"When the history of the part that men and women of letters played in the 'battle of Britain' is written, more than a passing reference must be made to 'Come Wind, Come Weather.'"—Boston Post.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

