

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.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
1942 Active Member



THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1943
(One Day Nearer Victory)

Big Drive On Home Front

"They give their lives, you lend your money" should be kept before us as our motto during the month of April, for with this thought engraved on the hearts of Haywood County citizens, they cannot fail to reach the top set in the second war loan drive to be staged by the government.

While we do not know all the inside story, we do know this much, that when the government at this critical stage calls on the people to lend it that much money, conditions are pretty serious, and that it is imperative for us to answer the call. It is our duty to rake and scrap every penny we can to buy bonds with, as it is for the man in uniform to take it in his line of duty.

Let us bring the purchase of bonds down to the personal angle. Think of your homes, the security with which you go to bed at night, while in the war torn centers there is no peace day or night. Think of that boy out there "somewhere overseas." Maybe he is your son. Maybe he is your next door neighbor. Maybe he is your husband. Maybe he is just a boy about town we have known since he played marbles. Those boys are calling to us to lend them a hand.

While nothing we can do will match the sacrifice they are making for us, lending our money to the government at this time is about the biggest thing we folks back home can do.

If we don't win this war, what will our money be worth to us? Dig deep, Haywood County folks. Go down into the toe of that stocking, budget your needs a little closer, forego some of the things you thought you had to have this Spring. At present there is nothing in our lives more important or more demanding than to help Haywood County reach her goal of nearly three hundred thousand dollars to back up our fighting men.

The money will be used to buy war equipment and to train millions of Americans who will do the fighting for us back home. Let us remember that it is easier to answer this call than to take our turn on the battlefields. The money is only a loan—in our favor to be used for our benefit and in due time returned to us plus interest.

There is but one answer to this plea from the government. Come across with your savings and invest in war bonds.

Still On the Map

We read with satisfaction an advertisement in one of the popular weekly news magazines this week of a retirement plan which would give a life income of \$150 a month. It was very convincing and all that of the comfort of being "fixed for life," but the thing that interested us most was the place the couple in the ad sought after retirement.

The picture showed a cottage in the mountains and underneath was the following title, "How we retired to the Smokies." It showed that war or no war, rationing of gasoline or not, this section is not forgotten by the outside world that once rode up to our gates in such large numbers. When was it, back in 1941? We feel certain they will come again.

It Isn't Being Done

About the hardest work for a man is looking pleasant while his wife introduces him to a fellow to whom she was once engaged.—Los Angeles Times.

Harvest Of Purebreds

Ten of the sixty outstanding Herefords to be offered for sale at Wilson tomorrow at the sale sponsored by the state breeders association will be Haywood cattle.

Four of the ten will be sons of Laire Domino, the large bull brought to Haywood two years ago last December. Those who saw the animals grouped together Saturday before being shipped, predicted big prices would be placed on their heads at the sale tomorrow.

It seems such a short time ago when Laire Domino was brought into Haywood by Claude Francis, Frank Davis, C. N. Allen and the First National Bank. The offspring of the animal are just beginning to show their value, and are convincing proof that good breeding is still a good investment.

Easter 1943

We want to congratulate the ministers on their plans for a community-wide observance of Easter week. This high peak in the life of the Christian with its depth of spiritual significance should reach all this year.

The promise of the Saviour still shines above the darkness of the war clouds and sends its rays of hope to mankind here and in far away places throughout the world.

Easter 1943 finds civilization hanging in the balance, and men denying the teachings of the Master. We, who hold to the faith, must strive to keep the torch on high, so that it will shine in the dark corners, "where they know Him not."

Pay As You Go

Despite the defeat of the Ruml tax plan on the floor of the House, it has started Americans thinking a great deal on the subject. This business of having to hand out lump sums has become very serious to the average American citizen.

As one writer aptly put it the Ruml idea "has taken the subject out of the dusty Treasury archives and the tortuous phrases of the lawyers and legislators and brought it out on the corners of Main Street, where it belongs."

We feel sure that politics played a hand, but even so Mr. Ruml started something that the average citizen feels should go through in some form.

Mrs. Fixits

Things have come to a pretty pass. Women are not only going to be able to do all the welding in the family when the men come home from war; they're going to do all the tinkering around the house, too.

If the boys ever find out what they're up to, there's likely to be a big slump in the morale of the Army, believe you us. Imagine women learning, in qualified "tinkerers' schools," how to fix drippy faucets, leaky radiator valves, sticky doors, and balky electric irons.

In olden days women used to swoon over such a catastrophe. More recently they've just yelled for the man of the house to come quick. He responds like a rescuing knight of yore. Only his act is to arrive with an impressive assortment of tools, make a few menacing passes at the offending gadget, and stroll off with apparent nonchalance, caressed by the adoring eyes of his better half, as knotty domestic kinks yield to the magic of his masculine touch.

But alas and alack, the day of the mighty male is on the wane. When the weaker sex learns how to tinker, the myth of masculine superiority will hit a down-draft. Women will no longer swoon and call for help. They'll probably just grab the hammer out of the hand of their once-respected spouse, and sputter, "Oh, let me do it!"

Well, anything can happen now. And it may. Probably the next thing we know, women won't even squeal at the sight of a mouse!—Christian Science Monitor.

Doggie, Doggie

There has always been a certain group who have maintained throughout the years that the country is going to the dogs. A recent release by the Commerce Department shows that perhaps this group is not far wrong.

Last year 21,160,962 pounds of hot dogs were produced, which is nearly a third of a pound per person.

Even if we are not going to the dogs, some one is certainly going after the dogs.

It helps to stop and think now and then that there are a lot of more troubles you haven't than troubles you have.



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

We were waiting in the draft board office to pick up the list of classifications... a couple of young boys came in, one after another, to ask Edna McKay, clerk, a question... as they passed out we asked them one... each the same thing... "Well, is the army going to get you?"... and their answers, and the way they gave them still warms our heart and arouses our patriotism... Each boy's face lighted up as he said, "Well, I certainly hope so, for I want to go"...

We noticed the other day that Cedar Chest Manufacturing Company of Chicago, that makes hope chests, has decided to dedicate the week of May 1-8 to "National Fall-In-Love Week"...

Fred, you are not the only one surprised at what has happened to them and to the world at large since March, 1942... here's hoping that you return to American soil quicker than you anticipated... on March 11, 1943.

We have known for sometime that we were more apart from the outside world than in days gone by... with the gas rationing the motorists have been few and far between... and since we have no camps here, we have not had the number of service men seen in other sections... but we did not realize how much we were "rusticating" until Herbert Braren told us he had gone "possum hunting" in Main Street last Monday shortly after midnight... he was coming up Main when he saw two cats in front of the building formerly occupied by Alexander's Drug Store... they started across the street and another, larger animal, joined them... a couple of boys coming up street and Mr. Braren passed along in front of John Boyd's store at the same time, and much to their amazement, realized that the larger animal was a "possum"...

Speaking of animals just naturally brings up the subject of meat... we read recently of an emergency diet for the marooned men in service... if you should ask them "What's cookin'?" they might answer you... "Filet of snake, toasted grasshoppers and monkey steak"...

Whenever the grumblers on the home front go to market they should think of the soldiers on the Tunisian front who would like to have a small fraction of the American civilian's quota of fresh meat.

You say you work hard and you should buy what you want. Yes, you work all day—and hard, too—but at the end of the day you can go home to your loved ones.

Just suppose you were in our place, walking guard day and night, rain or shine, to protect you.

We don't get to go home after our work—we just prepare for the next day's duty.

So, folks, you can depend upon us and we know you won't let us down.

Just think of the boys in service when you get irritated over conditions at home.

Remember that home is the sweetest place on earth no matter what the conditions.

A SOLDIER.

"Well look where your son is today... If anyone had told me a year ago that on March 11, 1943, I would be marching into Trafalgar Square to pass the reviewing stand where Anthony Eden and other leaders of the Allied Nations stood... in the American Wings for Victory Parade in London, I would not have believed them"...

"I listen to the radio and read the papers daily. I must confess that it is very discouraging to a soldier to know how the folks back home fret over such little things as meat rationing."

They should take our places for a time, and I think they would change their minds. I admit, I wasn't inclined to grumble before I entered the army, and I have certainly learned. There isn't a man here who wouldn't give a thousand ration cards just to see his mother.

Whenever the grumblers on the home front go to market they should think of the soldiers on the Tunisian front who would like to have a small fraction of the American civilian's quota of fresh meat.

Letters To The Editor

SOLDIER HITS GRUMBLERS

Editor The Mountaineer:

I listen to the radio and read the papers daily. I must confess that it is very discouraging to a soldier to know how the folks back home fret over such little things as meat rationing."

They should take our places for a time, and I think they would change their minds. I admit, I wasn't inclined to grumble before I entered the army, and I have certainly learned. There isn't a man here who wouldn't give a thousand ration cards just to see his mother.

Whenever the grumblers on the home front go to market they should think of the soldiers on the Tunisian front who would like to have a small fraction of the American civilian's quota of fresh meat.

You say you work hard and you should buy what you want. Yes, you work all day—and hard, too—but at the end of the day you can go home to your loved ones.

Just suppose you were in our place, walking guard day and night, rain or shine, to protect you.

We don't get to go home after our work—we just prepare for the next day's duty.

So, folks, you can depend upon us and we know you won't let us down.

Just think of the boys in service when you get irritated over conditions at home.

Remember that home is the sweetest place on earth no matter what the conditions.

A SOLDIER.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By STANLEY



Rambling Around

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

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Voice OF THE People

How has the rationing of meat affected the meals served in your home?

Mrs. T. L. Bramlett—"We are eating more chicken and it has not bothered us one bit. We are getting along nicely."

Mrs. R. R. Campbell—"I don't know that it has affected us at all. We just plan our meals according to the situation."

Mrs. Horace Ferguson—"I get by now, but if I had any company, I could not make it."

Mrs. M. H. Reeves—"So far it has not bothered me, but I hate for anyone to mention points to me. At present I have only the family in the house, but if I had guests I am afraid it would bother me, but, of course, we have to think of our boys, and the sacrifices they are making. There are still a lot of things we could do without."

Mrs. E. C. Wagenfeld—"We eat a lot of meat normally and it has affected us a great deal. We are not complaining, for we can get along, but it has affected our meals, and it takes a lot of planning."

Mrs. R. L. Perrost—"No, it has not affected us much, as we do not eat so much meat, and we have cured hams and also have chickens."

Mrs. N. M. Medford—"My problem is butter, as my family eat more butter than meat. At present my biggest meat eater is in college, so if I can manage to get enough butter for the others I am all right."

Mrs. Chas. Miller—"It has not affected us to any extent, because we are not big meat eaters, and there has been little difference. In fact I am sure we can get along without any meat, if it is necessary."

Mrs. Hallet Ward—"So far we have gotten along beautifully, and have had a sufficiency of everything."

Mrs. T. C. Norris—"It has made me plan my meals more carefully, but I can still get by. As long as I have chickens and country ham my family and guests will not suffer."

Wife—I'm afraid, George, that you don't love me as much as you used to. You always let me get up and light the fire now. Hubby—Nonsense, dear! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

Another interesting and new letter from Mrs. Gertrude Ruskin of Decatur, Ga. Mrs. Ruskin is the best press agent Balsam ever had, and can store up more energy than any average three women. Right now she is waiting on the white oaks of Jorgy to see if she can plant her victory garden.

On the surface, it appears that she does not intend to do this summer—but then the year Jorgy is always late. Some of those "unusual" July frosts which makes cotton grow, also makes one year for Balsam breezes and blankets.

Mrs. Ruskin has been bothered with the humor (?) in the front and sent several contributions. Her lead-off joke was "The husband answering the phone said: 'I don't know the weather bureau.'"

Mrs. Ruskin added a note, "It is OK, but frankly, I never knew before that Cal said 'I don't know' one time, when he was asked whether the coast was clear."

What It's Next We don't need more material development. We need more spiritual development.

We do not need more intellectual power. We need more moral power.

We do not need more knowledge. We need more character.

We do not need more government. We need more culture.

We do not need more law. We need more religion.

We do not need more of the things that are seen. We need more of the things that are unseen.

On this year's calendar with marks by noted men, I found a statement by our own Joseph Daniels. "The force of an ideal is greater than the ideal of force. Something to ponder over these days, I think."

One of the best jokes of the year—The Hotel Red Book still has the Kenmore Hotel as among the best hotels in Waynesville. Yes, sir, its in the 1942 edition.

It's amazing to what limits some people will go to get rationing coupons. One man hinted at proposing to a member of the local office the other day. He was sincere as any Don Juan who ever got on a bended knee.

Sailors have a language that is pretty much all their own. "Scat the butt," for instance, is Navy slang for gossip; "boat" is the Navy man's word for a new recruit; and "smoking lamp's lit" is what they say aboard ship if smoking is permitted.

Did you know—A soldier's outfit costs \$14.88. A sailor's outfit costs \$96.47. A marine's outfit costs \$159.94. A platoon—48 men. A company—192 men. A battalion—768 men. A regiment—2,304 men. A division—16,000 men.

Trick "Com-pan-ee, atten-shun," called the drill sergeant to the squad. "Com-pan-ee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

By mistake, one rookie held his right leg, which brought him outside by side with the neighbor's left leg.

"Aw right, aw right, who's wise by over there holding both legs?" shouted the drill sergeant.

Customer—"Are these strictly fresh?" Grocer (to his clerk)—"Yes, those eggs, George, and see, they're cool enough to eat."

No Contest "Well, Sam, I saw you out there fighting with your wife, didn't you?" "No, sah, Jedge, she kicked my distime."

When One Is Tired "Why do you always put on two-pants suits?" "Because 'in my other pants' is a mighty useful ally."

Home Definition Willie (glancing over the market page)—"Pa, what's 'coverin'?" Father—"You're wearin' a party dress, my son."

Not A Sure Guide Jack—In almost every picture where a girl is happy she raises her foot.

Tom—Aw, you can't go by the

(Continued on page 3)