

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1944
 (One Day Nearer Victory)

That "Rebel Yell"

We see that the Rebel Yell has been preserved in a recording which has been placed in a vault in St. Louis. A North Carolina woman, Mrs. James E. Woodward, of Wilson, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy, is responsible for making it possible for future generations to know how this famous Southern Yell sounded.

While we disapprove any bitterness on the subject we naturally feel a certain pride in the heroic manner in which the South fought for what she thought was right. It was the same old American spirit of independence that won our initial liberty, and the same with which the North fought to keep forever what they thought was right.

"If the old terrifying Rebel Yell could be heard on the Rhine, the Nazis would feel their blood run cold," according to Josephus Daniels. Maybe before the thing is over some great grandson of a Southern hero, who perhaps has been handed down the yell along with family traditions may yet sound the fighting spirit of the 60's.

Too Much Adjustment

The following from the pen of Louis Wright, president of Baldwin-Wallace College, of Ohio, struck a responsive cord with us. We have felt for sometime that the word adjustment was being overworked, and that the tendency of the times was to follow the leader, like sheep without thinking:

"On every hand we get advice to adjust ourselves to conditions as they are. 'Get adjusted to war, to changes in social life, to loose moral attitudes, to profane talk, to artificial chatter, to movie emotions, to industrial conflict, to dog-level expressions of life, to the indulgent misuse of human liberty, etc., etc. . . . Everywhere youth is all but driven by propaganda, social pressure, wise-cracking comrades, and radio sales talk to adjust themselves—conform to the surface customs of life and become tolerant in such a way as to mean moral indifference and spiritual numbness.

"Even though an 'unadjusted' child, youth, or adult is regarded as a psychological problem, social outcast or religious fanatic, I am coming to thank God for unadjusted people—those who can feel angry at wrong, refuse to share lies, be tolerant towards ignorance, resist debasing sin, vicious behavior and pagan customs.

"I like to think about the old Hebrew prophets who did not 'adjust' themselves to their times. I would like to follow one who refused to adjust himself to sunken human ways, even when 'unadjusted' meant a cross. I like to hear old Saint Paul challenging men across the ages. 'Be not conformed (adjusted) to this world (this age) but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds'."

When there is an invention it is usually because it is needed, but there were too many talking machines before Edison invented his.

When the human race has completely wrecked itself, the ape will have to start evolving again.

If a fellow begins blowing his own horn, try a counter offensive by blowing a saxophone.

What! Plow Under Hens?

The Government is trading precariously on an egg problem. News out of Washington says there are 50,000,000 too many laying hens in the country and the War Food Administration is anxious to have them killed off. It had even proposed a Federal bounty of \$1 per hen for every cackler culled from the flock this fall and winter, but the Office of Economic Stabilization, sensing a possible furore similar to "plowing-under-the-little-pigs" incident, objected.

With almost 4,700,000,000 dozen eggs produced this year, far too many according to the Government, housewives are paying under loud protest 70 to 75 cents a dozen. It would take a Solomon to convince these irate consumers that it isn't possible to let down the bars, and permit egg prices to drop to what they consider a less outrageous level.

The true goal of a support or subsidy program is to encourage the production of needed commodities in wartime. When, however, a price floor is put under eggs and a price ceiling over chickens, it is not hard to foresee an outpouring of eggs that must stump the experts. The WFA says there's a shortage of cooking chickens in the big cities and a surplus of laying chickens in the country. Its answer, then, is to get farmers to sell 50,000,000 of the latter as broilers and friers, and so cut down next year's output of eggs to about 3,920,000,000 dozen.

The WFA has spent nearly \$290,000,000 this year to keep egg prices up to a level ordered by Congress, namely 90 per cent of parity. What happened was that henneries and hatcheries operated at capacity to benefit by the high price level. With the production goal overshot, the WFA faces this dilemma: Keep egg prices up while discouraging egg output.—Christian Science Monitor.

A Genuine Queen

The Citizen makes its bow, curtsy, or whatever protocol dictates to the new Queen of the Asheville Burley Tobacco Market and to Queens past, if we have neglected to do so, named annually by the bustling Tobacco Board of Trade.

The new Queen is Miss Frances Josephine Rogers, 17, of Haywood County. Miss Rogers comes by her title right honestly. For the crown will not be bestowed upon beauty alone. According to an account in last Sunday's Citizen-Times, she "has been helping with tobacco crops (on her father's farm) since the age of eight, at which time she could drop plants and worm tobacco as well as an adult. . . . This year she assisted her father, two sisters and a brother in producing four acres of tobacco."

The story points out that a Queen must have worked in tobacco and must know its terminology in addition to other queenly attributes. We submit these requirements as refreshingly real and genuine in the favorite American pastime of queen-naming. Too often the honors are for pulchritude or social prominence or that indefinable quality of "popularity." Our Tobacco Queens are of a more regal stripe. They really work at it.—The Asheville Citizen.

Another Day

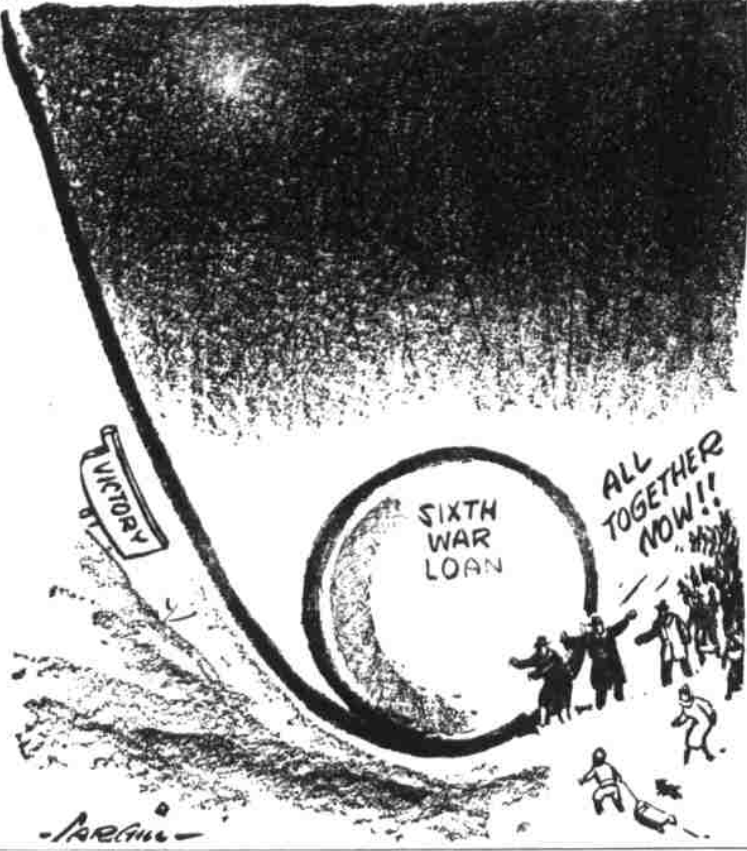
The Chicago Daily News has proposed that President Roosevelt proclaim a National Smokeless Day—On this day the Times staff would like to see that every smoker swear off for one day from smoking cigarettes. They recommend that every community observe the same day—that it be a nationwide affair. By observance of this one smokeless day they feel that the cigarette shortage might not be so acute.

In other words the number of cigarettes smoked in one day might make up a surprising reserve, so that smokers could in a sense catch up with themselves.

It has been suggested that even one day's abstinence might cause some of the smokers to lose a bit of their zest for smoking and not need so many the next day. We doubt if one day could have such a marked effect on the habits of the smokers, but it might prove effective in building up a reserve of cigarettes.

Another angle to the thing is the relief it might mean to the places that sell cigarettes, to have one day when they were not beset for a package. If you don't know what we mean drop in one of our local places of business near a counter where they are sold and remain only a short while and you will understand what we mean. We have heard clerks even anticipate the wishes of the customers and before they could ask would say, "Sorry, no 'Camels', 'Luckies', or whatever brand they knew the would be questioner was in the habit of buying.

BIG PUSH ON THE HOME FRONT



HERE and THERE

By
 HILDA WAY GWYN

There have been an increasing number of men from overseas being returned to this country, many of them wounded, since the sending of Christmas packages, and we have wondered about their Christmas cheer. Many of the friends who sent them gifts during the period designated by the government are not going to send other presents. So we were glad to learn that one group has anticipated the Christmas blight of these men. The employees of the Southern Bell Telephone in the two Carolinas are all sending packages that will go to hospitals where the wounded now coming home are being sent. The local office has sent 16 packages, 13 from operators and three from officials. The boxes are being sent to the main office in Charlotte, and from there to distribution in the hospitals in Charleston, where so many of the men are first sent from overseas. To date, we learned from Mrs. Reardon of the local office, that 3,000 packages have been sent. The telephone operators are playing a tremendous role in this war. We commend their war efforts and this patriotic gesture at Christmas.

Anybody who handles news is always on the alert for something new to write about, or a different slant to camouflage an old subject. We know readers get weary of reading the same old stuff, just as we get utterly sunk at times over the necessity for routine writing. We thought last week we had a whale of a good story to pass on to you, but by the time we scratched off all the "Now that is off the record," we had nothing left, but the memory of a good story. The person who let us down so was none other than Freddie Crawford, All American football star, movie actor, but now, pardon us, it is Sergeant Crawford, just back from two and one half years in England, where he served with the American Air Forces.

Well, to let you in on the inside story, Freddie is without doubt one of the most fascinating returnees we have encountered. England made a great impression on him and he can tell you all about it. During the time he was stationed there he had opportunities to know many of the people in their homes, and when you are invited to tea in England, according to Freddie, your place with them is made. One interesting experience after another he told and we hopefully held our pad and pencil, ready to write, but he would add, "But that is off the record." But we want you to know that he was as keen in England as he was back in the stadium at Duke. Don't get us wrong, no hero stuff about himself, just observations about the English. The next time he's home we advise you to get him cornered and make him talk, and then you'll understand what we are trying to tell you.

We have often heard that ill fate follows in the wake of a bottle carelessly handled. We certainly have proof of the theory. For ill fate just tripped at our heels one morning recently—along with an innocent looking bottle of nothing more potent than French dressing. We had never before in all our nearly 25 years of married life, encountered a bottle that did not take energy and persuasion to get the top off or the stopper out. But this particular bottle was evidently ready for use. We placed the bottle in our shopping basket, which we have been using to save paper bags, and walked blithely out of the store. Soon after we stopped, a short distance away at another shop. We unfortunately placed our basket on a vanity seat, an upholstered one, and the owner at once asked "what is that dripping from your basket?" Then

to our utter surprise and consternation we found that French dressing was over all our purchases, coat, hat, gloves, and bag—and the vanity seat ruined. No wonder there couldn't have been more than two tablespoons left. Well the story ended by our getting a new piece of material for the vanity seat—we took our coat to the cleaners, who shook their head and said, "We'll try" and in the last discovered in all the excitement we had only one of a \$5.00 pair of pigskin gloves left. Moral, Don't take any bottles on faith.

It was a perfect stampede. People pushing the front door open coming in a regular procession, all good natured with an air of anticipation about them—grateful for what they were about to receive, or perhaps we should say, be allowed to purchase. All ages, old men, women, girls, children, intent of purpose, with eyes glued on a huge pile of chocolate bars over which Carl Bischoff was presiding at Smith's Drug Store. "Yes, as long as they last, two bars for a quarter," he said as he handed them into eager hands. Some lucky few were able to buy boxes containing 25 small bars, and you should have seen those soldiers' wives hugging those boxes like they expected to be robbed as they went out of the store. "You know nearly all of these are destined to find their way overseas," said Mr. Bischoff to us as we settled down nearby to watch the happy customers buy those coveted blocks of chocolate. One girl turned away, disappointed. She thought the rush meant something else. "Are you selling cigarettes?" she asked, "I came all the way from Hazelwood and I paid a good sum for the round trip—and do you know I haven't found a single pack." She was a desperate woman, that girl.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
 Central Press Writer

THOSE NAZIS are wasting their time developing robot bombs. If they had real foresight they'd be busy trying to invent a space ship for the big getaway attempt.

Rumors have Hitler and his intuition in Tokyo. Those Japs certainly seem to have run clean out of luck.

It took a couple of generations and a cigarette shortage to F Grandpappy Jenkins' meerschaum back in style again.

Meanwhile, Zadok Dumkopf is putting the finishing touches to a pamphlet which he is sure will

be a best seller. Its title: "How to Roll Your Own, in Ten Easy Lessons—by an Ex-Cowhand."

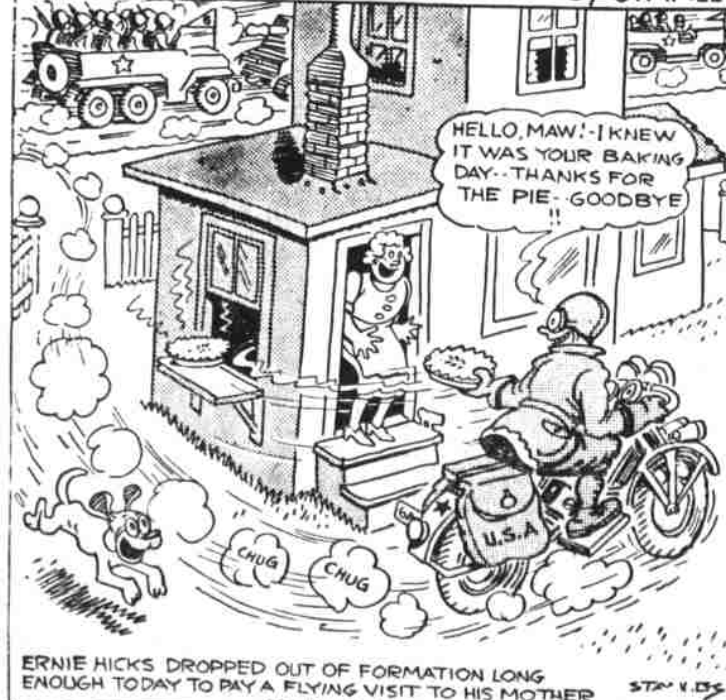
Napoleon's Crown Reported Missing From Paris—headline. Wonder which one of the Nazis took it home to Germany with him—just to try on for size?

German troops are using land mines made of glass. Just another Axis trick our boys can see through.

That middle western householder who mistakenly used maple syrup instead of jam to finish a living room floor certainly made a sweet job of it.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



Inside WASHINGTON

U. S. Peace-Time Army
 Of at Least 500,000?

Old Age Tax to Drop
 On Jan. 1, Unless

Special to Central Press

WASHINGTON—Rep. Andrew J. May (D.) of Kentucky, chairman of the House military affairs committee, believes that the nation's peace-time Army probably will consist of 500,000 to 600,000 men.

This would be almost double our pre-war Army, which numbered 302,968 enlisted men and 23,192 officers on Aug. 31, 1940—its low point since World War I. The Army now consists of approximately eight million men, while the Navy, according to Chairman David L. Walsh (D.) of Massachusetts of the Senate naval affairs committee, about three and a half million officers and men. May said he did not know how large a Navy would be considerably larger than its previous peace-time strength.

MORE THAN 60 MILLION WORKERS should get ready for other tax increase Jan. 1—an automatic doubling of the pension payroll tax which, like the income withholding levy, is deducted from pay checks.

A movement has been started in Congress by Senator Arthur Vandenberg (R.) of Michigan to freeze the tax at present rates while Vandenberg has been successful in forcing through a tax provision in each of the last three years, his luck is in danger of running out this time.

The reason is that there is no revenue bill from the House which to fasten a tax-freeze provision this year. And if one comes along, it may be an unimportant measure which President Roosevelt would not hesitate to veto.

In past years, Vandenberg has succeeded in nailing tax-freezers on bills which Mr. Roosevelt could not veto. Unless the tax is frozen at the present level, it will automatically become 2 per cent on employees and two per cent on employers on Jan. 1. It is now 1 per cent on each.

ONE OF THE WAR'S EXPERIMENTS—the intense effort to develop wooden airplanes—has fizzled as far as the Army is concerned. The war department just recently cancelled the last of contracts for plywood aircraft, although wood construction still being used in gliders which are considered expendable.

The Army had no success with the plywood planes. Its chief complaint was that to make them structurally safe, the planes had to be strengthened here and there and "beefed up" to the point where they were overweight.

Then, too, the surplus of light metals sounded the death knell for wooden military aircraft. One of the prime reasons for the Army experimentation was the shortage of aluminum early in the war.

WITH CIGARET RATIONING PROPOSALS tossed overboard by OPA Chief Chester Bowles and the War Food Administration, the biggest problem facing smokers today is "When can we expect popular brands?"

There is plenty of tobacco to make more cigarettes but manufacturers complain of labor shortages and lack of heavy cardboard shipping containers. Meanwhile, because the producers can not pay higher wages, their plant machines stand idle and the public continues to face the biggest cigarette shortage in history.

Trade sources assert that until the manpower situation is eased, the nation-wide pinch on smokers will continue—despite well-stocked tobacco warehouses and the desire of the manufacturers to boost production.

Some women smokers are changing over to small briar pipes, their nicotine diversion while others are "rolling their own." Cigarettes, which retail normally from 14 to 18 cents a pack, bringing high premiums in the black market channels, Chicago reports show them selling for 70 to 75 cents with like prices prevailing in black markets in many other cities.

The Voice Of The People

What do you think is the most appropriate Christmas gift this year?

Mrs. W. L. Kirkpatrick—"I think that bonds and stamps are the best and most appropriate gifts this year."

Dr. R. Stuart Roberson—"If you

get into the money I would War Bonds."

Miss Ruth Sumner—"Most appropriate gift I guess year would be War Bonds and Stamps."

W. R. Francis—"I would like to see once, War Bonds and Stamps bought during the Sixth War Drive."

Mrs. Selma O'Donnell—"I would say good books this year."

Mrs. E. H. Farmer—"A Bond if you can afford to give and if not stamps."

Mrs. J. Harlow Howell—"I would think something like that would be the most appropriate for this year."

Miss Evelyn Pinner—"If I can afford it, since this is the Sixth War Bond Drive, I would like bonds and stamps."

Linwood Grubel—"I would give stamps and War Bonds when the war is over the people can buy themselves a Christmas present, maybe then it will be a gallon of gasoline."

Horace Duckett—"This year I would say War Bonds and Stamps are the best gifts."

Wife: "Did you see those dieters stare at that girl board the bus?"
 Husband: "What soldiers?"

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
 Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of W. R. Bradley, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this I hereby notify all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent to exhibit them to the undersigned at Clyde, R.F.D. No. 1, North Carolina, on or before the 9th day of November, 1945 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
 This the 9th day of November, 1944.
 ROBERT BRADLEY,
 Administrator of the Estate of W. R. Bradley, deceased.
 1403—Nov. 9-16-23-30 Dec. 7-14