

The Mountaineer

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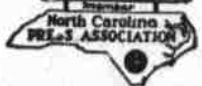
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"Come What May"

We were interested in the answers to the recent question on "how the rationing of tires might affect the tourist business for the coming year."

At this stage none of us can accurately predict what the season will be like. The facts in the case point to certain results, but these should not deter us in making the most of our property and as usual making preparations for the tourist season.

The upkeep of property in this emergency will be an investment, and every one should make an effort to take care of their buildings and restore and preserve everything about their premises. To let property run down is the poorest investment one can make.

So regardless of what the hand writing on the wall may indicate, make the most of what we have, with the view of pleasing the summer visitor of 1942. In fact it may be more important this year to make extra preparations than ever before, as those who come may stay longer than in the past, if they are pleased, and the ranks may be thinner.

For Your Convenience

For a period of six weeks the citizens of this community were able to purchase their 1942 motor vehicle license plates here in Waynesville. The office was conveniently located in a central place to serve a large group.

The rent for the office from which the plates were sold by a representative of the Carolina Motor Club for the entire six weeks period was financed by two business firms, C. E. Ray's Sons and Martin Electric Company.

As a matter of community service this generous contribution was made to the citizens by these two firms.

We take this opportunity to express appreciation for the entire community. It kindles one's civic pride to live in a section where citizens show such unselfish neighborliness.

Potential Pedestrians

A National Automobile Dealers Association pamphlet recently revealed that there are 1,329 communities in North Carolina that must depend upon motor vehicles because they lack rail service. The pamphlet brought out the need of motor vehicles that cannot be replaced by any all round substitute.

It listed a total of 48,495 railless communities in the nation. Other startling figures were: 274 million passengers of motor cars annually; most of the 57,245,753 farmers using trucks for transport and owning 38 per cent of the nation's passenger cars; 12,678,823 persons in small towns with no transportation facilities, save private cars; six of every 10 city cars used in going to work; new defense plants accessible principally by motor transit; suburban areas dependent on motor cars; and last, the army with 29,867 motor vehicles a year ago and a program for 262,950 next year.

Theories are more apt to work if those who have them will.

A fellow who sings his own praises doesn't draw a crowd.

The sugar hoarder is a sour note in American life today.

America's Destiny

Walter Lippman delivered a memorable address at the annual mid-winter institute of the North Carolina Press Association held last week in Chapel Hill. He spoke with the voice of a prophet, and we wish that his words could be emblazoned on the minds and hearts of every American citizen.

He referred to the present conflict as the greatest war in the history of the whole world and the first to involve every ocean and every continent, and all the navies and armies of the globe.

He pointed out that the war this time must be completed and the enemy countries brought into subjection. Unless this is done America can never hope to return to a normal way of life. For if our enemies emerge from this war holding their conquests and with their military power intact, then even if we are not defeated and conquered and enslaved we shall have to go on year after year arming to the teeth, conscripting our young men, devoting to the business of war all our available resources.

"Living that way year after year, always anxious, always on guard, always threatened, always armed, what would become of our personal and private lives?" asked Mr. Lippman.

"Living in a world where there was no peace we should be condemned, merely in order to survive, and let all the good things of life be devoured in order that we might at least have the strength to resist."

"For twenty years we have been guided by our fears and our weaknesses and our doubts. I think now we shall be moved by our strength and our pride and our faith. I think that we shall be seeing that it is THE AMERICAN DESTINY to become the invulnerable center of freedom under law, the strong friend of all nations which live under law, the implacable foe of all tyrants, the partner of all who resist them."

"It is a great destiny. It is ours not in the least because we have superior virtue, but because by the facts of our geography, and the position of our continent and the great movement of the tides of history, we have come to occupy in the modern world the place which Rome in the center of her seas occupied in the ancient world."

"It is a hard destiny. And though once in our generation we have sought to deny it and to refuse it, it is the American destiny, and in the book of fate it is written that this destiny must now be fulfilled."

Day By Day

Day by day we Americans are getting deeper into the war. Deeper in the realization of what we face. It is right that we should, but one writer has recently said, "Don't let your curiosity get the best of you, don't worry about the problems of the army and the navy. They will work them out, but rather look to your own part."

The government is advising that we should go about our business quietly, save more than we have ever thought of doing, prepare ourselves to meet any emergency, work to our greatest capacity, and above all have confidence in the armed forces of the United States—for if we do our part here at home they will be adequate to meet any eventuality.

Sterilized Tacks

We have become accustomed to bakers putting vitamin B-1 in their bread. We take for granted that manufacturers of canned milk put sunshine in their product. And we no longer raise an eyebrow when our oranges are beautifully "ripe" on the outside, and horribly green inside. We know that science has had a hand in all of this in their dogged determination to guard our health.

But we can't get over the surprise we got the other day, when a five-cent box of carpet tacks was labeled "sterilized".

We have read of circus freaks who claimed that tacks, razor blades and ground glass made up part of their daily diet, but we did not know that such a diet had become so common.

Perhaps the tack manufacturers, realizing that the list of "tactless" people is ever increasing and are looking for a new market for their products.

Of course we know many people cram their mouths full of tacks when they have a special job to do, and pull them out one at a time as needed with a magnetic hammer, but we had never thought of a person who would empty a half box of tacks in their mouth at once even caring or giving a thought about the tacks being "sterilized".

Wouldn't it help national economy and speed up armament progress if sword swallowers could be persuaded to go on a diet of used razor blades?—Exchange.

ALSO GIVING HIM THE SHIVERS!



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

We doubt if the Winter Institute of the North Carolina Press Association has ever had a more interesting or impressive meeting than the 18th session held in Chapel Hill last week. There was so much of vital importance. It is easy to understand. Newspapering, like everything else, stands at the threshold of the cycle of changing times. The tension of the present situation seems to color every phase of life. The newspaper represents a major opportunity in shaping the sentiment and keeping the morale of the people uplifted. Hence there will be keen responsibility felt on the part of the press in their effort to meet this situation with the war the pivot of every consideration. The program at the Institute naturally centered around the burning issues of the day. And after the authorities had each presented his message, they all boiled down into one substance. The time has come for American people to use every facility they possess. They must sharpen their abilities on the whetstone of reality. They must conserve as never before. Personal effort must be submerged into one great force to stem the emergency. To save the freedom so long accepted as a matter of fact. It made no difference whether an editor was discussing the advancing price of newsprint or advertising. It all fitted into the same subject.

We have recently heard of two ministers in a town in Eastern Carolina who refused to take part in Red Cross drives for war work. As they did not believe in war, we are glad that we have no brethren of such faith here in this community. We don't like war any more than they do, but we are truly glad that our local ministers are like that well known general who admonished his men to "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry."

Have you ever had an experience that literally made your blood run cold at the time and even after? The other night coming across the state on a bus, we had just such an experience. As one passenger said after it was over, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest of these, it might have been" and they were exactly right. It might have been. We were nearing Marion just before we started the climb up the back called out, "Hey driver, you have a flat." The driver stopped, climbed out, and the expression on his face drew the entire bus load out in a hurry. To see one wheel completely off, and all the bolts ready to drop out of the other, and the surmises about what would have happened an hour later making a curve around the mountain were not very cheerful. A car was hailed. A message sent for another bus. And while we were running more than one hour late, there was not one word of complaint from a single passenger. We had come too close to that deep chasm from which no traveler has ever returned.

Which reminds us of a conversation we had with a young fellow who got on the bus in Statesville. He was on his way back to the aircraft school in Nashville where he was taking a course in welding. He was full of his work. "I have an instructor, who tells us boys not ever to try to do as well as we did yesterday. But to always try to do better. For if we don't we'll never improve." And the thought came. What a marvelous motto for any job. Better today, on tomorrow. Or you will never reach

your goal. There is one bright spot these days amidst all the war news that drenches our soul in darkness and confusion. And it is the arrival of the new 1942 seed catalogues. They come like rain falling in a parched desert. True, they contain very little that is new. Only here and there, a glorified form of some old favorite. But we approach the season with new interest. We glance at a colorful page with perfect blooms. We have never grown any of that in our garden. We must try some this year. We can picture just how they will look on our hillside next July. And aren't those new fangled marigolds that are advertised to smell like a June rose. A wonderful color? We wonder if we could ever grow larkspur like that. And we must order some of those new "mums". We often stopping to day dream. Planting row upon row. That miraculously bloom on short order in our mind's eye. And suddenly it is bed time. And those letters we had planned to write are still on our "best intention list". Such is the eternal fascination of a seed catalogue. To a real dirt gardener in the month of January.

The facts and figures prove that war tends to increase the rate of deaths from tuberculosis in every nation. Don't let that happen here! Do your part in the fight to eradicate the killer that is still the first cause of death for the people between the ages of 15 and 45. Buy Christmas Seals—now!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
Central Press Writer

THERE are no snakes in New Zealand, according to a natural history magazine article. Maybe that's because those Japanese chutists have not yet penetrated that far south.

People who keep their mouths closed live longer, says a noted medico. Hmm, folks in the Axis countries found that out long ago.

Men talk more in their sleep than do women. Zadok Dumbkopf guesses that's because it's their only chance.

An eastern university has established a course on how to fish.

The baffled students probably never know whether they're cramming for an exam or are enjoying a vacation.

The Dutch have pulled the nearest trick of the war. They have converted a score or more of Jap surface vessels into non-rising submarines.

Proverb for 1942: People who live in wood and paper houses shouldn't try to set the world on fire.

If the Dutch continue to sink many more Nipponese vessels the floor of the ocean will soon wear the label: "Made in Japan."

Letters To The Editor

Editor The Mountaineer,
With the firm conviction, shared I know by yourself, that prayers sent up to heaven are as vitally necessary to the nation's war effort

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R.J. SCOTT



IF YOU HAVE A PARROT FOR A PET YOU CAN MAKE PROVISION FOR IT IN YOUR WILL. BECAUSE THE BIRD WILL PROBABLY OUTLIVE YOU!

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE UNIFORMS IN THE SALVATION ARMY IS THAT WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE ORGANIZATION IN PERU, SOUTH AMERICA

"I'll Never Forget--"

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
CONDUCTED BY UNCLE ABE

Voice OF THE People

Your guess is as good as the other person's. How long in your opinion is the war going to last?

C. N. Allen—"From two to five years."

Miss Edna Hayes—"If we finish the war as it will have to be done to insure American freedom, it will last at least until the last of 1945, and maybe longer."

J. Yates Bailey—"If the war lasts as long as six months it will last four years, because the Allies can get in position to win the war in that time, and the Axis powers will get organized so that the struggle will be prolonged."

Richard N. Barber, Jr.—"I think the war will last until 1947 or 1948, due to the fact that we will not have completed a two ocean navy prior to 1946 and will not have gained navy supremacy in the Pacific prior to that date. I would like to be more optimistic, but the facts must be faced."

Miss Elizabeth Henry—"Some times I am optimistic about the duration and others quite discouraged, it all depends on what I have read that day in the newspapers."

Mrs. Mabel Brown Abel—"I believe that in a year the United States will have things under control."

Irving Leatherwood—"I really think it will last two years."

G. D. Stovall—"I think the war will be over in about two years. I base my opinion on the present supply of Japan as regards food and other materials."

R. B. Davenport—"I would say about two years. I think the enemies of this country will give out of supplies by that time."

Mrs. Sam Knight—"I am afraid it will last from three to seven years, or at least long enough for many undesirable principles to be wiped out."

Mrs. Bonner Ray—"I would say from two to three years, because this country can not be prepared to end the war in much less time than that."

These little stories keep growing in interest and popularity as the unfold from week to week in the column. Only stories that are true and remarkably interesting will be accepted; these will be published in the order in which they are received. Address The Mountaineer Story Column, Waynesville, N. C.

"BOY BURIED ALIVE"—"Boy Buried Alive For Three Hours" was the banner headline that adorned the front pages of several of the large daily papers in North Carolina, Georgia and South Carolina, and the local Mountaineer Courier also carried story about the incident.

It all occurred on January 19, 1920, and the setting was a cinder car on the Keller siding of the Southern Railway, which is in East Waynesville section, where M. O. Galloway now has a saw mill.

The boy was only eight years old when he was buried for approximately three hours in the cinders, but the impression of fingers on his mind and will continue to so long as he lives.

The weather was bitter cold and this youngster was "bundled up" in about all the clothes that he could manage to motivate under and the cinders were being hauled in wagons and distributed on private road nearby, and kid-like the tongue of the wagon was a private seat for him to ride to at from the car.

But on one trip this boy did not make the round trip, and when the cinders failed to come down through the trap in the bottom of the car, he proceeded to climb to side and start the avalanche of cinders so the shovelers could keep the wagons rolling.

Unknown to the boy there was a vacuum in the cinders and when he stepped on the shallow crust it gave way and down into the depths he plunged, the cinder covering him up. The only thing that kept the youngster from smothering was in the fall, his head being pinned between his knees, thereby leaving a small vacuum into which air filtered.

The father did not miss his son until lunch time and then began to inquire as to who had seen him last; no doubt there was other things circulating through the father's mind as to what would happen when he was found, but the suggestion of another boy that had been riding the tongue of the wagon, and who had seen the boy climb to the top of the coal car, a search was made, and after listening a faint call for help was heard. Immediately all nearby began the task of digging the youngster out, which only took a few minutes with all working to the limit.

It happened that the youngster was not seriously injured by the avalanche of cinders but with the thermometer well below the freezing point, he began to chill as soon as the air reached him.

A doctor was summoned and upon his arrival and a complete check-up made, his verdict was that another thirty minutes at this story would not have the effect that it now has.

Of course this happened twenty-two years ago and a lot has happened that has dimmed the incident in the minds of Waynesville residents, but there will always remain a spot in the back of my mind and a horror of carloads of cinders. Now that same boy of twenty-two years ago helps bring you The Mountaineer each week. He is none other than Marion "Buddy" Bridges.

as bombs dropped from the sky may I make the suggestion that an appeal from our President to all the children of our country asking them to pray for victory would not be without bearing great fruit. Such a request made by the President might be made somewhat as follows:

"My dear Young Americans: "We need you for the defense of the U. S. A. I select you for service for the duration of the war. Your older brothers were called through draft boards, but I call you personally to show how we need you in this war for victory and peace.

"You are officially exhorted to say a prayer a day for our country. Because your hearts are pure and innocent, your prayers are efficacious and will be heard, please God.

"After we were forced into this war, we worked as though all depended on work, but we must pray too as though all depended on prayer. Your older brothers were taken care of the first, and now call upon you to take care of the second. Your job is just as important, and this will make you real defenders of the United States of America!"

If such a plan is not feasible on a national scale, then I respectfully make the suggestion to the members of our community that we list the powerful aid of the prayers of children, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Respectfully and always sincerely
VINCENT J. MAHONEY