

The Mountaineer

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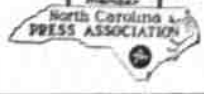
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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
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Back To Duty

General Harley B. Ferguson, one of Haywood's most distinguished sons, who was retired two years ago from the U. S. Army, has been recalled for duty to Washington.

We congratulate the government upon its action in recalling General Ferguson. Along with the younger men the nation needs the advice and experience of men with such records as those of our townsman.

Whatever his tasks may be we know that he will bring expert judgment in the great emergency.

We will look forward in the meantime to the day when he returns to make his home with us again.

On Their Way To Camp

We note with relief that the War Department is giving the local draft boards more leeway in giving out publicity relative to the movements of the draftees leaving for induction camps.

While we would not be guilty of betraying any information the government felt should be kept from the public, we have felt that the names of the boys leaving here to join our armed forces should be made public.

For with few exceptions, the boys leaving here, now in increasing numbers, are our own boys. They were for the most part born here, educated, and are a part of our life. We may not have considered some of them outstanding citizens before this, as many of them are too young to have yet shown their worth. But they are growing up now, some over night.

They are taking on a man sized job, and they will represent us in this great world-wide conflict. They are our direct connection with the vast army that is now in the process of mobilization.

We should know the names of these boys who are leaving to help defend this country for us. We should do more. As they take their departure it is not asking much that we at least stand by in person, to show that we appreciate their going, and what it means to uproot one's life in the name of defense, while we still enjoy being at home.

The Other Fellow

We are told that misery loves company and this country will have some fellow sufferers when the smoke of battle clears. The public debt today of the United States is slightly less than the annual national income. In Britain it's twice the national income.

This means that we may emerge from the war with a debt of perhaps twice our national income, while Britain will then be in for a debt of three or four times the national income of that country.

Just how it will all end nobody knows. But we can be sure of one thing, we will have plenty of company in misery.

One Sixteenth

Did you know that it takes sixteen workers on the farms and in the factories to keep one man in the armed forces of the United States?

It means but one thing, and that is that if we win this war everybody is going to have to fight it. It means that complete cooperation in all defense efforts must be given.

Just what one sixteenth of the service a soldier, sailor or an aviator contributes is a little difficult to estimate, but it means that we are going to have to do some definite piece of work, or we will be a slacker when the records of this war are rendered.

World Day Of Prayer

On Friday the women of the town will assemble in one of the churches to observe the World Day of Prayer, which was inaugurated many years ago by the Christian churches of the world.

This year the observance should have deep significance for the world is suffering from need of His healing care.

It is said that the trend toward the spiritual side is one of the compensations for the tragedy of war. It is a time when the spiritual leaders should do their utmost to give comfort to those who seek solutions to their problems.

Such times show that man is instinctively religious at heart, for it is said that in time of war we unconsciously turn to the church for solace.

Encouraging

The traveltalk, entitled "Colorful North Carolina," which will be given its world premiere during the month of February in Asheville, and which it is reported will be seen by more than 60,000,000 persons, sounds very encouraging for the season ahead.

We trust that it will fill the audiences with such longing to see first hand the scenic beauty of this area, that they will want to get away from their work for a vacation in large numbers and find here temporary surcease from the thoughts and realism of war.

Anyway you take it it stands to reason that the advertising which will be derived from the showing of such a film, comes at an opportune time to benefit this section.

An Embarrassing Picture

Several daily papers, and it can hardly be called plugging to name them—The Charlotte News, Greensboro Daily News and Durham Herald, have been giving space to Tom P. Jimison, whose observations about the conduct of the Morganton hospital for the insane during his year's stay in that institution, makes interesting reading. The last sixteen articles have been printed, and the State has been so aroused about the picture Jimison paints that Governor Broughton has ordered an investigation. And that will be fine—if the investigation don't carry along a whitewash brush.

Jimison regards the Morganton institution more a prison than a hospital—an impression that will be shared by all who have had occasion to visit there. One does not have to be an inmate to conclude that the State is not doing for its mental unfortunates all it should.

In his inimitable way Jimison has drawn a word picture of the North Carolina Hospital for the Insane, that has brought most of us up with a jerk; because he hasn't seemed to be respectful of his own personal treatment while there; because whenever he consistently could he has sought to soften his wallop for those charged with the administration of affairs, we are willing to believe the unbelievable; to take Jimison's word for it, until he is proved to be in error.

And if he is to be believed, the unfortunate mental cases carried to Morganton, constitute a segregation of human derelicts herded together, not in the hope of cure or rehabilitation, but purely to get them out of the public's hair.

And may we not say this word for those in charge: A great number of cases are entirely hopeless, dangerous unless confined, and therefore the prison aspect is understandable and justified. On the other hand there are many who, under competent supervision and sympathetic treatment, could regain their mentality. Under the conditions Jimison describes, a perfectly sane person would soon become demented.

The State itself is partly to blame, for its stinginess, but the entire load cannot be shifted to the State's shoulders. Those in charge could give sympathetic service as far as their means would allow; could insist on cleanliness, decent food and enough of it, and adequate medical attention that would assure against undue suffering. And if the money was not available to make these things possible, who better than they, could demand enough dollars to do the job right, without waiting for a newspaper man to worm his way into the institution to get the lowdown on conditions there.—Elkin Tribune.

Curtailed typewriters on account of priorities will become another national disaster. It's much easier to make sense out of misspelled words that are written on these machines than those that are messed up in long hand.—Exchange.

Fathers used to strap their children—now children keep their parents strapped.



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

An Open Letter To Mrs. Roosevelt

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:
 If we had the remotest idea that your eyes would ever fall upon this page we might not have the courage to write as freely as we intend to do herein. . . For we expect to deliver ourselves from an overload of reaction which has been accumulating and fermenting in our soul since you took on the job with Civilian Defense. . . While we personally are of no special prominence and we live in a rather remote neck of the woods as far as the places of great importance in the U. S. A. go. . . we do represent a very large group of American citizens. . . and we further claim the distinction of being a part of that great cavalcade of Average Middle Stream Americans. . . whose ancestors handed down to them the privilege of freedom of speech that was rocked in the cradle of the infancy of this great nation. . . we represent democracy. . . for it is bred in our bones. . .

Likewise with our inheritance of democracy. . . our political affiliations were handed down to us. . . they have been instilled in us for generations. . . and we have felt that nothing, save death could rob us of the joy of voting the Democratic ticket. . . as one grows older. . . life is full of disillusionments. . . now please don't dim the luster of our politics for us. . . and don't say we didn't warn you. . . for who knows. . . your husband. . . for whom we have the highest esteem may want to establish another precedent. . . and when the conflict is over. . . "bring back the country" . . . and goodness knows. . . when we consider how far our soldiers will have to travel. . . to the corners of the earth by land. . . and air. . . and by sea. . . and the millions and billions it will take to finance it all. . . we have a far ways to come back. . .

Now first before you get us all wrong. . . and decide that we are one of those who have been against you from the start. . . and have never warmed up to you during your unprecedented regime in the White House. . . we would like to express how our sentiments have ebbed and flowed about you. . . To begin with, when you entered the White House. . . we thought. . . well here, is one First Lady who was born to the Purple. . . who will know just the right thing to do. . . without any advice from social secretaries. . . to direct the way. . . we settled back to watch the social whirl that centers around the White House. . . move with dignity and graciousness. . . then before we could hardly get used to your being there, you had gone. . . in fact you seemed to be on the go continually. . . we sometimes worried about the week-end groceries at the White House. . . for fear when you flew to the Pacific coast some Friday. . . you might have neglected your household chores before taking off. . . then we read of your famous scrambled eggs. . . and we knew that you must have some domestic talents. . . but since that day we have understood perfectly why you picked on scrambled eggs to publicize from the White House. . . it is the most delectable dish known to man that can be served on the shortest notice. . . as time went on, we began to wonder. . . if it wouldn't have been better if the White House mistress was a more stationary lady. . . and then we heard how you were the eyes and ears of your famous husband. . . how you brought back to him facts about the country. . . which his physical handicaps denied him the privilege of seeing first hand (and here let us say that if for no other reason than the victory Mr. Roosevelt has won over himself we would

call him great) . . . and we began to warm up to you again. . . we decided that your life was not "just a line" despite "Your Day" . . . and that you were sincerely and honestly interested in the forgotten man. . .

For your graciousness we have had personal experience. . . we will always remember how you gave us an interview. . . for a small town paper. . . and asked us up to your room in the hotel. . . and answered our knock at your door yourself. . . we sat and talked like neighbors might over a back fence. . . which didn't mean an earthly thing to you. . . but a whale of a lot to us. . .

You know this country perhaps as well as any man. . . and far better than most of them. . . from Maine to Florida. . . from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . you know conditions among the laboring classes. . . the middle classes. . . and since you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. . . it is much more to your credit that you stepped out of the golden circle of the upper four hundred and mingled with the people. . .

Now to the point of all of this. . . the Civilian Defense program is of vital importance to this country now. . . around it hangs the morale of the people. . . to get the right attitude among civilians is as much a part of winning this war. . . and the great middle stream of America does not approve the manner in which you have been giving jobs to your personal friends. . . any more than we liked the idea of Congressmen providing them.

An Editor's Creed

The Mountaineer subscribes, wholeheartedly and unstintedly to the following creed, adopted by many non-daily papers at the close of the first World War as a code of ethics:

- 'I believe in my job.
- 'I believe that running a good country newspaper which serves and represents its community as worthy as running the biggest metropolitan daily. Because of my belief:
- 'I shall at all times be fair to everyone in my community, expecting frequently to be charged with being unfair.
- 'I shall not discriminate against the person who does not advertise in my paper or who does not buy his printing from me.
- 'I shall not be afraid to champion the poor man's cause for fear of wrath of the rich man.
- 'Nor shall I be afraid to stand by the rich man when he is right, for fear of being charged with having sold out to him.
- 'I shall temper justice with mercy. My columns shall not shout to my community the shame of individual or family when shouting can render my community no good.
- 'On the other hand, I shall not condone evil-doing in high places lest by publishing the evil deed to my community my pocketbook shall suffer thereby.
- 'I shall scan what goes into my advertising columns as closely as that which goes into my news columns, realizing that every column on my paper speaks of me.
- 'I shall always remember that politics is not a game but a responsibility and when I write I shall make sure what motive is behind my utterances.
- 'I shall not hate my competitor, but remember he is human and likely to err the same as I.
- 'I shall belong to, pay my dues to, and attend regularly, my local, state and national editorial associations.
- 'I shall charge what my work is worth, realizing that by so doing I can serve my community best.
- 'I shall respect and honor my profession, believing that it is a high calling.
- 'In brief, I shall conduct my newspaper like a gentleman and a Christian, realizing that no ministry is more sacred than that to which I have been called."

Voice OF THE People

What is your reaction to this registration? (The foregoing question was asked the following men after they registered for the third draft here on Monday).

- Rev. Dock Russell—"I'm willing to give my life for my country."
- Theodore Swanger—"I feel a hundred per cent for the registration. It looks like it just had to be."
- Larry Weaver—"I'm perfectly willing to answer the call and go anywhere they want to send me."
- William Roy Phillips—"I wish that we could all just get ready right now and go, for they need us."
- Rev. R. E. McBain—"It brings the war closer home, not only to the registrants, but to the public as a whole, and we all need it right now at this time."
- Ben E. Colkitt, Jr.—"As far as I am personally concerned it does not affect me, as I have already volunteered in the air corps of army or navy, and expect to be in uniform before the end of the summer."
- Floyd Lyle—"Twenty-four years ago I answered the same call for registration. I feel just like I did the last time. But then I did not get to go. I had flu and pneumonia shortly after I registered and nearly died, and by the time I was able to go, the Armistice was signed. If I have to go this time I have no kick coming, for it looks this time like all of us will have to go."
- C. J. Reece—"I think it's fine, because the country needs action and I like the fine manner in which the public is responding."
- Robert L. Sutton—"It would be hard to tell you my exact reaction, but one thing I think this registration should have been made a long time ago, so that now in this emergency we would be ready."
- Rufus Harris—"Ready to go anywhere they need me."
- Otis Owen Burgin—"I will give you my answer in about two years."

seives a soft bed for the future years. . . We know there are leaks in any emergency. . . but when the boys of this country are being drafted and volunteering by the thousands. . . leaving good jobs to defend our liberty at \$21 per month. . . is no time to be handing out soft jobs to the wrong people. . . and we regret that your otherwise fine record has been somewhat spoiled by recent events. . . if these lines ever come under your observation. . . which we are sure they will not. . . just remember that we warned you that wars are won by sterner methods than some of the activities that have recently been sponsored by you under the OCD. . .

World War II R Shattered Illusion Of Lasting Peace

By CHARLES P. STEWART
 Central Press Columnist

REFERENCE to World War I and World War II are depressed by some few commentators, on ground that designating war number implies acceptance of war as a regular motto for the future and periodically inevitable from or on until the world's end.

There isn't as much of this talk now, though, as there was during World War I. There's a lot of it then, and "Never again" as a regular motto for the future. There isn't enough pacifism in the atmosphere to speak of. Even pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists mostly are all-out belligerents in the situation's present stage. Now, will we have another epidemic following the last one No. 2, as we did the last time? I'm inclined to doubt it.

My impression is that this war-numbering is right—the generality of folk are convinced the proposition that vast wars are a certainty, about every often, as long as the earth continues to be inhabited by beings. Wars didn't use to have numbers. They were numbered, but comparatively local—the Mexican War, the War of the states (Civil War), the Russo-American war, the Russo-Japanese war, the Franco-Prussian war, and further back, the war of the Roses, and centuries of earlier affairs, indefinitely called civilization's rearward, as we may have an infinite list of them.

Many Were Local However, a majority of the past clashes were between a few of countries only. It was not enough to speak of the Civil war, fought in just one little on the globe. It's more complete to mention the Anglo-American Canadian - Australian - Filipino - Malay - Chinese - Russian - Dutch East Indian - Japanese - German-Italian war, not counting France and a whole galaxy of temporarily overrun nationalities will be entitled to notice in long run. World War II is easier name to call it by.

But is it going to be possible to establish everlasting peace at end of it? That was what was tried before and there was considerable foolishness that it could be accomplished. This time I don't believe that there's much such hopefulness. Anyhow, it surely won't be tempted by the same method the one we and some of the powers experimented with in 1920's.

The idea then was all-round armament. Its advocates meant excessive nations. Their theory was that nations not only wouldn't fight if they hadn't equipment to fight with.

Knives and Pitchforks A very small scattering of men argued that they always will be able to scare up carving knives and pitchforks for warlike purposes, if they felt like fighting—disarmament wouldn't do the business that the only correct way was to cure them of the desire to take the war path.

The odd thing was that the pacifists were the ones who didn't think that disarmament alone would cure them. They didn't, thought, suggest convincing - sounding alternative remedy for the disease, so the herently pugnacious outfit administered theirs — the disarmament dose. And look how it's working.

Of course, one difficulty was the Axis bunch of today who take the disarmament dose was prescribed for them, but armed by bootleggers while democracies honestly were off the stuff. It wasn't a case of total abstinence by all consent but that can't be absolutely guaranteed, apparently.

ADAPTABLE
 A school teacher asked me to write a short essay and to state their own subjects.
 A little girl sent in the following paper:
 "My subject is 'ants.' Ants of two kinds of insects and last of all, they are very busy creatures. Sometimes they live in holes and sometimes they crawl on sugar bowls, and sometimes they live in with their married sisters."
 Wife: "I was a fool when I married you."
 Husband: "I guess you were. I was so infatuated at the time I didn't notice it."