

The Mountaineer

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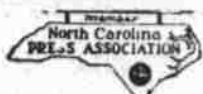
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NATIONAL EDITORIAL
1941-1942
Action Member

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1942

Looking Ahead

Yesterday closed one of the most eventful years in the history of the world, in this country, in North Carolina, and in Haywood County.

It is strange how these events have been felt locally. For the picture resembles a house built on cards—one touch and the whole goes down. What has happened in Europe has reacted in this country, in the state and in our county.

Here in Haywood County great progress has been made along permanent lines of improvement, but this progress is now threatened with the declaration of war. We will no longer be building here on a gradual plane, but we are suddenly being stepped up in a mad feverish haste to join in the great defense program.

It is necessary that we rise to the occasion and meet the emergency both with efficiency and confidence, but let us all try to be calm about the proposition. Let us not be consumed with a wild hysteria that shatters permanency of progress, so that it is necessary to start from scratch when the time comes to concentrate on rebuilding.

Authorities all tell us that the war will be a long drawn out affair. So we must enter into defense programs here at home with the same thoroughness that the armed forces of the country are being trained. It is a serious task that awaits us in 1942. It is the biggest problem that has ever faced the citizens of this country, state and of our county.

Production In Haywood

The record of Haywood County for the past year is an enviable one. Without going into detail about the number of purebred cattle that have been brought into the county, the increase in the number of milk cows, chickens and pigs, or the lime and phosphate that has been used to improve our soil, it is evident that production in Haywood County can be speeded up.

Already the government is calling for increased production and as the war goes on this call will become more urgent and insistent. There will be no increase in farm manpower. On the contrary as more and more young men are drafted for army service farm labor will become scarcer and perhaps less efficient.

If there was ever a time to do some constructive thinking and planning it is now. The emergency is here and it must be met.

Down To Business

We have an idea that now that Christmas is passed that the American people will settle down to the war we are in deadly earnest. The government is completing preparations for the registration of all males who have passed their 18th birthday and have not yet reached the age of 65.

Public opinion seems of one accord with approval over the compromise under which the lower limit for actual service in the armed forces was fixed at 20 years. Registration of those under that age will give the government exact information as to what it can count on later.

Army officials point out that all men from 20 to 25 had better make their plans to leave home, for the registration is said to be organizing so that it will proceed much more rapidly than was anticipated. When finished the registration will show just what manpower this country has on call, and in an emergency such as this information of this type is greatly needed.

In Keeping With the Need

We voice our approval of the decision of a group of farmers and business men from four states that produce the greater part of all the flue-cured tobacco, at a meeting held recently in Raleigh, when they asked the government for an increase of 10 per cent in tobacco quotas in 1942.

It is reported that statistical information shows that there will be a needed increase in production for 1942, but we were glad to see that it was not left at random how this should be accomplished.

Land is needed now to carry on the food for defense program, and while tobacco is an important item, it is not a necessity in winning the war.

The wisdom of quotas has been demonstrated here in Haywood County, and hence we judge that it applies to other sections.

Now To Keep It

Both labor and industry deserve the congratulation of the country on the agreement to ban strikes for the duration of the war which was reached recently.

There was some criticism because the conference, which convened last Wednesday at the call of the President did not reach an agreement earlier. But, the important thing is that there is now an agreement, stated so simply that everybody can understand what it means.

The three points on which labor and industry agreed are:

1. There shall be no strikes or lockouts.
2. All disputes shall be settled by peaceful means.
3. The President shall set up a proper War Labor Board to handle disputes.

The entire country should join President Roosevelt in accepting this agreement "without reservation." It should be assumed that it will be adhered to in letter and in spirit by all parties concerned.

Details should be forgotten in carrying out the agreement just as they were forgotten in reaching it.

Now that machinery has been set up for settling labor disputes, that machinery should be given a chance to function without recrimination or interference from Congress or from any other source.

Tobacco Leaves For Rose Petals

While it is wise that the Rose Bowl has been called off on the Pacific coast because of war conditions, it is well that the contest is to be waged on New Year's day as scheduled, even though in another setting. North Carolinians, especially, are happy that the classic is to be held on Tar Heel soil. Outside of Pasadena, no other ground is more appropriate for the event than the grid turf of Duke University, whose might has been chosen to engage the Oregon State gridsters.

It is well that the game is to be played because we need such diversions now as never before. In our all-out effort in the world struggle, sustaining of public morale is a prime requisite. Retention of all activities that do not interfere with, and particularly all that may contribute to the major task at hand, go to bulwark morale and bolster the home front, which must be kept strong and in good repair to maintain a formidable military front. A great encouragement to the enemy it would be indeed to let it feel that the peoples of America had cravenly and unnecessarily taken to their shell.

While the nation is now indivisible as to purpose and willing to make any sacrifice in accomplishing the greatest task free men has ever been called upon to fulfill, well does it know that the job can better be performed by keeping on working, and producing, buying and selling, singing and playing. The only difference is that these activities must be pursued with great efficiency, intelligence and better advantage than ever before.

We must work harder than ever before, but keep a "six-shooter" on the shelf. We must continue to enjoy the blessings of life, yet willing to consider it a privilege to make any sacrifice to the end that such blessings will continue to be our heritage in the future. We must continue employing—constructive employment, of course, for from what other source is production to stem? We must continue living, right living, of course, for a healthy, vibrant, active body politic is now a greater need than ever before. We must continue going to church, even though we may, like the Pilgrim father, find it necessary to carry the "musket" along. And we must continue to play, even football, though it be necessary to keep an eye out for "aerial attacks."—West Asheville News.

THE ANSWER



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

Did you ever have a minister take up your trend of thought and carry it through for you... and state in far more definite terms your mental gropings... that had hardly taken form... certainly not enough to crystallize into clear cut expression? ... we had such an experience on Sunday... when we heard Rev. J. Clay Madison preach at the morning service of the First Methodist church... We had been going over in our mind about the new year... while we do not make any elaborate plan of New Year Resolutions... we usually find ourselves thinking along certain lines... and hoping that during the coming year we may do thus and so... that we may leave off one thing or take on another... and altogether, in our mind make ourselves "over"... but this year we have been at a loss to know where to start... we felt rather shaky over the prospects for 1942... at the entrance to the gates of the New Year... the way does not seem clear... we have the sensation of treading a brand new path... that leads to some strange place or experience...

And when Mr. Madison said... for the coming year... you must make resolutions that will give you anchors to meet the new conditions... we felt that he had touched the keynote of our misgivings... for we all must find anchorage in things of spiritual value that will tide us over... for those of us old enough to remember the last World War... are somewhat disillusioned... as Mr. Madison said... the casualties of the spirit are always far greater in war than those of loss of life... and while we must adjust ourselves with a mental attitude that will allow us to change over night to meet new conditions... and pitch our daily living... no doubt... on a different plane... but to certain ideals and steadfastness of purpose that are not a part of material things... but are of the soul... we must keep intact... lest we lose the purpose of living... you may find your guide posts by one route... we may find ours through another course... but to "come through" the "duration" of what we face... with our souls unscarred... we must arrive in the end at a definite meeting point of the spirit...

There were a good many vacant chairs at Christmas dinner tables in our community this year... boys in the service who could not get home... we talked to a number of mothers... and they all had far away looks in their eyes... when they spoke of their boys... one said "Well we are going to celebrate and think of him"... another said "...well we'll do the best we can with one boy in Texas... and another in Ireland"... Another... "Yes, he's on the Pacific coast... but we are thankful he is alive"... and on they went... but not one "whimper" of complaint did we hear... all the soldiers do not wear uniforms... you know...

In passing of "Miss Fannie Robeson" (Mrs. E. J. Robeson) as she was affectionately known in the community... one of the most lovable and outstanding women we have known... has made her exit from the stage of life... as we have seen it played in our time... versed in the cultural attributes of her generation, she never forgot to be gracious... in fact it was part of her... to make others feel comfortable... she was the same to her family... and to the world... always cheerful... and thoughtful of others... for years suffering and physical handicaps that would have shaken the faith of most of us... seemed to leave her spirit untouched... and to her husband...

... her children... and friends she carried on... as a living illustration of how the mind can triumph over pain and discomfort... deprived of eyesight... when the realm of the printed word had meant so much... she found solace in her thoughts... and ever remained an inspiration to those about her...

We read in the papers how war is being felt in other sections, but it does not impress us as the story told from a person we know... a visit from Mrs. Mary Moody Mebane... who now lives in Washington, D. C., gave us a better picture of our capital at the present than anything we might read... she insists that here one would hardly realize that the country is at war... and no doubt from outward appearances she is right... for instance... how would we feel to find the following changes in a few hours... Mrs. Mebane lives in an apartment hotel... she was off work for the greater part of the day... and had stayed in her room... when she went down in the afternoon... she found the large glass windows of the lobby... completely boarded up for the duration of the war... learned... Washington is expecting to be a target before it is all over... and everybody is getting ready for the worst... if it comes... she has seen 500 planes in formation over the city... as a guard... she spoke of the shelter being built for the occupants of the White House... and added with a smile... that in Washington... they say that the shelter will not include room for Mrs. Roosevelt... as she never stays in one place long enough to be hit by a bomb...

Ann Sheridan was once a Sunday school teacher.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
Central Press Writer

THE SHOCK that has jarred loose every buck tooth in the Japanese empire is the discovery that old Uncle Samuel is the fastest guy on the draw the world ever saw.

The Mikado, we learn, spends a lot of time in a temple contemplating his long-dead ancestors. Must be planning to visit 'em soon.

Women's dresses may soon be fashioned from milk. That now defunct "Straight From Paris" label's successor probably will be "Strictly Grade A."

Bet Mussolini is plenty jealous.

Until the Nazi flop before Rostov and Moscow, the Axis retreating department was under his sole management.

Moths, we read, dislike green-colored suits. That's too bad—because most men do, too.

A newspaper stages a contest to find its most faithful reader. The contest is over—as soon as the editor looks into a mirror.

Dad thinks he's as great a hero as any of the famous warriors of ancient times. At least, none of those old boys had to get out of the warm sheets and fire the furnace at 6 a. m.



"I'll Never Forget..."

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE ABE

Editor's Note—With this New Year's issue The Mountaineer begins, under the above heading, a new column. And not only will we think, a distinctive human appeal to our readers.

Our first contribution comes from W. C. Allen, local county state historian. All stories accepted for publication will be published in the order in which they are received.

Only stories of real experiences will be published and they be outstanding in our opinion—from the standpoint of being dangerous, exciting, strange, wonderful, humorous, heroic or interesting. You should be able to tell your story in from 350 to 500 words try to not go over 500. If for any reason you do not want your used you may sign a fictitious one; however, we must always use the name of the writer.

All articles intended for this column should be addressed to The Waynesville Mountaineer, Story Column, Waynesville, N. C.

My First Day in Waynesville

(By W. C. ALLEN)

My first day in Waynesville, August 2, 1899, brought me face with two men who made a lasting impression upon me; and were called upon to write a book about an "Unforgettable Character" as is being run each in the "Readers Digest", I name one of these men. Their names are Bill Gaddy and Welch, the former a well known barber for more than thirty years and the latter a negro barber first beauty specialist for Waynesville.

Why they made such an impression upon me is simply told. I take the events in the order of their occurrence, I may say I arrived in Waynesville with family on Saturday, August 2, 1899, to become superintendent of schools in the special character of Waynesville.

As soon as we became located for the day, I looked for a barber shop to get a hair cut. I was directed to one, the only one in Waynesville, on the corner of Main Church streets, where the Cash Drug Store is now located. I entered and introduced myself to only white barber in Waynesville. I afterwards learned, the remembered Bill Gaddy, who the only person in the shop at time.

I sat down in the only chair in the shop and ordered hair cut. Mr. Gaddy gave a whistle and said "This is Saturday ain't it?" I admitted that it was. "Well, don't you know I don't hair on Saturday?" I had no knowledge that I didn't.

"Now, you get up out of chair, because I am expecting shaving customers right now. Don't cut nobody's hair on Saturday." I got out of the chair out of the shop in a hurry. I appeared to be displeased because I did not know his way of life his working schedule.

Across the street diagonally where the town hall is now located was another little shop of a well known barber's shop. A little square-jawed negro named Jack Welch, who had barber instinct of courtesy, must have known my embarrassment with Mr. Gaddy, for he said "Some folks don't know nohow, yas boss, I'll cut your hair. Ain't you the new school teacher just come to town?" I told him I was and climbed into his chair. That little bit of courtesy was beginning of my introduction to Waynesville.

I kept in familiar fellowship with both of these men many years afterward. Bill Gaddy remained good barber for a decade or later until his death and was noted as the proverbial barber entertained his customers with news of the day. Even after barbers became engrained in the life of the town, Bill Gaddy's place as the barber came to be known in Waynesville.

Jack Welch never cut my hair again. He soon changed the business slightly and became a beauty specialist of Waynesville. For some years he answered calls of society ladies of Waynesville to come to their homes to give them tonsorial treatment.

PARAGRAMS

The cautious man may be dangerous but he missed lots of thrills.

If all simple people lived like lives there would be a lot of people living.

Old Indian warriors used to get out on the war path with their on. Women do that now.

Sometimes we go out to get in trouble when we could stay at home from it.

Dad's a good old scout. He's his way in the world and he's making junior's way.

A state circuit judge warned grand jury that the county spending too much money, but the grand jury hasn't stopped.

Hitler may not sleep well, but he lies well.

If the unselfish man finds it to be that way and keeps it up about, him then?

Mexico will start new air forces.