

The Mountaineer

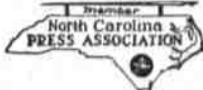
Published By
THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.
Main Street Phone 137
Waynesville, North Carolina
The County Seat of Haywood County

W. CURTIS RUSS, Editor
Mrs. Hilda Way Gwyn, Associate Editor
W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, In Haywood County.....\$1.75
Six Months, In Haywood County..... 90c
One Year, Outside Haywood County..... 2.50
Six Months, Outside Haywood County..... 1.50
All Subscriptions Payable In Advance

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 29, 1911.

Obituary notices, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, and all notices of entertainment for profit, will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1942

Is Your Coal Bin Filled?

We hear so many predictions of the future today, that many of us are getting a little thick skinned and we refuse to take a possible state of affairs as a fact until it is actually a reality.

The government is again urging that all coal users fill their bins before winter sets in.

There are very definite reasons for this request. The demand on the coal mines and the means of transportation will daily increase. We must not interfere with the demands of the war effort.

Buying coal ahead of time will insure the purchaser of plenty of fuel for next winter and at the same time he will aid in relieving the demands for other urgent transportation.

With the arrival of September in this section we know that "winter cannot be far behind," so the time is short if the coal bins are to be filled before cold weather.

Get the Habit

We have been in the habit of throwing away things in America until it comes a bit awkward to save. Now take the case of tin cans. Formerly we have wanted to get the unsightly things out of our way as soon as possible as they were of no earthly use.

The picture has changed. We are told that any family that saves all its tin cans for a year and turns them in for scrap has saved enough tin for one 60-millimeter trench mortar. Three tin cans provide the quantity used in a hand grenade.

The salvage of tin cans from households and restaurants in the United States is getting underway, under the direction of the war production board's conservation division.

It is said that so far the first month's collections fell well below the expectable normal. About 300 pounds of tin per 1,000 population is turned in, where 1,000 pounds or more is considered the satisfactory proportion.

The United States is faced with the problem of replacing as far as possible the imports of tin ore which formerly came from Malaya—more than 43,000,000 tons last year alone. The need for this kind of salvage is very great, yet the sacrifice is very small.

Once we have formed the habit of placing the proper value on the tin can that we once considered a nuisance around the premises it will be an easy matter and we will find ourselves aiding in a vital war effort.

This Is Not Prosperity

There is an unfortunate tendency to think of the current economy as a boom and era of prosperity and happy days (financially) that are here again.

That is crooked thinking and dangerous. True, there are more men and women at work than ever before. They are receiving the highest wages in history. For the first time in years the farmers are enjoying a sellers' market at top prices.

Those are most of the elements which traditionally have been symbols of prosperity. But times have changed. Now these things do not mean happy days. Taken in their context, they provide a brilliant, red flare warning against danger ahead.

There is plenty of money. Almost everybody has more than he used to. But he can't eat money. He can't wear money. He can't tune in money and listen to a broadcast. He can't ride to the seashore

or the golf links for money. He can't keep his butter from melting in summer, or his milk from souring, with money.

Beyond a certain point, which is quickly reached, money is useful only so long as there are necessities, conveniences, luxuries for which money can be exchanged.

Up to now, and to a decreasing extent for the next few months, the unprecedented flow of money to wage-earners can be translated into those concrete possessions which constitute genuine prosperity.

There still are used cars—some with excellent tires—to be had; electric refrigerators, radios, sports equipment; all the things so many wanted so long, and were denied for lack of enough money.

But very soon, when existing stocks have been depleted, money will lose much of its present virtue, because there will be only a limited supply of goods to be bought.

There is every reason to suppose that Americans will not suffer for lack of adequate, wholesome food, although variety will be less and some items will be scarce. There should always be ample clothing, though quality and style will not be what we have considered essential.

But food and clothing do not denote prosperity. They do not provide for what we consider the American way of living.

Real prosperity is present only when, after satisfying the subsistence needs for food, clothing and shelter, a people is in position to acquire also the conveniences, the comforts, the minor luxuries of life.

So when we think of taxation and of wage indices, let's not fool ourselves that we can give enough and leave enough to preserve or improve the American standard of living.

The American standard of living has gone into ships, planes, tanks, guns, shells, bombs, invasion barges. There won't be any such thing again, until we have won this war.—The Riedsville Review.

Prophetic Songs

We tried in vain to buy some bananas one day last week and right after we read the following editorial in the Cleveland Times that arrested our attention:

"Two old songs which were really prophetic now engage our interest.

"Do you remember the old song of yesterday's vintage? 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More', and how a few short years thereafter this whole continent suffered a severe drought and the great 'Dust Bowl' with its devastating results, came into existence. That was one song of prophecy.

"Then, too, at about the same time, another song of prophecy came about, the one about: 'Yes, We Have No Bananas Today.' Just now we are in the very midst of a banana famine and it is said that in the larger eastern cities they cannot be had for love or money. No psalm or song prophetic of old David, ever eclipsed these two for divination of the future.

"All of which leads us to conclude that one of those more recent prophetic song writers should immediately busy himself at writing one titled: 'Yes, We Have No Hitler Today', or 'Hitler Ain't Gonna Reign No More'."

"The Emergency Girl"

The girl of today has won our respect and admiration but we had not as yet voiced it in words so when we ran across the following in the Cleveland Times of Shelby, we at once endorsed it with approval:

"She is wiser than the flapper, less self-centered than the career-girl type that Hollywood exploited and has more charm than glamour.

"She is strictly a 1942 model and not necessarily engaged in vital defense work. You may find her fighting in the ranks of the business where a man worked before. She may be just a housewife or a bride whose biblical allowance of one year with her husband was cut short by war's demands but she's in there fighting for her country by her practiced economics, by her willingness to do a man's work or essay any task that confronts her.

"Then, too, aside from the material support she is lending, there is greatest of all the spiritual support which ennobles all mankind and engenders valor, courage and gallantry and without which man would falter and not care to win battles, to risk his life and to soar to heights sublime and worthwhile.

"On the brow of this emergency girl of 1942 there is foreshadowed an intent of meaning and the pursing of her lips that posing has given way to persistence and withal, she stands in relief divested of meaningless superfluities and is ready and eager to be 'up and doing with a heart for any task.' Woman at her very best."



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

For the very obvious reason that we did not get to bed early enough to feel any other way... we were sleepy last Monday morning as we started on our way to The Mountaineer office... but it did not take us long to get thoroughly awake... for the sudden change in Main street at that early hour... brought to our attention that it was the opening day of school... the street was alive with rushing feet... at every turn little children hurrying to school... we noticed in the hands of three small first graders large bouquets of flowers... clustered tightly... hoping to please the teacher... then the high school crowd walking with slower tread... rather bored... which, of course, we knew was only for effect... they have reached the stage where they must take things as a matter of fact... (or rather appear that way)... what a flood of memories... the opening day of school always gives us... we remember our own first day... and how we clung to our mother's hand... and then more recently in quick fashion... comes to mind the day we took the younger generation in our family... there is such a mixture of emotions... pride to be old enough to "go to school"... and then sadness... when you enter the younger ones yourself... for there is no use kidding ourselves... they are no longer babies... when they start to school... it is the first step in the direction that leads from home...

Having our memories all stirred up... shortly after we had occasion to visit Jack Messer's office in the courthouse... he and his secretary... Mattie Moody... were deep in the throes of sorting hundreds of school books... preparatory to sending them out to the county schools... when our eyes fell on a first year reader... we forget that we had come for a definite mission of news reporting... we took one of those books and got us a chair in the corner... and we gave it the once over... the title... on the colorful jacket was... "I Know A Secret"... that was enough to arrest anybody's attention... on the opening page was a young miss in a luscious pink dress whispering to a boy... and did he look interested?... who wouldn't for we all love secrets... that reader is calculated to thrill adults as well as youngsters... on going into the reading matter... we found the same old short sentences... repeated over and over again for the sake of thoroughness... but we thought how lucky the children are today to have their lessons sugar coated with such engaging titles and colorful illustrations...

We know the world is cockeyed at present... and that the hats that the feminine world has been wearing for sometime have looked like anything but hats... we had thought that maybe this Fall they would take on a more natural "hat like" look... we had thought that the military motif so prevalent might have a conservative influence on headgear... but no, hats are just as crazy as ever... the best description we have heard in sometime... was that told a friend of ours by her cook... she had bought a new hat... a model quite different than she had ever worn... which she felt was just the right touch to boost her morale... she modeled it for her cook... hoping to be rewarded with compliments... when all she had was cold appraisal... and when she urged an expressions... she got... "Well, the hat is all right, I reckon, mam, but it shure does make your face public"...

The following letter was received this week for this column... "My Dear Mrs. Gwyn: 'Last week in 'Here and There' you asked a very personal question... 'Are you a grease waster'... Heavens, no. Why I have never wasted anything much in my whole life. I was married nearly fifty years ago and honestly I have never once poured grease down the kitchen sink, nor from the frying pan into the fire. I use it all up in various ways... 'But I have noticed that even poverty stricken people are sometimes the greatest wasters of many other things besides grease and I have even heard them refer to economy as plain stinginess.' 'Now, Mrs. Gwyn, I notice further that you say we do not have to leave home in order to help in this great war effort. Since I simply cannot save up a pound of wasted grease, for which I could get three cents, I am sending you the three cents to be used as a prize for the Champion Grease Waster of Haywood County. Time to me is precious, but I see people walkin', standin', sittin' and drivin' aimlessly around town, regardless of its value or waste. 'Anyway we should thank you for putting us on guard against the many ways in which people waste what they have. 'Sincerely, 'MRS. W. T. CRAWFORD'

Did you notice the brief paragraph in last week's paper about the soldier who wanted mail from home... from all reports... we hear that mail time is the highlight in the day of the men in service... we hope that letter not only brought the friends and family of Sgt. Milford Scruggs to a realization of their duty... but to everybody who has a friend in the service... write to him more often... think what a letter from home would mean to you under similar conditions.

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate
(As Recorded to Monday Noon Of This Week)

Beverdam Township
H. A. Helder, et ux to Lula Kirkpatrick.

Cecil Township
Jim Gibson et ux to J. H. Grooms, et ux.

Waynesville Township
James G. Stiles, et ux, et al to R. N. Barber.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

MANAGUA, THE CAPITAL CITY OF NICARAGUA, IS LOCATED BESIDE AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.

WHAT WAS THE VALUE OF P.T. BARNUM'S ESCAPE WHEN HE DIED? \$4,000,000

THE HAGFISH HAS THREE HEARTS - BIRTH GROW IN ITS TONGUE WHILE THERE IS ONLY ONE TOOTH IN THE ROOF OF...

Rambling Around

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

Voice OF THE People

Do you think when the war is over the United States will have acquired more territory in the settlement of peace? (This question is asked at the request of a veteran of World War, I.)

James E. Toy—Veteran—"We did not take any land in the last World War and it is not the usual policy of this country."

Fred Safford—"Not more territory, but responsibility for more territory."

Major J. H. Howell—"I could not say, for the question is too big to guess about at this stage. We are not fighting to gain territory, yet Australia might ask to join us."

Miss Louise Rotha—"I don't think the United States will be interested in acquiring any more land."

Dr. J. R. McCracken—"I hope not, as I fear some of our possessions are now a liability."

M. G. Stamey—"No, because our fighting is not for territorial aggression, but for protection of our homes, freedom and liberty. It may be that some of the smaller countries will want our protection, and be annexed to us."

Mrs. Jimmy Boyd—"No, because we are not fighting for territory, but for our rights and privileges in a democracy."

E. C. Wagenfeld—"I do not think we will acquire more territory, but I think we are going to have to assist the world and probably have to take over management of some of the smaller countries until they get settled."

R. L. Prevost—"I do not think the United States is going to seek any additional territory, but if some country requests annexation, this country will no doubt give the matter due consideration. I do not think the United States would otherwise interfere with other countries."

Charles E. Ray, Jr.—"No."

What Made News Years Ago

FIVE YEARS AGO 1937
Hotel Gordon is to remain open all winter this year.
Ten thousand persons visited at Lake Junaluska this season.
Records broken when 152,519 persons visited the park last month, with 10,000 in one day.
J. J. Gleason, summer visitor for 40 years, reviews past and tells of changes in community.
O. A. Yount, oil driver, has narrow escape as bus driver rams into truck to save 23 passengers.
Calvin F. Christopher, of Bethel, is noted inventor.
Work is started on new laundry building here to replace one that was burned.
Capt. Harry Crawford is transferred to Wisconsin National Guards.

TEN YEARS AGO 1932
Haywood county court house will be dedicated on September 19th.
Deputy Will Ray is killed in gun battle with negro here Tuesday.
New Ford agency to be established here, with Tom Baine, Albert Abel to handle car service for Waynesville district.
Between 15,000 and 18,000 sons enjoy Labor Day program.
Daniels heard by large crowd Friday, and the noted speaker brings stirring message.
Advertising of back taxes postponed until October 1st.
Park Commission withdraws appeals in pledge suits and defendants will be asked to pay third of pledges.
Wind storms injure crops White Oak section.

MARRIAGES

John Parker to Evelyn... both of Canton.
George Frady to Marjorie... well, both of Canton.
James Huey Fall, Jr., of deen, Md., to Blanche C. ... of Canton.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. L. L. Linder, deceased, wife of Dr. L. L. Linder, late of Haywood County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 2nd of September, 1942. Notice will be pleaded in bar of all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This September 2nd, 1942
DR. W. H. LINDER
Administrator

No. 1280 Sept. 3-10-17-24