

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

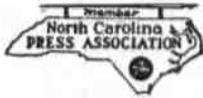
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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 20, 1914.

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, DECEMBER 17, 1942
(One Day Nearer Victory)

Bonds For Presents

We are sure that the defense stamp and the war bond will be included on most Christmas lists this year. For the sake of the safety of our nation we must make these gifts a part of our Christmas spending.

In the Skyland Post recently we found the following editorial, which is certainly timely advice for Christmas 1942 and maybe even more appropriate in 1943:

"War bonds should be on everyone's Christmas gift list this year.

"These green and white pieces of paper representing money to be paid by the government in ten years, may not provide the excitement of big, tinselled packages, but they can produce more long term satisfaction than the glamorous gift you could ask for.

"Plenty of bonds under plenty of Christmas trees this year are the best insurance there is to guarantee that we will have Christmas trees and Christmas celebrations in the years to come. The Christmas spirit which makes the Christmas season so joyous in this country would quickly die if we lost the things we are fighting to preserve in this war.

"Only so long as we can live as free men and women, can we celebrate the 'peace on earth, good will to men' theme which pervades our nation at Christmas time.

"Of course the average person cannot give everyone on his list a bond, but stamps also make nice gifts and these should certainly be considered when we are making our purchases of other gifts this year.

"The finest Christmas card to send Hitler would be a war bond and a few stamps."

U. S. Employment

We doubt if the public in general realizes the tremendous amount of work and the actual services that are rendered by the local U. S. Employment Service office.

Here those seeking jobs and employment are introduced to those seeking employes. The officials of busy industrial plants have no time to hunt around for new workers, and often those seeking jobs in the past did not always know how to go about contacting the proper source.

Now through this government agency both the needs of the employer and the potential labor facilities are brought together in a way that gives service to both groups.

Chicken Feed

While we do not profess to be an authority on either chickens or chicken feed, the mixture of grains with which R. E. Sentelle has been experimenting this year appears to have real merit.

If the full bunches of grain on the stalks he brought into The Mountaineer office are example of his crop, it would indicate that the varieties he raised last year would offer rewards to those who are hunting chicken feed deluxe raised on their farm.

Of course the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and according to Mr. Sentelle, he has gotten a maximum egg production with his new and fancy home grown mixture.

Don't spend all you make, advises a Chicago banker. And a wisecrack comes along with this, "some folks get it mixed and don't make all they spend."

Looking Back

One year ago in December, 1941, our country entered the Second World War. We would not have believed this time last year that our viewpoint could have undergone such a change in twelve months. We are living in a different country today.

We felt so secure a year ago. While we knew if we listened to reason, that we would be drawn into the great surging conflict at some future date, when it came, we were stunned with the shock of its reality.

We have begun to understand how dependent we are on distant countries. We are not self sufficient in America, as most of us had been thinking.

We once thought that money could buy anything in America, but now that we are cut off by the war from supplies that have come from other nations, we face undreamed shortages that are affecting our daily lives. We are in the midst of daily changes. In the land of plenty, as we have always considered our country, we now find the rationing of food and supplies a new experience.

What will another year bring?

It's Everywhere Now

Gasoline rationing was extended last week to all America. It brought to mind a lot of conversations we have heard since it was first imposed on the Atlantic states. We recall how last summer on every hand there was resentment of the fact that citizens of sister states could ride at will while we had to conserve in this area.

There were two ways to look at the matter. Had it not been for the neighboring states that still enjoyed plenty of gasoline we might not have had as good a season as we did. This coming summer we may look back and count our blessings of the year before and wish that even if we could not have gasoline our neighbors could, for through them we gained many visitors who will be staying at home in 1943.

The effect on the different sections was interesting to note. In Los Angeles, the authorities instructed the citizens how to ride a trolley car. In Texas it was reported that life-long Democrats, treading on each others toes in buses, blamed the Administration and threatened to turn Republican.

In Chicago, work schedules were changed to lighten the strain on transportation and suburban hot-dog stands closed their doors. In Kansas City it was reported that last-minute rush swamped filling stations, and apartment dwellers complained about the smell of the gasoline that neighbors were hoarding in dish pans and lard buckets.

It must seem very strange to the Midwest and the Pacific coast, source of two thirds of the world's gasoline. But it is not for the sake of the gasoline, but of the rubber that the rationing is being done, so in that case those who have gas in their own back yards, so to speak, will have to take it as we have done in the East.

The ruling theme of America today is winning the war and if it takes such drastic measures we will have to abide by them and like it for the sake of the cause, and incidentally our own skins.

"I Shall Not Want"

"I often repeated the Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,'" wrote Vern Haugland, Associated Press correspondent, lost in New Guinea jungle for six weeks. "I would be unable to go one step farther, and then I would remember, 'I shall not want,' and sure enough, there'd be some berries or chewable grass or a creek with good water just ahead."

Many a British or American lad is having occasion to remember his early training these days and to rely on the truths he was taught at his mother's knee or by some consecrated Sunday School teacher. This courageous correspondent says he knows God saved him.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," runs the best known of all the Psalms. Though it was only berries and grass, yet "the table" was sufficient to preserve Vern Haugland. And did he remember, when he took off his socks and gave them to a shoeless companion, "I shall not want?"—From The Christian Science Monitor.

Every Month

The checkbook may not be exactly sublime literature, but by golly it's the Book of the Month right now.—The Fort Wayne News Sentinel.

You don't have to investigate before you invest when you're buying war bonds.



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO OUR HAYWOOD MEN IN THE SERVICE... No matter where you are, overseas or still in the U. S. A. we greet you... We realize that before those of you in foreign lands read this, Christmas will be something that happened last year... But even so, it will serve as a message to you from the folks back home...

FIRST, we want to tell you how proud we Haywood county folks are of the last one of you in uniform... and of your record... The way you volunteered before Pearl Harbor cast its gloom of reality... so that it was months before we had any quotas under the draft, showed us early in the game that you were willing to do your part to keep the good world of living here in Haywood... It makes no difference now, whether you stampeded the recruiting stations and beat the draft... Or you waited until your number was called and you left under orders from the selective service system, you have gone with your heads up... to make the best of things... and answer the call to arms and duty... you are all heroes to us back home.

Maybe a few of you considered it a new adventure... but to most of you it meant, for the time being... laying aside all your ambitions and plans for the present and the future... leaving home, your family and your jobs... It wasn't any easy thing to do... There is uncertainty in life everywhere... but on the battlefield... in the sky... and on the seas... in time of war... the man in service invites danger as he keeps his date with destiny... it's a tough job you have, fellows, any way you take it... but forces bigger than the individual have taken you away from home.

We are doing our best to get along without you... the ranks you dropped out of to join a larger company have been filled... for the time being... that is the way of life... but don't forget you are missed... we speak of you daily... the business firm you left is proud of how hard it is to get along since you are in the service... (incidentally that is one way that they have of bragging on you)... A man in the service gives both a business and a home prestige... and borrowed glory.

The page in The Mountaineer which gives the news of the men in the service is a popular feature... If any of you fellows think you are not important to the folks back home... you should hear our daily conversations... Why what Johnny wrote from camp is as big news as the steamer on the morning paper giving the latest communique from the front... and when Bobby's address became in care of the Postmaster, New York... it was mighty serious... and when Jimmy left camp on the West Coast for parts unknown, the news gets about somehow by the grapevine route, so fast that it was almost stale by the time The Mountaineer could print it... Of course the Mamas and Papas, with sons (and some few with daughters) and wives of husbands can take the front row seats in the conversation... But don't forget, that we folks with cousins and nephews give them a close run for their money... We bob up the first minute there is a lull in the conversation, and tell the latest from our boys... and your friends are like you relatives.

But take the Sweethearts, they are the limit... They can't talk about anything else... and when they get that last letter saying, "Don't worry, honey, if you fail to hear from me for a while, I'm just doing a little traveling at the expense of Uncle Sam. I am OK..." it's mighty hard for them to take your advice... for worry, they just will... Really, boys, it has reached the stage where the civilian who hasn't someone in the service to talk about, has an awfully poor time breaking into the talk... The way we folks back home swap news about you fellows is enough to make the last one of you conceited, that is, if you only knew the half of it.

And when they speak of that unknown date when you'll be coming home again... if you could see the look in their eyes... it would bring a lump in your throat... and put iron in your soul... and "You'd praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" with more snap than any commanding officer's orders could ever get you to do.

We know that there is much merit to the military training you are receiving... it makes you think more quickly, it gives you the ability to make decisions... and no doubt the experience of discipline will help you later in civilian life... we also know on the other hand, that you are attending a hard school... the process of working up to taking human life, even in defense, is a trial to most of you... but, of course, that must make no difference as forward into battle you go...

You are living in a world so changed from that in which you formerly reside... that often when you are home on furlough and leave... you get a wrong impression... of the civilian... you may be inclined to feel that because he is going along pretty much in the same old way, that he is not affected sufficiently by the war... don't fool yourself... often we are not half as cheerful as we seem... we sometimes smile at you, when we would like to weep over you (which we feel sure you do not want to do)... and so we get misjudged... for your sake the civilian must keep things going... there must be a place for you to return to... when the last gun is fired and the last bomb is thrown... you are not the only ones who have to keep a steady nerve... but, remember this, fellows... we feel very humble, when we think of our part in comparison with the sacri-

Rambling Around

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Bits of this, that and the other picked up here, there and yonder.

Voice OF THE People

Which of the articles rationed do you find hardest to do without?

Grover C. Davis—"I would say that gasoline works the greatest hardship on me, though I am not complaining."

Miss Mary Margaret Smith—"Gasoline, for it has slowed up my work. It is impossible for me to make the time I once did."

Tony Davis—"Coffee, I guess, because it is my favorite drink. I want it three times a day."

Mrs. Walter Francis—"Coffee, but doing without sugar is no hardship."

Wade McDaniels—"I guess it is going to be meat, for I do like to have my seasoning."

Rev. William Baker—"I would say coffee, because I am not going to drink as much of it as I formerly have enjoyed."

Father V. J. Mahoney—"The rationing of manpower that has restricted my entering the service, if you can call that rationing, has affected me more than any other restriction by the government. The articles rationed have not given me any worry."

Oder Burnett—"I guess in the long run it will be coffee."

Mrs. Jimmy Boyd—"I am a little embarrassed to say, but to be perfectly honest it is sugar."

Miss Edna Hayes—"I would say coffee. The rationing of sugar did not bother me, but coffee was another matter."

What Made News Years Ago

TEN YEARS AGO
1932

Soco Gap road survey is approved by highway officials Wednesday.

Citizens are urged to decorate Christmas trees in yard for entry into Woman's Club contest.

Improvements being made in the county with federal relief funds. This paper entered its 46th year last week.

License tags will be sold here from the office of the sheriff. Police here warn against shooting fireworks.

Spirit of Christmas grips community, stores are decorated more than last year and the stocks are larger.

Local woman wins \$25,000 damage suit in Virginia courts. Norine Lowe, Waynesville girl, wins in state readers contest at Chapel Hill.

FIVE YEARS AGO
1937

Sunburst CCC camp to be defaced you are making...

We are going to do the best we can to keep the old American Christmas traditions this year... but there is no use kidding ourselves... it is not going to be the same without you... So hurry up, fellows, and finish the job... and come back home and help us celebrate Christmas as we did before the war... And good luck to you wherever you are... on Christmas Day.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



Saturday was one of the busy business days this community had in many months... and some lines it was the best in history of several firms.

At least four firms broke records for high sales. Another far beyond their best day in summer. And all this in spite of rationed merchandise in almost every line.

For the most part, merchants have substituted other goods for rationed merchandise, and in the end, their volume is holding fairly well. If business continues during the coming week like it has for the past ten days, then Christmas business for 1942 will far exceed that of last year, which was plenty good for the community as a whole.

One merchant is laughing up his sleeve at a woman who went a distance for a certain article. When she got there, it was a substitute similar to Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard—the shelves were bare. So back to Waynesville she came and what a you suppose happened. Yes, that's right. The very thing she wanted was right here in Waynesville store all the time—not for long, as she bought pronto.

The editorial in The Mountaineer last week about the abuse of the court house and the supply of tobacco juice in the halls on the steps has brought a lot of comment.

The windy days of the past week have played havoc with the fire keeping the fronts of their stores clear of trash.

One well known Waynesville man said he had never cared much for coffee until it was rationed now he wants three and four cups a day.

That is the way with a lot of people, they do not care for things until they are deprived of it, and then listen to them holler. All this talk about being a few people—do we realize what means? Suppose it were taken from us for an hour, a day, or even a week. Most of us would have a clear conception of what it meant, and would get out and more for the war effort, that criticize those in charge.

Our 5-year-old is all keyed up about Christmas, just like a child that age. Everything is centered around the occasion, and time and plans must be made conform with Christmas, as that is utmost in her mind.

Monday morning when the official thermometer head eight degrees, Joe Limer carried his paper as usual, and without a shiver said he did not notice it was cold at all.

Have you seen one of the nickels? Or are you so flush with money that you no longer count 'em.

Miss Medford Draws For College Edition

Miss Anna Medford was one of the illustrators for the Christmas issue of "Coraddi" literary quarterly just issued at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina.

Miss Medford is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Medford, Waynesville.

molished soon. Dr. R. N. Garber to head Jusluska summer school again this year.

Ben Colkitt, Jr., promoted Eagle Scout at Court of Honor. \$4,895 paid in semi-annual payments to the six veterans and 28 widows of veterans of the World War.

Farmers are paid \$14,000 monthly for fluid milk, and greater production needed by the Pet plant here.

Two papers will be published The Waynesville Mountaineer Christmas week. Iron Duff township is the host of a remarkable people.

Religious services are being held Sunday afternoon for prisoners camp in Hazelwood. Prof. and Mrs. W. C. Allen observe 50th wedding anniversary on the 20th.

DOES DOG KNOW? The Frenchman did not like the looks of the dog baring his teeth. "It's all right," said his boss. "I don't you know the proverb: 'Baring dogs never bite'?"

"Ah yes," said the Frenchman. "I know ze proverb, you know proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

Bos: "No, son, I'm afraid I can't hire you. We can't use much of just now."

Boy (determined to please): "That's all right, sir, I would be so much help."