

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1946

What A Price

The 113-day-old General Motors strike has been settled and 275,000 workers are returning to the task of reconversion.

Was it worth the price it cost may not be a question in the minds of the strikers, but it is with the public looking on.

The estimated cost of the strike has been set at \$1,000,000,000 in lost wages, sales, commissions, and cut the automotive industry's production scheduled to one-sixth of advance estimates. Were the few cents an hour gained worth the loss? It was a high price to pay for so little returns, and looking on one cannot but wonder if it did not cost the workers themselves too much in time and money.

A Good Reaction

We wish that every country in the world would react to the suffering and horrors of war as the Japs have, if one is to take the following insertion in their new constitution as evidence of their change of heart: which includes:

"Resolved that never again shall we be visited with the horrors of war through the action of the government."

Thus the people and not their parliament can declare war and it must be by the vote of the people who will fight. They hope to rely for "security and survival upon the good faith of the peace-loving peoples of the world." They have set the world a fine example.

It is a wise nation as well as a wise person who learns by their mistakes.

Music From The Wires

There's music these days along the country roads where the weather-grayed, splintery telephone poles march beside rail fences, along the valley pikes, over the sidehills and climb the brows of ridgelines. March is a month when the telephone wires sing their songs. Boys and girls on the way to country schools stop and listen to the music.

There are many moods in the humming symphony. On clear, bright days the wires sing a cheerful song as if they knew that winter's hold on the land was broken. Their aria is high-pitched and filled with the tenseness of anticipation. The soprano strains hum a song of happiness, one wave of music succeeding another in joyous acclaim to shining sun and blue sky.

Then with the change in weather, another movement in the symphony begins. As skies darken and storm winds blow the wires, song changes. Lower is the pitch and the altos and basses predominate. Gone for a time is the light-heartedness; now there's a steady ominousness in the music. As one listens he can imagine that warnings are being flashed along from pole to pole, mile after mile, through the valleys and over the headlands.

There is a scientific reason why the wires sing their songs. But that does not concern boys and girls who stop to listen. In teeming cities today there are men and women who may look from office windows at the blue sky and remember the days of long ago when they tramped along country roads to school and wondered what the music was saying. The singing winds tell a story—a story of a nation that has harnessed its power to serve the needs of man. And now in the first month of spring their song is a requiem to winter and a joyous greeting to another season of birth and fruition.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

On the streets of Utopia they have black snow, which does not show the dirt.

A New Top For Main Street

The district highway office reports that a project has been set up for resurfacing Main Street with sheet asphalt, recognized as the best material for a street such as Main street. Needless to say, we are glad to get the new surface, and we won't get it before its needed, as the street is getting worse all the while.

In the report of the highway officials, we note the news article stated the work would be done in late spring or early summer. That is not a very convenient time, but then when is it convenient to have Main Street torn up? The only time element we can think of that would be appropriate, is "the sooner the better" regardless of the season.

It Had Us Worried!

The Chamber of Commerce had us worried for a while. No mention had been made since last spring for their annual election, and since the elections of the organization seems to be held later and later each year we were afraid that the 1946 election might run in competition with the May Democratic primary.

There's too much fun afforded by a May primary to have anything else taking place that would divert the attention of Haywood citizens. The Chamber of Commerce has jumped the gun, however, and will stage their annual election on Tuesday, the 26th of March.

At one time there was lots of talk that the organization was going to hold fall elections so the new officers would start off with the calendar year, and avoid the rush and hurry that comes with spring. By working by the calendar, a well-balanced program could be outlined during the early months of the year, and be well under way by the time Spring arrived.

Travel Happy

The following statement issued by the North Carolina Advertising Division should be a challenge to all resort centers in the state, for along with the good news it always carries a responsibility for those who serve the travelers to prepare to give them their best:

"The United States is travel happy, and the State Advertising Division is being swamped with vacation inquiries from all over the country.

Most inquiries want information about hotels and other accommodations, and all of them want the State Tourist Pamphlet. The supply of 100,000 copies recently published by the division is melting fast and a re-order will have to be made. One magazine advertisement produced more than 1,500 letters.

The division is attempting to persuade tourists to come early so as to relieve pressure on facilities in July and August.

Pattern For Aggression

Because faith, hope and charity are so very important to the future peace of this world, Americans have been leaning over backward to give Russia the benefit of every doubt as to the ultimate goals toward which she is moving.

We want desperately to believe that Stalin's intentions are not aggressive, that he is not deliberately trading upon our pacifism to get away with a program of imperialism at the expense of weaker nations who have a right to look to us for assistance.

It becomes increasingly difficult to kid ourselves that a nation indulging in flagrant, unabashed aggression is not an aggressor nation.

Communists inspired, financed, directed—sometimes trained and armed—by Moscow create an internal issue against a non-Communist government. Argument and accusations lead to disorders, and these in turn lead to insurrection.

Stalin has a much simpler and equally effective pattern for aggression, that thus far has successfully invited appeasement by offering no one moment at which we have to come to a decision. We have seen it in Poland, in Hungary, in Yugoslavia, in Iran. We are seeing it in Manchuria.

Soviet troops, already present as the liberators who came to dinner and never did get started for home, prevent government forces from putting down the revolt. They don't attack the government forces; they merely sit down in the path, secure in the knowledge that the government troops won't dare attack them to get through.

Meanwhile the Red revolutionists unhampered, set up a de facto government, declare their mutuality of interest with Moscow—and another non-Communist nation has become part of the Russian community.

We don't like it. So what? We promised China to return Manchuria to her. Are we going to fight Russia to do so?

There is a lot of dynamite in this Soviet pattern for aggression, in view of the Atlantic Charter and traditional American international policy.—The Reidsville Review.

"The Good Old Days" In Haywood



Pictured here is a Haywood motorist on the Pigeon highway (?) in the "good old days." While there has been excessive muddy roads this winter, few have matched scenes like this. Read Mrs. Gwyn's column on mud, right below, and you'll find we have come a long, long way since the "good old days."

HERE and THERE

By

HILDA WAY GWYN

Mud—which Mr. Webster tells us in his dictionary is "soft wet earth," has been a prevalent state in this neck of the woods all winter. Rain and snow have kept the good earth of Haywood in a "soft wet" condition for weeks at a time—and complaints have fallen about as frequently as the rains—thick and fast—but to no avail. For no one can control the weather—and apparently no one could do anything about the havoc the war had played with "no work" on our roads. Yet if we take the state paper seriously we have been much better off up here in the hills where nature has given us a drainage system than they have in the low lands of Eastern Carolina. Schools there have been closed for weeks at a time on account of the fact that the school buses could not travel, while up here our school children have only had a few days of unexpected vacations.

Not so long ago we read in the Raleigh News and Observer that Sandy Graham, state highway commissioner said he used to hate mud, but recently he had begun to like it—for it dried the muddy roads in Carolina. No wonder Mr. Graham has found comfort in the drying influence of the winds. From the accounts of trips made to Raleigh by citizens from every part of the state, with their pockets full of complaints, we are sure that he has had more mud tracked into his office this winter than any other state official—not even excepting the Governor.

Did you ever stop to think—in this day of good roads that "getting out of the mud" has meant to us here in the mountains? It has meant progress and accessibility to the things that lie over the ridge and beyond—Mud spells isolation—and that is just what the old-timers in this section had to endure. We are confident that the pioneers came here during a dry spell in the summer and the mud—plus the beauty of the scenery held them.

Did you know that the movement in the state for good roads started in Western North Carolina? We did not, until an old-timer road booster told us—that the initial organization for promoting good roads took place at the Lanren Hotel in Asheville, attended by citizens from the western counties. This group did the ground-work for the North Carolina Good Roads Association which was later organized—and started the movement for the great ribbon of concrete which traverses our state. It promoted and worked for the first state appropriation of \$50,000,000 in 1921 for good roads. Things have happened in North Carolina since then. It has been like a mighty stream gathering momentum, taking everything in sight along with it—and the farm to market roads might be described as the overflow into the byways and eddies. It is a magic story—for the highways of North Carolina have brought wealth to the state and increasing prosperity. We do not mean to write about state roads, but Haywood roads, but we have to leave the county to show they are part of a great system.

Remembering the roads in rural Haywood county 25 years ago, when went to live in the country, 14 miles from Waynesville, has tempted us this winter to feel that the calendar had been turned back to those bygone muddy days. Correct us, if we are wrong, but we believe that three road companies went broke in the four or five years the Pigeon road was under construction. It cost more to combat the mud than those making the bids planned. Traveling in those days could be a great adventure. We recall once we came to a luncheon in Waynesville. We left home around 9 o'clock in the morning. We drove in a car to Woodrow, and there caught a train, (the Sun-burst Special), and in Canton we took a bus to Waynesville. We waited in Woodrow for the train and we waited in Canton for a bus.

But we did get to the party by 1:00 o'clock. Another time we tried to make the trip by way of the mud on Pigeon Gap when the road was under construction, but we were late for our engagement. The way that poor old T-model Ford would chuck and spin in a muddy rut positively aroused one's sympathy. There was so much wasted effort. Often the car did not budge an inch out of its path but would rise and fall back in the same old rut in an effort to get out—Then you would have to climb out in the mud and get a neighbor to hoist a pole under your wheels or better still get his team to pull you out, before you could get going. When we got sorry for ourselves for such hardships, the head of the family would remind us of what he encountered when he was growing up, and we would feel very unreasonable. There were no bridges over Pigeon River for many years, and you had to ford it around 15 times. But it seems that fording a swollen stream, even in darkness then, was not considered any more serious than pumping up a flat tire is today.

When you stop to think of it—with all the fun poked at Henry Ford—and his T-models, they really did more to create the demand for good roads than anything else in this country and elsewhere. For a Ford could make it when other cars failed to run.

The first road improvement in Haywood county began shortly after the turn of the 1900's—and consisted of stretches of macadam, which were made of a layer of crushed stone—laboriously put down in the road bed and pressed down with a huge roller drawn by eight horses. The first roads built, radiated out from Waynesville for several miles in different directions. Waynesville was the first township to vote road bonds in the county. Modern road building machinery was of course unknown and grading was largely done by hand—with picks and shovels.

But going farther back we are told that Main street before it had its first covering of bricks was a sea of mud when it rained, and it was not an uncommon sight to see buggies and wagons stuck in a deep mud. We recall how the late "Uncle Dave Boyd" used to describe Main street after a hard rain.

We think today with the pre-war surfacing worn thin on our farm to market roads, that life is hard, but just imagine what a trip in the early 1900's and before must have been. For instance a trip from Fines Creek to White Oak into the county seat—or from the "head waters of the Pigeon"—to Waynesville and back. It is said that people who lived 20 miles or more from Waynesville, the chief shopping center, figured on either spending the night in town or at a neighbor's when they planned the trip. It meant two days. Then we

Voice
OF THE
People

Considering the world conditions today do you think this country is demobilizing troops too fast?

R. E. Connatser—
"There is a possibility that we are. We don't know yet what Russia is going to do."

Mrs. Frank Ferguson—
"I am afraid that most people do not take in the conditions that exist in the world today. It seems to me that we are discharging troops too rapidly."

R. E. Sentelle—
"We need to maintain a strong army until we are in the clear. We don't know yet what the other big nations are going to do."

R. W. Livingston—
"I am inclined to think we are demobilizing too fast. The psychological effect of a large army on other nations is necessary at this time."

Mrs. Clyde H. Ray—
"Probably we are in view of world affairs."

C. C. Francis—
"It looks like we might be unless we can clean out the knicks in between times."

W. Clark Medford—
"I certainly do."

Dr. H. O. Champion—
"No, I do not think so."

J. R. Morgan—
"Yes, I have thought so for some time."

W. R. Francis—
"It would look from the present trend and general conditions that we have been discharging the men in the armed forces too rapidly. They are needed for service."

understand that a lantern was a regular part of the traveling equipment, for you left before daybreak and you never reached home until after dark. When it was rainy horseback was the accepted means of transportation and the speed limit might be placed at two miles an hour.

Merchants operated a four-horse team to haul their goods to the country stores. They would take produce to market and load up on the return trip with merchandise. These were exciting trips and frequently right here within the borders of Haywood county such traveling required food and camping equipment for the drivers and feed for the horses. Quite a contrast to the present fleet of fast moving trucks that haul berries, fruits and vegetables in season, leaving here in the afternoon with food to be served on breakfast tables in hotels in cities miles away.

Yet we hear people, both old and young sigh for the good old days—when people had time to live. Of course we admit there were many compensations back in that era, but we believe that cycles of time bring more good than had to compensate for the changing tides. As for mud, we are glad to leave it to the early history of the county and instead of grieving over the picturesque mountain roads so close to nature on Haywood's gentle slopes, we look forward to the time when every mountain cave home is located on a well constructed highway. We hope to see Haywood completely out of the mud.

AIR EXPRESS

To facilitate the bulk movement by air express of certain products over Latin-American air routes, special commodity air express rates, representing reductions of 50 to 70 per cent, have been announced by Pan American Airways. The new rates apply to commodities such as fresh and frozen sea foods, live plants, cuttings and shrubs, fresh beef and beef products, fresh eggs, meats and poultry.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



POINTED PARAGRAPHS

By

WALTER ALLISON

Russia certainly Byrnes our mid-night oil.

Our home is very modest, but we do have running water in every room. The roof leaks.

Very little can be said about a sport shirt. It's a short tail.

What is This Country Coming To?—Headline, Waynesville, sooner or later.

Any Haywood county child knows a report card is no honey when it's full of B's.

Chester Cobb, of Kentucky, was caught with 20 gallons of moonshine Tuesday. Corn on the Cobb.

Said the Haywood county farmer who found four eggs under his covers yesterday morning, "I must have gone to bed with the chickens last night."

Any fellow can have a large following if he has a new white shirt tucked under his arm.

The garage says due to the shortage, they won't be able to give the breed a grease job.

A new post-war mattress is about to be placed on the market. Very timely, if it can quiet a restless world.

Just because the boys are coming home with wider feet is not the

only reason Waynesville is out.

Many a man the Speaker of the House Washington, until he died.

The more Churchill the Russian hear the like trouble—turn.

A Philadelphia dropped her diploma a 20-story window been spraking holes for three weeks.

The tax office took poll tax from a fellow, them there hasn't been front of his house.

To many Europeans after a World War looks like a dooche.

Funny, so many Paletors see the dentist for we thought the come them with uppers and

Many a Waynesville a new roadster the mile.

Landlord ripped shoulders and his the OPA know, and high?

The best way is on a quiet March meet up with some ed person.

YOU'RE TELLING

By WILLIAM RITT

Central Press Writer

JUDGING by her woes in many parts of the colonial world, the name of that song might be changed from "There'll Always Be an England" to "There'll Always Be a British Crisis."

Revised proverb: "He knows on which side his bread WAS (not IS) buttered."

The way we understand it, the shortage of butter will become bitter before it gets better.

Toward the end of the war, the Nazis were perfecting an ice bomb which would freeze

anything within a radius miles. It seems they could use it the the chill on THEM.

Baby sitters may union—headline. Why they can pull a stork.

Stone eating machine stroy Notre Dame news item. What's the kind of church model?

The new mode of fashions emphasized figure. At last were suit those gals who diet which didn't

Inside WASHINGTON

Senator Vandenberg Still
A Presidential PossibilityWheatless Wheat
Won't Cut Supply

Special to Central Press

WASHINGTON—Despite Senator Arthur Vandenberg statement that he is not a presidential candidate for 1948, rule out an outside chance that he might win the GOP nomination that he would welcome it.

Vandenberg has been catapulted into the world scene delegate, and is the spokesman for one trend of thought within his party. Oddly, he was helped along administration he criticized vigorously for its doings on the

His pre-Yalta foreign policy address the late President Roosevelt that he Van' a delegate to the San Francisco Subsequently, President Truman

Vandenberg could hardly forget the crowds at the Philadelphia GOP convention 1940, when he had a fair chance to nomination that later went to the

In Chicago four years later he was the background by Governor Dewey year hence it might be different—depending on the success of UNO and he plays in it.

Observers figure the big scramble among Minnesota's ex-Governor Stanley Vandenberg's left wing" in world policy, Dewey, and Governor Bricker, Ohio conservative and 1944 vice-president.

If Stassen is beaten, if Dewey is out, and Bricker comes the waiting man in the background would appear the Van.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S ORDER curtailing the use of whiskey and beer will not hurt the drinking public too much. According to those in the industry distilled spirits are little in quantity but there will be enough to go around.

Distillers use chiefly the best grades of corn and rye, added as a stretcher during the war. Thus, they figure they be hit too hard.

There is a possibility, however, that spirits may be the whiskey output and the production of gin halted as the war.

Beer brewers say they expected a decreased demand brews after the war, so they, too, are not worrying much.

THE COMMERCE DEPARTMENT wants the ladies to know that their precious nylons are not going overstocking legs are getting goosepimples from standing await the sheepest hose.

So Arthur Paul, director of the Office of International came forward with the figures. He said: Less than one American nylons go abroad.

In 1945, he said, only 354,000 of the 40,000,000 nylons America were diverted to foreign markets.

THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW HOUSING PROGRAM 1,500,000 pre-fabricated homes in 1946 and 1947 is going some tough sledding unless some prompt action is taken to insure their construction.

The reason: "Prefabs" are anathema in many communities. "City Fathers" do not want them and building trades unions, along with suppliers of building materials, are turning up their noses at them.