

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1943
(One Day Nearer Victory)

The Able Bodied South

We have heard a great deal about the number of men turned down in the Southern States on account of physical handicaps and we were much surprised at the information in the following from the Roanoke Times:

Are Southerners, in spite of all, better physical specimens than people in any part of the country? As much is indicated in recruiting statistics of the Navy for the fiscal year 1941. In Southern districts rejections for physical defects were about 38 per cent of total applications. In North-eastern states rejections averaged 55.7 per cent. In Central states, 45.8 per cent; in Western states, 45.3. Comparing with rejections of 66.8 per cent in the Albany, N. Y., district and 60.7 in Salt Lake City were:

Richmond	22.5
Nashville	27.8
Raleigh	30.0
Dallas	32.9
Birmingham	34.7
Houston	40.1
New Orleans	42.2

Bicycles On Highways

We saw by the press recently an account of the death of two boys in Johnston County. They were riding a bicycle at night, and were struck by a pick-up truck. The boys were 13 and 14 years of age and were both on the same bicycle.

One of them was killed instantly and the other one died on the way to the hospital. The truck driver, age 18, was not arrested or held in connection with the deaths of the boys.

The State highway patrolman who investigated the tragedy, reported that while the accident occurred around 9:30 at night there was no lights on the bicycle.

This might have taken place in Haywood County, right here in our own community. It should serve as a warning, for if the bicycle riders are going to take to the highways at night, they will have to observe the same rules as the drivers of motor vehicles. They have the same right to the use of the highways, but they must recognize their responsibility not only to themselves, but also to others.

Highways After the War

We noticed with satisfaction Governor Broughton's proposal to provide funds for highway construction and repair at the end of the war and were further gratified when the General Assembly voted to adopt the plan.

The Assembly conferred on the Governor and the Council of State authority to cancel at the end of the war, highway bonds owned by the State and held in the highway commission reserve fund and to issue new highway construction bonds amounting to two-thirds of the amount cancelled and redeemed during the 1943-45 biennium.

Even with the rationing of tires and gasoline the highways are being much traveled and at the end of the war will no doubt need many repairs and much patching. People will also be needing jobs, it was pointed out by the Governor.

We predict that when the war is over, and life resumes a peacetime pace once again that the pent up desire to travel in the average American will inspire him to travel as he has never done before.

A Fair Proposition

We have been against the drafting of the 18 and 19-year-old youths from its first suggestion down to the day it was put into execution. We appreciate the necessity for such drastic action, but that does not keep us from regretting or disapproving.

Now the government is taking action on the very point that bothered us. The officials are recognizing the fact that the 18 and 19-year-olds needs more education and experience if they are to face the enemy in battle.

Another feature of major consideration is the fact that the greater number of the boys, who would in the natural course of events have gone to college and received a wider preparation for life, if drafted would not have returned to the school room after the war. They would take their chances in the world for bread and meat without further training. In some cases they would have been thoroughly able to meet the demands, while in other instances they would fall short of what they might have done.

We hope that a large number of the seniors in our Haywood schools and also recent graduates who are not yet in the army, take advantage of the offer by the government to send them to school. They have everything to gain. They will make better soldiers or sailors in our armed forces and they will have a better preparation for life after the conflict is over.

Too Many Forms

Excerpts from a recent editorial in the Rock Hill Herald will no doubt find response from the public in general:

"W. A. Page, Jr., Richmond, Va., a representative and spokesman of the United States Wholesale Growers Association, is what is called a 'small business man.'"

"Mr. Page says it is a physical impossibility for many small operators to comply with all the regulations and orders issued by the Office of Price Administration and other federal agencies."

"He gave the House Small Business committee a summation of 269 rulings, amendments and supplements the average wholesaler must comply with. Most of this undoubtedly is not only useless but silly, and is probably never used for any purpose whatever except to load up files and make work for clerks."

"Alfred Dorman, of Statesboro, Ga., told the committee 'we don't have lawyers enough to figure out the various forms.' And Mr. Page said that 'frequently the rulings are changed before the original order can be interpreted.'"

"Probably a lot of this is the sort of useless work which is being done in Washington for which the government is asking private companies and firms to give up their typewriters."

"It is not difficult to believe with Senator Byrd, Democrat, of Virginia, that the country and the public business would be much better off with a million or so less government employees in Washington and other cities."

Tables Turned

In days recently gone by we have thought that the city dwellers were lucky ones in regard to a choice selection of foods. The city markets have carried everything under the sun in the way of things to eat, for they have had to cater to a cosmopolitan appetite. But the tables have turned. The city resident, who does not have a garden plot to grow "his own" will have to do without commonly accepted foods, many of which are the old standbys, unless he seeks the country this summer and goes rural, and cans.

We still believe, however, that no one is going hungry in America. They will have to change their eating habits, but we feel that Americans will rise to meet the challenge for increased production.

Here's more about that time question—Ed Burch, in the Greer (S.C.) Citizen, says "Our neighbors over in Georgia are all mixed up. One editor points out that Georgians have sun time, Eastern time, War time and a hell of a time." Ed recently hibernated from Georgia to South Carolina, and seems to be having a good time.

Gandhi has stuck out his 21-day fast. The British government also stuck it out, and didn't give in to his demands. Gandhi bluffed his way through the Indian situation on one or two occasions, but not this one. John Gunther, author of "Inside Asia" visited him once and wrote, "He is an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father."



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

We bet there was more meat bought and eaten over the past week-end than any like period before . . . not only in the history of this vicinity . . . but over the entire nation . . . On the eve of rationing . . . meat led conversations . . . regardless of where the talk might have started, it ended on meat . . . and the week-end was in a sense a kind of farewell celebration to juicy steaks . . . and meat . . . in general except in limited amounts . . . at least for the duration.

We heard so much talk on the subject until we took ourselves to see Rufus Siler, local authority on meat . . . for we believe that Rufus could teach the Swifts and the Armour's how to make sausage and cure hams . . . and as for the art of barbecuing . . . anyone who has ever tasted the results of his work along this line will agree he's tops.

Maybe you didn't know it . . . but at one time or another the Siler sausages and hams have found their way into every state in the Union . . . they have been shipped to the Pacific coast . . . to San Francisco . . . to San Diego . . . to exclusive men's clubs in the North . . . to swanky spots down in Miami . . . to hotels and eating places all over the country . . . even down in the cow country in Texas . . . they are never packed with labels.

As an example of how the fame of the Siler meats has grown . . . (with many prominent customers through the country) . . . A man from Chicago, a few years back, was in Waynesville . . . and bought one of the Siler hams . . . en route home he got into a bridge game on the train . . . shortly before the evening meal on the diner . . . he told his companions about the ham he was taking to his family . . . he decided to share it with them . . . and took it back to the chef on the diner and had him cut off some slices and broil for the players . . . so when the dinner came the group stopped their bridge game long enough to eat some of the ham . . . little realizing what a chain of customers they were starting for Mr. Siler . . . each man got the address of Rufus Siler . . . and each in turn ordered a ham . . . and when they served it to their friends, the latter got the address . . . and since that date hundreds of orders from all over the United States have been received by Mr. Siler . . . all from that one bridge game.

The late J. B. Siler, father of Rufus Siler . . . cured hams for the summer hotels and boarding houses in Waynesville for a number of years . . . Rufus had watched the process all his life . . . so when his father died back in 1916 . . . he and his brothers still kept the customers supplied with meat . . . from the 70-acre farm on the Pigeon road . . . Mr. Siler says they found that raising pork and curing meat is the most profitable products they can have . . . the greater part of the land is in cover crops in the winter, and the tenants would not have enough to keep them busy, but with the raising of hogs they are given work the entire year.

Each season has marked a growth in the business . . . hundreds of letters give proof of the satisfaction the customers have felt over the products . . . Rufus states that they have kept the meats unlabelled so as not to lose the character of the country home-cured style . . . but along with this every precaution of modern sanitation has been recognized.

Recently Chas. D. Driscoll, famous columnist, in his "New York Day By Day" wrote . . . "The best country sausage I've tasted

Rambling Around

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

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Voice OF THE People

Do you think Congress can improve on the original Ruml pay-as-you-go income tax plan?

T. J. Cathey—"The Ruml plan can be improved, but Congress can't do it."

Dr. R. Stuart Robinson—"I don't believe in giving away a year's taxes, but I do believe in a pay as we go plan."

Jake Lowe—"I approve of the pay as you go plan, but I do not approve of forgetting one year. I doubt if Congress could improve on the Ruml plan."

Aaron Prevost—"I think Congress could improve on the plan by cancelling only up to 20 per cent of the 1942 tax, thereby collecting from those who have made excessive incomes in 1942 and also giving relief to the 'little man.'"

Alvin Ward—"Yes."

T. L. Campbell—"I think the Ruml plan is a wonderful idea."

Mrs. Thad Chafin—"I always believe in a pay as you go plan, but of course, there is always room for improvement on anything launched."

Jack Messer—"They might improve on the details of the Ruml plan, but I doubt if Congress can improve on the principles of the plan."

Earl J. Ferguson—"I believe in a pay as you go plan, but I feel sure that Congress could improve on the Ruml plan."

Jonathan Woody—"Yes, the Ruml tax plan is fine for the defense worker, but I don't think the large corporation or government contractor that made huge profits from non-recurring contracts last year should be exempted from income tax for 1942 earnings."

There are any great secret methods of curing meat . . . you have to observe certain rules and give the meat the proper attention at the right time . . . I will gladly give my receipt for curing meat to friends . . . but of course experience does give anyone the advantage . . . and another thing, we enjoy what we are doing, and that is a mighty big factor."

A visit to the Siler basement is enough to make anyone ravenous. If we had not just finished helping our next door neighbors eat a 25-pound turkey, raised in their own backyard . . . we simply could not have stood the sight of those long rows of hams . . . Rufus Siler's meats are one of the best illustrations we know of, of the old saying that if you can produce something better than the other fellow . . . the world will find a path to your door.

We couldn't resist asking Rufus what he considered the choice part of the pig . . . and his answer, no doubt, will surprise you as much as it did us . . . "The chittlins and corn bread made with cracklins."

N. C. U. Journalism Student Tells

How I Went To Jail

By BRAD McCUEN

Editor's Note—Brad McCuen is a student at the University of North Carolina, and is majoring in journalism.

Now, I'm a pretty mild character, I guess. I don't go around hitting people before they hit me.

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THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



We now have WAVES, WAACS and SPARS, but last week a New York department store paid tribute to the WIVES. Which reminded an editorial writer of the words of Jeremy Taylor, who said: "A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man—his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counselors; her bosom the softest pillow of his care."

Said the small boy: "My maw and paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry paw when he was drunk and paw wouldn't marry maw when he was sober."

When the War Will End Direct from the front I have confidential information as to when the war will end. From the Stars and Stripes, published in Algiers, I find the following bit of information, which I pass on to you:

WAR NEWS Definite war news I have none. But my aunt's sister's washer-woman's son

Heard a policeman on his beat. Say to a policeman in the street. That he had a letter in either Latin or Greek

From a Chinese coolie in Tinian ductoo Who claimed that the natives of Cuba knew

A colored man in a Texas town. Who got it straight from a circus clown

About somebody in Borneo Who had a friend who claimed to know

Of a swell society female rake Whose mother-in-law would under-take

To prove that her husband's niece Stated in a printed piece

She had a son who had a friend Who knew when the war was going to end.

—ANON.

That Old-Time Religion Tom Jimison, a native of Haywood, and now on the staff of The Richmond County Journal, recently went at length on the subject "That Old-Time Religion."

The article might meet with your approval, and on the other hand, you might disagree—anyway, here it is:

The conductor of this column sauntered around to First Methodist Church Sunday and made a feeble effort to phophecy to the congregation at the Laymen's Day service. It was no easy task for an old cornfield, backwoods Methodist to get up in a city church where they have a black-robed choir and play an organ with whistles on it, where they have stained windows and use carpets in the aisles.

Back in the big hills of the Great Smokies where I was raised the Methodists didn't put on any dog. They met in unpainted meeting-houses whose floors were bare, and sat on hard benches which frequently had no backs. The preacher announced the hymns and some old steward h'isted the tunes.

They had a mourners' bench where penitent sinners, stricken by remorse for their sinful ways, pro-dawn or their knees and prayed while the congregation sang "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive," and while preachers and lay workers urged them to "pray through" from darkness to light.

And occasionally when some mildewed and hardened old hellion hopped to his feet to announce that he had found pardon for his wickedness and evil ways, men and women slapped their hands and shouted thanksgiving and praise to the Lord just like baseball fans whoop it up for their team when it is winning the fight.

Yes, yes, I know that such a gone now. But, my brethren, sump'n vent with it that we sorely need in these trying days when the legions of Lucifer, with spears leveled at our hearts, are crowding us to the wall. Yes, I know our women folks smile with superficial disdain at the old-fashioned sisters who used to shout in church and they talk perfume and what a beautiful society we are when we conform to the mark of T and D.

They think they've got what which appeals to the nature, out as a matter of fact are spiritual babies who are fed in the "big city wood." And they think they're diluted, sweetened and

Yes, I know how to be superior when we're in the cathedra and how to be and pray for us, have the Army, the Red Cross, the community 'hest and a host of organizations to be relied on. And do we begin to feel ourselves slipping we loosen up and buy

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