

The Mountaineer

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1939

HOMAGE TO A NATIVE SON

On the eve of the retirement of Brigadier General Harley B. Ferguson, whom we are proud to call a native son of Haywood, we would feel remiss, indeed, if we did not pay a tribute to his record in the Engineering Corps of the United States Army.

With deadly routine of the work of the army, where orders must be carried out to a word, where each officer's duties are more or less cut out in unchangeable patterns, it takes a genius to step out and go far beyond that well laid beaten path.

Harley B. Ferguson in the engineering projects undertaken for the Government, has shown vision, and talent for solving problems, that have whipped many others.

When he raised the sunken Maine, off the coast of Havana, he made history. When he conquered the Mississippi he made more than history, for he made the homes of the people who live in the rich fertile valley of our country safe from the floods of the Great Father of Waters. He made a place for himself in the lives of future generations who will carry on in the Mississippi Valley. He made a name never to be forgotten for himself, in the realm of engineering.

We understand General Ferguson has contemplated returning to Waynesville after his retirement. We take this opportunity to extend a welcome "back home."

U. S. ENTERS OLD GAME

The matter of surplus products that have seemed to be so prevalent in the United States since the days of the depression, have given us much concern, as to whether or not the government had the right to assist individual business and groups to the extent that has been done.

We have noted, both with interest, sympathy and at times alarm, instances that have taken place at the commodity office on Depot Street. There has often been waste of products that seemed appalling, through no fault of any local person, but through the execution of the government instructions.

We have wondered at times whether or not the government had any right to buy these commodities from individuals or groups, since purchases could not possibly be made from all business that happened to be "hurting."

Now comes a surplus commodity "swap" with Great Britain, that from all appearances is a good and fair exchange, and at the same time the government will have something to "show" for buying a commodity, as well as the cotton farmer, who is in deep trouble over a surplus, disposing of his goods.

Other nations have been swapping, but it is said that it is a new step for the United States to barter. The swap will take 600,000 bales of the 11 million cotton surplus, for 175,000,000 pounds of British rubber. The value of the deal in money was announced last week to amount to \$26,600,000.

It is said that the trade with Great Britain will serve as a model for similar pacts with other nations. Germany, until recently, the chief proponent of trade without cash, now has two new rivals, Great Britain and the United States.

England and the United States will store the goods for seven years, except in case of war, and then they will be used when needed. It has also been pointed out that having the products already stored would eliminate the necessity of carrying it through troubled areas in time of war.

Always, there seems to be carried forward the thought that sooner or later, we will be drawn into some conflict, that will demand war supplies.

EQUITY FINANCING

Making ends meet today has become a difficult matter with an established business, and a new venture has pitfalls undreamed of strewn in their paths.

The following by H. I. Phillips, in the New York Sun, illustrates with the Ford Motor Company, in an illuminating manner what a new business starting today must face:

"(Henry Ford started the Ford Motor Co. 26 years ago with \$2,800.—News item.)

THEN
"A man demonstrates a horseless carriage and asks financial backing. He says his name is Henry Ford.

"Nobody knows him.
"He says he needs about \$2,800.
"He gets it.
"The business starts.

TODAY
"A man demonstrates a horseless carriage and asks financial backing. He says his name is Ford.

"Nobody even asks his first name after he mentions \$2,800.

"He goes to some wealthy men but they tell him this is no time to take chances.

"He goes to a banker. The banker says a horseless carriage might go all right, but the bank is putting all its money into Government bonds.

"He goes to a close friend, who expresses the belief a horseless carriage might have a future, but that on account of the economic setup, the unbalanced budget, the inflation scare, etc., it is no time to launch a new project.

"He goes to another close friend, who is quite delighted with the horseless buggy, but who 'isn't putting any money into anything now on account of the European situation.'

"He goes to a politician. The politician says a horseless carriage looks okay on paper and might be profitable though replacing the horse and buggy would be to throw blacksmiths, hack drivers, feed store workers, harnessmakers, etc., out of work.

"He finally locates a couple of capitalists who have imagination enough to see a future for the automobile, but he drives them out by predicting that 'they will make millions.' The thought of what they will pay in taxes scares them so much they order Mr. Ford to forget all about it.

"He decides to try Wall Street.

"The SEC demands a demonstration. The car works perfectly, but the commission cautions Mr. Ford against undue optimism, overstatement or the use of superlatives. It holds up everything while it makes a six-month inquiry to see if his right name is Henry Ford.

"A broker agrees to float stock.

"The flotation is rendered a little difficult by SEC rules along lines in the advertisements such as 'may ultimately become as popular as the horse and surrey' and 'likely some day to take its place as a pleasure vehicle' be deleted in the interests of honesty.

"Ford quits Wall street, finally gets \$2,800 from a group of friends—Heaven knows how—and starts a small shop.

"Labor delegates warn him that for every man he hires to make an auto he must hire at least one livery stable worker.

"There are a series of strikes. They are referred to the NLRB. The NLRB investigates for a year and a half and files a report charging that a horseless carriage industry is unfair to whip makers.

"Mr. Ford appeals to Washington and explains, rather pathetically, 'All I am trying to do is to make some horseless carriages.'

"There are frenzied speeches in the Senate and House in denunciation of the new invention by orators who speak as 'a friend of that noble animal, the horse.'

"The President names a Commission 'To Inquire Into the Aspects of the Horseless Carriage With a View to Possible Effects on the Economic and Social System.'

"The committee announces it will have a report ready in three years."

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

On last Tuesday four of Marion's Civic Clubs took around 50 of the business and professional men on a tour of some of McDowell's neighboring counties. Nothing new about the idea, but it brought to mind the wisdom of cultivating one's neighbors, and the fact that inter-county relations are often not as close as they should be.

Haywood County, is not exactly "God's chosen acre" in Western North Carolina, even if we natives are inclined to think so. Other counties also have their good points, which in the eyes of some might have greater appeal.

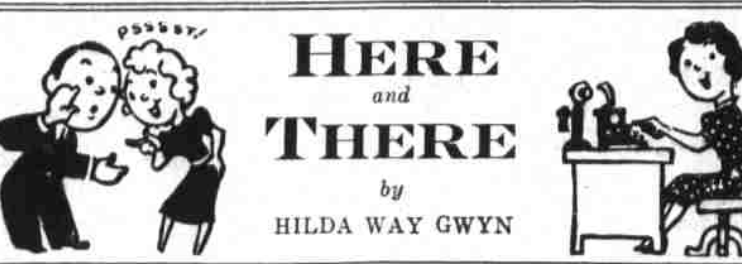
It might be well on the eve of "greater development," that we hear so much about, for us to study our neighboring counties more, so we would know just wherein Haywood is superior, if so, in order that we lend our efforts toward a more permanent and productive development, as well as give the most desirable and effective publicity to the outside world.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



THE LOCAL STREET REPAIRMEN LEARNED SOMETHING FROM GRANDDADDY GALE WINDPENNY, THE HURRICANE CORNERS' BLOW HARD



The following "rebuff" from the masculine standpoint of the bride cornering the attention at the marriage ceremony was given to us by a man . . . he has a keen sense of humor . . . but we have wondered if back behind it all might be just a bit of feeling for his sex in general . . . and that the whole thing might be a hint that weddings in the future should give the heretofore neglected groom a spot in the limelight . . . for we have never read an account yet of a wedding where the groom was anything but an excuse for all the attendants, the bride and the flowers and so on . . . so with appreciation we use herein the contribution taken from a column "Three Pipefuls" . . . by Ed, the Hired Man, which appeared in the Mecklenburg Times . . . of Charlotte. . . .

OSCAR ZILCH A CHARMING BRIDEGROOM OF MISS LESLIE
Mr. Oscar Zilch, charming and promising young business man of ——— and handsome son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Buster Zilch became the bridegroom of Miss Ruth Leslie Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock . . . The ceremony was performed in the main auditorium of the Douglas and Sing Mortuary before an improvised altar of yellow chrysanthemums, marigolds and other autumn flowers . . . The unusual seasonal arrangement was made to please the groom who wanted to put off the marriage until autumn.

As the groom strode stately to the altar on the arm of his father he was the cynosure of all attention . . . He was charmingly attired in a three-piece suit, consisting of coat, vest, and pants. . . . The coat of dark material was draped under his arms . . . a pretty story current among the wedding guests was the fact that the coat was the same coat worn by his father before him . . . and his great grandfather before him . . . on their wedding days . . . and that it will be worn by his sons and grandsons after him perchance . . . The vest was sleeveless and met in front where it was buttoned . . . It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and at the back was held together with a strap and buckle . . . His only ornament was a large Ingersoll watch, the gift of the bride, which was suspended from the upper left pocket of his coat, flashing and giving the needed touch of brilliance to a costume in perfect taste and harmony. . . .

As the bride led her groom from the nuptials to a honeymoon spot on the Dismal Swamps . . . it was noted that she was attired in the conventional "go-away" outfit. . . .

And we add with heartfelt sympathy . . . should the men in this day of "equal rights" demand such detailed description of their nuptial attire . . . and their importance as "the Groom" . . . we pity the society editor of "tomorrow" . . . the responsibility of describing the bride is grave enough . . . but to have to handle a groom . . . would be just too much. . . .



OF COURSE BLACKIE CAN'T DRIVE A DONKEY

Story 44
Jay Bird speaking: "When Mr. Man woke at Cool Spring and found no donkey, he didn't seem much worried. He just went out and looked up the road to see if Hee-Haw was in sight, but when he didn't see him he said to himself: 'I guess I slept so long that the rascal got tired of waiting, and so went on home. Well, he knows the way, and he must have passed the crossroads already, as I can't see him, so I'll just cut across this path through the woods, and see if I can't meet him on the other road.'
"So, Mr. Man took the path and hurried along till he came out into the road that led straight to his house, but the donkey wasn't in sight on that road either. Then he said, 'Well, I guess he is home by now, and so I will have to walk all the way.' It was a good long way to his house, and when Mr. Man got home it was mighty near dark. He looked around the barnyard for Hee-Haw, but didn't find him, and so he went to the house to ask Mrs. Man if he hadn't come.
"She told him that Hee-Haw certainly hadn't been there, for she had been watching for the wagon since long before dark. Then Mr. Man nearly had a fit. He got awfully mad, and said: 'If Blackie Bear could drive a donkey, I would be sure the rascal had taken him; but besides not being able to drive, I guess he remembers how Hee-Haw nearly kicked the life out of him that day in the field, and I just know he wouldn't get in reach of any donkey again. There must be some thief of a man somewhere in this neighborhood, and now instead of hunting for Blackie tomorrow, I will have to hunt for a man, my donkey and wagon. Things get worse and worse, and I don't know what is to become of us. I hope you have a lot of supper, for I am as hungry as a tiger, after this long walk. Oh, I wonder who got my donkey.'
Mrs. Man told him that she had plenty of supper, such as it was, but she had used up all the flour and sugar at breakfast, and expected him to bring home some in time for sup-

LETTER to the Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE—Letters to the Editor are not returned unless accompanied by return address. Letters are not necessarily published in the Mountaineer.

Editor Mountaineer:
Dear Sir—I am glad you called attention to the noise by the automobiles on Main Street. This is getting to be a real matter for the town. We have adverse comments about it from strangers who stop at our place. Waynesville can ill afford to have anything so easily prevented constant horn blowing. Some young folks will park along the street and foot as they know passing parties Saturday and Sunday at Others just seem to blow attention to themselves. See jam down on the old horn the traffic light changes; and this results in everybody joining in and what a terrible it all sums up to to those who are compelled to spend two hours a day under this noise. I believe a great deal of it could be done if the rule forbidding on both sides of Church Street enforced. Cars desiring into Church street from the often find it impossible to get the corner and the ensue starts the horn blowers spree.
As for those who blow the world know they are surely we can create enough feeling against these fellows they mend their ways. It seldom—one might say almost necessary to blow a horn like Main street. By careful and using brakes instead of nearly all this noise could be nated. This matter deserves serious co-operation. Almost towns now is on a crusade against noise and Waynesville with itors from near and far cannot ignore this nuisance.
Very truly yours
HARRY H. . . .

GEMS For Your Scrapbook

"DEMOCRACY"
"Democracy is on trial in a more colossal scale than before."—Dole.

"No government can continue but under the control of the—Jefferson.

"Then he answered and spoke me, saying, This is the way Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, might, nor by power, but by the saith the Lord of hosts."—Ze

"Democracy is better than ny."—Periander.

"Mankind will be God-governed proportion as God's government comes apparent, the Golden utilized, and the rights of the liberty of conscience held."—Mary Baker Eddy.

Records Reveal Four Lynchings Since January

There were 4 lynchings in months of the present year, according to records compiled at the Keegan Institute in the Department of Records and Research of the State.

The first six months of 1939 only one lynching as compared with four of this year, which is a record made in 1937.

The states in which lynchings occurred and the number in each are as follows: Florida, two, one, and Mississippi, one.

per. And so when he could any biscuits nor any sugar coffee, Mr. Man got madder. how long he hoped the rascal his things would have to stay. And that's about all there is you, for then Mrs. Man shut the door, and I went on home.
"And so Mr. Man wonders who got his donkey, ed Blackie. "Well, let him a little wondering will be him. It wouldn't do for him too much."
"Blackie," said Jack, "we in any hurry about getting mountains, now that we are reach of Mr. Man. There of rabbits around here, and to learn to shoot the gun with camp around here all day, you say?"
"All right," said Blackie; Jay Bird to tell me some more Mr. Man, anyway, so you and hunt as long as you want (To be continued.)