

# The Mountaineer

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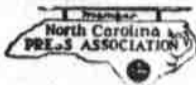
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**NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION**  
 1941 Active Member

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1941

## Western Center

Representatives from twelve counties met here 150 strong to work out details for a "Food for Defense" program one day last week. In the group also were a number of state officials, representing various state and federal agencies.

Two hundred dentists, wives and assistants from the Western district, along with a number of out-of-state dentists spent the greater part of three days here in their annual meeting during the week.

We were happy to have had these groups. We are pleased that more and more this community is becoming recognized as a logical meeting place for groups in this section of the state.

It also offers other possibilities that with greater hotel accommodations how easy it would be to widen our scope and have state as well as district meetings here. We trust that the day is not far distant when our accommodations will be such that we can be hosts to larger groups.

## A Lost Opportunity

We realize that the summer season of 1941 is past history and that it was pronounced good. Yet we believe that as far as advertising this community is concerned, that last week we were offered as good, if not better opportunity to impress strangers with our hospitality and advantages, than we had at any time during the summer.

Three hundred members of the American Steamship and Tourists Agents Association held a five days session in Asheville. A feature of the entertainment was a trip into the Park. It was said that the majority had never been in this section before.

The president of the group was from New York; the first vice president from California; the second vice president from New Jersey; the treasurer from New York.

These people are constantly dealing with tourists, advising them where to go. It is their business. They met to discuss the problems in which we right here are interested. Incidentally they wanted to see first hand a section that is annually increasing in popularity with tourists.

We understand that they were entertained in Asheville on a grand scale. They were guests at Lake Lure, and after leaving the Park on the North Carolina side, were lavishly entertained in Gatlinburg and Knoxville. En route back to Asheville they were guests at Tapoco Dam and in Robbinsville. We understand that they passed through Waynesville unnoticed, just like any traveler passing this way.

Of course they might have been in a great rush when traveling our way, but we feel that the local citizens should have at least handed them out one of our famous Haywood apples. Maybe if the proper pressure had been exerted they might have been persuaded to detour to Beech Gap and seen a section that we are sure they would never have forgotten.

But they passed our way with "nary a welcome or how-do-you-do."

A golden opportunity we let slip through our fingers. Advertising that would have cost thousands of dollars to be had for little effort.

Can you imagine the judges in a Long Island bathing beauty contest being so old-fashioned that they turned down the best looking entry because she couldn't swim.—Exchange.

## How Different

Saturday as we were walking on Main Street we heard the roar of planes above. Some of the pedestrians on the street stopped and strained their eyes to locate the specks in the sky. Others knowing that it meant only a "make belief" air raid over Haywood, paid not the slightest attention and went about their business. They felt safe, there was no cause to worry.

The thought came to us as we gazed skyward how utterly powerless a community would be against a genuine raid. A person in an airplane is beyond ordinary control. He can go from place to place without detection, see everything and leave a trail of destruction in his path.

The authorities charged with national defense realize these facts and have taken cognizance of them in our great defense program.

Imagine the consternation and terror of our own people here had this country been at war, instead of peace, on Saturday. That roar in the sky would have sent everybody on the street hurrying to "shelter". As we listened to those planes Saturday we felt a kinship for England we had not had before.

## Navy Day

Navy Day, which was celebrated Monday, the 27th, no doubt made more impression on the citizens of this country than ever before. The very idea brought up a number of serious problems.

For today a navy means protection in a way it has never before meant to this country. One cheering thought of this Navy Day in 1941 was that it found the Navy of the United States the most formidable striking force in the world.

A lot has happened since the American Navy was founded 166 years ago. The question of freedom of the seas has involved many things during those years.

During the First World War President Woodrow Wilson demanded "absolute freedom of navigation, alike in peace and war".

And now President Roosevelt says, "No nation has the right to make the broad oceans unsafe for the commerce of others."

## "Inevitable"

An editorial in the Sunday edition of The Charlotte Observer takes exception to the use of the word "inevitable" by Secretary Knox in referring to the break between the United States and Japan. We would like to add our vote to that of The Observer.

The paper pointed out that the Navy secretary may be entirely right in his views and justified in his opinion of the tense situation, but the word "inevitable" is a bad word to be used while there is the semblance of a chance that the two countries may in some manner or other refrain from jumping at the throats of each other.

It does look like a poor time for us to give up before we start so to speak. Right now we have plenty of trouble brewing on the other side. We hope that Secretary Knox is wrong and that fate will take another turn.

## A Good Match For Hitler

Hitler is recognized as a world menace, but right here at our own front door is another destructive force, that is gaining momentum in an alarming manner, that generally speaking is not noticed as much as Hitler's latest conquests. We speak of the toll on our highways.

We learn from officials that since the first of October there have been twelve cars wrecked on the Balsam Road and a number of persons injured, some very seriously. We admit there are times when accidents are unavoidable, but in a number such as this in the length of time given spells reckless driving and careless disregard of life.

We also understand that there have been more accidents in this county in the past three months than during the first six months of the present year.

We notice that the problem is not confined either to Haywood County or to the State of North Carolina, but is nation-wide. We see where the traffic problem has become a grave and likewise alarming matter in Washington, D. C., and that officials of the capital are giving the subject a thorough survey.

We recently heard an official say that in nine cases out of ten, motor accidents were not due to faulty mechanism of the motor vehicles, as is often given as an alibi, but to carelessness of those driving.

## "LAND OF NOD"



## HERE and THERE

By  
**HILDA WAY GWYN**

There were a lot of good speeches made at the AAA county committee's barbecue which was held in the Waynesville Armory on last Thursday night . . . when the farmers were hosts to town groups . . . one of the hits of the evening was the talk made by farmer-lawyer T. L. Green . . . who seemed to resent the surprise of some of the younger farmers that he classed himself as an agriculturist . . . but when he finished his talk . . . they knew that he was an old hand at the game . . . excerpts from Farmer Green's speech will no doubt bring back memories to the older generations on Haywood farms . . . in part, said Mr. Green . . . "I did not expect to do any talking this evening . . . I came down here as the guest of my good friend Jarvis Allison . . . however I'm glad to be here and enjoy the fellowship and I assure you that I am in sympathy with the spirit of the objectives of your organization . . . now ordinarily, I would close my remarks . . . right here . . . but in view of certain remarks which have been made since I came into the armory tonight . . . I feel compelled to address myself to a question of personal privilege . . . in defense of my reputation as a farmer."

"About every other one of these well dressed young farmers has said to me," continued Mr. Green . . . "Why, when did you get to be a farmer?"

"Why bless my soul," said Mr. Green, "I was a farmer before half of you fellows were born . . . and while the other half were wearing four-cornered underwear . . . Why I was born only three and a half miles from Waynesville . . . in the 'Milk Sick Cove' . . . we farmed under great handicaps and hazards . . . if you did not get milk sick . . . from the use of milk and butter of the cows . . . you were in great danger of death from the bite of a rattlesnake . . . Shucks, did any of you fellows ever follow a great big bull or ox in new ground . . . hitched up to an old home made wooden stock single footed plow? . . . if you ever got him started from the shade at the end of the field he wouldn't go far till he'd hang the plow under a green poplar root about the size of your arm . . . the root would begin to stretch and the louder you yelled 'Woa!' . . . the more the old bull pulled forward . . . well, you know from past experience that something was bound to happen . . . the root was sure to break any moment . . . and one or both ends would fly back and hit you on one or both shins . . . just above where your shoes were supposed to be . . . so all a fellow could do

was to keep lifting one foot and then the other . . . close his eyes and trust in the Lord. . . ."

"This is a very fine meeting alright . . . but most of you fellows never saw a real farm meeting . . . Talk about not being a farmer . . . why I was a member of the Farmers Alliance over fifty years ago . . . I remember we had an Alliance meeting here at the court house over fifty years ago . . . and we had four or five times as big a crowd as this . . . Col. L. L. Polk or some other big farmer . . . made a speech in the forenoon . . . at noon they adjourned for dinner . . . and every fellow who had ten cents . . . bought him a ginger cake and a glass of cider from Granny Mull . . . while the bigger fellows went to St. Charles Restaurant . . . where they could get 'biled' cabbage, pork, biscuits and coffee. . . ."

"Then when the meeting finally adjourned in the afternoon most everybody went to the dispensary and spent what money they had left for corn liquor . . . and then forgot their troubles . . . and felt good . . . before starting home . . . they went to the stores and bought a pound of Arbuckle coffee, a sack of flour . . . a few pounds of fat back . . . 25 cents worth of Brown's Mule . . . or Reynolds Double Thickness . . . and a box of snuff for the madam . . . (on credit) . . . and then started home in great droves in all directions . . . every fellow singing at the top of his voice . . . 'The Farmers is the man who feeds them all' . . . and then you fellows ask me when I got to be a farmer? . . ."

A member of the city police force stopped us Saturday morning and said . . . "Mrs. Gwyn, I have a favor to ask of you" . . . and considering the fact that we call all the city police force our friends we readily agreed . . . (and when we found out the favor we were happy again to comply) "Won't you please give the state guard a glad hand in your column next week . . . there was a big crowd here for that Hendersonville-Waynesville game last night . . . and the way those fellows helped us handle traffic . . . you would have thought it was their regular job . . . We are all for the state guard in our department . . . they are an asset to this community."

The ships in Uncle Sam's Navy are outfitted with libraries which are supplied with books by the Bureau of Navigation. About 40 books are allotted quarterly to battleships, 30 to cruisers and lesser numbers to the smaller vessels.

**SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK** By R. J. SCOTT

**LADY MABEL**, who RAISES HER BOYS TO BE SOLDIERS! A SPECIAL BREED OF HOMING PIGEON HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

**THE MEN OF PAPUA ISLAND** (South Pacific) WEAR FEATHERED HATS, WHICH ARE HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON

**THE NEWEST STREET LAMPS** TURN THEMSELVES ON AND OFF AS AN ELECTRIC EYE PERCEIVES DARKNESS OR DAYLIGHT

## Rambling Around

By W. CURTIS RUSS  
 Bits of this, that and the other picked up here, there and yonder.

## Voice OF THE People

If you were suddenly left a hundred dollars to spend as you pleased what would you do with it?

Edwin Potate—"First I'd faint—then when I started coming to, I'd begin paying my obligations—then it would all be gone before I had time to realize that I had had the money."

Miss Carmen Plot—"I'd take a trip and go as far as the money would take me."

Miss Sylla Davis—"I'd improve my property."

Hugh Leatherwood—"I'd hunt up the president of the First National Bank and you can guess the rest—and the president of the bank would understand just why I would go first to him."

Ennis Sentelle—"I'd go to Brunswick county on a fishing trip and eat all the mullets I could possibly hold."

Mrs. Ralph Ensley—"I'd go to California."

Miss Annie Dee Kirkpatrick—"I would buy some clothes for some children in my grade at school. There are twelve or more who are badly in need of clothing and shoes. If I had any money left over I'd like something for myself."

Mrs. Lester Burgin—"I imagine I would apply it on expenses of education for my children."

George Ball—"I'd take \$50 of the amount and buy fuel and food and the rest I'd take and buy government bonds with it."

Mrs. J. Wilford Ray—"I would apply it on an antique pie crust table."

## Proper Peace At War's End Concerns U. S.

By CHARLES P. STEWART  
 (Central Press Columnist)

Licking Hitler is recognized by the state department as today's most important business. The department is at a deal of pains, however, to emphasize its opinion that licking him is no more important now than the job of fixing up the right kind of worldwide peace will be, after he's licked.

State Undersecretary Sumner Welles does most of the public speaking on the subject, but there's no question that he expresses Secretary Cordell Hull's views as well as his own.

Secretary Hull's thesis during his whole career, in the house of representatives, the senate and the department of state, has been that it's a fatal mistake for nations to try for economic advantages over one another—bad for 'em collectively and, in the long run, bad for the nations, individually, that actually succeed in gaining seeming, but inevitably temporary advantages in their own apparent favor.

That's exactly the doctrine that Undersecretary Welles is preaching at present. He remarks that it wasn't the prevailing international philosophy after the last war, though, and that, he says, is what made such a fizzle out of the ensuing so-called peace. And what he fears is that, at the current conflict's end, "special interests and pressure groups in this country and elsewhere again will selfishly and blindly seek preferences for themselves and discrimination against others."

Don't I know what happened in the late 19-teens and early 1920's! I was living in Latin America in those days, running an English-language weekly newspaper of my own. It was dependent upon local Yankee traders' advertising, and it had a lot of it, for the war had driven all the Latins' buying in our direction; they couldn't get their necessary imports from anywhere else.

We Closed the Door

If we'd had the sense of a jack-nipe we could have kept all those customers in perpetuity. Instead we passed the Smoot-Hawley tariff, closing our markets against Latin products, correspondingly making it impossible for the Latins to pay for what they needed from us, knocking inter-American exchange rates into a cocked hat and ending the whole thing. Thereupon my paper busted and I came home.

Now we're straining ourselves to rebuild in that same field, but we

We have learned that line on the front page newspaper last week—"Strychnine in Liquor" more than one person has been taking a sip now and swallow hard, and think where he got his last

Few people know what to exhibit livestock at a livestock show.

Wayne Corpening and Rietzel, county agents, have out in exhibition stalls, Haywood cattle so much that they are restless when indoors now.

First it was the Haywood—three nights of sleep the cattle. From here to sonville for six nights, and Catawba Fair in Hickory more nights, and from the State Fair, for seven nights this week at the Southern Fair in Charlotte for five nights.

The boys have put it and soul in the work, and are out with the cattle part of their job, and the last ones on earth you hear complain.

Both of them vow they taken in a single sidelong of the several places where were carnivals.

There are two things Waynesville and Henderson have in common, and that bands, and loyal supporters.

The two bands are of the towns, and their and playing here Friday would have been a credit from large colleges.

Somehow we feel that people that can accomplish these have in just a few something in them that w them a far ways towards cessful life.

H. G. Hammett lists for one of his hobbies. So seven ago he accompanied a Lake Junaluska for an of trying their luck. The pastor fished patiently, out a bite, and had about the conclusion that the unsurpassed as a scenic as for fishing it wasn't ideal until his companion three large fighting fish hole where Mr. Hammett lay idle. He tried to com self with the fact that his fish don't like Baptist he realized his companion leader in the Baptist church is going again, sometimes he feels lady luck has smile him.

Those low-brimmed hats which cover one eye considered chic, but they for women motorists, the society in Philadelphia who is man, that he dat woman what to wear, and women, those who drive!

The society, however, po that a woman can't wate with one eye covered. As to O. R. Roberts, local patrolman, every motorist to do double watching to get by without mista boiling it all down, it'll mean that we'll need a of eyes for safe driving—our car, one for the other and one to make up for ionable eye-covered wome

But even at that, we cept back-seat driving as a to the problem.

Two negro soldiers of Camp Blanding, Florida, boasting about their colleagues . . . said one: "Yo, boy, you ain't got no is. We is got the boogie, and dat boy wraps his lips dat horn and blows 'em sounds just like a symphony playin'."

"Well, if you'll like me all right; but when you in' fo food, you want a wit' a hypnotic note, like Boy, when Ah hear old Mouth Jones discharge Ah look at mah beans, says: 'S'rawberries, beah selves. Yo' is crowdin' all ped cream outten mah dis

wouldn't have to rebuild hadn't torn down.

By the way, Sumner Welles in the diplomatic service in America just when I saw saw precisely what I saw understands what he's about now.

His obvious scheme's to any more Smoot-Hawley advance. And he may cause the last war and lowed it are recent conq be forgotten by large folks. Nevertheless, he's vised to rub his idea in There also is talk. (Continued on page 3)