

The Mountaineer

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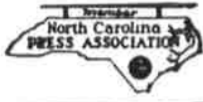
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1943 (One Day Nearer Victory)

Priorities For Cupid

We have noticed for sometime that Cupid seemed to get by with anything these days, but not until we read the following editorial in the Christian Science Monitor did we realize the extent of his priorities:

"He's not building planes; he's not making ships, but he's one of the busiest war workers in the U. S. A.

"He's Mr. D. Cupid, expert with the bow and arrow—and he doesn't use a Norden bombsight either. Last year Mr. C., flying solo, scored an all-time high of 1,800,000 direct hits. Emphasizing the patriotic character of his work these days, he explains that two-thirds of those happy 'I dos' came from the lips of service men and their brides.

"Yes, indeed, the little man has had a busy time. But he is not without his helpers.

"Even that august assembly, the British House of Commons, has lent its aid to the that Royal Air Force men had been ordered not to stroll hand-in-hand with their wives, sweethearts, or female friends, the House promptly protested that such ruling 'in no way assisted the war effort' and greeted with cheers the announcement that it had been withdrawn.

"Congress in Washington is also in a mel-low mood, it seems, and has approved plans for the construction of 'dating booths' at residence halls for women workers of the capital so that they may entertain their friends.

"Emily Post, ever partial to the senti-mental marksman, has conferred her official blessing in the form of a special standard of etiquette appropriate for the furlough wedding.

"But such co-operation is nothing new to Cupid. The little fellow has always had priorities."

What Might Happen

We are indebted to Judge Frank Smathers for calling our attention to a remark that Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, Democrat leader, made in a report to Congress on the fate of the small business in America.

Senator Pepper pointed out a double moral for America in the fate of small business in Germany. In a rural area like ours, the continuance of the small business in peace to follow this war is of vital importance.

"First," said the Senator, "Fascism in any of its forms is a deadly enemy of small business. Second, we must, all of us, Liberals and Conservatives, labor and management, Democrats and Republicans, devote increased attention toward bringing small business more fully into all phases of the war effort and plan for a strengthened small business structure after the war."

In the foregoing we feel that the Senator from Florida touched one of the key notes confronting the problems that peace will bring to this country.

We look forward to the day when Herr Hitler is ready to settle his demand for square miles for a few square meals.

Gas rationing has shown us that it's more fun walking to reduce than being reduced to walking.

The foreign policy of the United States should rest firmly upon the protection of the rights of Americans and the maintenance of the peace of the world.

We Hardly Miss Them

We notice that the number of private and commercial motor vehicles in North Carolina declined 5 per cent from 1941 to 1942, with a slightly smaller reduction in the nation. Now on the highways we notice on the rare occasions when we take to riding on one, that there is a decided reduction of travel, but it seems to us that Main street here looks about as common in the old pre-war days.

In the 42 years which the motor vehicles have been registered the only decreases in others years noted were in 1938, and in each of the three years of 1931-33 period. We do not quite understand why it was true of the 1938 era, but we well understand and remember why it should have been so during those three critical years.

The decline for 1942 is easily accounted for, as both the reduction of production of motors for civilian use and the rationing of gas have obviously changed the figures.

Why Not?

Public opinion is changing their ideas on the proper age for voting, according to a recent Gallop survey. The public seems to be leaning toward the proposal to lower the voting age to 18 years of age.

We certainly join the majority in approval of allowing the 18-year-olds to cast their vote. If they can be drafted into our armed forces and are considered men enough to fight for their country, they should be considered old enough to vote in an election.

When we note the number of boys who volunteering even before they reach 18, we realize that the youth of today are not soft, as we were inclined to think a short time ago.

The Air Corps is seeking the youth of the land. The pilots, who are trained to do a man's sized job, must make no mistakes. In other branches of the service it is claimed that the younger they are the better fighters they make. They are credited with more endurance. They have what it takes to win this war.

The government credits the 18-year-olds with a kind of courage necessary to make a good fighter. If we ask this service of him, we should be glad to give him every privilege of citizenship this country can afford.

We Commend Their Spirit

Last week we carried excerpts from letters from former Haywood citizens now residing in other states, in which they enclosed checks and asked that they be invested in war bonds and mailed back to them.

"I want Haywood to get credit for my purchase. I read the plea of the editor of The Mountaineer, so I am doing my part to help Haywood reach her quota."

A second letter also enclosing a generous check stated: "I'm still a loyal citizen of Haywood, although many miles away."

Another letter continued . . . "I read the suggestion in The Mountaineer for former residents to send their money back to Haywood for war bonds in order that the county we love gets credit."

We commend the spirit that prompted these former Haywood folks to buy bonds back home. It shows a type of loyalty, desiring their own native county to come through in this great crisis with quotas filled and colors flying that deserves applause. We take this time to thank them on behalf of the folks back home, with the wish that someday they return to live again in our midst.

A Good Example

State College extension service reports that 46 Negro churches in Pitt County have designated the first and second Sundays of August as "Harvesting Sundays". On these occasions the pastors of the churches plan to make special appeals to the members to help in harvesting of 1943 crops.

The preachers will tell their congregations how important it is that the home front carry on so that the battle fronts may be kept going to "preserve the freedom of worship."

This is a fine example that well might be followed by the rural churches throughout the state, for the harvesting of crops in the year 1943 forms a major part of the home attack on the enemy.

After carrying a full pack on a 20-mile hike, Private Jones writes home that he now understands what they meant when they said, "The Army will put weight on a man."

POLAR BEAR'S BIG BROTHER!



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

It is funny how things impress one . . . even though often we are utterly unconscious of the fact . . . For instance, take driving through towns . . . en route to places . . . you inevitably get some kind of an impression of a town . . . either good, bad or indifferent . . . as you rush through . . . you notice how the people feel about their homes . . . they may look just like buildings or they may be homes tenderly loved and cared for . . . and so on . . . Every time we have ever driven through Sylva . . . as we have arrived and left the town, we have experienced a definite sensation of pleasure and approval . . . except for a rare visit with Gertrude McKee at intervals of more years than either of us would like to admit, we have had no actual acquaintance with the town until last Thursday . . . when the editor of The Mountaineer sent us over for a bit of routine reporting . . . In fact we spent all of six hours in Sylva . . . and it was nice to have our casual impressions confirmed . . . It is just as it looks to the passerby, a swell place to live . . . from every angle . . . at least that is what we found out in six hours . . . and it was not the optimistic viewpoint of the Chamber of Commerce which sold us the town, though we did call at the Chamber of Commerce office, the secretary was out . . . it was the people of Sylva themselves . . . who sold us the town in such a big way.

Maybe we had better explain a bit more fully . . . why we were wandering around the streets getting acquainted with people . . . the owners of The Waynesville Mountaineer, with whom we are associated . . . like to run small town papers in the mountains . . . so they have bought one in Sylva . . . formerly known as the Ruralite . . . to be known hence forth as The Sylva Herald . . . like everything else it takes time to get an organization perfected to edit and run a newspaper . . . so while things are getting in line . . . the editor had us to run out on the Waynesville Mountaineer and do our bit for the Sylva paper . . . Having always had our journalistic efforts put forth on the home front among life long friends . . . we had to gather up our courage to land right in among perfect strangers and get answers to a feature . . . "The Voice of the People" . . . but it did not take us long to part from our strange feeling . . . the people were so gracious . . . that we soon felt very much at home . . . and ere time for us to leave we were wondering if the editor couldn't use us, say a day each week on The Sylva Herald.

During those six hours in Sylva we learned a lot of things about the town and the people . . . In the first place, it was a busy time of the day . . . and who isn't rushed like mad now . . . with no time out for strange women . . . But upon introducing ourselves . . . it was heart warming just to find that people could still take time to be friendly and gracious . . . as in pre-war days . . . For Sylva is a mecca for shopping . . . and folks were busy everywhere . . . About the shopping we were amazed to find what good shops the town has . . .

Sylva has all the things that make a town a good place in which to live . . . bus and train accommodations to the outside world . . . a progressive bank with courteous officials . . . churches . . . all modern conveniences . . . splendidly equipped hospital . . . good schools . . . a public library, with an astounding number of books to lend, and a librarian who knows

her job . . . and a bookmobile that made us green with envy for Haywood . . . a Chamber of Commerce . . . as the county seat, a fine court house . . . a well balanced means of making a living . . . between industry and the fertile looking farms of Jackson county that surround the town . . . and the homes . . . they all have that well kept look . . . painted, shrubs and flowers . . . and neatly trimmed lawns and hedges.

One thing had a special appeal to us . . . that has nothing to do with business . . . it was the number of trees we noticed about the town . . . and especially on the main thoroughfare . . . we have always had a pet aversion to small towns that tried to look "cityfied" . . . you have seen 'em and you know just what we mean . . . they always make us think of a small girl dressed up in her mother's clothes trying to play grown-up, and who suffers from the illusion of thinking maybe she is fooling somebody . . . when her adult apparel only makes her look more juvenile . . . Now Sylva has no such airs . . . it does not try to pretend to be something it is not . . . it is just a wholesome small town . . . folksy . . . and growing and expanding naturally and soundly.

As we pulled out for Waynesville . . . we had the feeling of leaving old friends . . . and the title of the current popular song . . . "You Would Be So Nice To Come Home To" . . . came to our mind . . . and we are hoping that the editor gives us a return assignment . . . so we can write some more about Sylva.

Letters To The Editor

THIS IS WAR Editor The Mountaineer. I did not realize how important it is to contribute all we can—not how fortunate we are to have what comforts still remain—until I read this editorial reprinted from The Louisville Courier-Journal:

"A Boy Died Last Night" "A boy died last night. It doesn't make much difference now about his name. The important thing is that he died, in poignant and awful loneliness, out somewhere on a waste of sand, out in a starless silence, ten thousand miles from home.

"Missing in action," read an obscure line in this morning's communique. That was all. Now he

THE OLD HOME TOWN



THE EARLY MORNING SHIFT - FAMILY GREETINGS

Inside WASHINGTON

Wheeler to Seek Ban Against R. Ship - Plane Monopolies International Be New V. By CHARLES P. STEWART Central Press Columnist

WASHINGTON—Railroad and steamship companies already antipathetic jealous of aviation's post-war prospects. Congress already has a watchful eye upon surface transportation suspected plan to scoop in the air, too, as soon as it ceases to be monopolized by military requirements.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler (D.) of Montana discussed the matter in the upper congressional chamber the other day, serving notice that he will introduce legislation presently prohibiting rail water-borne services from mixing their respective stock-owners with overhead flight's. The Montana solon also aims at keeping air and truck activities in a separate classification of those of other terrestrial movement facilities, ashore or afloat.

The theory seems to be that an earthly-aerial combination would be a dangerous kind of trust. Senator Wheeler proposes to head it off. The Montanan to deny its managements the right to acquire highway and waterlevel stocks, as well as to protect them from competition up into the skies. However, doubtless they will meet, as they develop heavenly greed.

Then it will become a triangular scrap—rail, steamship and plane, as well as buses and trucks, if they are to be included. Senator Bennett Champ Clark (D.) of Missouri warmly indorses Senator Wheeler's proposition. He did not mention lowly buses trucks, but he did say that land, sea and air are three distinct elements, which ought to be kept apart, having no business with another.

FROM A NEW WORLD standpoint, the Wheeler-Clark view has special significance. We North Americans are pretty well provided with railroads and buses at home. Latin-Americans are, unhappily, far less fortunate.

Which suggests the thought that if a New World union is established it ought to be based on aviation.

Here in the United States, we developed railroads when they were vitally essential. I myself almost can remember covered-wagon days. As we settled our land, though (mighty rapidly, not generally), we soon recognized the necessity for faster transportation and travel. That set our railroads a-going. In their day they kept what we considered our demands in that era.

Only lately aviation began to break into the situation. It has had to keep up with requirements. Still, the rails serve to purpose superficially.

However, while all this was going on, our southern neighbors were not getting anywhere. For productive purposes they had as good possibilities as ours but they could not move their products. They were all right about their seaports, at which our oceanic shipping could reach them, but they could not get their supplies from inland, down to water level. It just kept them back to the primitive stage throughout their whole continent.

Now, we need their raw materials and we need it processed, but we cannot get it, because they cannot deliver it at water's edge—no inland activity to forward it. And it will take a generation to get it going along terra firma. Railroads are slow building.

It is like getting back to the covered-wagon period. But trans-American aviation can expedite it. We Yankees want those supplies and the Latins want our markets to assimilate them.

Answer? Aviation—and in a hurry! The war has us tied up momentarily, but a bit later the sky will be truly the limit!

lies there, crumpled beside the twisted wreckage that yesterday was his plane, riding high in the sunlit heavens. The fine head and the shining face and the broad shoulders remain only in a picture that looks out upon a quiet living-room on a shaded street an eternity away.

"Last night, in those agonizing hours of unspeakable isolation, he went through a thousand deaths without the one thing that might have helped a little—the sound of a familiar voice, the pat of a friendly hand. Last night he died in utter desolation, in an unimaginable loneliness.

"The pain was terrible enough. But then there had to be that dreadful burden of thought in those endless last hours. Mom and Pop. The flowers blooming again in the back yard. The good old roadster in the driveway. The last sweetheart kiss at the station. Those dances last summer. That half-finished letter in his house. All those plans for the future. Couldn't somebody find him please?"

"Too much for you, all this? But it really happened last night, just like that. If people could only understand it, if they would just grind deep into their thinking that stark, terrible reality of it, every petty, selfish interest would be swept away. They would sacrifice anything and everything just to make themselves worthy of that boy.

"If people who have basked and prospered and walked secure in a land that has felt no more than the shock of a Fourth of July fire-

Voice OF THE People

What is the first thing you notice about a stranger when you introduced to them?

Mrs. Ruth Craig—"I always notice their hair."

J. M. Long—"I am impressed with their personality and all their eyes. How they look you."

Mrs. Frank Ferguson—"I notice their personality, but I don't just how to express it. If I had hands with them I want an exhibition of firmness and I want them to look me straight in the eyes."

Noble Ferguson—"How I talk, because you can nearly hear where they are from by the way they talk."

Judge F. E. Alley—"I like the impressions when I first meet people. I try not to form an impression because so often appearances are deceiving."

L. W. Henry—"On the way to talk."

Mrs. Fuller Robinson—"The thing I notice are their eyes and teeth."

Commander Henry Lee—"I first notice whether or not they are well educated."

H. G. Stone—"Their personality which means that they have charm."

Zeb Curtis—"I am so busy meet so many strangers, I simply do not have time to talk in."

cracker since 1943 would stand about this boy, they rise up and demand their government take anything, exactly what they needed, and order every commonplace comfort easy security, just to average boy.

"He died last night, you see. There's no way to get around it. All of us, I think, can take moving message to heart, when we can't drive the car."

(Continued on page 3)