

The Mountaineer

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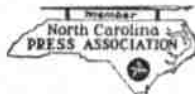
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1942

Time Ahead Of Itself

It makes no difference whether or not you turned up your watch one hour ahead on Sunday night, time changed for you for the "duration" of the war during the wee small hours of the morning, when Uncle Sam stepped up his time, which will be our time. There is nothing for you to do but get in line with war time, for we are told that the clocks won't be unscrambled until the war is over.

Yet it should be a comparatively simple matter. In fact if you don't think about it and go by your watch set to new time you should hardly know the difference, except those who are connected with the local schools.

We understand that the schools will not be able to conform with the new time at the present, which is easily explained, on account of the buses which carry so many hundreds of Haywood County children to and from school. They have been starting before daylight as it is and another hour would make it a hardship on some of the students who come from the greater distances.

To the sleepy headed group of students who belong by habit to the old nursery jingle, "a dillar a dollar a ten o'clock scholar", the new time will be very attractive as school opens at 9:30, but along about 4:30 in the morning, we guess they will be needing sympathy, for most of the children will be getting up with their families who will have to go about their work according to the clock.

We must all bear in mind that the prime reason for moving the clocks ahead is to save electric power, as a part of the national defense program. In the bomb-threatened cities, the extra hour allows people time to get home from work before night falls and the blackouts start.

It has been pointed out also that it is not entirely a matter of actually saving power, but of spreading out the use of electricity. The "peak load" is said to be the Jonah of the power companies. This demand for power usually comes around 5:30 and 6:00 at the time factories are still running, stores are lighted and homes are being lighted up for the night.

The theory of Daylight Saving time was first tried during World War number one, and officials claim that it was effective then. The idea is said to have been originated by an Englishman.

Honors To The Waynesville Mountaineer

The Waynesville Mountaineer won two awards of the annual Awards Contest sponsored by the North Carolina Press Association. At the institute held jointly with the University of North Carolina and Duke University on January 16 this well deserved recognition was accorded our neighbor in Haywood county, which won the second prize in the fields of "Best Community Service" and "General Excellence" among the weekly newspapers of the state.

The out-of-state judge wrote in making his report: "We wish to call special attention to The Waynesville Mountaineer . . . the presentation of this entry was remarkable . . . In a slightly different type of contest The Mountaineer might have stood above every paper in the country."

We salute Curtis Russ, the editor, who has brought this distinction to our section.—The Franklin Press.

Armchair Warfare

The United States, engaged in fullfledged warfare, has a tremendous surplus of generals, admirals and air marshals. You can find them on practically every street corner of every city, town and village in the nation.

They occupy millions of chairs, with soft bottoms, in the club and offices of the land, and include many of us newspaper editors. In short, there seems to be a surplus of commanders-in-chief and a reluctance on the part of many citizens to pitch in and do something about the war in the manner they can contribute and at the place where they happen to be.

For better or worse, the fate of this nation, so far as leadership is concerned, is in the elected officials of our various governments, and the officers that now command the armed forces. Our future depends upon those who now direct the activities of industry and the laborers who make the machine tools and instruments of mass production.

Those who do not happen to be on the firing line, either as a fighting man or a producing worker, have a wide field in which to exercise their patriotic zeal.—The Smithfield Herald.

We Are Not Alone

We were interested in an article by Jonathan Daniels in the Nation on "Report From the Low Country" in which he writes of the tourist prospects centering on Charleston as "halfway down the road from Manhattan to Miami, which seems also at the center of the question of what war will do to the vast American touring industry, which sometimes seems as vital as any industrial priorities problem from California to Maine."

We find that we are not alone in our state of wondering what will happen in the season just ahead to one of America's greatest industries, and one that has been increasing in revenue in our own section.

Mr. Daniels points out that even in Mr. Rockefeller's Williamsburg in Virginia, they are telling old patrons hopefully that the brave British clung to their week-ends. He brings out the fact that this historic site is not far from Washington and that an exhausted patriot can depend on Williamsburg for patriotic resuscitation between Friday and Monday.

He also points out that "Charleston knows that it is a long way for a week-end for its best old customers even by air, for old ladies in limousines have to think about tires as must as the drivers of jalopies."

Mr. Daniels contends that "there is just as much profit for a taxicab driver in hauling sailors to town as there was in hauling tourists to the gardens in Charleston, and that railroads sell more tickets and meals to New York boys returning to Savannah from furloughs than it ever did to patrons on their way to Palm Beach. It may be harder on furniture but a landlady gets as much money from three welders in a room all the time as she could collect from a season of wealthy tourists."

Which is all very comforting to those in the tourist business in the "low country" where they are feeling the defense programs, but we fear that up here we have little prospect for any substitute of the regular tourist. So we will still have to cling to our hope for the usual trek to the mountains.

Youth Training

Defense courses have started in our high school, which are compulsory for all those who will graduate this spring. The boys are being given strict physical check ups and training. The girls are being taught first aid methods and practical home nursing. Both are being instructed in the values of proper nutrition.

Both are so valuable that we cannot but consider them as silver linings to the dark clouds of war. While the prosecution of the war is the most important problem facing America today, we must not overlook the fact that the rising generation must have everything possible to make them to fit to take up the burden.

When the drums of Mars roll away, and life again resumes its peacetime tenure, youth of today will be contributors toward building back the future.

In a recent report of the American youth commission the following was brought out, "If our democracy is to continue, it is the youth especially who must have a true conception of democracy, of its moral basis, and of the results that attend its successful operation. To them democracy must seem to be worth every sacrifice and to offer the brightest opportunities for happiness and the good life. Otherwise any effort to preserve it will be a waste of time."



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

Since the historical December fight over Pear Harbor . . . conversations all over America have centered around one subject . . . we feel sure . . . just as they have here with us . . . no matter how far afield they wander . . . they come back to the inevitable war . . . the talk started on purely feminine affairs . . . housekeeping problems . . . for the working wife . . . who continues in her job after marriage . . . but soon the talk shifted . . . to a subject that the girls took hold of with considerable feeling . . . and the main point was . . . "why should a wife who does work outside her home . . . and has no children be termed a "dependent" . . . where the wife who is not working is not so classed . . . and the husband of the latter is thereby put in a different classification by Uncle Sam than that of the former . . . and the boys are shuffled in the files for service in the armed forces . . . and the point was brought out that in many instances the wife worked before marriage and is prepared to do something . . . and yet in her married state she is called a "dependent" . . .

The conversation waxed very warm . . . too bad there were no draft board members present . . . or war-department officials for that matter . . . for they would have heard some very pointed slants on the subject . . . having been a wife who stayed at home . . . once upon a time . . . and for the past eight years one who tried her wings outside . . . we could see both sides . . . none of the young wives talking expect to work always . . . they are not career women in the generally accepted term . . . (and whether you realize it or not there is a vast difference) . . . they are trying to help their husbands get their homes established . . . simply biding their time until they can turn domestic to their heart's content . . . we tried to intercede for the wives "working" only at home . . . venturing that a woman who has never been employed . . . is often timid . . . and often, unless she has been trained . . . for some special work . . . it takes a lot of courage to fall in line with the breadwinners . . . (we well recall our first job which began exactly 8 years ago this week) . . . but these girls wouldn't listen . . . in their minds, there could not be such retiring sisters in this modern age . . . we listened for their talk was absorbing . . . not only because we happen to like them all and be personally interested in them individually . . . but also because they represent a vast army of women scattered throughout this country . . . who are facing the same problem . . . with Uncle Sam disagreeing to their status . . .

We have heard the expression and been guilty of using it many times . . . "between the devil and the deep blue sea" . . . but did not know its origin until recently . . . when we read it in "Random Shots" by John G. Bragaw in "The State Magazine" . . . in case you did not see it and like us, have wondered where it came from . . . Sailing vessels, maybe steam vessels too, have the upper part of their hulls painted one color . . . the lower part another color . . . and where the colors meet is called "the Devil" . . . hence the "devil and the deep blue sea" . . . which is about as handy a way to term certain dilemmas in which we find ourselves . . . as we can recall at present.

We remember back in the First World War . . . that as time went on and the officers returned at intervals . . . with new insignias on their shoulders . . . we sometimes had difficulty in figuring out what rank they held . . . so we pass on the following . . . which might serve to remind you at some awkward moment . . . Second Lieutenant . . . one gold bar . . . First Lieutenant . . . one silver bar . . . Captain . . . two silver bars . . . Major, one gold leaf . . . Lieutenant Colonel, silver leaf . . . Colonel, Eagle . . . Brigadier General, one star . . . Major General, two stars . . . Lieutenant General, three stars . . . and General, four stars.

Monday morning was about the "loneliest looking" we have seen Main Street in sometime . . . with the exception of the time we took a bus last month around 6 o'clock in the morning . . . but of course in time we will all settle down to a normal attitude toward time . . . and will get out of the habit of thinking in terms of the past . . . for we Americans are adept at changes . . . but won't the change serve as a well alibi for being tardy . . . until it will be out of date . . . to use it . . .

The following story about Holman Hunt . . . famous artist was given us this week for reprint here . . . the painting "The Light of the World" . . . by Hunt is a picture of Christ in a garden at midnight . . . in His left hand He is holding a lantern . . . and in his right hand knocking on a heavily paneled door . . . on the day the painting was unveiled . . . to the public . . . a group of art critics was present . . . one of them is said to have remarked . . . "Mr. Hunt . . . you haven't finished your work" . . . "Yes, it is finished" . . . the artist answered . . . "But there is no handle to that door" . . . "That," said the artist "is the door to the human heart, it can be opened only from the inside" . . .

Felix Stovall—"No, I don't think we will be bombed here, as I feel that we will not be the center of any actual fighting, but we will feel the war in many other ways."

J. M. Garrison—"No, I do not think so, as we are too far from the coast."

Clyde Fisher—Mayor of Hazelwood—"No, I really do not think we will be bombed, for one reason I feel that we will have them stopped before they get this far."

J. H. Way, Jr.—Mayor of Waynesville—"No, I do not think we are in any serious danger of being bombed, yet anything could happen, and I think this secure feeling on the part of most of us is bad for us. There are more ways of attack than from the air, and we could suffer other types right in this section. I think every citizen should get ready to meet any emergency that may arise. We are in a very serious war and most people do not understand what we are up against this time."

Another fine character of the old Emory days was Vance Price (son of Prof. R. N. Price) whose mother was a sister of Robert and Zebulon Baird Vance. He too was a preacher and a man of deep sympathies.

My Emory days ended in 1887 and I lost sight of Vance Price until about 1910, when I was teaching in what is now the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. For years I got my noon meal at the hospitable table of Mrs. Nellie Baird Ward. About this time her husband, a fine man, answered the last roll call, and she asked her cousin, Vance Price, then pastor of the Methodist church at Mt Airy, to come to Greensboro and conduct the funeral service. I do not remember what he said,

Letters To The Editor

TWO REMARKABLE PRAYERS

Mrs. Gwyn's quotation, in her column of The Mountaineer of January 29th, of Rev. George Stewart's remarkable prayer at a convention of railroad men, brings back many memories. I knew George Stewart well in the middle 1880s, when I was a student at Emory and Henry College in Virginia. He was a tutor in the college and his official title was Tutor Stewart to me then and all through his life. In the days when he came to Lake Junaluska, I always looked out for him and called him "Tutor Stewart" to his great delight. He was one of the most human men I ever knew, and his marvelous ability to touch the hearts of men was one of the things that made him the great power he was for the good of mankind. The most fit-

"I'll Never Forget--"

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
 CONDUCTED BY UNCLE ABE

Voice OF THE People

Do you think that this section is in danger of being bombed during the present World War... (Asked by request of several citizens).

Weaver H. McCracken—"No, I do not think so, because we are too far away from the fighting areas, and then I feel that our mountains will protect us."

John Boyd—"I doubt if we ever are bombed, because I do not think that the section is important enough in view of so many other areas that will be attacked."

R. L. Prevost—"I don't think we will be bombed, because when the planes could reach us, it would mean that the fighting forces on the coast would be utterly weakened, and I don't believe that things will reach that stage. Yet I think that there are other ways in which we can be attacked in this section, it behooves us to be prepared for anything."

Captain W. F. Swift—"No, I do not think so. It is too far and too expensive for the damage it would inflict."

John M. Queen—"No, for one reason our mountains protect us, and make this section impractical for air raids. I think we live in one of the safest places in this country."

O. H. Shelton—"I really do not think that conditions will get that serious—for us to be bombed in this section."

Felix Stovall—"No, I don't think we will be bombed here, as I feel that we will not be the center of any actual fighting, but we will feel the war in many other ways."

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Mrs. B. F. Smathers, 88, Waynesville, is one of our interesting personalities. She is a sister of Capt. Alden Howe now living in California, and is 101 years old this month. Mrs. Smathers, still alert in both body and mind, remembers much of her long, eventful life. She was eleven years old when the Civil War ended.

"I can remember the first 'barrage' house,' as they were called back then. It was built on Shady Grove, right near where the Methodist church now stands, and my father gave the land. It was built of large hewed logs and had a fire place. What nails were used in it were hammered out in my father's blacksmith shop."

"Doctor" Howell Owned Slaves
 "My father owned slaves, from 35 to 40, which was a lot for a man here. Well, I can remember how the slaves could starve, specially Old Granny and Cumma ham, when father would have prayers. We had prayers every day, and he would call us together—slaves and all.

"That made a pretty good congregation," the writer interrupted.

"It certainly did," Mrs. Smathers continued. "And how the negroes could sing the good old hymns, like 'Amazing Grace' and 'How Firm a Foundation.' Some times Old Granny would sing too, and I being just a child, I know what to think of it."

"My father was good to the slaves, though. He worked them right hard, of course; but he let them good and 'tended to them when they took sick. Old Cumma ham was one of the best doctors in the world, so was Granny and Sam. Father would trust anyone anywhere and with any of his children."

Was His Own Doctor
 When asked why her father was called "Doctor" Howell, Mrs. Smathers explained:

"Why, that was because he had to do so much doctorin' in the community. After the only doctor we had, at Waynesville, died, my father had to 'tend the sick in the family, also among the slaves himself. Just took it up like that. Then the neighbors got to calling for him to go and 'tend their sick. He went when Dan Allison was shot, that was in the time of the war. 'Father even doctor'd himself. I remember the time, seeing him bleed himself in the arm—showed Cunningham how to bandage it."

Examples of Strictness
 "Father was a strict man, but my, my, how he used to make the children read the Bible on Sundays! I'll never forget that. Most of the time I would just pretend to be readin'."

Then Mrs. Smathers said, smiling: "I guess that's why I never read the Bible now as much as I should. Back then I got so I disliked the thoughts of it."

"Then we girls weren't allowed to go out and have any pleasure on Sundays at all—not even home back riding. We were supposed to keep the day holy."

"We cooked enough on Saturdays to do till Monday. Most everybody did, at least they were supposed to do so. My mother would see that there was plenty of lightbread, pone, sweetbread, pie, meat, etc., prepared on Saturday. 'Only cookin'' we'd do on Sunday was make some hot coffee—was keepin' the day holy."

"And just think," concluded Mrs. Smathers. "Now Sunday's the main day for cooking!"

MARRIAGES

Nelson Wells to Bonnie Ledford both of Canton.
 Way Whitaker to Frances Wainwright, both of Canton.

but I do remember how he said I sat beside one of the most emotional men I ever knew. When we came out of the church he said, with deep feeling; "God, I have never in my life heard such prayer. Mr. Price did not get broken into little pieces inside, he literally could not speak, so Vance Price, even as Job, he talked with his God, the Author and giver of all life. It was thirty years ago, but, as I watch the scene is clearly before my eyes. I have never again heard such supplication.

George Stewart and Vance Price have both gone to Him they served so well. It is a great privilege to have known these wonderfully fine, splendid men. And it is a great joy to write these lines to their memory.

E. W. GUDGER
 A man recently divorced, confessed the cause was not incompatibility, but priority.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



WRENCH STILTON, THAT HANDY MAN, OUTWITS THE MCKNITTIER SISTERS' KITTENS