

# The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943  
 (One Day Nearer Victory)

## Don't Spend It All

Christmas is always a temptation to overspend. One's generosity seems to reach its peak at this season. You suddenly remember old friends that you would like to show you had thought of them. One sees need about them. There are often forgotten children to pull one's heart strings, and thereby open our pocketbooks to make them happy.

All these things are admirable and we would not for worlds keep anyone from making a generous gesture, but we merely want to send out a warning. Don't be too lavish this Christmas, for in addition to carrying on the traditional customs of the Yuletide, we have a tremendous job ahead of us.

The war is reaching critical heights. We must support our government, which will soon ask the country for 14 billion dollars in bond purchases. We know that we will reach the goal asked of us. We have not failed as yet, for there is too much at stake.

So let us not send the surplus that comes our way on passing things, for war bonds bought will serve not only our country at the present but ourselves in that rainy day that comes to us all.

In other words, don't spend it all this Christmas, but hold back for the Fourth War Loan Drive in January.

## Forty Years Hence

Tomorrow marks the 40th anniversary of the birth of aviation at Kitty Hawk. The event will be commemorated at the same spot at the same hour and on the same date on Friday, December 17th.

In the words of Gertrude Carraway, well known North Carolina feature writer and newspaper woman, "Instead of the shifting sands of the grassless Kill Devil Hills from which the Wright brothers took their momentous first successful air flight in a machine heavier than air, raised by its own power, with only five witnesses from the frankly skeptical vicinity, the spot today is firmly anchored and planted and surmounted by a mammoth memorial in national recognition of the outstanding accomplishments of the now famous inventors."

As has often been the case with other invention a war has given impetus to their improvement. The plane did not come into its own or prove of any real significance until World War I. In the years that followed great progress was made, but it fades in the making as compared with what is taking place today.

The event at Kitty Hawk will be very different this time. We doubt if there will be standing room near the spot, while on the first flight 40 years ago, only five persons attended. It is said that only slight publicity was given the event. It was more or less the crazy ideas of two brothers, Orville and Wilbur Wright, who had been tinkering around.

In looking back over 40 years of flying, one is apt to rush ahead and wonder what aviation will be 40 years hence. All seem to agree that after peace comes from the second World War, it stands to revolutionize our lives. We find ourselves today viewing the long stretches of land in this section as possible sites for an airport, which we will be compelled to have to keep abreast of the times—which we trust is not far distant.

When his wife can read him like a book, the smart man turns over a new leaf.

## Where the Gasoline Goes

An infantry division today has 11,000 times the automotive power the same units would have required in World War I, George A. Renard points out in the bulletin of the National Association of Purchasing Agents, and as a result two-thirds of the tonnage of supplies must be devoted to the petroleum products, leaving only one-third for food, armament and all else.

"So," he remarks, "any invasion plan must be based on petroleum products, and any loosening of restrictions on their non-essential use will have to wait for that unconditional surrender of Fortress Europe."—Pittsburgh Press.

## We Draw the Line

While we have never thought that women looked their best in slacks and garments built along such definite lines of exposure, we have conceded that at times and under certain conditions pants for the ladies were not only sensible, but most appropriate.

We like the modern girl in ways too numerous to mention. We tolerate her new fangled ideas because on the whole we have admiration for her courage and her willingness to put her hand to any job that comes along. We find ourselves defending her at every turn. We admire women doctors, lawyers, or defense workers in every field.

We know that in the great emergency of manpower shortage she has carved a name for herself in history. She will always be included in the future in affairs once guided entirely by masculine brains.

But there is one thing we just can't take. It should be nipped in the bud at once. We see that in some of the department stores Mrs. Santa Claus is greeting the youngsters because the old man is too busy to come. Now if the old fellow can't make it this year "in person", we forgive him, though it does look like there might be some 4-F'er to pinch hit for him, but we beg of him to keep Mrs. Santa Claus at home, where she has been all these years, cooking and helping the old man when her household cares would permit.

Going back to the pants question, it is not the wearing of the old man's clothes that gets us, but it is the very idea of a lady Santa Claus. We sincerely hope that the local stores don't ask Mrs. Santa Claus here.

## Christmas Seals

We join the local sponsors in asking you to buy Tuberculosis Christmas Seals this year. Perhaps we should say rather we join in reminding you, for we feel sure that is all you need to make you buy your quota.

Our local goal is not high when we consider the population of our community, if every individual takes part as they should in this worthy cause. Make it a rule to put one stamp on each piece of mail you send out from now until Christmas. If you follow this you can have the deep satisfaction of knowing that you have helped some needy child have nourishing food. Maybe you have helped bring cheer to some bed-ridden tubercular patient, whose days are numbered.

We realize that we are having one drive after another, and there are calls from every corner for all the "spare change" we have, but this annual sale feels a need each year in our community, and nothing should make us forget to contribute.

The "enemy" tuberculosis here on the home front has been fighting us many years, and we have, with the help of science and improved standards of living, almost beat him, but not quite. One of our biggest jobs is to prevent him from making inroads in our community.

Only one fourth of the money derived from the seals is sent away, and the remaining three fourths is kept for local prevention work. So buying Christmas Seals is after all contributing to a large part of our own community welfare.

Experts say a circle cannot be squared. Some street-car wheels come pretty close.

The wife's bill for slacks would run much higher if she went through her own pockets as often as she does her husband's.

Some little folks think a small turkey is better than a big one. There isn't so much hash.

An Ohio girl married a policeman who arrested her. Does that come under the head of "revenge is sweet"?

In his most recent speech Hitler said, "Whatever may happen at the end, victory is certain." Naturally he didn't tell the German people for whom.



## HERE and THERE

By  
 HILDA WAY GWYN



DAVID R. BRITT, JR.

We have a suggestion to make for a Christmas gift. . . it is a book and the nice thing about it is that it is suitable for anybody old enough to read, either in service or civilian life. . . which we realize is a pretty large statement, but after our review and the excerpt which follows, we are inclined to think that you will agree with us. . . We only hope you have time to get a copy for a gift for someone that has been puzzling you. It is just off the press. . . The title is "A Book of War Letters," edited by Harry E. Maule, and is a Random House volume. . .

Of local interest is the fact that it contains a letter written by David R. Britt, Jr., to his sister, Mrs. Robert Pearce of Waynesville, whose daughter Evelyn, is now a student at Western Carolina Teachers college. . . and we know that Evelyn is making a name for herself. . . we recall her record at the local high school, that is why we know she is making one at W. C. T. C. . . She is one of those lucky youngsters who has looks, brains, and personality plus. . . But back to her mother and her uncle. . . We were especially interested in the letter, because one day we happened in the Pearce Bakery and Mrs. Pearce told us that she had just sent her brother who was stationed at Henderson Field, Guadalcanal a fruitcake. . . But little did we realize then what history that fruitcake would make.

A contest was held, as you may have noticed sometime ago of letters from men and women in the service. . . the one by Chief Petty Officer Britt was entered by his sister. . . The letters in the book are from every branch of the service, including the WACS, WAVES, SPARS and Nurses. . . They were written from England, North Africa, India, China, Alaska, Australia, at sea, from flying fields in America and training camps. . . and everywhere you will find an American in the service of his country. . . The book is divided into sections and you can turn to the branch of the service you are most interested in and find a letter that will send a glow around your heart, because it was written under the same conditions that your son, your husband, or your daughter may be serving. It will give you a clearer understanding of what they are going through. . . The book gives a perfect cross-section of our armed forces both on the battle fronts and in training. . . It is a human history of the war. . . and asid: from the accounts of personal experiences, "the value of the letters lies in the fact that they are a direct expression from the grassroots of America—These are the people—the undefeated."

The letters were written to home folks when the writers were off their guard and they show the natural courage, determination and patriotism in the face of combat. . . and there is ever present

through them all the thread of American humor, which is never failing. . . (Incidentally, the royalties earned by the sale of the book will be donated to the relief agencies of the various branches of the armed forces.)

Chief Petty Officer David R. Britt, Jr., native North Carolinian, is 28 years old and has been in the Navy for the past 14 years. He is a radioman on his ship and he also handles a machine gun on the port side. He is married and the Louise and the Doty referred to in his letter are his wife and his four-year-old daughter. In his letter he describes the life of a bomber stationed at Guadalcanal. . .

Patsy-one-one  
 Feb. 1, 1943

Dearest Sis:  
 Probably sounds screwy to get a letter with a question in the first sentence, but here goes. Did you ever eat a fruitcake in a foxhole? No? Well honey, I have and believe me from the bottom of my heart it's great. What I mean is having the fruitcake to eat, not being in a darn foxhole. Of course one learns to love a foxhole down here at Henderson Field in good old Guadalcanal when the Japs start coming over with their bombs. It's fun the first time it happens; but when you have just seen and talked with your buddies and those little yellow devils come over and then your buddies aren't there any more to talk to, then it ceases to be fun. Hope you understand what I mean. We fellows see so much that we are unable to talk about. Anyway, I must be protected by the devil 'cause I've had fellows right near me get killed. Also when flying we have been shot at with everything but the old Chic Sale and we still always manage to get back to our base.

Sometimes honey, I think it is because of Louise and Dotty that I have been so lucky. The nearest I have ever come to getting it was when we were fighting off a bunch of Zeros and a bullet grazed my arm and I lost my wrist watch. We went out one time on a bombing hop over Munda point on New Georgia Island with a full crew of eight. We dropped our bombs O. K., and did plenty of damage, but we only came back with four. Fellow alongside of me firing starboard machine gun was killed first thing. I think I got the Jap that got him. I fire the gun on port side. You should see the Jap flags painted on the side of our plane, one for each plane we have shot down and also for our bombing hops, which are about three a week.

But now we will get back to the cake. I was out on a hop until 6 p. m. We had no sooner got in than a raid started. I scrambled for my foxhole with a bottle of wine in my hand. Got there and there was your package for me. One of the fellows had put it down there. He figured I'd find it there since much of my time is spent in there after dark.

Please Sis, write me as often as you can. You'd be surprised what it does to a fellow when he receives a letter from back home. When mail comes in, the Japs really catch hell then, and that's straight dope too. Call it what you may, but it helps plenty.

Good night now. Hell is breaking loose. Write-me. Got places to go.

All my love,  
 DICK

### PREDIGREED DOG

A woman was joking about her neighbor who was foolish about her pet dog.

Woman: "She seems to think more of that d-g than she does of her own son."

Friend: "Well, my dear, after all the dog has a pedigree."

# Inside WASHINGTON

Oyster in General's Lap  
 Breaks Ice With British

Marshall's Trick Credited  
 With Dispelling Protocol

Special to Central Press

WASHINGTON—Anecdotes on Gen. George C. Marshall are going the rounds in increasing numbers of late, spurred by his prominence in the global war. Here is one that comes well vouchered for. It seems that during the early days of collaboration between the American and British high commands, there was much reserve, much standing on ceremony, that all disliked but didn't seem to know how to obliterate for an easy exchange of views. Marshall felt that progress was being impeded by the absence of the medal-covered generals. So he gave a dinner party. The joint chiefs of staff committee was seated at one big table, which bore no table cloth. General of the courses was oysters baked on the half shell. Top Generals and each diner was given a cotton glove, the better to handle the steaming bivalves. Marshall was seated at one end of the shining table. When he was famously served he pretended to fumble in applying his fork to the oyster, and flipped a half-shell across the table into the lap of a top-flight British general. That did the trick. There was general laughter, and from that moment on, so the story goes, the ice was broken and the Yanks and Limeys tossed aside protocol and got along beautifully together.

NEW FLARE-UPS in Washington about British influence on the United States rationing system includes this one—that Robert Smallwood, a top executive of England's Lipton Tea company, is a "power behind the OPA throne" as far as price policing goes.

High OPA officials assert, however, that Smallwood is merely acting in an "advisory capacity" as a consultant; working two or three days a week at OPA at the request of James Brownlee, business chief of the organization's price department.

Nevertheless, the case calls to mind the experience of another Englishman who was called before the Boren committee of the house to tell congress about his part in forming OPA policies. He was Israel Moses Seiff, executive of a large British chain store system, also employed as an OPA consultant.

After bitter criticism from members of the congressional committee, Seiff severed his connections with OPA and returned to England.

SOME WASHINGTON MEDICOS are criticizing the practice of a few of their colleagues who write milk "prescriptions" authorizing dairies to give preference to certain customers if faced with inadequate supplies for all.

Condemning the action as unethical and apt to provoke a milk panic, these physicians contend moreover that it is unnecessary even from the standpoint of sick people and infants. All nutritional elements supplied by milk, they argue, can be obtained from other sources.

As far as dairy products are concerned, they are non-essential, one eminent pediatrician, who asked that his name be withheld, explained. "The familiar soy bean, with the addition of some easily obtainable vitamins, produces a perfect food easier and cheaper than it can be obtained from the cow."

The above-mentioned gentleman predicted, in short, a world without cows.

Already there are rumblings in congress. Harold L. Roach, vice president of the American Soy Bean association, hitting at discriminatory tax measures which, he said, insure the popularity of dairy products, urged the house agriculture committee to "let the cow stand on its own feet against the soy bean."

JIM WATSON spent 40 years in house and senate representing Indiana. Jim was and is known as a greeter, never failing to call a man—or woman—by first name. But he slipped once.

While Phil LaFollette of the Wisconsin LaFollettes was governor of the Badger state he went to Indianapolis to address the junior Chamber of Commerce. While being taken through the swank Columbia club, Hoosier GOP stronghold, by his host, Jack Ruckelshaus they encountered Jim.

With his usual effusiveness Jim threw his arms around both the boys, with a hearty greeting to Ruckelshaus, who broke in with: "Senator, you know Gov. Phil LaFollette of Wisconsin—"

"Know him? Know him?" Watson interrupted. "Of course I know him. Where is he? I want to shake hands with him!"

## The Voice Of The People

What is your first recollection of Christmas?

Tyson Cathey—"I got a wagon for Christmas and when I got out of bed the next morning I got into the wagon, is about the first thing I remember about Christmas."

Mrs. E. J. Hyatt—"I remember coming down stairs to my mother's room and seeing the stockings hanging on the mantle piece above the fire."

Mrs. Hugh Jolly—"I recall that during my father's lifetime we had big Christmas celebrations. One year Santa Claus brought my sister Mary and me doll bowls and pitchers (it was the bowl and pitcher days) and I broke my sister's, and my mother made me give up mine to her. But even so it did not spoil my Christmas, for I never recall an unhappy Christmas in my childhood."

C. B. Hosaflook—"The earliest recollection of Christmas I have is going to a Sunday school Christmas tree and hearing Santa Claus sing a song about being born 4,000 years ago and I was thinking how old he must be. I could not have been very old, for my twin brother and I were still wearing dresses."

Mrs. Aldeen Hall—"The first thing I remember about Christmas was one time my parents placed our gifts on a white table cloth on the floor and the first gift I recall was a little china cup and saucer."

A. E. Ward—"I had a brother just two years younger than myself. He was just big enough to get hold of his stocking Christmas and when he did, he said, 'Look down. Look down, there is more in there than I ever saw before in my life!'"

Mrs. James W. Killian—"I recall hanging up my stocking at the fireplace in my mother's room and finding in the toe of the stocking the next morning a sterling silver souvenir spoon of Florida."

Mrs. John K. Boone—"The first thing I remember about Christmas

is a Sunday School Christmas tree in Asheville. They called it James Kerr—one pair of socks. James Kerr was my brother and they teased him ever after about that one pair of socks."

Mrs. R. L. Coin—"I remember us having a whole bunch of bananas that my father had brought from Charleston. They were only ones in town. I recall going up stairs and lowering them from a window unknown to the rest of the family to my brother Roy and my cousin Joe Tate, and we ate them."

Mrs. George Craig—"The first thing I remember about Christmas is checking Sears and Roebuck catalogue for toys and finding the later under the Christmas tree."

## Letters To The Editor

Editor The Mountaineer,

Many farmers, because of seasonal drop in hog prices and present feed situation, are "ringing out" their brood sows with regards to next spring's pig manna that rationing will require or without regards to the old saying that "when everybody is going out of a business, it's a good time to stay in it."

Experienced hog producer should consider keeping as many sows as their farm and feed supply will support. By properly springing crop (3 bushels of sprig oats, 3 pounds of rape and 20 to 25 pounds of lesneda per acre) pig and pork costs can be cut by 10 to 25 per cent.

The War Food Administration announced on November 18, following program, effective December 1, 1943.

1. Quotas are suspended for next 90 days, permitting farmers to sell home-butchered pork at lard.
2. For a limited period, OPA reducing the number of points required to purchase pork.
3. The support price for 200-250 lb. hogs.

(Continued on page 11)