

The Mountaineer

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W. CURTIS RUSS, Editor Mrs. Hilda WAY GWYN, Associate Editor

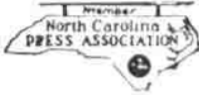
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THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1943 (One Day Nearer Victory)

An Urgent Call

We had a visitor at The Mountaineer office during the week, a patriotic woman, who is lending every effort toward war work.

"The paper has been generous with publicity in the past and we appreciate it, but isn't there something more you can give us? Can't you make the people realize how important this work is."

"We also know that with the fighting there will be wounded men. These men will need the very bandages made right here in our own Haywood County Red Cross Chapter rooms."

"I know this is a busy time of the year for the women, with spring cleaning and gardening, but our boys in service are not letting their jobs left back home interfere with their war efforts."

What's the Answer?

We noticed with interest the following in a state paper dated April the 29th: "All was harmony in Raleigh yesterday. Hoey and McDonald who were bitter opponents for Governor in 1936 and would not have been seen together for pay, were the center of the same laughing, admiring group in the lobby, composed of State officials, all of whom are expected to support Hoey, but who have not yet taken a public stand in the Senatorial race."

This is the time of year when the housewife, intent on early housecleaning, discovers that the paperhanger can come the first week in July—if he finishes his other jobs on time.

Rhubarb, it seems, is not nearly as popular this Spring as before sugar rationing. Somehow or other, maple syrup doesn't seem to add the right flavor.

Future Purchasing Power

The Department of Commerce offers an encouraging picture of the reservoir of purchasing power after the war ends.

The department claims that "potential markets for civilian goods are developing so widely as to almost guarantee a post-war period of unprecedented prosperity, with a national income as high, or higher than today and very little unemployment."

The department also points out that the realization of this peacetime prosperity "will rest entirely on the shoulders of business" and it urges business organizations, both large and small to begin now to make plans with that in view.

"The big demands for civilian goods after the war will be accompanied by an unprecedented purchasing power," the department said in a report on "Markets after the War."

The report also brought out the fact that once the war is over a great number of the people will cash their war bonds and will buy homes, cars, refrigerators and countless other things which they now have in mind to buy with their savings.

We hear evidences of such here in our own community. We constantly hear people saying, "when the war is over, we are going to build"; "when the war is over, we plan to make an addition"; "when the war is over, we want to do over the house"; "well, this old car will have to do, but just you wait until the war is over, and we will ride in something worth looking at then"; and the rush for the nylon stocking counters when that great day of peace arrives will no doubt be in mob effects for many moons, until production can swing into speed to meet demands.

Garbage Versus Calories

We are told that Federal authorities are getting headaches over food shortages of "many kinds and varying degrees." They are bothered about getting enough to share with hungry allies overseas. They are pointing out that if Americans would only cut their waste in half our food problems would be solved.

The following figures are rather staggering. Last year six per cent of our food is said to have gone for Lend-Lease; seven per cent to our armed forces; while 15 per cent went into garbage cans, or other wastebins.

These estimates have been vouched for by the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune in staking a "Clean Plate Club", an anti-waste movement, for the nation.

When the subject got warmed up, the civilians hearing fabulous tales of how the armed forces were fed took a shot at the army. An investigating committee made some inquiries of a quartermaster sergeant who gave him some shocking figures, of how some of the finest food have been thrown about in camps for the last two years.

It seems the boys were given the same amounts of food no matter what they liked or disliked and the record showed the following rejections: Kale was refused by 75 per cent; the garbage can got 56 per cent of the spinach; 55 per cent of bean stew and 35 per cent of coffee was left untasted by the boys. The average discard of vegetables was put at 38 per cent and the waste of meat at 18, with liver up to 24 per cent. Men were often absent from meals but their food was prepared.

Much of this waste is said to have been eliminated. The soldiers are being given more of what they will eat and less of what they refuse. The Quartermaster General, Major Gen. E. B. Gregory, has assured the government committee investigating the food waste that camps would be watched and close checks made in all mess halls.

For the civilian it will be left to their own conscience. Not only for patriotic reasons, but also for the pocketbooks, the civilian should be happy to lend cooperation in this matter of waste, and see that the garbage cans do not get too big a share of calories.

American Sailor—Battleships! Why, the flagship of our navy is so large that the captain goes around the deck in his automobile.

British Sailor—You ought to see our flagship! Have a look at the kitchen. It's so large the cook has to go through the Irish stew in a submarine to see if the potatoes are cooked!

By the way, in view of the coupon demand, how are mousetraps baited these days?

FIRST ROWS OF SUMMER



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

It is a difficult assignment to write of Mother's Day in 1943.

No matter what fame or distinction may come to a woman, to be a successful mother remains, despite her accomplishments in new fields of endeavor, the highest calling she can have.

Mother's Day in 1943 will be force of circumstances be tinged with a sadness not known since the day was set apart to honor mothers.

But since the editor is firm in his determination, we have pushed our feelings aside, and have borrowed the brave smile of the mothers of the boys in our armed forces and will write a bit about the glory of motherhood.

No matter what conditions happen to be, if the world were at peace, we cannot approach Mother's Day calmly and dispassionately, for it brings to mind the very roots and heart of our existence.

THE GERMANS, we read, have taken over the Italian navy. The Nazis, it appears, want to have the fun of scuttling it.

With all America becoming Victory garden conscious, the Man With the Hoe is almost everyone you know.

Hitler thought Russia was his oyster but it turned out to be a first class wolf trap.

More than 1,000 languages are spoken in the world. Looks like the most important man at the post-war peace table will be the interpreter.

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Republican Head Says New Deal On Way Out

Thomas J. Curran, New York Secretary of State, was re-elected president of the National Republican Club and said that the 1944 election would see the end of the new deal.

Tornado Rips Through Northeastern Ohio

A tornado swept through Ohio Tuesday night, doing untold damage, and killing at least two and injuring hundreds of others.

These inventories must then be reported to the Board during the period of May 3 to 14. Retailers will use form R-1601 for this report.

Rambling Around

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

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Voice OF THE People

Would you approve of a law making it mandatory for an officer to kill a dog on sight, found not wearing a new vaccination tag?

Grady Boyd—"I certainly would not, for a dog is the best friend a man has. They will stand by you when your best friend will leave you."

J. L. Stringfield—"I would approve of such a law. I have my own dogs vaccinated and I believe that others should do the same."

Mrs. Chas. Miller—"No, I would not approve of such a law, because the family may have neglected to put the tag on the dog."

J. W. Killian—"No, Mam."

Captain W. E. Swift—"No, I do not approve of such a law because the tags they put on the dogs when they vaccinate them do not stay on well. But I do approve of forcing the owners to have dogs vaccinated."

Mrs. M. G. Stamey—"I think the owner should be notified, yet I am heartily in favor of vaccinating dogs."

(A Dog Owner) Anonymous—"No, I would not approve because I understand that a dog is more susceptible after vaccination for rabies than before hand, but I would approve shooting all stray female dogs on sight."

E. J. Hyatt—"Yes, I would approve of such a law."

W. J. Campbell—"Yes, I would, for I think a law like that would be fine."

Dr. E. B. Fenske—"No, I would not approve of such a law. I think the officer should try to find and locate the owner of the dog and see that the animal was vaccinated."

Russians Bomb German Trains, Demolish Four

At least four German trains, one loaded with trucks, were destroyed yesterday by Russian bombers.

FIRST "REVOLUTION"

Fifty years before the American Revolution, a successful "unsurpation" of kingship was maintained against the English crown: "King" Roger Moore, was virtual ruler of his vast tracts in Brunswick county, where he had his seat of power at Orton House, and near where the vanished city of Brunswick once stood.

The public never knows what it wants until it has got it.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT Central Press Writer

THE GERMANS, we read, have taken over the Italian navy. The Nazis, it appears, want to have the fun of scuttling it.

"Rommel Retreats Through Inferno"—headline. Just another guy who found out Sherman was right.

Junior feels the war has let him down. He has just read an item to the effect that there will be no rationing of soap.

A physical culturist says that two hours spent in a Victory garden equals in healthful exercise a round of golf. And there are no caddy fees, either.

With all America becoming Victory garden conscious, the Man With the Hoe is almost everyone you know.

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THE OLD HOME TOWN



Thursday morning we were repairing the flag on the court house lawn. They get some materials, and the flag down on the ground. A passing on the street saw the flag on the ground, picked it up, rolled it into a neat package, it with a rope to the pole, looked around for the person who had put the flag on the ground, seeing no one, passed it to me, making sure again that the flag was securely tied to the pole.

Students of the school in Charlotte, N. C., school board recently decided that the board should prevent "sneak smoking" in both boys and girls. The student said in his private smoking room, " Gee, what would you do?"

Senator Robert R. Reynolds is changing the name of the National Resources Planning Board to the National Resources Planning Commission. The board is designated as a permanent body, and will use its extensive powers in coming senatorial campaign to face Former Governor Hugh Hoyer in the 1944 election. The second election is a type to excite the average voter.

Some small boys enjoying a depot platform in South Carolina caused a \$10,000 fire loss. Last Wednesday night, a group of teen-age boys were making a manner of noise on the depot lawn well after midnight. I might not have been up to mischief, but certainly had not iness out that time of night, a golden opportunity by not giving such boys under their supervision and directing their own life.

Someone who claims to know likes and dislikes of the service, passed along this information and advice to the back home as to what to do for men on furlough: Does your soldier, coming on furlough, have any ideas about how things ought to be at home?

You bet he does! And the not what you'd expect, either. Girls: As always, some 'em tall and some like 'em some like 'em blonde and some 'em dark; but one thing they agree on: a girl should be fine. No mannish, tailored, no slacks, please; and especially no semi-military clothes and furbelows—that's the please the man on furlough. Movies: Nothing grim. He likes musicals, and serious venture stories with good action, and plenty of comic relief. Food: This one will be veterans of the first World War with memories of their breakfast, beans-for-lunch, beans-for-dinner-too—but the furloughing soldier doesn't train with visions of steaks, or salads. He wants those right in camp. He'll be py with any kind of good BUT—he wants it served on plate plates.

Here's why: Little thing is heaped into one. His mess tray has compartments to be sure, but they aren't sufficient of a barrow to hold salad out of his mashed potatoes and his steak away from the cream. So your best plates!

Little Elsie complains: Mother, dear, I don't feel very Motherly (sympathetic). That's too bad, dear. What you feel worst? Little Elsie—In school.

"Wouldn't it be great if I flocked as readily to the book booths as they do to the book distributing centers?"

Man—What do you think of the next men's style after the others without end? Friend—Well, if I could come tax bill probably in my trousers without pockets.

Captain—So you're finding sand in your soup? Private—Yes, sir. Captain—Did you want to serve your country or to plain? Private—To serve my country, sir—not to eat it.

A writer asserts that life at fifty—probably alone with coming of lumbago, fallen stiffening limbs and falling glory.

Hitler is a discredit to the hangers.