

The Mountaineer

Published By
THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.
 Main Street Phone 137
 Waynesville, North Carolina
 The County Seat of Haywood County

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 W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 One Year, In Haywood County \$1.75
 Six Months, In Haywood County 90c
 One Year, Outside Haywood County 2.50
 Six Months, Outside Haywood County 1.50
 All Subscriptions Payable In Advance

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914.

Obituary notices, resolutions of respect, card of thanks, and all notices of entertainment for profit, will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1943
 (One Day Nearer Victory)

The Secret Sub

The liquor industry in America is sinking annually the equivalent of more than 200 boatloads of grain, 200 of fruit, and 13 boatloads of sugar.

The more than 4,000,000,000 pounds of grain and 165,000,000 gallons of molasses used in our alcoholic beverages would provide every one of America's 40,000,000 underfed with an extra loaf of bread and an additional quart of milk every day in the year.

The daily \$9,000,000 U. S. liquor bill would: Feed 1,000,000 Chinese refugee children for nine months.

Pay for 180 bombers at \$50,000.
 Completely train 600 military pilots at \$15,000.

How long much this sabotage go on?—Oneonta Messenger, South Pasadena, Calif.

Leap Year Figures

A girl who lives in the rural sections has a 10 per cent better chance of "catching her man" during the 1944 Leap Year, than the average city girl, according to the U. S. Census Bureau which has been making a survey of the situation. The number of old-maids, or bachelor girls has been steadily decreasing since 1920.

It was interesting to learn that Nevada is the easiest state in which to "catch a man", and Iowa the worst. We can understand the first, but see no reason for the latter.

The survey by the Census Bureau also reveals that matrimonial opportunities are very good in the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Maryland, and South Carolina. The girls also fare pretty well in Utah (despite our ideas of the Mormons), Florida, Mississippi and West Virginia. The West Coast area is said to be a "happy hunting ground", but at that the chances for marriage license is better in Florida than California.

The girls hunting husbands are urged to "stick to the grass-roots of the rural Home Sweet Home" by the Census Bureau, as they claim that the cities are filled to overflowing with gals on the chase, and the competition is mighty strong.

A Break In The Line

At this writing the country is confronted with two major labor strikes, the steel industries and the railroads, both vital to our successful prosecution of the war.

We believe in organized labor and in the right of labor organizations to call strikes in normal times, when all other methods of adjustment have failed. Certainly any man has the right to quit any job he does not like or when he feels that he is being unjustly treated.

In time of war it is a different story. We believe that no man now doing essential war work has any more moral right to quit his job than a soldier to desert the army. And we believe that our armies of young men who have quit good jobs to enter the service feel the same way.

We doubt very much if any individual or family of the employes involved has suffered real privation. Contrast if you will their living conditions with the men who are daily braving the mud, cold, and snow of Europe and facing death in every conceivable form for the sum of \$52 a month. It does not speak well for organized labor.

They Remember

We went on a record flight to Poland. . . We ran out of gas just as we got back to England and succeeded in making a crash landing. No one was bruised, scratched, or even shaken up, but the plane was. The Lord was with us.

An American pilot, Lieut. Gustave S. Holmstrom of Brooklyn, wrote this to his mother after his twenty-first successful mission over the European Continent. On his twenty-second, his plane was shot down over Germany, but he is reported safe and a prisoner. "The Lord was with him again," said his mother, on hearing the news.

Many a daring fighting man who exposes himself to extreme dangers does so after trusting himself to the Almighty. Roy Davenport, skipper of an American submarine, prays daily, his shipmates say. His exploits are legendary around Pearl Harbor.

Laughing, rollicking fighters in uniform may maintain an outward devil-may-care attitude, but these same men in many instances are secretly strengthened because of their reliance on God. Hundreds of them remember those words of the Ninety-first Psalm, "Because thou has made the Lord . . . thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee."—Christian Science Monitor.

No Surprises Any More

We have reached the stage in this fast moving era in which we live that we are not surprised or startled any more. We simply take things as they come as part of the changing pattern of our own affairs here at home plus the changing influence of international events.

In fact it has reached the point where our old time superlatives, once used with powerful meaning are almost tame. They have been over-worked. Take for example the word historic. It has been used with reference to the events of the past year or so, that it does not have quite the same force.

Then there is the idea of a "precedent" shattered. Of course the Roosevelt family have had considerable to do with teaching us about that word, or should we say have given it a rather mild meaning.

What we would have thought of ten years ago someone had told us that during a world war our president would have left this country to confer with the powers of other nations. We would have called it a mad dream. Yet it did not seem so unusual when it happened. We took it as a natural event in the great series that are crowding one after another.

Consider our relations with other nations. We have new friends across the seas and strange new associations that a few years back would have been completely out of order, but not today. What tomorrow will bring who can tell?

There Is Always Some Good

We have often heard it said that there is no person on earth who does not have some good impulses, no matter how low or degraded they become in life's standards. An exceptional example may be cited in the giving of Christmas joy by two long-termers in Central Prison, Raleigh, during Christmas week.

They saw a picture of an aged woman at the ruins of her home in South Carolina that had been destroyed by fire. It had been the only home the 78-year-old woman had known and she cherished the site. The woman had been supported by the Department of Public Welfare since the disaster and had remained in the vicinity of her home. In the day time she stayed around the spot and at night she stayed with some of her neighbors.

The two men, both members of the prison band were so touched, that the best came to the surface. They each had a dollar which they contributed. This would not help much, so they took the matter up with the band director and asked if he thought they could raise some money. He told them to try.

They collected a total of \$100 from members of the band and other prisoners. A cashiers check was mailed to the sheriff of the county in which the woman lived, with the names of the prisoners who made donations. These will be turned over to the woman who lost her home to help her make a start toward building back.

The story shows that unselfishness has no bounds, that it may be found anywhere, even within prison walls, among those whose sins the world may read. No doubt those prisoners felt a kinship of a spirit of homesickness with the aged woman and perhaps their reaction from punishment had quickened their understanding.



HERE and THERE

By HILDA WAY GWYN

The late Mrs. Josephus Daniels, affectionately known in Raleigh as "Miss Addie" was one of the most remarkable women we have ever known. . . During her summer residence in this section she made many friends. . . In fact she made a friend of everyone whose life she touched. . . we were planning to pay her a tribute in this column when we read the following by Margaret Somethurst in the Raleigh News and Observer under the title of "An Era closes for Raleigh and North Carolina" . . . so instead we reprint what Mrs. Somethurst so beautifully expressed.

"With the passing of Mrs. Josephus Daniels an era closes for Raleigh and North Carolina—an era that was better because she lived in it.

Born in Raleigh during the days of Reconstruction, her life spanned the transition of the South from desolated militant poverty and belligerent defeat to prideful national cooperation and sectional prosperity.

Mrs. Daniels grew up in the living traditions of the Old South. She saw the graces pass; not because gracious living was no longer desired, but because our people could no longer maintain antebellum standards. Much was lost in the change; but much was also saved, and in that hard time only the best, the worthwhile, the real elements of that vaunted culture could be salvaged and instilled in the character of the young. In her, the best of the old South, merged with the fighting spirit of Reconstruction and developed with the times into a personality that was as rare as it was beautiful.

Her mind compassed the affairs of a troubled world, but her heart never lost intimate concern for her community, her neighbors, and her friends, white or colored.

During the long months of her last illness she kept her telephone within reach, and her interests keen.

I don't know Mrs. Daniels, a woman said to me in talking about her hero soldier son, but she was the first one to call me when this came out in the paper.

In historic times and important places, Mr. Daniels met and excelled the demands of official life; but she was never just the wife of an editor, a Cabinet Member, an ambassador. She was always and everywhere in her own right and in her own personality, an ambassador of her town, her State, her South. Without ostentation, but by precept and example living and loving, she personified all we of the South imply when we think of "Southern Womanhood."

She will be remembered by many for her civic achievements, for her wit, and understanding, her gracious hospitality, her ready response to need; but all who knew and loved her through the years will bless her memory, because Miss Addie could walk with kings—nor lose the common touch."

We want to pay a tribute this week to the doctor who is serving on the home front. . . we know those who are on the fighting lines are doing a magnificent job. . . and they are being given due credit. . . for we all honor the men in uniform. . . but the doctor who is at home is also doing his bit. . . we doubt if the people right here in our own community realize the heavy load they are carrying, and we feel sure, due to the fact that there are so many now in the service, that our section is typical.

Inside WASHINGTON

Elmer Davis Aroused Over WMC Publicity
 Suppression of Davis of McNutt H. Ford
 Special to Central Press

WASHINGTON—Dissatisfaction of Office of War Information Chief Elmer Davis with the manner in which Paul V. McNutt, his War Manpower Commission public relations staff has handled the agency runs far deeper than the voicing of complaints in newspaper correspondents.

To the OWI head the confusion and "blind spots" in national understanding of the draft program represents one of the information agency's outstanding failures in keeping the public apprised of war-born domestic developments. Davis has been a consistent advocate of an open and above-board relations policy in all government agencies, and only disclosures of a military nature.

Thus, when newsmen finally took their protest, he was quick to seize the opportunity and take direct to McNutt and his staff of public relations advisers.

And, in an effort to assure a constructive change in handling of the draft story, Davis made his complaints of the agency's handling available to reporters in the hope publication would pressure for a change to those within the WMC who are charged with the responsibility of keeping the public informed on draft developments.

McNutt smarted and fumed over the disclosures, but Davis and the reporters concerned it represented a distinct victory in their efforts to keep the American people informed—even over the obstructive tactics of some federal agencies.

CABINET MEMBERS and other high Washington officials sometimes find themselves in embarrassing positions when they get on their private telephone lines and someone happens to be present who should not hear the conversation.

Recently, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox found himself in a really awkward position when the buzzer of his private line sounded and he had to answer while at least 50 newspapermen sat around waiting for him to resume one of his weekly news conferences. Inadvertently, Knox mentioned the name "Harry" as he explained he would rather not talk because of his guests.

A few minutes later he got another call, this from some other important person, and again he had to explain why he could not talk. The reporters guffawed at his predicament and even Knox smiled, although he appeared a trifle upset.

The secretary did not reveal who "Harry" was.

THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD has taken the problem of dwindling infants' and children's clothes supplies and may turn up with a solution, much to the relief of harassed parents. Mothers have been unable in many cases to find underclothes, socks and other garments for their young children and babies. WPB, however, now has a specialist in the field, Mrs. Crete D. . . former magazine editor at work on finding out where the shortages of shortages. Furthermore, WPB said, relief will appear in stores in time for this winter's shopping.

REPORTERS WHO HAVE TALKED with Chairman Donald M. Nelson are impressed by the warmth of feeling Nelson shows for Russia as a result of his extensive trip there in the past few weeks. Apparently as sold on the U. S. S. R. as former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, Nelson asserts he was given the most positive reception by the Soviets was taken everywhere he wished to go and even was invited to the front. Nelson refused invitations to the fighting zones, however explaining to the Russians that he didn't want to waste the time of the Red Army commanders, that his main concern was studying Russian production methods and that any visit to the eastern front would be merely to indulge his personal curiosity. One reporter brought two paper plates to the news conference to present to Nelson as a gag in connection with his now famous plate-breaking exchange of formalities with the Russians. A Soviet official broke one plate with a huge fist to show Nelson the regard with which the Russians hold Americans. Nelson then broke two plates in return, but cut himself in the process. The WPB chief accepted the paper plates with a laugh. "Will they splinter?" he chuckled.

in the same direction. . . and that the war is not going to change that. . . we believe that the desire for peace has a lot to do with this beautiful picture painted in the minds of most people for the post-war world. . . and they feel a kind of exultation about living once more in a world at peace, that they find it a perfect spot in their minds. . . we are rather inclined

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

By WILLIAM RITT
 Central Press Writer

THE LARGER telescopes render visible more than three hundred billion stars. And from not a single one of them can Hitler's astrologers now find the least bit of encouragement.

Zadok Dumkopf thinks they all it the European "theater" of war because it's about curtains for Hitler and his gang.

How, asks a sports writer, can baseball be made more popular after the war? Well, they might try eliminating last place.

Grandpappy Jenkins doesn't think much of that fashion item which predicts post-war clothing for men may be in bright colors. Gramp is a firm believer in saluting the flag, not wearing it.

The man at the next desk says those medals worn by Fatsio Goering are really just a bullet-proof vest, put on in sections.

That absurd suggestion that interned Japs could show mid-west farmers how to bathe naturally has everybody in a lather.

The flying fish, according to Factographs, remains in the air but 30 seconds. That's plenty long enough for it to realize the life of a bird isn't all it's cracked up to be.



Voice OF THE People

Do you plan to make any New Year Resolutions?

Miss Helen Coffey—"No, I don't plan to make any, because I know if I did I would break them!"

Dr. C. N. Sisk—"No, ma'am, I have made so many and broken them, that it is no use to make any."

Miss Lula Frank Melford—"I am thinking about it."

Alvin Ward—"Heck, no!"

Miss Patsy Shrehan—"Yes, I do, but I am keeping them to myself."

Mrs. Frank Ferguson—"I have not made any yet, but plan to, because I think it is better to make them and break them than not at all."

R. M. Fie—"I don't think I will because things are happening so fast you can't keep up with them and there are so many changes."

Joe Limer—"No, ma'am, they won't have any to break."

Miss Deborah Fisher—"I don't know how many, but I do know I made one last week, when I decided next year to get ready for Christmas before the Christmas comes."

Rev. H. G. Howard—"Not at all, but I always plan a start and take inventory of myself."

High Leatherwood—"No, because I have already broken many."

to think we will have many of same old troubles to contend with as far as the human race is concerned, and that we need not ourselves into any day dream of easy living. . . it will all boil down to the efforts and ideals of the individual. . . Just as it was before the war. . .