

THE MOUNTAINEER

Main Street, Waynesville, North Carolina. Phone 700. The County Seat of Haywood County.

Published By THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO. W. CURTIS RUSS, Editor. W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. HAYWOOD COUNTY, \$3.00. NORTH CAROLINA, \$4.00. OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA, \$4.50.

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 2, 1929, November 20, 1934.

Copyright notices, resolutions of respect, and of thanks, and all notices of entertainment for profit, will be charged for at the rate of two cents per word.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE UNITED PRESS. The Associated Press and United Press are entitled exclusively to the use for re-publication of all the local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP and UP news dispatches.



TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1949

These Modern Spellers

A revival of spelling matches seems to be underway in Haywood. And it is a good thing, because everyday there is a growing evidence of an increasing "crop" of bad spellers.

Yesterday in a letter to the editor, the word "phase" was spelled "faze." But that did not cap the one where a high school student, in all seriousness wrote "pance" for "pants."

We have our pet boners, which at times it seems almost impossible to get correct, but then there is always the feeling that no matter how hard we try, those typographical errors still creep in to mix up the simplest of words.

Printer's note—that is just like an editor to say errors are the fault of the linotype operator. Wonder who he thinks corrects his spelling in the first place?

Editors note—there's no use trying to have the last word with an operator, as they set the type, while editors merely write the copy. You win, Mr. Printer.

"Busy Learning To Live"

Judge Frank Smathers gave all of us something to think about in his recent article that has been published in two magazines of national circulation.

We think Judge Smathers gave a very fitting climax and ending to his article, by stating, "I have been busy learning to live again."

Too often, we are prone these days to become too busy to learn to live. We are busy trying to acquire something for a time out yonder when we think we will have time to relax, and live.

Not long ago, a Waynesville man was re-buked by a person who looks for beautiful landscapes, and other things of beauty in nature, because this man had never noticed a view from the top of a certain hill. His explanation for failing to see the view was this: "When I pass that spot, I am usually going 50 miles an hour, and have my eyes on the road, and not views."

For ten years he had driven the same route daily, and yet never saw what a stranger observed the first time.

We feel that many of us will find happiness in adopting the closing lines of the Judge's article:—"busy learning to live."

A Gross Insult

During the recent strikes in the bakeries of New York, the women of that metropolis, helplessly dependent on the mechanisms of a great city, were hard put to it to supply their families with bread.

The poor editor of the New York Times stepped gallantly into the breach and, apparently with a straight face, informed the benighted women of the city that corn muffins were a good substitute for bread.

To any true southerner, their fighting words. If the food editor of the Times is trying to start the Civil War all over again, she could not have selected a better cause celebre.

When a southerner sits down to supper on a cold winter evening, he has reached the desideratum of gastronomic happiness when the maid sets before him dishes of collards properly cooked with remnants of a ham hock, butter beans, and corn muffins split open, with a slab of butter melting on each half, and for dessert a spoonful of honey spread on a buttered muffin.

Incidentally, you have never really eaten collards if they were not seasoned with ham hock. If you have a family that won't touch them, just try cooking them with ham hock and watch husband and children gobble with gusto.

And those butter beans—not baby limas, but the big ones—should be cooked in the same pot with the leftovers from the lamb shoulder that you had for the previous day's dinner.

But to get back to corn muffins. We are not going to get into an argument about a corn bread recipe, because we know of no subject that will stir up as much dissension as the recipe for corn bread, unless, perhaps, it is a debate among gardeners about the proper way to raise tomatoes. For the old rhyme about some like it hot, some like it cold, and some like it in the pot nine days old, applies precisely to corn bread.

Some will have no egg in it; others abhor any addition of flour; and no southerner can abide sugar in his corn bread. Some like it in muffins, some in the pan, some cooked in advance in huge pones big enough to last the family a week, and still others dote upon fried corn cakes.

Without intending, therefore, to take sides in this perennial controversy, we offer here the recipe of a Negro cook famous for her corn bread:

"I takes a cup of meal and a cup of flour, adds a pinch of salt and a dab of baking powder and sifts 'em together. Then I beats one egg into the dry stuff and adds just enough milk to mix it. If I has butter milk, I mixes a smidgeon of soda into it. Then I has my sho'tenin' already melted and pours it into the batter so hot that it bubbles and sizzles, and I stirs it in fast. Then it's ready to pop into a blisters' hot oven.

"How much sho'tenin'? Well, befo' it's melted, bout the size of an egg laid by a two-year-old Black Minorca hen."

If you know what she means by a pinch, a dab, and a smidgeon, how big an egg is laid by a two-year-old Black Minorca hen, and the temperature of a blistering hot oven, you can't go wrong.

When she brings the muffins to the table with the perfect brown of old gold and so hot that you can't lift them with your fingers but have to harpoon them with your fork, and when you watch the butter melting on the two halves, anybody who calls that delicacy a substitute for bread had better smile when he says it—Charlotte Observer

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



Looking Back Over The Years

15 YEARS AGO Mrs. W. C. Medford wins prize for best answers in error contest sponsored by The Mountaineer. 10 YEARS AGO Work starts on two new stores at the corner of Main and Miller streets. 5 YEARS AGO Mrs. Rufus Siler is elected president of the Community Council at the organization meeting.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Do you think the Town Board of Aldermen should finish renovating the front of the city hall building, or let it remain in its present condition? Elizabeth Leatherwood: "Yes, it should be completed. The other buildings are such a credit to the town that it is too bad not to finish it."

UNCLE ABE'S LETTER

Howdy, folks! I've got good news for you this time, awful good news for all you Waynesville fishermen. I gess the Editor wood a liked to 'ave scooped up on this—but no, sir-ee! hit's fur this kolym x-closure. "Why not let's oppyrate a red worm-farm," sez Roy Reece to me 'other day, 'an' s'ply all these fishermen? "Well, we'd haff t' have the smart track o' lan' then wood't we?" I ast; "how about my Cherry-kee rabbit ranch?"

MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Is a "lazy" adolescent mentally ill? Answer: That depends on what he's "lazy" about—and why. Lack of interest in school work, for example, may be due to childishness, poor teaching, rebellion against authority, or a feeling of not having been accepted by his schoolmates.

By LAWRENCE GOULD Consulting Psychologist

you to feel secure will relieve it. Because most of us have never since felt as secure as we did in mother's arms, the average person finds relief from sleeplessness in whatever makes him feel he's back there again: quiet, warmth, food, or the presence of some loved and trusted person.



Do people judged "insane" often get well? Answer: Much more often than statistics have appeared to show, say members of the staff of Warren State Hospital, Warren, Pa. Figures usually given out have been misleading because they have not distinguished between new and chronic cases.

Roy Parkman: "By all means complete the building. The rental income would be quite an item, besides the attractive appearance of the building."

Letters To The Editor

SOME FACTS ON RURAL ELECTRIFICATION IN HAYWOOD Editor The Mountaineer: Your editorial, "Design For Better Living," which appeared in the March 18 edition of the Waynesville Mountaineer prompts me to apologize for negligence.

Firing On Ft. Sumter To Be Re-enacted

CHARLESTON, S. C. (UP)—The firing on Ft. Sumter, spark that set off the Civil War, will be re-enacted in fireworks April 20 during the Charleston azalea festival. The display will be staged at the point of the famous Battery. Models of Ft. Sumter and Johnson will be constructed on small ships and moved in close to shore.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING



Rambling 'Re

-Bits Of Human Interest News Picked Up -Of The Mountaineer Staff-

Vacation days will soon be looming up on the calendar and every one will be looking at folders and advertising matter. It has always been a matter of conjecture whether us Waynesville-ites could find a finer place in which to spend our vacation time. We have everything to offer that we will find in any descriptive matter of other locations: scenery, cool nights and pleasant days; all the comforts (literally) of home!

Capital Letter

WHAT A MAN!—George Coble, who is the new man on the State Highway and Public Works Commission, can have the job as chairman if he wishes. But he is a pretty busy man. Just how busy was shown by his appearance a few days ago before the House Agriculture Committee in Washington against yellow oleomargarine.

Inside WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON—Congressional observers predict President Truman's lashing of Congress for Taft-Hartley Labor Act sooner, the chief executive accept a compromise law, or veto it. Betting is that the law which comes out of Congress from the administration's original proposal to the Taft-Hartley Act.

Eisenhower vs. Douglas

EISENHOWER VS. DOUGLAS—Some top Democrats are determined to seek nomination of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower for the GOP presidential candidate in 1952—to spite the five successive defeats from their banners. Many key Democrats, certain that President Truman's Court Justice, William O. Douglas, is the political totem, are thudding around three and a half years before the national elections open around an untimed, unpredictable course in history.