

The Mountaineer

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W. CURTIS RUSS Editor
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THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1943
 (One Day Nearer Victory)

U. S. Employment Service

The United States Employment Service is celebrating its tenth birthday this month. On June 6, 1933, the Wagner-Peyser Act, providing for a Federal-State system of public employment services was passed by Congress.

A review of the tasks assigned and accomplished by the service during the past ten years justifies the faith and hopes of those who worked for the basic law of the organization.

The creation of the organization came at a critical time when thousands were clamoring for jobs. The work has grown during the past ten years and today it is playing a major role in the placement of workers on defense jobs.

The U. S. Employment Service here, which was established in 1933, has placed hundreds of persons in jobs where they have been needed. They are doing a splendid job and rendering a great service.

Because of the activities of the employment service in manpower utilization, the President has transferred the U. S. E. S. to the War Manpower Commission and has given the chairman authority, if necessary, to direct the hiring of all workers through the U. S. E. S. Placements reached as high as ten million in the country for the year 1942.

The future work of the Employment Service following the war when the tremendous shift in jobs will again take place is already being planned. The return of the soldier to civilian life is going to offer many headaches not only to those seeking jobs, but to the agencies who will be aiding them.

At present the task of the employment service is to furnish manpower to win the war, and when victory comes it will have another assignment in helping the nation to swing back into a peacetime schedule.

The Timber Line

We were greatly interested in a recent article in Collier's Magazine by Marjorie K. Rawlings, well known Florida writer. In a section like ours with dwindling forests it gave food for deep consideration.

The author pointed out that experts have estimated that another war twenty-five years from now will see the United States without wood for war.

While we hope that twenty-five years from now will see this country at peace with all nations of the earth, viewing the future by the past we have no guarantee.

The author painted a picture of the great waste of our forests in the Southeast. We know from our own experience here in Haywood County that while many companies have respect for the future and have programs of conservation of forests, other lumbermen have denuded areas in almost wholesale slaughter with no regard for the future.

On the other hand the article called to mind the conservation of one of our own big industries of forest lands and plans for the future that will include reforesting that will go on for an indefinite period.

The preservation of the forests, however, do not rest entirely with the companies that cut lumber, but also with the individual. Just as much damage can be done by a careless person in the woods with a match thrown aside as the lumberman who is cutting timber.

A Global Peace

The last issue of the Christian Herald carries a forceful editorial on the necessity for a world-wide peace, excerpts of which follow:

"Our sons have not fought and died in a global war to win less than a global peace. If this be 'Globaloney', then God help us to make the most of it.

"It is late, very late, but it is not too late. After Versailles we left the house of unity and went to the far country of isolation. We wasted the substance of freedom in selfish living and ate then the husks of disillusionment. Now we return but on the bleeding feet of our children. Surely if we repeat our folly, if having helped win another war, we withdraw from yet another peace, neither God nor posterity will forgive us.

"They were false guides who told us that this was not our war, who delayed our defenses, whose counsels gave comfort to our enemies while they warned us against our friends. Now they return. They have broken a worth silence and again they are false guides.

"This war is not yet won and it could be lost. 'United we stand — divided we fall' is as timely now as it was when first the fateful words were spoken. Any word that divides us, or makes for division among the United Nations is a word spoken for defeat, a word spoken for the Axis, a word spoken against America.

"Those who would call us back to isolation after this war, those who oppose planning the peace while we are fighting this war are prophets of fear and captains of failure. They would have to renounce the goal for which we have fought and surrender the fruits of victory for which our sons have died. Surely they know not what they do, for they are very saboteurs of peace."

State To Encourage Sheep Raising

We notice with interest that the state department of agriculture is beginning a program of sheep rehabilitation in North Carolina. The fact that within the past 60 years sheep production in this state has been reduced from 560,000 head to less than 60,000 prompted the agriculture department to initiate the program.

W. Kerr Scott, Commissioner of Agriculture, recently remarked that his goal is to bring 5,000 ewes in the state this year. Mr. Scott points out that despite the fact that he is a dairyman he feels that "a few sheep properly handled will bring a larger profit than that from any other farm animal."

Last year the agriculture department set up a revolving fund to defray the importation of ewes into the state from ranches in Montana and Wyoming. These sheep were resold to interested farmers at cost.

The state department heads believe that dogs, stomach worms and stock laws have been to blame for the decline of sheep raising in the state. We know in Haywood County what havoc dogs can play with sheep, and regret that the situation has not been remedied with the years of improvement in all other lines of agriculture production.

We trust that the new program will be inaugurated in Haywood County and that once again it will be safe to raise sheep on our farms.

A Newspaper Education

Will Rogers' celebrated saying "All I know is what I read in the papers," was not a confession of ignorance, but rather an indication of wisdom. The American press is the greatest single educational influence in America. It works with the public system to make the American nation an intelligent, free thinking people. Without a free press the school system could not remain free. The press clears the ground for every new enterprise, every advancement. It sways public opinion as nothing else can do. But its value is that it has remained free. Attempts to buy the press have met with failure. The American newspaper is founded on the doctrine of printing the truth, of giving a true picture of what is happening in the world. Anyone who reads the newspapers has a practical education for they touch every known subject.—Exchange.

Costly Rain Making

Everything costs more nowadays. You have to have your car washed to make it rain now, whereas in the old days you could bring up a shower merely by getting a shine. —Kansas City Star.

SPEAKING OF RUG CHEWING!



HERE and THERE

By
HILDA WAY GWYN

We hoped after the annual Spring clean up that we could bury the subject for the summer season at least . . . the week before the launching by the city fathers of the days dedicated to the destruction and eradication of trash and unsightly rubbish in the community, we asked the authorities to take a walk up Main Street with us . . . we paid our respects to the conditions at the entrance to the new road leading into Green Hill cemetery . . . On Sunday afternoon as we returned from the Memorial Day service, we were almost shocked to see that nothing had been done to diminish the debris . . . Please attention, drivers of the city trucks who collect rubbish, the next time you are out drive by and load up . . . Please.

Recently we met one of the town's most charming young amateurs . . . she is not a native . . . but has adopted and been adopted by local folks . . . we never fail to enjoy contact with her . . . and we like our paths to cross . . . we were speaking of how long it had been since we had seen each other . . . but that it was not always "a case of out of sight out of mind" . . . she spoke of a recent article she had read . . . of how it was not necessary to "keep" real friends . . . that the ideal way was to "recognize friends" . . . we have thought of the idea since . . . it is so true . . . we meet certain people . . . and sometimes feel their insincerity regardless of a show of cordiality . . . and then we meet others . . . and there comes a spontaneous response that makes us know they are real friends . . . in other words, "we recognize them".

Vogue Magazine has always been an interesting periodical . . . but certainly not on the Main Street type . . . but of late we note it is coming down to earth . . . for instance, a recent number carried an article entitled "Back Home and Liking It" . . . it might have been written about people in a town like our own . . . it sets forth how "Heart and home take on a new polish under the friction of war" . . . and how women are getting back to doing work they once thought they could not do . . . and are even learning to like it . . . home making in this year 1943 is becoming a real art . . . and the young married woman of 1943 is "falling over her grandmother getting back to the kitchen."

And we have noticed that the men are also taking on new home duties . . . we had occasion to do quite a bit of calling in a routine of interviewing during the week . . . we took down the phone and called the first man whom we rather expected to find at leisure . . . his wife finally got him to the phone . . . he was simply breathless . . . we tried to ignore the fact . . . but we knew full well . . . he had been called from the garden where he was doing his bit for victory . . . then before we finished up we called others . . . the last was a busy doctor and was he out of breath . . . we ventured . . . the remark "You must have been gardening" . . . and his reply . . . "Gardening, why I have been on my knees working in the yard for the past two hours" . . . there is something almost exhilarating about the discovery of how much more we can take on when the challenge comes in our lives . . . and who has not had one or many during the past year?

It's a funny thing about memories . . . how they come back with stirring impulses . . . and things we have been associated with in earlier years . . . we find ourselves yearning for them once again . . . Recently Lt. Col. Edwin Ferguson, Waynesville born,

son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson, wrote to his cousin, Nell Lee (Mrs. R. L.) and asked her to send him a Balsam pillow from the mountains . . . Col. Ferguson is in the tropics in the Pacific . . . and expects to be stationed there for sometime . . . it is easy to understand the nostalgia that overcame the Colonel . . . when he made the request . . . Don't you know he longed for a breath of spicy mountain air . . . to fill his lungs once more with the glorious freshness of the woods back home . . . For Col. Ferguson has traveled far and wide since he left here as a young boy, under the age for service and volunteered in the navy and served during the First World War . . . after his discharge he returned and entered V. M. I. . . following graduation he joined the U. S. Marines . . . and his duties have taken him all over the world since that time . . . yet he remembers the fragrance of the balsams that grow on the mountain-sides back home . . . Nell sent him the pillow . . . the size to go in the regulation package to be sent overseas . . . we hope it reaches him in good condition . . . and that he finds comfort in the aromatic qualities of the crushed balsam needles.

Incidentally, Col. Ferguson was stationed in Iceland at the same time Betsy Lane Quinlan, Red Cross recreational worker, was there . . . and now both are elsewhere . . . serving at other points far distant . . . Col. Ferguson's brother, Lt. Commander James Ferguson, is stationed in Washington, D. C., and his sister, Isabelle, who is with the Wage and Hour Board, is also in the capital.

Tired business men might try sleep.

MAJ. GEN. JIMMY DOOLITTLE, in a 21-passenger plane carrying 71 other persons, stood throughout its flight from China to India. This item, posted in street cars, might stop some of that gripping by strap hangers

Incidentally, the major general should be quite an authority now on the share-the-ride movement.

"Race Track Crowds Break Records"—headline. The folks, it seems, want a run for their money.

The Office of Defense Transportation wants vacations staggered.

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
 Central Press Writer

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gered Vacations—not vacationers. Vacationers, we've noticed, often do their own staggering

Baseball fans can't understand Rommel. He pulls off lots of runs without making a hit—even with Hitler.

Golf, says a physician, is a good safety valve. Now the player who blows up has less excuse than ever.

The post-war home, we are told, will have fewer doors. Goody, this should cut down the number of wolves parked at same.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



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 the towns of Hazelwood and Waynesville will ever consolidate into one municipality?

Ensign Paul Davis—"That remains for the politicians to settle."

Miss Mary Medford—"I think there is a strong possibility and I believe it would be a wise move. The combination of the two communities would give a town all to be desired."

Mrs. Edith Alley—"No, I do not think so, as they are two distinct communities."

Mrs. R. R. Campbell—"I don't think it will ever happen, but then anything can, so it might come to pass."

B. A. Beadley—"I think they should, but I don't know whether or not they ever will."

D. K. Stuart Robinson—"Yes, I do, and I approve of it and would like to hasten the day of the consolidation, but not known as either Hazelwood or Waynesville."

W. T. Shelton—"Without a doubt, but the sooner it is done the better for both towns."

C. L. Fisher—"No, I don't think they ever will, but I do think it would help both towns in many ways if they did."

E. C. Wegscheid—"From what I hear from the citizens of Hazelwood, I doubt if it ever happens."

John F. Blalock—"That's a hard question to answer, but I look for it to eventually happen, for I think that the two towns will just grow together."

Wife (reading from newspaper)—I see in the paper that in some out-of-the-way corners of the world where American troops are stationed, the natives still use fish for money.

Husband—What a sloppy job they must have getting chewing gum from a slot machine.

Girl—Here is your ring—I'm afraid we are not suited for each other.

Soldier—Tell me the truth, you love someone else?

Girl—Well, yes . . .

Soldier—Tell me his name, please?

Girl—No, because you want to harm him.

Soldier—Oh, no; I want to sell him this ring.

Now that the pastime is past-time might as well keep do a little ourselves the war, the peace or the afternoon project.

Perhaps its future, but some land and the nation will become the nation of this country.

Lying lazily on the clear and open spot lends itself to anything. It is a good rest and quiet world by the shade trees.

The island would place for a complete door religious racket type, or type, but those along dignified lines.

When the time that the community center, I go on a screened off creek be turned into who can waste their heart's content, with the eyes of the count humors, count legs. Those who un-ighly under the public places and a display.

It is mighty spot carefully flowers growing edge, against that would keep the whole thing picture, and in a it stands out every thing to day. More than day "select someone, or dolo or moral obligation.

Jumping from maybe it will when it grows up it has a dark future. A pretty little colt, and old, its mother won't feel that all food selected, even to her baby. McCracken, the man resort to the present ment to make the colt. This is not horse world. Very take an indifferent wards their babies almost as bad as treat their children. are supposed to have and know better, who cents are just dress-up hats.

Take for instance, one of the three small of Charleston recently to the bed, and from early afternoon night, while they recreation. Police a mess of filth, d beer bottles.

The rabbit population wood is thriving of dens. Almost every lives near a small is finding that they really eat up a lot of ever lost 43 rabbits in days. Another best stand of pine reports, every their temper over

When Rip Van and wandered back town, he was not nor remembered. His wife gone, his his native village America independent slept clear through the man, because Washington Irving him up.

Any firm that hibernation from ing World War II member the pligh and self. For after the Washington Irving find one—might bring back into popular trading

It always pays

Robert—Can't today, mother?

Mother—What you want to change Bobby?

Robert—Because will whip me when as sure as my name

Australians sent eggs to U. S. East last year, pounds of meat, quarts of milk, pounds of potatoes without potatoes for months.

The United Nations men in a boat, one having a oars, one a cask of water, one a fish-hook, and one some orange says Roy F. Hendrickson, would be so foolish under such conditions as not to share what have?