

# The Mountaineer

Published By  
**THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.**  
 Main Street Phone 187  
 Waynesville, North Carolina  
 The County Seat of Haywood County  
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 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 Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914.

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



THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1944  
 (One Day Nearer Victory)

## June Recording

**Morning:** A cock's muffled crow. The harsh cry of Jim Crow on wing to the nearest cornfield. Sammy Jay, loud and commanding, trumpets to late sleepers. The bird chorus awakens, like a great symphony tuning up for a concert. The fluted notes of the bluebird mingle with the clarinet tones of the Baltimore oriole. A prairie warbler runs the scale, while chickadees vainly reach for octaves. A hermit thrush with organ harmonies accompanies the red-eye vireo on his life. Against a hollow tree a woodpecker drums out the beat. And from the soloist's rostrum floats the meadow lark's crystal-clear song.

**Noonday:** Trees whisper among themselves. The voice of a lone grasshopper speaks from his grassy forest. A bee drones on a zigzag course overhead. The muted breathing of lazy noon rises and falls.

**Evening:** Robins plead for rain. A dog challenges the oncoming darkness. June bugs crash against the screen. A whipper-will calls from the woodland floor. Pines sigh sleepily. An old acorn thumps on the ground. Tree toads chirp incessantly. From a steepie comes the lonely peal of the village clock.—Christian Science Monitor.

## The Test Farm

The decision of the State Board of Agriculture to locate the new Test Farm in Haywood County will, we think, meet the approval of every citizen of the county. The decision is a tribute to agricultural development in Haywood and also a recognition of the farming potentialities of this area.

During the past year the board made extensive investigations of possible locations and has made careful scientific tests of the many factors involved in the selection of a farm that would be representative of the mountain section both as to types of soil and fertility.

The Clarke farm near Waynesville serves to more nearly fill these requirements than any other obtainable location found by the board. Its location is now and will be in the future a matter of great pride to the county and the many experiments which will be carried on there of immense value to the farmers of Haywood and the surrounding counties.

We also feel that the farmers of Haywood County have a right to feel that the high standard of their agricultural progress in the past few years had something to do with the decision. They have already proven what can be done on Haywood farms, with modern and scientific practices.

We are glad to note that the 4-H and FFA boys will hold their contests at the state farms. The visits of these Future Farmers will be stimulating both to them and to us.

Special credit, we feel, should be given those who boost Haywood for this selection. Among those who have worked with the state board in favor of Haywood are included: Howard Clapp, county farm agent; D. Reeves Noland, member of the State Agricultural Board; the county board of commissioners, George A. Brown, Jr., John R. Hipps, and D. J. Noland; T. Lenoir Gwyn, marketing specialist for the Department of Agriculture; H. Arthur Osborne, of Canton; Jonathan Woody, Glenn C. Palmer, and many others who have given time and influence in securing this property for the test farm.

## War Workers

In our recognition of the vast armies of our country who are battling with all their might overseas, we must not forget the vast army of war production workers back home, who are making the supplies to keep the firing lines in combat.

When we consider the machines and the mass of warring implements that have gone into the combat areas and are pouring out of this country every day both to the Atlantic and the Pacific, it makes us realize that while we have heard of numerous strikes, all workers are not in that class.

Had not thousands of workers stayed on their jobs time and over the great invasion would not have been possible. And the supplies and fighting equipment must go in a steady stream into the fighting centers. As vice-chairman of the War Production Board recently said, "All that has gone before is merely dress rehearsal."

It has been pointed out that war workers need not rush back to peacetime jobs, in the belief that the invasion can keep going on what has been manufactured, for it will take much more than the current production output. The American war worker has merely "entered upon a new and dramatic phase of his contribution, in which he may work by sudden fits and starts, may be asked to sit tight or to move into other works on short notice. The war production goals will have to fit the fighting demands, and in view of the new period of the war there may be changes."

## War Bonds Are Made Of Pulpwood

Among the many war uses of pulpwood War Bonds shouldn't be overlooked. While they don't have the direct destructive power of gun powder made of pulpwood, nor the life-saving quality of blood plasma packed in pulpwood containers, they are essential to winning the war.

Buying War Bonds and cutting pulpwood are similar in at least two respects: One, they are primarily responsibilities of civilians on the Home Front and, Two, they are necessary to back the men on the fighting front.

Actually farmers and woodsmen in this area can do double duty for Uncle Sam and the men overseas this month.

They can cut a few cords of pulpwood and put their earnings in War Bonds. Besides helping speed the day of Victory, this is a good investment.

For a cash outlay of \$18.75 every pulpwood cutter can get a \$25 War Bond. That means a third more for his work.

Let's make this a record month by going over our quota in buying War Bonds and by cutting more pulpwood than any month this year. That will give Hitler and Tojo a double blow at a time when both of them are toppling.—The Reidsville Review.

## Peace and Future Cannon Fodder

Last month Collier's Magazine carried a reprint of a cartoon which appeared in the London Daily Herald of May 17, 1919, a few months after the first World War. It was described by the editor of the magazine as the most poignant and prophetic cartoon ever published.

It contains the pictures of four persons as having settled the fate of the "class of 1940." In the picture are the four architects of the "peace of 1918-19—Georges Clemenceau for France, David Lloyd George for Britain, Vittorio Orlando for Italy and Woodrow Wilson for the United States—Behind a column of the building from which the four are emerging is a baby crying, labeled "The Class of 1940."

History is surely repeating itself. What of the Class of 1965? We are facing another peace parley. We should have learned something during the past quarter of a century. Certainly the world is still full of people who can remember how our great leader Woodrow Wilson tried in vain to look toward the future and plan for the class of 1940.

It is being brought to us with increasing force as the battles rage, that there must be a different kind of agreement with Germany this time. If to be allowed freedom, she takes advantage of the world and bends every effort to build back to destroy, she must be made to surrender all her liberties.

Some arm chair strategists in this country already are working out alibis for the Germans in Italy—just in case they should be driven back to Rome or beyond by the Allies in their present offensive.

## "G. I. JOE—HIS MARK"



## HERE and THERE

By  
 HILDA WAY GWYN

There are two historical dates we will always remember. We recall quite vividly how the news of the Armistice came to us in World War I. In a flash memories crowded back to us when in the early hours of last Tuesday morning we heard the news of the Invasion. As the latest from the front came over the radio we felt the mighty imprint upon our mind and heart the epochal event. We were trying to find words to put down in black and white our emotions when a friend handed us the following editorial from the Charlotte Observer, which we think is the finest thing we have read to date on the Invasion.

### HOW ARE YOU TAKING IT?

This is not a question as to how America as a nation is taking the first stages of the momentous invasion by its troops against the European continent.

It is not a question as to how your fellow-citizen of the same city or town or hamlet are taking it.

It is not even a question as to your neighbor's attitude, your friend's reactions.

It is a question as to how you individually are taking it—in what spirit, with what emotional response!

Take the case of yourself off somewhere and wrestle it out in quiet reflection and serious self-study in order to decide just how you are really taking it.

If you have a son or brother or husband surging across those bloody battlefields, one may know full well how you feel about it. You are in there, too, with every breath and every sigh.

You are dreadfully anxious. You read and listen to the news of the invasion and walk the floor with a lamp in your throat.

If you are the father of one of "those boys," you are saying to yourself, "Would to God I could be in his shoes instead of him."

If you are the mother of one—well, you are as other Rachels going abroad throughout this whole land mourning for their child.

And if you are a brother or sister left at home, working here and yonder or leisurely putting in the time between school or college terms, one need not put such a question to you, either.

All who are of understanding hearts know how you, too, are taking this invasion.

But what of all the others, those who may have sons in the service but who as yet have not been called into combat, and who, pray God, may never be.

Yours, too, is an intense concern, but immeasurably less, you must admit, than that of the kindred of the tens of thousands now face to face with the grim and gruesome realities of this thing of terror and horror.

And all the others, one by one, here, yonder and everywhere—how are you taking this initial thrust of your country's forces of liberation against the strongly entrenched enemy—you who have been looking at this war as being a thing more or less apart and remote from your interest.

We saw a group of men standing on the sidewalk during the early hours of the first day of this momentous enterprise, about the time many of our men were being massacred by the cross-fire of the enemy before they even got out of their landing boats.

The group was intensely talkative and those in it were betting their money how long it would be before the Germans surrendered—six weeks or a few months?

That's how these were taking it—with a wanton and nauseous levity and almost satanic unconcern except to gamble on the possible outcome of the sacrifices of the lives of thousands of American boys who were giving the best that God ever gave them to give to the

cause of human freedom. Then there was the fellow on the bus who in casual conversation said he was working at a given plant engaged in the production of war supplies.

But he hadn't felt very good the morning of the invasion, so he decided he wouldn't check in for duty that day.

That's how he was taking it—with such indifference that he would allow a headache or an upset stomach to keep him from making his individual contribution of muscle or mind to victory, and the benches of France for the length of 50 miles blazing with flaming death for the sons of this nation in deadly grip with the ghastliness of war.

But let the question be asked again and again—HOW ARE YOU TAKING IT?

Are you in any way transformed from out of the "as usual" attitude or the "as usual" emotion—are you behaving as if nothing were happening in your world, so as if, even though you realize that the whole human family has a date with destiny in this invasion, you prefer to take a spectatorial seat in the grandstand while these fighting millions of ours race into the arena of death.

Are you going to prayer meetings in your church, or praying at all anywhere, that victory may come to our arms at the cheapest possible cost in the currency of the blood of our boys?

If any hour has ever struck in this nation's long history of honor and nobility, if any hour has ever struck in your own life-time, be it long or short, when you should be solemnized and deeply touched into emotions of sobriety and impassioned patriotism, this is THAT HOUR.

How are you taking it?

## YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT  
 Central Press Writer

WHAT WITH H-Hour, D-Day, G-5, 4-F, LST, 1-A and M-4, Grandpappy Jenkins says the daily war news sounds a lot like a recipe for alphabet soup.

In the day when everyone has his own helicopter: "Scrub the roof, quick—company's coming."

A 100 miles per gallon appeals to Zadok Dumkopf who hopes, however, the post-war driver won't try to get that far in that many minutes.

American occupation of some European countries may have another beneficial result if the

Yanks manage to teach the folks over there how to brew drinkable coffee.

Today's fairy story: Once upon a time there was a brand new automobile.

The motorist who complains loudest about chuk holes in the streets is always the first to holler when the repair crew make him detour.

That resident of Miami, Fla., who plans, after the war, to commute to his job in New York, will have plenty of excuse if he is late at the office.

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



# Inside WASHINGTON

Legislative Log Jam Piles Up for Congress

Special to Central Press

● WASHINGTON—All the bull-dozers on Capitol Hill are broken if Congress hopes to adjourn June 20, as planned, for GOP members to attend the national convention in Chicago. Congress has only begun to whittle away at the formidable pile of bills enacted. A dozen others must be passed before the deadline.

In addition, other highly important legislation is waiting to be moved. Price control and wage stabilization laws and a lease act must be passed before their effective date, June 30. Discussion of the price control bill is currently being held up in the Senate and banking committees.

Other vital legislation requiring immediate attention includes the \$9 billion dollar Army bill and the District of Columbia bill.

Congress can blast the log-jam, but it will have to work long hours. This means Saturday sessions and longer hours daily.

● PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RETURN from Bernard M. Baruch's 23,000-acre "Hobcaw Barony" plantation in South Carolina is a significant tip-off that the Allied invasion of western Europe is near at hand.

Washington observers were aware that the chief executive might "pad" his score of Jap planes shot down should talk of the returning flyers. Maj. Richard I. Bong, of Poplar, Wis., west Pacific ace with 27 planes (official) to his credit set a new record recently.

Fighter pilots must either photograph the Jap plane crashing or another pilot must see the plane back up the claim. In one case, Bong shot down a Jap and him nearly to the water. He thought his wing man saw the plane and neglected to photograph it.

Later, he learned the wing man was on the other side of the island and didn't see the action. Bong got credit for a "probable" Army pilot says the score against the Japs should be much more than official records reveal.

Jokingly, United States pilots say they must bring the Jap helmet back before they can prove a "kill." Bong has eight pilots half of which were undoubtedly kills, thus bringing his score to 30 or more Japs.

## Voice OF THE People

What was your reaction when you heard of the invasion?

W. L. Hood—"I was pleased to see it started and I felt that those in command knew exactly what they were doing. Of course, I feared the worst loss of life."

Mrs. Hattie Dorkett—"I can't put it in words. It was too big for me to express. But it gave me both a glad and a sad feeling."

Robert Pinner—"I was glad to hear it started for I knew the boys would be that much sooner."

W. L. Davis—"It is hard to say the way it made me feel. It was coming very close to me. It made me feel that it was something ending, and yet I know that in some ways it is only the beginning. Of course, I thought first of my son."

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Mrs. Cecelia Nelson—"It is hard to say. It was there was total peace."

J. C. Brown—"I was glad I knew it was coming. I was in awe of what was going to happen."

H. B. Atherton—"I was a very professional and mingled with the crowd."

H. B. Atherton—"I was above everything else. I glad it came."

E. B. Metcalf—"I had started, because I was bringing the war to an end."

Joe Lynch—"I won't be long."

## Letters To Editor

Editor The Mountaineer

My copy of The Mountaineer May 25th received today. It helped me a lot in getting a picture of the Haywood court house which was an advertisement of the Durrber Manufacturing Company.

This picture was the price of The Mountaineer year. A home-town picture helps us keep our place like this, especially spent 30 years in the mountains.

Yours very truly,  
 PVT. CLAUDE W. CAMP

May 29, 1944.

## Farm Questions and Answers

Question: Is there any way a successful way of ing fruits and vegetables?

Answer: No, says State Agent Ruth Carter of the College Extension Service. rate of heat transfer is a dry heat than in a steam bath. In addition, steam has developed certain hazards. She lists several reasons for over cooking the packing of produce that the food expands in filling the jars too full and the jar tops are prevented from allowing the space between and the jar to fill with steam. The over cooking of the may not be dependable. war conditions have frequent servicing.

Judge—Are you prepared back the insulting words used?

Business Man—I make a pile of my life never to be anything—but if the pliers I will exchange the ing words for others of the class.