

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1943
(One Day Nearer Victory)

The Summer Of 1943

Each year when the first signs of Spring are in the air the subject of the tourist season comes into local conversations. It seems to be a natural gesture at this time, for each year is marked by wishful thinking. Sometimes the prospects of record breaking crowds come true, and again the seasons have been only fair.

This year due to obvious reasons the topic has been slow in warming up the gaps of conversation. Now that it has been launched it is fairly taking the lead, war or no war. People have suddenly aroused from the thoughts of war to the fact that summer will be here again, even if the armies of the world are at each other's throats.

The weather will still be hot in Florida, and other Southern and Western states. People who can afford a trip away from home, and there are a surprising number left, we are told, will begin to think of taking vacations in cooler climes.

We have heard a lot of optimistic talk during the past week on the subject. The majority seem to feel that the season will be even better than last year. They feel that people were stunned in the summer of 1942. They gathered their courage about them and were prepared to endure for the duration. Now they are getting jittery and feel that the end of the war is so far away, that they must have some relief. They cannot wait until the end for a trip. They must seek relaxation in some resort that is away from war industry and army camps.

Another thing when their cars were limited in use by the rationing of gas and tires they were at a loss as to how to get where they wanted to go. During the past year they have learned that there are many ways to travel. They have taken to trains and buses and have found that they get one to a destination with surprising ease and comfort.

Seaside resorts should not be as attractive to the public as in years gone by. They are too convenient to the approach of the enemy. Floridians, our best summer customers, are reported to be tired of nightly blackouts and the constant roar of planes overhead. They want to get away from these reminders, at least for a time.

Workers in defense plants have been going at high pitch for many months. They are bound to be getting keyed up to a breaking point, where a brief rest will be imperative to make it possible for them to carry on. They have the money to take a vacation and leave their work, and they will want a place far from the maddening confusion in which they have labored.

Despite the crowded centers, despite congestion in camps and war defense areas, life here is still untouched to a great extent. These mountains offer an ideal spot in which to nurse frayed nerves back to normal and get breath to start all over again in the top speed of industry.

Most people, we find, are looking forward to a good summer season in 1943 in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

The fellow who always wants to run everything probably will balk at the lawn-mower this spring.

With restaurants on the rationed list, folks will have to swallow their pride and whatever else they can get.

War workers can work all night and sleep all day and still find their place in the sun.

A Needed Improvement

We note that the town officials are building a second driveway around the cemetery. This has been needed for several years, and now with the acquisition of additional property there is sufficient room for the new driveway.

We also note the high red clay bank that is revealed by the cutting down of the highway on the hillside. We hope that the beauty of Greenhill will not be marred long by this stretch of "naked dirt", and that the city officials will start planting "cover crops" at once, so that the driveway will not stand out as an unsightly mark on the otherwise green slope.

A Pat On the Back

North Carolina was among the first five states in the Union to reach the quota set by the American Red Cross in the recent War Fund Drive. The others were: Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi, and our next door neighbor, South Carolina.

We can rejoice not only in a state-wide record, but also in our own local and county drives which went over the top. Those in charge of the drives deserve special recognition and the generosity of the contributing public should also come in for a good share of commendation.

"We Shall Hate Or We Shall Fail"

We have not liked the idea of making our motive for fighting hatred of our enemy, but rather hatred for the principles they represent. In view of this sentiment we were interested in an editorial in the Raleigh News and Observer this week, excerpts of which follow:

"We shall hate or we shall fail" is the sentiment attributed to Stout, chairman of the War Writers Board. Is he right? Must men be burning with the passion of fiery hate of men they are fighting to deliver blows that will bring them victory? Not according to such noble chieftains as Robert E. Lee, the eternal pattern.

"A writer in The Presbyterian Guardian quotes Stout's dictum and then quotes the words of Jesus in His Sermon on the Mount: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' but adds that 'it is difficult to see how we can hate the evil Nazi philosophy without hating the evil men who have developed and are supporting that philosophy' and after saying, 'We must not have personal hatred' and 'there is little hatred of Germans as such' seems to veer over to the Stout theory. He writes:

"In a sense Stout seems to be right. We are fighting against a monstrous evil which we hate. In order to overcome that evil we must kill men who support that evil. Yet Jesus said 'Love your enemies.'

"To hate our fellowman with a bloody-thirsty vengeance because of what he has done to us or to our friends is contrary to the Law of God. But to hate men because they hate God is not wrong. The psalmist said, 'Do not I hate them that hate thee?' He was grieved with those who rose up not against himself but against God. The Fascists have defied God and seek to destroy His Kingdom. For the sake of God, then we must hate or we shall fail."

Coming Back

The alarm clock is coming back! The ban placed some months ago on the manufacture of these noisy sentinels for late sleepers has been lifted.

The reason? Workers in war plants need them.

Absence of these time pieces is found to have been one of the major reasons for absenteeism in these industries. "By the thousands," it is reported, "they have been writing the government" for alarm clocks.

Employees oversleeping have, when they finally did awake too late to report for duty on time, turned over and kept at it. You know how that is, no doubt!

The country, in the meantime, needs a device for another type of drowsiness, some signal that will blare its alarm into dull ears of multiple peoples of America and arouse them as to the perils involved in this war, to stimulate them to more active and conscientious service for their country in this hour of its dreadful travail, and to awaken within them the utmost of their consecrations and devotions to the nation's destiny.

In this respect, too, there are millions upon millions of late and unaware sleepers upon whose consciousness has not yet been registered the sirens that sound their warning or the trumpet that calls them to their posts of duty.—Charlotte Observer.

"DARKEST AFRICA!"



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

We have always had great respect for the Salvation Army, especially since we have known of the work done by Adjutant Cecil Brown and Captain Thelma Colton . . . and now after attending a wedding last week at the Mountain Citadel of two of the workers, we are more deeply impressed with their sincerity of purpose . . . We have never witnessed a more sacred binding of two lives . . . We overheard one of the visiting dignitaries say that they did not know of a Salvation Army marriage that had gone on the rocks . . . and we don't wonder . . . After listening to the vows they take . . . as they enter the Holy State . . . they do not marry lightly . . . we wish that all young people about to take this most important step might have heard the officiating minister speak of home and what it should mean.

Later in the evening we had occasion to discuss the work of the Salvation Army with one of the workers from a large city . . . her clear eyes gave one the impression of a serenity of living that renewed one's faith . . . We spoke of the good deeds of the organization and how it touched lives that were often forgotten by the churches . . . and her answer was, "Yes, we like to hear such things said of the Army, but on the other hand we feel that it does us good to meet rebuffs . . . When we have things thrown at us when we are preaching to crowds on the streets we feel that it is good for us . . . for we must never be too completely satisfied with our efforts . . . You recall the warning that Jesus gave the Pharisees . . . 'Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their Father to the false prophets' . . . We have thought of this verse from Luke many times since . . . we all need encouragement at times, yet we need chastisement too . . . to keep to a certain high standard of worthwhile things we must ever strive . . . self-satisfaction means stagnation . . . stagnation means deterioration . . . so summing it up . . . we should be grateful to our critics . . . and who every tried to do anything in life . . . without raising a crop of them in their path?"

We have written from time to time about how The Mountaineer has stepped out . . . and is now traveling around the world . . . we are sure that never in the nearly 60 years of publication of the paper has it reached so many people in so many strange places . . . We would almost be willing to make a bet that there is not another weekly paper in North Carolina that can boast a subscriber who wants the home paper so much that in addition to the regular subscription rate he pays \$1.50 a week for postage on a single issue so that it reaches him by air-mail at his post out of the country . . . just about as regularly as if he stopped by the post office and took it out of his box . . . Believe it or not . . . such is the case . . . It's a swell compliment to the paper . . . but we think it is also one to the subscriber, who has that much loyalty and interest in his home town community.

One of the youngest men in town is T. L. Green, even if he might be able to qualify as the veteran of the Haywood County Bar . . . he is still going strong . . . We met Mr. Green Saturday morning in the office of the draft board . . . he had just climbed the stairs and was a bit out of breath . . . No doubt you know from experience how he felt from climbing those very stairs . . . for since the rationing board and the draft board are housed on the third floor of the courthouse, practically everybody has made the trip up . . . Mr. Green was protesting against the stairways in his life . . . As a

member of the draft board he climbs two flights very often . . . he has two stairways to his office on Depot street and to reach his office from his home he has a hill to go down and another to climb . . . so his days are spent going up and down.

Briefs . . . When Rev. Malcolm R. Williamson sets out to do a thing, he does not call it a day until the job is finished . . . Proof, take the Red Cross War Fund Campaign . . . \$4,000 is a lot of money to raise in a community of our size, even counting all the territory covered by the Haywood Chapter . . . but he stuck to it until the last dime, and then a bit extra, was turned in . . .

Monday morning, a crowd gathering in front of the courthouse, as the voice of Deputy Noble Ferguson sounded forth in auctioning a car that had been turned in last fall by the officers when it was captured with 10 cases of bonded beverages . . . the car brought \$53 . . . of course minus its contents when captured . . . Just suppose it had still contained its liquids as seized by the officers . . . What do you suppose it would have brought in this thirsty world?

One of the loveliest things we have seen in the way of flowers was the amaryllis at the Methodist church Sunday morning grown by Hugh J. Sloan . . .

We understood when Donald Dunham left here last fall he said he might not be back to open the Dunham House this season . . . it would depend on the prospects for the 1943 summer . . . and his caretaker was not to touch a flower bed or the garden until he wrote him in the Spring . . . we notice that the flower beds have been spaded up . . . and the garden is being put in readiness to plant . . . Which must mean that the Floridians are coming up in goodly numbers.

Traffic Officer (to timid driver who, obeying directions from the back seat, had entered the wrong end of a one-way street)—Hey, you, where are you going? Pull over to the curb.

Woman (in the rear seat)—That's right, officer. He's been speeding all day, and I knew he'd be arrested. It just serves him right.

Traffic Officer (with a sympathetic look at the scared driver)—Your wife?

Driver (nervously)—Yes.

Traffic Officer—Drive on, brother.

Sign seen on the rear of a bicycle: "Motorist, don't hit me! You may be on one yourself soon."

Rambling Around

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

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Voice OF THE People

What suggestions do you have to make regarding a community-wide clean up campaign?

Mrs. Jimmy Boyd—"I think it is up to everybody to clean their own premises and then we would have no problems."

Mrs. Fred Campbell—"I think the street department does a good job of keeping things clean and after they do their part it is up to the individuals in the community."

C. B. Russell—"I think the first step would be to appoint a good committee to have full charge and let the suggestions come from them."

O. H. Shelton—"I would recommend that everybody start at home first and clean up their place, their dogs, their cats and their chickens."

Dr. C. N. Sisk—"A community-wide clean up campaign should have a three-fold purpose, namely: for esthetic reasons; from a nuisance standpoint; and for disease prevention. From the esthetic angle all unsightly rubbish of all kinds should be removed from premises. From the nuisance standpoint, all garbage should be kept in cans, which are emptied and cleaned regularly each day. Also chicken, dog and cow lots should be kept clean regularly. From the disease standpoint, all cow, chicken and dog lots should have the manure moved and spread on the land at once. During the fly season this should be done each week to prevent fly breeding. Stagnant pools should be filled or drained and gutters should be cleaned and barn and cow lots cleaned. Every barrel or vessel that holds water should be removed or emptied and placed in a condition to avoid refilling, to prevent the breeding of mosquitoes."

Mrs. F. H. Marley—"First, I would move some of the signs on the sidewalks in town."

Mrs. W. T. Crawford—"I would suggest that we try to arouse the public through the school children. I have even heard that some of the merchants sweep their trash out on the streets."

Guy Massie—"I think everybody should start at home and then there wouldn't be much to do in a community-wide campaign."

Robert Pearce—"I think it would be well to let the civic organizations to sponsor the movement and let the town officials help."

J. W. Killian—"I have no objections whatever as I like to see the good work go on. The first thing I would like to see done would be to teach the public not to throw papers about."

Friend—Did they take an X-ray photograph of your wife's jaw at the hospital?

Husband—They tried to, but they could only get a moving picture.

Teacher—Junior, give me a sentence using the word "diadem."

Junior—People who drive over busy railroad crossings without looking diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen.

With a bucket of water is the best way to go to blazes.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



Travelers from other sections of the country can't understand why it is that Western North Carolina still has so much of the things which other areas have already learned to do without.

One native of Haywood last week was surprised to find chewing gum on the counter, a number of stores—and was startled almost beyond words to find candy.

Another native of Haywood back from a congested defense area was amazed to find that it did not have to push home around and shove and shove in places to get service.

One man who spent considerable time in a war zone is back and enjoying his favorite food which have not been available where he has been.

Another tells with a smile the only one plane passed overhead his mother's one day last week. He is here for a rest after being in a section where a number of planes stay overhead almost 24 hours a day.

A returned Haywood son appreciated the fact that people he greeted each other on the street a sight almost unheard of where he has been. He concluded his remarks, by saying "And people here have time to visit their friends—what a fine thing!"

We talked to two Haywood men Saturday—one had just returned from New York, and the other from Florida. Their reports conditions were similar, and they lauded the many advantages this section far beyond anything publicity man for the Chamber Commerce could supply.

THE HUMAN SOUL ON FIRE

Recently we had lunch with man who is an outstanding success as a sales manager. He has taken an old organization that was in a rut, and within a year through the force of his dynamic personality, he has tripled its business. And he has done this in the face of war restrictions and priorities. The man has something!

Always interested in the hidden powers that motivate men, we asked his secret.

"One day," he replied, "I had an experience that has influenced my entire life. In the office of an executive in whom I was calling saw a framed motto which read: 'They told him it couldn't be done, but the poor fool didn't believe them and went ahead and did it!'"

Enthusiasm is a powerful force both in peace and war. We need more of it right now in our effort. The great Marshall Field who led us to victory in the world war once made this statement: "The human soul on fire is man's greatest weapon."

A HINT FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

A thermometer is unnecessary when giving baby a bath. If the baby turns red, the water is too hot; if the baby turns blue, the water is too cold; but if the baby turns white you will know that he needed a bath.

The major menace on the highways are drunken driving, untrolled thumbing and indiscriminate spooning. To put it in a hic, hike and hug.

Two men worked side-by-side at a War Production Board office in Washington. They never spoke but each watched the other. One man quit work daily at 4 o'clock. The other toiled on till 10 o'clock.

Some months passed. Then a harder working of the two men approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Do you mind telling me how clean up your work every day 4 o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail I mark it. 'Refer to Commander Smith.' I figure that, an outfit as large as this, there sure to be a Commander Smith. And I must be right; none those papers comes back to me."

The harder worker started to move his coat.

"Brother," he said, "you're in action. I'm Commander Smith."

GOOD NEWS

A young man was waiting while waiting in the line for his girl friend was entertained by her mother, who asked a pointed question:

"Young man, are you an honorable?"

To which the startled young man replied, "Good heaven! Have I a choice?"

MARRIAGES

Richard C. Dills, of Hazelton, to Janette Ammons, of Waynesville.
Preston C. Peyton to Gerald Robinson, both of Canton.