

## County Medical Group Honors Late Dr. W. C. Johnson

The following resolution was passed by the Haywood County Medical Society in respect to the late Dr. Wiley Carroll Johnson, on June 19, 1943.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and to the multitude of patients that mourn the loss of this great doctor.

That a page in our record be dedicated to his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be memorialized by incorporation into the minutes of the society, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy to the Haywood County news-  
paper.

Dr. Johnson was born in Canton, N. C., on June 16, 1887, the son of William and Emma Snathers Johnson. He attended the public schools of Canton, the University of North Carolina, and the Medical Department of Tulane University in New Orleans, where he graduated in 1912. After he received his degree, he returned to Canton and began the practice of general medicine until the time of his death. After he received his license, he joined the Haywood County Medical Society, the Medical Society of North Carolina, and the American Medical Association. For sixteen years he has been one of the physicians of the Chamber and Fibre Company. A year ago he erected an office building in Canton, which is said to be the most complete medical doctor's office in North Carolina. Through his energy and devotion to his work, and his loyalty to his patients, Dr. Johnson set up one of the largest practices in the state. By no means were his activities limited to the practice of his profession. He was active in every movement that tended to the welfare and betterment of his community. He was a

## Atlanta Journal Carries Column About Waynesville's Attractions

The following column appeared in a recent copy of the Atlanta Journal:  
**O. O.'s by O. B. KEELER**  
At Waynesville

Before trudging out to what we used to call the Tech Flats to inspect the blood-sweating behemoths of Holy Writ now forecast for positions in the 1943 Tech football line, I want to write a few lines about Waynesville, N. C., and the Waynesville Country Club, where Mom and I spent a few days of the recent brief vacation. Waynesville, incidentally has produced several football stars of right around All-America caliber—you probably recall Jack Phillips of Tech and Freddie Crawford of Duke, in considerable circulation not so long ago.

And I seem to have missed Waynesville when on tour six years ago with Albert Hill, quarterback of that famous Tech team of 1917, with whom I motored all over the state, visiting 65 golf courses in six days, and acquiring a lot of interesting information for a little book I was writing, on "Golf in North Carolina."

We found a lot of interesting circumstances and scenic effects, at Waynesville.

**Tall Golf Course**  
The Waynesville Country Club, now, with a course laid out by Donald Ross in a bowl in the mountains reminiscent of the famous Ekwanok Golf Club at Manchester, Vt.—the Waynesville replica is close to 3,000 feet above sea level, and you may imagine the scenic effect, when you recall that the towering rim of blue mountains on the Tennessee side is building up toward Clingman's Dome.

Not only golf in Waynesville, at that. Jonathan Woody, president of the First National Bank, and years ago living in Atlanta—he's

member of the Canton School board, an active member of the Methodist church, also a leader in the civic affairs of the community and county, having served for several consecutive terms as president of the Civitan Club. He was a Mason and a member of the Knights of Pythias. He was a devoted husband and father, and gave without stint to the comfort and happiness of his family. He never turned a deaf ear to the poor and needy, but administered freely to the indigent as well as to those who were able to pay. His widow, the former Miss Ora Chalmers Matthews, four daughters and one son survive him.

been taking The Journal for a couple of decades—goes in for football as well as golf and the banking business, and his beautiful home—Mrs. Woody is the former Miss Foote, of Atlanta—is on a sort of pinnacle overlooking the golf course, so that Mr. Woody when not playing can beam down cheerfully upon his fellow sufferers.

And there was a barn dance Saturday night; the Saturday night we were there, with at least 500 attending, in the Armory, with the Soco Kids putting on a great show between dances, not to mention Mrs. Carl Fields, of Atlanta, who was one of the most popular belles of the ball, which was designed in the mode of the famous old square dances.

**Informal Lads**  
The golf course is a well-designed affair of 6,210 yards with a card of 36-36-72; and the mountain caddies—now, there you have a survival of the fine old American pioneer spirit!

"They'll be calling you 'O. B.' before you've played three holes," one of the guests told me, with this little story to illustrate the mountain attitude.

It seems two men and their wives were playing, and one of the wives was named May, and her name naturally had been mentioned two or three times. And when a couple of drives went sort of haywire off the third tee, there was some debate as to where they had finally landed.

"Here's your ball," shouted one of the caddies, addressing one of the husbands. "And May's ball is right over there, in the rough."

Mountain informality, you might say.

**'Bubber' Alford**  
Among those playing golf at Waynesville were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Alford—you remember "Bubber" Alford, manager at Radium Springs when the Georgia Women's Golf Association played its first championship there; and later at the famous Charlotte Harbor Hotel at Punta Gorda, and at Useppa. He's now a Boca Grande in the winter season and he and Mrs. Alford and their charming daughter, Mary, were taking a North Carolina vacation at "Blink Bonny" in one of the cottages, perched by Hugh Sloan, the owner and proprietor, right over the golf course, 3,000 feet above sea level. We had dinner with the Alfords, and it was something to write home about.

Ed Flynn, of Mobile, and Mrs. Flynn—I wrote something about the "Walter Hagen of Trapshoot-  
ing" the other day; and also Caro-

## Fines Creek News

By MRS. D. N. RATHBONE

The Fines Creek school opened last Monday for the 1943-44 term. Fred L. Safford is principal of the

line Miller, now Mrs. Clyde Ray, who won the Pulitzer Prize 10 years ago with "Lamb in His Bosom," while living in Waycross, Ga.—interesting place, Waynesville. And cool! Maybe you think that's nothing to get excited about—or do you?

school. Fine work is anticipated in all departments of the grammar and high school classes.

Among those appointed to attend the Haywood County Baptist Association meeting held at Canton last week as representatives from the Fines Creek Baptist church were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. McCracken, Cauley Rogers, M. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Maggie James and Mrs. Wiley Green.

John H. Nesbitt, now serving with the Navy, and former agricultural teacher was a visitor at the Fines Creek school yesterday.

Miss Lorena McCrary, who is employed in defense work at Dayton, Ohio, arrived Saturday to spend a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. McCrary.

Benny Green, who holds a position with the government, is visiting his father, Herman Green, at his home on Fines Creek.

## Ration Points Out As Hungry Are Fed

TULSA, Okla.—Dr. Cecil Bryan admitted at an Office of Price Administration hearing that he bought

a beef carcass last May without surrendering ration points.

Dr. Bryan said: "I fed flood victims in my drug store. They had neither money nor ration points." His home-town folk at Vian, Okla., had no other food, he explained. The OPA took the case under advisement.

## Doubtful

Drought, heat, cutworms, hail, mortgages—wonder if General Sherman ever did any farming?—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Gazette and Republican.

# Labor Day ★ ★ 1943



"We need an army, the greatest in the world, way past the comprehension of most of us, and that army isn't composed only of soldiers and sailors. No sir, it is an army, too, of men and women who are working behind the lines . . . to give our fighting men everything they need to fight this war. The draftsman, the skilled machinist, the riveter, the girl who sews buttons on uniforms, all day long, these are warriors, too . . . and they belong to the labor army . . . the army to which we are dedicating the tribute of today. To all the office workers, too, who are carrying on the regular, daily business that we can't let die . . . that like freedom we must champion against all odds. Sure, there is another army . . . and we are proud and glad to bestow the blessings of this day upon their continued successes."

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