

THE MOUNTAINEER

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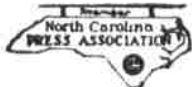
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TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1946

In Character

The Federal Government, through the Farm Security Administration, which experimented somewhat elaborately with a home-stead project known as Penderlea at Burgaw, N. C., undertook, among many other things, to operate a hosiery mill in connection with the enterprise.

It now is announced that, after having lost \$230,643 in the operation of this mill, it has sold the plant.

This unhappy experience is just about what was to be expected.

Government makes a sorry manager of business and industrial enterprises which it ventures to create and operate. That is the usual case. Here and there may be a rare exception.

Incidents of this kind, however, are so illustrative of the Government's bungling of private affairs that the American people may well conclude that it will be a tragic day, should it ever come, if the Federal Government should take over, own, and operate business and industry in this country.—The Charlotte Observer.

Buying What You Need

Now that price controls have had all their teeth pulled and our system of free economy is back out on its own, what is the United States headed for?

This is, comparatively, a time of prosperity. There is a larger demand for goods than there is supply, and enough money in circulation to keep prices high. No one denies that everything is high, wages as well as prices, and there is little prospect that there will not be further increases in the price of goods before production begins flooding all markets and brings the promised stability. Meanwhile, when you buy your butter, your lumber, or your new automobile, note that your cost of living is rising.

The war brought its shortages and high wages that built up a savings reserve among all segments of the citizenship. Now that production has passed its early outbreak of post-war strikes and is running into high with little price control, many of the items that have been so dear in the past are now "in stock."

But the prospective buyer who has wanted so many things and has saved money these past years to enjoy them might think of something else other than his desire to possess when he finds himself next in line to buy. He might think of the future. He might think that he is gambling every time he dips into the reserve: gambling that he is taking out of what he has more than he is getting in return, and taking a chance that the prosperity bubble will burst in a few years and find himself stranded in a depression with only second-rate possessions to carry him through. He might remember the adage: "When prices are high, sell; when prices are low, buy."

Only if the American public will discipline themselves to demand "getting their money's worth" on what they spend, and buying only what they need, can the present rising costs be kept from spiraling into dangerous inflation, and the free economy that we have cherished be preserved.

An old-timer is one who can recall when a woman carried a handbag more as an ornamental affair.—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.

Another Pre-War Sign

We note with gratification that the Haywood County Demonstration Farmers are planning to make a tour out of Haywood County and see what the other fellow is doing about some of their problems.

These tours which were inaugurated a couple of years before the war proved of great benefit to the farmers and they serve more than one purpose. They are not only a means of observing farm methods used by others, but are also a vacation that the farmer might not otherwise take, which will be good for him and his family.

The Band Starts Up Again

Like many other things the war took its toll from the high school band. A number of the older and better trained boys left school before they graduated and the ranks of the band began to thin soon after Pearl Harbor of some of its talent that might have remained longer.

Now the students are to be organized and work begun so that the group will be ready to take their part in the annual Labor Day parade and program which is staged at Canton. They will also be in good practice to add their always welcome part to the football season. Here's luck to you, Mr. Isley, in getting them in good trim for the coming events, for our band is one of our community's greatest assets.

Bounty and Beef Raising

We can't think as pessimistically about the decision of the Commodity Credit Corporation to discontinue beef cattle production payments on June 30 as Lenoir Gwyn, state agriculture department marketing specialist seems to believe.

He has just said that the discontinuance of this subsidy would be an important factor in discouraging the production of beef cattle in North Carolina.

We will never believe that sensible Tar Heel farmers will be deterred from the intelligent and thrifty practice of growing beef cattle by the matter of withholding some 50 cents a hundred royalty on their production.

This amounts to practically nothing when compared with the total revenue to be derived from raising beef cattle, not only in the meat that is marketed but also in the fertility that comes to the soil.

Tar Heel farmers do not have to be paid to use common sense.—Shelby Star.

We Need Marked Streets

Have you tried to direct a stranger to a given point in Waynesville or Hazelwood recently?

Taking for granted that the stranger you are trying to direct is a total stranger in the community, you will find yourself groping in the dark trying to find ways and means of giving them instruction.

There is only one solution to the problem, and that is for all the streets in both Waynesville and Hazelwood to be marked with permanent markers and not just "chalked" on the side of the curb for a tire to rub off the next day.

Next to marking the streets with durable overhead signs, would be numbering all houses.

We realize this is a big job, but the community has outgrown the days when citizens can remember where everyone lives. The population is increasing so rapidly and so many changes being made by constant moving, that properly marked streets and numbers on houses are our only reasonable solution.

Several months ago John Taylor drew a street map of both Hazelwood and Waynesville, and the Chamber of Commerce had 5,000 copies made. Much time and effort was spent in making the map correct in every detail, and this could be used to start the work, instead of having to "wait until we can get a map made" as one official who felt indifferent to the plan recently stated.

This newspaper is of the firm opinion that there is no reasonable excuse or cause for delaying the matter.

An old-timer is one who can recall when a woman carried a handbag more as an ornamental affair.—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.

"Japs to Get 'Soap Opera'" —headline. No better than a defeated enemy deserves.—St Louis Post-Dispatch.

There are many ways of observing the change in seasons. For instance about this time of year have you noticed the moment you lay down the coal shovel, the lawn mower jumps into your hands?—Christian Science Monitor.

"Knocked into the sea by a big fish that leaped into his boat, a Florida angler swam to shore."—News item. No doubt this fish is busy telling his friends about the big man that got away.—Minneapolis Star-Journal.



HERE and THERE By HILDA WAY GWYN

We almost lost our faith in people last week. The editor sent us to the rural areas on a bit of business pertaining to a greater news coverage of Haywood—in his car, with J. D. Hyatt, of the advertising department, driving. Our mission had been completed. . . . It was in the late afternoon and J. D. and I were reveling in the loveliness of the roadside, the cool breeze as we spun along. . . . enjoying some apples the Oder Burnetts had given us when suddenly we stopped—a blow-out. Of course being on a highway where cars went by every minute, we had perfect faith that we could get help, which we badly needed. While there was a good spare, J. D. said the jack wouldn't work.

We would hear a motor coming and we would both look hopeful. Trucks went lumbering by. Cars of every description sped on, with never a glance from their owners, who ignored our trouble. The sun was sinking lower. The editor, we knew, was in his office, waiting for his car to go home. It finally dawned on us that Good Samaritans have stopped traveling the highways. After an argument over who was to walk down the road to a nearby house, we won out, but when we arrived the garage was empty, and not a sound in the house. Just as we were retracing our steps a car came in sight. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Noland Pless and their two small sons. . . . Noland came along with his tools and in no time he had us ready to travel. . . . And our faith in human nature completely restored. He gave us help like it was a pleasure—a kind of pre-war graciousness that is about to go out of fashion.

We read with interest an interview that Louis Graves, editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly, had with the eminent botanist, Dr. W. C. Coker, of the University on the subject of honeysuckle. Perhaps it was because during the war years the ever entwining honeysuckle nearly "choked the life out of our shrubs" and we are now devoting every spare moment towards getting the stuff out of our prized boxwood and many of our flowering shrubs, we had to cut down to get the honeysuckle under control, that we were so much intrigued by what Dr. Coker had to say. Then it is always comforting to know that your problems are common ones, no matter how much you may sympathize with other sufferers.

"Honeysuckle is the worst pest this country has had since the chestnut blight," said Dr. Coker. . . . "It has a deadly destructive grip on trees for it will strangle young ones to death." . . . "We have all seen large shrubs and trees laden with honeysuckle, when upon examination the trees had no leaves, only those of the pernicious vine which crowds out everything in its wake—if allowed to take its course it will choke out all other growth. Advice is, don't let it get ahead of you—it is just like some people. They appear on first acquaintance so sweet and gentle, but after a time you find that these qualities hide selfishness and stubbornness. . . . So don't let the graceful vines of the honeysuckle and the romantic fragrance of its flowers fool you into cultivating the stuff—for we admit that at night there is nothing so elusive and sweet as the fragrance that comes from honeysuckle in bloom. . . . If you don't believe us about its devious habits come to see us and we will take you in our back yard to see its ravages.

If everybody in this community worked as hard at their jobs as S. A. Jones, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Waynesville, Hazelwood and Lake Junaluska would be One Big City—but don't ask me its name. . . . In the first place she has the vision and enthusiasm of her father, the late Col. Jones, and she is willing to go out all the way when she gets into a project—whether its trying to get fried ham for Mrs. Roosevelt for breakfast on a few hours notice, or serving as a special agent to the Summer players—She believes above all else in Haywood county—She has pride in her community—She is a salesman for Haywood, Inc.—to every summer visitor who darkens the door of the C. office—and to everyone she meets.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER By STRICKLAND GILLIAN (In The Washington Post)

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born. We used to have our ham and eggs (or bacon) every morn. We didn't think it strange, at all; but took it in our stride. But now it gets us lathered up to hear a pig has died.

I remember, I remember, when butter—golden-sweet—Would ramble o'er the pancakes we were privileged to eat. They didn't give us margarine or ma'alaude, and say "The grocer says the butter man won't be around today."

I remember, I remember, in water-melon time We used to buy a blimp-sized ball, and buy it for a dime. To get one half as big today the missus hocks her rings To find the pulp not fit to eat, in what her money brings.

I remember, I remember, when Pa could buy a shirt— (A white one, if he wanted to!) and no one would be hurt. But now he stands in line a day and sees the last one sold To some one twenty feet away—Pa's language can't be told.

I remember, I remember, in times pre-OPA. No ceiling price or stealing price disturbed us night or day. The slaughterhouses bought the steers and dressed them up for meat That we could buy in butcher shops and take it home to eat.

I remember, I remember, the days of auld lang syne When one could spend full half of one's time outside a grocery line; When one could go and quickly buy a loaf of baker's bread Nor stand and gaze an hour upon a row of carts ahead.

I remember, I remember, when Yankee folk were free To work without a lot of guys to stand around and see How much they got and make them quit if it was not enough To please the walking delegates who sternly did their stuff.

I remember, I remember—yay! That's what makes us yell; Remembering the simple life that suited us so well! But now, since we have balled it up, it is a cinchy bet We'd be a whole lot happier if we could just forget.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE ALONG BROAD By Walter Winchell

Innocent Bystander: The Cinemagicians: Fred Murray lights the fuse for a smoky fire-cracker christened "Smoky"

Miss Carolyn Curtis—"I think in-difference would be the quickest way"

Miss Catherine Jones—"It all depends upon the circumstances and the people involved. As for me I would do it quickly and get it over."

Paul McElroy—"Come clean and stop short, but of course it all depends on how much involved you are."

Joe Tate Jr.—"I think it's best just to tell them right off, rather than let things drag on."

Miss Betty Bradley—"I think it should be done suddenly."

Miss Gladys Phillips—"There is no best way. It is a painful process anyway you take it, for one or both may still be in love."

N. Y. Motorist Plays Return Engagement NEW YORK.—At exactly 1:30 p. m. July 11, 10th anniversary to the minute of the opening of the Triborough Bridge—a group of officials stopped a motorist on the span to present him a surprise 10-pound pile—and a \$5 book of toll tickets.

Mr. Catan, who makes a practice of fresh, he was first at the opening of the Lincoln Tunnel and the Sixth Avenue Subway—maintained that the bridge opening 10 years ago was a half minute late.

But this time, he said, "it was on time."

Australian Fiancees To Sail For U. S. Soon CANBERRA, Australia.—A United States Legation spokesman said here the first Australian fiancée of American servicemen probably would leave Australia for the United States early in August on the Marine Falcon.

Quotation Marksmanship: T. Fuller: If you'd have a hen lay, you must bear with her cackling. . . . Old Russian Adage: Wounds heal but harsh words stay in the heart and mind. . . . J. Baker: The most were all having an unworking good time. . . . J. Ensign: He's always coming a phrase. . . . Ida Jones: I hope the atom test isn't the Baking of the End. . . . J. Gartz: The British seem to be more interested in getting the Grand Mufti to Palestine than The Hundred Grand who belong there. . . . J. Cannon: Louis is a credit to his race. . . . E. Cuneo: I would gladly change the orchids I deserve for the orchids I don't. . . . G. J. Nathan: Men go to the theater to forget, women to remember.

Jimmy Gardiner, the play-producer, told this at Leone's the other night. During the war he was visited by a wealthy neighbor from Texas, an aging woman who had an overpowering yen for the perfect string of pearls. Gardiner recommended Cartier's. . . . There she was served by a young clerk who mistook her unimpressive appearance for poverty and showed her the lowest-priced strings. She demanded better ones until the store's stock was exhausted and only the vault remained. She insisted on going into it. The clerk pulled out their finest pearls and

Footlights and I was a tub and the head-off came late. Bank of America closed early. One Play towards. Tom plays romantic admirably suited. . . . several. . . . members enjoyed. . . . Verlon E. Callahan the man. . . . the wonder.

HE GETS EM GRAND ISLAND Wilcox for 34 years employ. final rating in first in office. He'll stay four more at

Turn Up The Lights MOST good things flourish in the light—as does mankind. Since the beginning, man has loved light and shunned the dark. Only under the compulsion of a national emergency does he accept black-outs and brown-outs. Now let's turn up the lights. Our own Main Street White Way in Waynesville, for example, could do with more and brighter lights. Homefolks as well as tourists will applaud our Board of Aldermen should it take the lead in such a project. "The Friendly Bank" THE First National Bank ORGANIZED 1902 Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation We Have Lock Boxes To Rent