

The Mountaineer

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Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day, 1941, in America should be observed as reverently and as prayerfully as that first memorable day when the Pilgrim Fathers gave thanks for a bountiful harvest.

Comparison is ever the measurement of life, and according to the yardstick of the world, we perhaps have more to be grateful for than any other nation on earth. We have lived so fully and at such speed and comfort in America, that we have not stopped long enough on our way to "count our many blessings one by one".

The year 1941 is a milestone in American history, and the critical hour brings in bold relief what this Thanksgiving should mean to every American citizen.

Wings over this country do not mean what they do in England today. They are our own planes, with pilots learning to protect us from enemy invasion. We hear the tread of marching feet, but as yet, they too are not in battle, but in peacetime maneuvers. All these things are significant of what the future may bring, but they are evidence also that we will be prepared, if the emergency arrives.

Here in Haywood County we have been particularly blessed during the past few years, and today our people are enjoying the greatest prosperity this immediate section has ever known. We had a good tourist season; we had a good year on our farms; things have gone well with our industries; new interests have been developed; and all these things have touched the life of our community and kept business running along on a safe balanced routine.

Let us approach the day with gratitude for our blessings that are too numerous to count.

Black Out

Main Streets looks like the pages of history turned back and that a scene of the past was being enacted after the shadows of night begin to fall. A partial blackout, and yet such a trivial hardship, when the current blackouts in other parts of the world thought of fear or disaster, and we accept considered. A peaceful blackout, with no it as a matter of course.

It seems a long way since September 1st, 1939, when we viewed the European agitation as something that in no way affected us. Let them settle their own difficulties, we had enough to take care of our own troubles, but two years can change a viewpoint. Now their problems are definitely our problems.

It is said that the blackout will send about 500,000 kilowatt hours a week from North Carolina to drought-stricken areas in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. But this seems pretty small in comparison to the 36,000,000 kilowatt hours that are being diverted weekly from this state.

About the biggest drawback we find is that the darkness along the "White Way" has temporarily ruined evening window shopping. Without the glow of soft and colorful lights merchandise in the windows loses a lot of glamour. Yet on the other hand maybe half seen articles pique the curiosity and will send more honest to goodness shoppers in the daytime to inspect the goods and maybe buy. But to the fertile imagination a night of window shopping can be a very entertaining event.

One of the best ways to keep a friendship is to return it.

A Pint Of Blood--A Life

Haywood citizens have often been called upon to contribute money and time to many worthwhile projects. We have never known of a worthy cause to be turned down.

This week Haywood citizens are being called upon for something more valuable than money or time—their life's blood—just a pint. Not enough to be missed, but enough to save a life. The life of a friend, or even the life of a close relative.

The call for donors of this small amount of blood is necessary in order that the recently established blood plasma bank at the Haywood County Hospital will be in readiness for any emergency where life is at stake.

Haywood's Medical Society, the sponsoring organization, has worked out all details, and the five civic clubs for men of the county, working with the board of directors of the hospital, have financed the project.

Everything is in readiness for the blood that cannot be bought with a physician's valuable time, or with a civic club's hard-earned dues. It must come from volunteers.

The people of Haywood love life. They enjoy good health, and The Mountaineer is confident that this call will bring immediate response of many donors giving blood.

The plan is designed just to save lives—and is void of all forms of commercialism or profit.

The plan puts a price tag on a life—a pint of blood.

Won't you be a good citizen and buy a life?

A Commendable Spirit

We would like to commend the attitude of Clarence T. Taylor, employee of the Royle-Pilkington Company, of Hazelwood, who expressed in this paper last week his appreciation of the firm for which he works.

It is refreshing to find an employee with such an attitude in this day of unrest and dissatisfaction among certain working groups. While such cooperation may exist between employer and employee it is fine to hear the latter speak out and give credit to where it is due.

As the writer pointed out, skilled labor was needed at the tapestry mill and it took long hours of tedious instruction to teach the people in this section the art of weaving, but that at all times, the officials have shown patience and consideration.

His reference to the pleasant atmosphere under which the employees of the company work is definitely one of the best points he made. For a satisfied worker can turn out better work and quicker work than one laboring under a tension of ill feeling.

The tribute to the officials of the company is perhaps greater because of the fact that they are from another section of the country and both the employer and the employee had to become acquainted during the period of learning to work.

Which brings to light the fact of how fortunate this section has been in the high type of men who have come here from other places to develop industries.

We would like to join Mr. Taylor in his closing sentence "let's be thankful at this Thanksgiving season for the things that bring about a better community in which to live."

The Future

Interest in the development of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park during the present emergency in this country should hold high hopes for the future.

As Newton B. Drury, director of National Park Service, pointed out in his speech here last Wednesday, that while funds for immediate improvements are not now available, the waiting period offers time for thoughtful planning that may result in a better program of promotion than a hurried extravagant spending in the Park.

We like Mr. Drury's idea of keeping as much as possible areas in their native unspoiled state. We approve his plans for many roads leading into the Park, but as few as possible in the area. It would defeat the object of the Park to have the virgin forests and other sections exposed to the casual visitor by way of too many paved highways.

The visit of the officials who stopped here last week and had personal contact with the local citizens, is two fold in benefits. It is bound to create a keener interest in this section on the part of the officials. It should also result in a greater understanding of the possibilities of development of this section to the local residents. Which all totaled up should mean a better cooperation for realizing the most from the improvements.

ICE REVUE—1941



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

What is the world coming to? ... imagine a press meeting in North Carolina with only women present ... the Tar Heel girls who follow the printers' ink have recently organized for the purpose of promoting the woman's place in journalism and for studying common problems ... Last week at the luncheon meeting held in Winston-Salem ... as we looked down the long tables it seemed very strange to see such an array of hats in all mode, shapes and colors ... instead of a bald head every now and then ... then glancing up at the speaker's table were two lone men ... and did they look subdued? ... they both had their wives with them ... we guess they needed 'em for protection that day ... usually at the gatherings we have attended of the North Carolina Press Association ... the women, with the exception of Miss Beatrice Cobb, who is really "one of the boys," when it comes to holding her own with them ... sit back and modestly shrinks into the shadows ... giving the full glory of the limelight to the men ... but not so at the meeting held last Sunday in Winston-Salem ... for it was a woman's meeting ... and the woman's point of view in covering and writing the news ... and her place among men following the same line of work ... were under discussion ...

If the hostess reporters are as good on their jobs as they are at flinging a party ... they all should have a raise ... from the start to the end, the meeting was full of interest ... the first question fired at you upon registering was a very personal one ... but enough to arouse the hopes of any normal woman ... "What size hose do you wear?" ... which sounded very promising ... and we were not disappointed ... for shortly after being seated ... a pair of nylon hose with size given ... was put by your place ... which already resembled Christmas in a prosperous year ... with a number of gifts of things manufactured in Winston-Salem ... During the course of the meeting ... since the organization is a 1941 product ... and the members are getting acquainted with each other ... we were asked to introduce ourselves ... we happen to be among the first on the list ... the director of the publicity bureau of the Women's College of the University of North Carolina ... who incidentally is Nell Craig ... sister of our own Miss Ethel Craig ... advertised her college ... and the next gave some publicity to her work ... and so on ... we thought now is the time to show our loyalty to our community ... so after stating paper and our work ... we said with pride ... "Waynesville, eastern entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park ... next time we'll have to get a new line ... what do you suggest we publicize in this section? ...

There was a lot of foolishness ... a lot of fun ... and a skit presented by Winston-Salem newspaper women ... giving some of the experiences that happen to reporters ... everyone as familiar as this morning's breakfast ... but on the other hand we don't know when we have seen a more serious group ... bent on winning a place for women in the field of journalism ... and recognition for the work she is doing ... we heard references now and then about career women ... (but most of 'em at the meeting were married) ... and one young thing who was very serious about her work and from her remarks you might have thought ... that her only concern was her chosen profession ... confided in me before the meeting began ... that while she was tremendously interested in her work ... what she really wanted out of life ... was a farmer husband ...

and five sons ... so you see ... while these gals may have organized ... and are all pepped up with making the most of their jobs ... they are still just women ... like their grandmothers ... and underneath their sleek veneer of modern finish ... have a lot in common with the generations ...

Aside from the fact that we spoke the same language ... even though a stranger in the group ... we felt very much at home ... on our left at the luncheon table was Mrs. Linda Clements Hines ... niece of Mr. R. N. Barber ... garden editor of the Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel ... and on our right a very attractive girl ... Virginia Maslin, Winston-Salem society editor ... cousin of one of our best girlhood friends ... and Virginia's mother once gave us a lovely party when we visited in Winston-Salem ... and across from us a young thing leaned over and said ... "Aren't you Martha Way's aunt? ... I am with the Greensboro Daily Record ... and I went to college with Martha" ... shortly after we heard a nice looking girl up the table say ... "Mrs. Gwyn, could you by any chance be related to Marietta Way? I went to Salem College with her ..."

We had a telegram call to this effect during the week ... "Mrs. Gwyn can't you write something in your column about old-fashioned community sings ... this winter ... with the war and things getting more critical every day ... don't you think it would be a fine thing for the people of this community to get together, say ... every week ... and sing old songs?" ... we are glad to pass on the suggestion ... though the originator of the idea said in no uncertain tones ... "Now please don't mention my name" ... community wide meets are excellent for development of a spirit of fellowship ... a healthy stimulus in any town ... and it makes no difference whether or not most of us have any talent ... we like to lift our voices in the old favorites ...

We would like to pay our last respects to Mrs. S. A. Jones ... we have never known a woman whose children held her in higher esteem ... and she had the rare gift of keeping her family circle close together ... regardless of how scattered they might be as to their residences ... and along with the deep affection they cherished for their mother ... she had instilled in them the same deep feeling for each other ... a mother who gives all this relation to her children ... has fulfilled one of the most beautiful responsibilities of motherhood ...

THE OLD HOME TOWN



Rambling Around

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Bits of this, that and the other picked up here, there and yonder.

Voice OF THE People

What branch of the armed service of this country would you personally prefer, if you were in line for duty?

C. V. Bell—"I would go into the air corps."

Mrs. Stanley F. Brading—"I would prefer the navy. This branch of the service takes more interest in you and there is more opportunity for advancement."

Mrs. W. L. McCracken—"I would go in the army nursing corps."

Chrest George—"I would go into the air corps. Here I could do more real good for that's where the fighting is going to be done in the future, and second I would go into the navy."

Mrs. Sam Queen—"I'd take the air corps, for it is more attractive and pays more."

J. W. Killian—"I would go into aviation—you get more excitement—there is something about speeding through the air, that gets one."

D. Felmet—"I would go into the Marine corps. I think it is the most interesting branch of service, and then you get to see the world."

C. B. Hosafook—"I would go in the navy."

Henry Gaddy—"I would go into the marines, for they are the 'fightingest' bunch in the service."

Miss Mattie Moody—"I would take the navy."

Free Trade With South America Worth Discussion

By CHARLES P. STEWART (Central Press Columnist)

To tie the western hemisphere republics together nothing could be so efficacious as an inter-American free trade program, according to a recent report by this country's foreign policy association.

It was a convincing document, too, prepared by one Constant Southworth, an investigator for the association.

That the adoption of Constant's suggestion is a possibility isn't so likely. The Latin nations unquestionably would fall for it like a ton of brick, but there are interests in the United States that shy away from it in perfect horror, and the United States would have to take the initiative.

It's an initiative that State Secretary Cordell Hull, our reciprocal tariff apostle, has long favored taking, not only in Latin America's direction but in all other directions, with peoples that we're at peace with. If Cordell isn't an unqualified free trader, and I've long suspected him of being one, at least he's a 95-percenturer, and has gone as far with our international treaties as he could get away with.

He's done it, though, in the face of considerable opposition, and a proposal to level all export and import barriers between the Americas unquestionably would create a terrific holler from Yankee crop and livestock producers.

It would be, from the jump, an excellent thing from the standpoint of our manufacturers, because the Latins don't do much manufacturing, but have to import all of such stuff. They've done so, to a great extent, from Europe, but if they could swap with us on a mutually free trade basis, they

What next? Sam Queen and his fam Soco Gap dancers have themselves up the ladder and have brought to the lot of recognition, in the spoken of as the "square est place" earth.

The inland wood people and increased production day Haywood county is the inland wood manufacturer of America.

And now a third seems to be brewing, or say cooking?

Rufus Siler's barbecue. We seriously doubt if use the title barbecue cause of his modesty, but he deserves such.

Last week a group of park officials here for a they ate until some were there would be any speech afterwards, but they did flowering terms of the. During the course of the the governor promised to governor's convention he summer for some of this barbecue.

So what next—in this "square dancing, good and unusual novelties."

Congestion on the makes it a problem to funeral procession very out the public at large between the cars. Some ers have resorted to drivers in the procession with their lights on, and way be easily identified, eral procession.

Another suggestion is the takers supply all cars in cession with a small w clamped on the bumper.

Seems that a standard such as the white flag, of great help to underlie save embarrassment to motorist who would not da of breaking into a process

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. V truly globe trotters—of. Now they are content their time in Waynesville summer and winter. Du past few years, this likeli whom Waynesville loves, eled thousands of miles, direction—from summer Michigan woods to winter Florida. Now they are ying in Waynesville. Dur period of traveling, they over 300,000 miles in se country. Their decision here and become a citizen community makes us happy. Thinking of Mr. and Mr brought to mind the recent of the U. S. Municipal News.

"My Home Town" My town is the place w home is founded; where nness is situated and where is cast; where my children cated; where my neighbor and where my life is chie It is the home spot for m.

My town has the right civic loyalty. It supports I should support it. M wants my citizenship, not tianship, my friendliness, dissension; my sympathy, criticism; my intelligence, indifference. My town me with protection, trade, education, schools, church the right to free, moral cit

It has some things that ter than others; the best I should seek to make bet worst things I should help press. Take it all-in-all, town, and it is entitled to there is in me.

If some radio scout do M. R. Williamson an offer up radio work pretty soon, form an indifferent opinion radio world. This ma a likeable personality, plus of ability, staged a one-ma at the Rotary ladies night urday, that literally had the ence roaring like a bunch of gry lions. He is full of smor and dogged determina make a thing click. He coo mock radio question and program, with most of his on the catchy side of the which made stooges inv give the wrong answer. His comments kept the group w ing what was coming next.

naturally would do business us almost exclusively. Jus with our factories turning practically nothing but w and naval supplies, it w make any immediate diff for we haven't the goods th neighbors need, but as w peace is restored we'd ge a flood of their orders, and US buying from THEM. We have the money to pay for they wanted.

What We Require And there ARE things quire from the Latin th don't produce ourselves and not object to letting in as fr atmosphere—some mineral (Continued on page 1)