

The Mountaineer

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1942

Should Be Arrested

Swain County held an all-day drive for scrap the other day, and got in more than half a million pounds. That is far more than a small county was expected to get, and Swain deserves much praise for their work.

In an editorial following the drive, The Bryson City Times said the "scrap drive proved the spirit of the people." It went on to say how young and old responded, white and colored, laborers and professional men.

In the last paragraph, The Times had a sad note, and one which might act as a warning to Haywood. The paragraph read:

"The only mar or cloud on the entire day's operation was the fact that there was a number of young, able-bodied boys and men sitting on the streets laughing and making remarks."

There are some people that poke fun at every worthy cause. There are some people who fail to see good in anything.

We would like to see the mayors of the Haywood towns, and the sheriff of the county make it a point to instruct peace officers to arrest any person who sits idly by on Wednesday making fun of those engaged in the gathering of scrap.

This is a serious matter, and not one to be laughed at. Such inconsiderate persons are a menace to our welfare, and have no right to enjoy liberty. They should be behind bars.

"Shank's Mare"

We noticed during the week that Joseph B. Eastman, defense transportation director, is calling on the nation's schools to curtail their bus schedules wherever it is possible, in the interest of rubber conservation.

The curtailment, he said, should be effected on the assumption that the physically able child can walk two miles to and from school where weather conditions permit.

A former country boy himself, it is said that Mr. Eastman has no compunctions about boosting shank's mare to American youth. He once said, "the legs of the American people are by way of becoming atrophied."

Four million children are said to ride to and from school in America today. Here in our own county children are brought in to the Waynesville district school as far away as twenty miles.

The situation is already giving the state educational authorities a problem that we understand they have not as yet worked out.

"Three-In-One"

We think it is a fine thing for Fire Prevention Week, fall clean-up week and the scrap drive to come at the same time. They make a wonderful combination, for they tie together.

While we are hunting scrap we run across a lot of rubbish and fire hazards, for with the same gesture we collect scrap, we can collect debris that will be hauled off by the city trucks, just as our scrap will be.

When the drives are over, certainly our community should be thoroughly "dry cleaned." It is amazing how much useless material can clutter up a place. Much of it we save thinking we might use it later, and a great deal just the overflow from our daily living, of newspapers, boxes and such items.

We Hand It To Youth

We adults might as well admit it, the Haywood County boys and girls have taken the lead, once they were directed in the great scrap campaign. They have worked hard and have done a splendid job of war effort.

As the superintendent of one of the schools stated in speaking of the boys in his school, "they have worked so hard, that none of them would have put out so much labor even for money, but the spirit and sentiment back of the campaign appealed to them, and they have gone after it."

Aside from the vital need of the scrap collected, an effort that touches every citizen in the country, has a powerful unity drag that brings to the surface a spirit that matches the need for the material.

Whether goals will be reached or not the leaders deserve a rising vote of congratulations for the manner in which they have carried on the defense program.

Take It Slower

A nation-wide speed limit of thirty-five miles an hour has been established. Government agencies have explained often and long the vital necessity of preserving the stockpile of tires, which is the stockpile of rubber, we possess in this country for war and war production.

The state highway patrolmen serving this area report that a surprising number of drivers seem unable to remember the government rulings about speed limits and drive at the old anti-war speed unless they are called down.

There is no fine for this type of speeding, but the patrolman when he stops you takes down your name and it is sent to the state headquarters.

The National Safety Council has made a recent suggestion that might prove to be very effective. There is still that driver on the highways who will persist in passing others, and when they do so they naturally have to speed up beyond that set rate of thirty-five miles.

The Council suggests that the conservative driver, who is trying to follow government instructions take a hand, and turn policeman. It proposes that as this defiant driver whizzes by, or "makes jack-rabbit starts, or bucking-bronco stops", the patriotic driver give him three shorts and a long blows on the horn. That, of course, is Morse code for "V" for victory.

Since a lot of the fast driving is from habit and thoughtlessness, the "V" signal might well shame many of the drivers into a slower rate of travel.

Super Salesmanship

We appreciate the fact that Kate Smith possesses a voice that pleases, but last week she proved to be a super salesman. She went on the air last Tuesday morning in a New York studio to sell war bonds. Her plan was to send forth a plea every half-hour, and her goal was set at \$1,000,000.

Twenty hours later when she went off the air she had sold \$1,964,900 worth of bonds, and the orders were still coming in. She had one call for a \$50 bond from Tacoma, Wash.

Omission

We are going to win this war not only by the things we do, but as time goes on, by the things we do not do or have. There will be many omissions as well as commissions.

It will be won by the sacrifices we make, by the complaints we don't make, by the food we do not waste, by money we do not spend on ourselves just now, but lend to Uncle Sam to use for the next ten years.

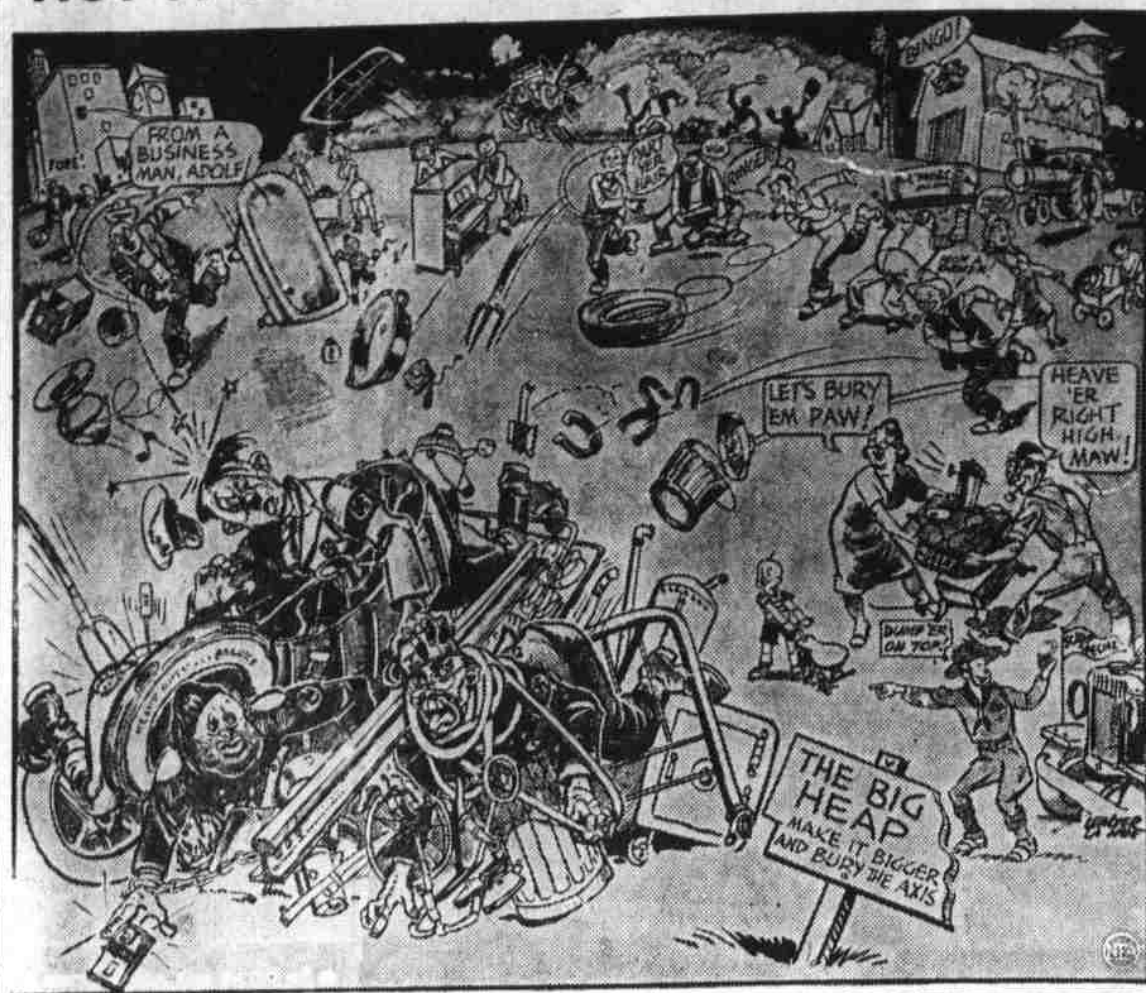
Government authorities tell us that it will be the small things as well as the big things that will win this war. Things that may seem very insignificant to us in our daily lives when multiplied by the population of this country count into a tremendous effort.

Not So Q. E. D.

A woman columnist who enjoys quite a vogue among several million newspaper readers argues that a nation that can spend one hundred billion dollars for war in 1943 "will be able to invest one hundred billion dollars in instruments of reconstruction in 1945."

By the same token, we suppose, the lady would say that if she had cash and credit of \$2,000 and blew it all in one year on fireworks, this would prove that she had another \$2,000 to put into productive effort after the show is over. The Haywire School of Economics is still doing business at the same old stand.—Nation's Business.

"NOT A SLACKER IN THE LOT..."



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

Just a pile of junk . . . did you say? . . . Nothing of any value . . . discarded old articles of iron . . . of metal and of rubber . . . old flues rusty with use . . . pots and pans . . . thrown aside by the housewife . . . a tire . . . old scrap . . . everything including the proverbial "kitchen stove." . . . Not so long ago . . . nothing perhaps offered a more unsightly or a more dilapidated appearance about the premises of a home . . . a public building . . . a schoolhouse . . . or a vacant lot about town. . . . But suddenly the picture changes . . . the scene shifts . . . for the first picture dates back to the days when we were watching the fight across the seas with a smug air . . . and a shrug of the shoulders . . . as much as to say . . . "It is not our fight." . . . Back in 1940 . . . do you remember?

Measuring by today's emergency . . . a towering pile of junk on the landscape of an American home or village . . . is a thing of beauty . . . on the schoolhouse grounds it is an object of pride . . . its significance takes roots back in the founding days of our country . . . that pile of junk towers skyward as an altar upon which the incense of patriotism burns like a flaming torch.

Just a junk pile, did you say? . . . Perhaps its greatest beauty lies in the fact that it represents the concerted effort of every citizen of the country . . . with no age limits . . . in its drafting . . . for up and down the land people are bringing their offerings . . . the young and the old . . . to dedicate them on the altar of the junk pile . . . the biggest salvage drive in history . . . it represents the first consciousness of citizenship and love of country in the little child . . . who has offered his bit to war effort . . . it represents the youth of America . . . even in its teens . . . willing and ready to take any chance for their country . . . it represents maturity and old age clinging to the things that have made life sweet for them.

Just a junk pile . . . did you say? . . . it represents the things that we mean when we speak of the liberty of the American people . . . it represents that son . . . whom the



RAMBLING AROUND

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

One of the best "blood-thunder" speeches we ever heard on the war effort, was given less than three minutes by Mr. Clapp, at Rotary here Friday.

Before Mr. Clapp had time to take his seat, some members on their feet putting up a challenge to the club that afternoon, and a county-wide program for collecting scrap on Wednesday was undertaken and sponsored.

Within a minute things were underway, and right then there it was a foregone conclusion that the club would be behind program—and they are.

Committees were named, said they were too busy. All assignments. All are carrying through. Leaving business, out organizing for Wednesday the day of days for gathering scrap.

Several trucks were offered use in hauling the material. Men agreed to roll up their sleeves and get after the scrap.

There's just one job to be done that is to get scrap.

The whole thing was organized in just a few minutes.

Frankly, we got into the things so fast, that we agreed to get out this extra before we hardly had time to realize the vast amount of work took. But that is all right.

This is war, and those in charge of the staff pitched Routine matters were shelved. This is war, and those in charge of the staff pitched Routine matters were shelved. This is war, and those in charge of the staff pitched Routine matters were shelved.

Those boys on the front have a clock to go by.

Those brave aviators on lookout for enemy ships can't if they are miles from shore.

Those poor helpless souls in prison camps, under the constant guard and stare of the eyes of the Japs can stop for the day when they can enjoy freedom—a freedom of being able to live one moment without a gun over their head.

Those boys are sacrificing. More will be soon. And as nation continues to put more under arms, there will be a long list of those who will know a freedom on this again.

Sad, you say. Sure. Makes your heart makes you sick at the stomach.

What can we do about it? Just what this special is asking—get out and get scrap together. Get it to a depot. Some soldier can good use of it protecting those of ours.

And who knows, you might be in there soon on front, under fire, and what a difference it would make then.

The men under fire don't much. They do think a lot. Wonder what they would if they should make an unexpected visit back home and see a scrap around.

They still wouldn't talk. would still think a lot.

And what a crushing blow would mean to a man, to that his loved ones—his friends had not thought enough to and dig up scrap—that stuff is of such little value to give but priceless to the man who shot and shell.

When the final count is made are confident that every man Haywood, now serving his country will smile and his breast will with pride, when he hears "Haywood Did Her Part In Winning In Scrap."

We can't do less for those

Voice OF THE People

If a soldier in Australia called you tonight and asked if you had done all in your power to aid in the scrap drive, what could you tell him?

J. M. Garrison—"Well, I have turned in all the scrap I had on my place. My seven-year-old daughter had me searching the place for two evenings after I reached home after my day's work, for her to turn in at her school."

Robt. Gibson—"We have cleared our place clean as a whistle. I tell the children when we find even the shortest piece of scrap, it is another bullet for the Japs."

Mrs. Frank Ferguson—"Yes, I have done all I can, even collecting the smallest bits of rubber and metals."

Fred Martin—"No, I have not yet done all I can, but I will by Wednesday, 21st."

Mrs. O. H. Shelton—"I am afraid I'd have to tell him I had not done all I could, and I believe I have plenty of company."

J. Raymond Stovall—"No, I have not done all I could, and I think if most of us are truthful, they would give the same answer, but if a soldier called me Wednesday night I could give a different answer."

John J. Shelby—"I haven't yet done what I could, but by Wednesday I can tell you something else."

Alvin Ward—"I couldn't tell him but one thing and that is no, but I'll be in better shape by Wednesday than I am today."

L. N. Davis—"My answer is no, but I hope to redeem myself in the next two days."

John W. Boyd—"Well, if a soldier called me and asked me that question I'd say we are not through yet."

mother told goodbye . . . maybe with a smile on her face . . . but tears in her heart . . . for she knew he was on a long journey out into the unknown . . . that pile of junk represents the love of a sweetheart . . . with romance cut short . . . that pile of junk represents . . . a place at someone's table . . . a mother's prayer wafted across the ocean . . . for the safety of that son who serves his country and you . . . the piles of junk in Haywood County resent her two thousand men . . . scattered all over the world . . . on far flung battle fronts . . . that you might continue to live in this free land.

Just a junk pile . . . did you say? . . . but it grows day to day . . . what have you added to that pile? . . . you hunted in every nook and corner for a piece of material to make that altar of patriotism higher? . . . Could you face that boy in uniform with a clear conscience . . . and say that you had done your best . . . while he was giving his life?

Wake Up The Mighty Men

Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong.

Joel III: 9-10.