

DEATHS

FRED E. BUCHANAN

Fred E. Buchanan, 62, a retired farmer of Waynesville, Rt. 1, died Monday at 1:10 p.m. in the Haywood County hospital after a brief illness.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at 2 p.m. in Allens Creek Baptist Church.

The Rev. Otto Parham and the Rev. C. L. Allen officiated. Burial was in Buchanan Cemetery.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Minnie Rogers Buchanan; one son, Robert M. of Waynesville, Rt. 1; one brother, Walter of Waynesville, Rt. 1; and two grandchildren.

He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Buchanan of Haywood County and a World War I veteran.

Garrett Funeral Home was in charge.

THOMAS B. SISK

Thomas B. Sisk, 80, died Tuesday night at his home on Route 1, Waynesville following an illness of several years.

He was a son of the late James and Fanny Inman Sisk, a native and lifelong resident of Haywood County, and a retired farmer.

Funeral services will be held Friday at 2 p.m. in the home of a daughter, Mrs. Ira Mills, The Rev. O. R. Ledford and the Rev. Bill Queen will officiate and burial will be in Inman Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be grandsons, Fred Sisk, Wilburn Mills, Gerald Sisk, Leonard and Richard Farmer, and James Shelton.

Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. Dewey Palmer of Canton, Mrs. Fred Coward, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Robert Huff, all of Route 1, Waynesville, and Mrs. Ernest Lee of Rutherfordford; three sons, Arthur and Ray Sisk of Route 1, Waynesville, and Lewis Sisk of Kingston, Tenn.; one sister, Mrs. Laura Gordon of West Asheville; a half-sister, Mrs. Sally West of Waynesville; 32 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

Arrangements are under the direction of Garrett Funeral Home.

THOMAS C. MCKEE

Graveside rites will be held Friday at 2 p.m. in Green Hill Cemetery for Thomas C. McKee, who died Monday at his home in Jacksonville, Florida.

Adm. W. N. Thomas will officiate.

Pallbearers will be Charles Edwards, Don Payne, Marvin Culbreth, Peter Wendt, and Bob Malone.

The body arrived this morning and will remain at Garrett Funeral Home until the hour of the graveside service.

A service was held in Jacksonville at the Arlington Presbyterian Church of which McKee was a member.

Surviving are the wife, Mrs. Arlene McCoy McKee, the mother, Mrs. Thomas McKee of Madison, Ohio; and a sister, Mrs. Roy Keemer of Madison, Ohio.

McKee was a summer resident

Bishop Ward To Speak At Long's Chapel Sunday



Bishop Ralph A. Ward

Bishop Ralph A. Ward will be the guest speaker at the morning worship hour at the Long's Chapel Methodist Church Sunday.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon he will lead an informal discussion on "Missions in Asia", assisted by Mrs. Ward.

Bishop and Mrs. Ward are presently making their home in Hendersonville, however, will return to their Hongkong post in the fall where he is bishop of the Hongkong area.

Following the morning worship the pastor, the Rev. Don Payne, has announced that a picnic lunch will be served on the grounds of the church.

of Lake Junaluska.

MRS. J. LEATHERWOOD

Mrs. J. V. Leatherwood, 76, died in an Asheville hospital about 6 p.m. Wednesday following a long illness.

For the past several years she had been making her home with a daughter, Mrs. Clayton Pressley of Cruso.

Mrs. Leatherwood was the former Miss Lottie Messer, daughter of the late Lum and Julia Conard Messer of Cove Creek.

Surviving in addition to Mrs. Pressley are her husband; one son, Johnny of Hendersonville; four daughters, Mrs. Noah Cagle, Mrs. Carson Hannah and Mrs. R. L. Parks of Waynesville, and Mrs. Jack Stain of Washington, D. C.; two step-daughters, Mrs. Marion Messer of Cove Creek, and Mrs. Lizzie Hill of Waynesville; a step-son, Seep Leatherwood of Waynesville; a brother, Marion Messer of Cove Creek; and three sisters, Mrs. Texie Seay of Georgia, Mrs. Victoria Gay of Macon, Ga. and Mrs. Mamie Bradley of Marion, 41 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Leatherwood had been a member of Cove Creek Baptist Church for several years.

Funeral services will be held at Burnett Cove Baptist Church at



Eugene Holman was a country boy in Texas but you could hardly call him that now. He is chairman of the biggest oil company in the world. When I dropped in to see him in his Radio City office, he still looked like a country boy though, and talked somewhat like one. Only the massive mahogany desk, the uxurious rug and the real-leather chairs into which one sank way, way down didn't seem exactly like a rural atmosphere. Eugene said his company has just had the best year in its history. Everything is up, sales, dividends, profits—costs too. But he struck a sober note as he described the bright picture: the continuation of the labor-capital price spiral may ultimately lead to inflation. So he felt we should all view the future with sober reflection.

There is a young Korean boy here named Tong Il Han and though only 14 years old, he has already won many prizes in playing the piano. He is a student of Rosina Lhevinne, who at one time with her late husband, Josef, made up America's most famous dual-piano team. Among his achievements has been the winning of a scholarship to the Juillard School of Music. At a recent party given by Colonel Ben Limb, Korean Ambassador to the United States, young Tong Il Han taught his teacher something. It seems Mrs. Lhevinne was having trouble eating her Chinese food with chopsticks, so the Korean boy went over and expertly showed her how it was done.

You might not think there were farmers living in New York City, but I can account for at least 2,000 who subscribe to a farm journal which is published in an abandoned Methodist Church over on the West Side. In fact, the old-time publication has about 300,000 subscribers from Maine to Maryland and westward to Pennsylvania. The journal is run by Bill O'Brien and he really knows his dirt farming, for he owns a 300-acre farm upstate from here. The rural-looking editors receive hundreds of letters a week on farm problems, and sometimes there is a bug or piece of fruit enclosed—for analysis and report. Yeah, this is just a big country town.

Writing books is a hard job, a lot of us have found, but Herbert Block, the cartoonist, wrote one and evidently found the experience even worse than he had heard. "When you are doing a cartoon," Herb Block remarked, "you chew your nails and stare out of the window. When you are writing, you chew your nails, stare out of the window—and wonder whether you should jump through it."

Well girls, here it is. Your troubles are over—or should be, that is. I'm referring only to single girls, please, and the mighty fact

Cruso Saturday at 11 a.m. The Rev. R. R. Mehaffey, the Rev. Bobby Trull and the Rev. Paul Grogan will officiate. Burial will be in the Davis cemetery on Cove Creek. Grandsons will be pallbearers, and granddaughters will be flower bearers. The body has been taken to Mrs. Pressley's home and will remain there until time for the services. Crawford Funeral Home is in charge of the arrangements.

What will they think of next. There is a talking mail-box on Lexington Avenue with a speaker inside, which will answer your question (via the clerk inside) about mail — if it's a sensible one. I phoned a professor, found he was not in, but a recorded voice said over the phone, "You have exactly 30 seconds in which to leave a recorded message for so-and-so." I was surprised but managed to blurt out a message.

Gotham Gatherings: Mel Allen says his definition of a hypochondriac is a man who goes to the doctor so the doctor will tell him he's in perfect health so he can tell troubles are over—or should be, the doctor he's crazy . . . sign in a three-ring circus . . . sign in a store, "Work is the curse of the drinking class" and also, "Time wounds all heels" . . . a gasoline sign getting local laughs shows a happy Indian driving a big, fast car, and is entitled "Sitting Bull now antelope."

We think we live in a rough age, but things have been worse. Some figures just released here by the Health Information Foundation show that for every 15 people who die of cancer and heart disease, 61 die in accidents. In one year, 836 children under 14 years of age died of polio—while 11,441 kids of the same age were killed in traffic accidents. Yet in 1900, the figures show, the death rate from all forms of accidents was 72.3 per 100,000 population, while by last year, the same rate

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COP KILLED IN NEW CYPRUS RIOT



THE BODY of a Turkish Cypriot policeman lies covered with the Turkish flag in Nicosia while the victim's father sits on the curb in background. The policeman was killed in new violence that has erupted on the Mediterranean island. Pro-Greek rebels attacked a police station in suburban Deftera wounding a British soldier. Other terrorists shot and seriously wounded Bernhard Shaw, British judge who sentenced several nationalists to the gallows. He was struck by bullets in the head and neck. (International Radiophoto)

Whenever I am reminded of Old New York, I think of my friends the Warrens. Jack and Marietta, they were, and now it is just Marietta and she lives in Texas. He was drama-music editor of the old New York World and she a charming concert singer and they were all joyously mixed up with Caruso and Victor Herbert and Charles Frohman and Delmonico's and such. But they found time to stroll in the park and meet Theodore Dreiser or Josephine Hull. They also found time to be laughingly gay and to love life together in New York in a great, big wonderful way. As a friend, Zula McCauley said, "they lived on the heights" of enjoyment, as well as achieving those fine things for which they strove in life. Well, New York misses

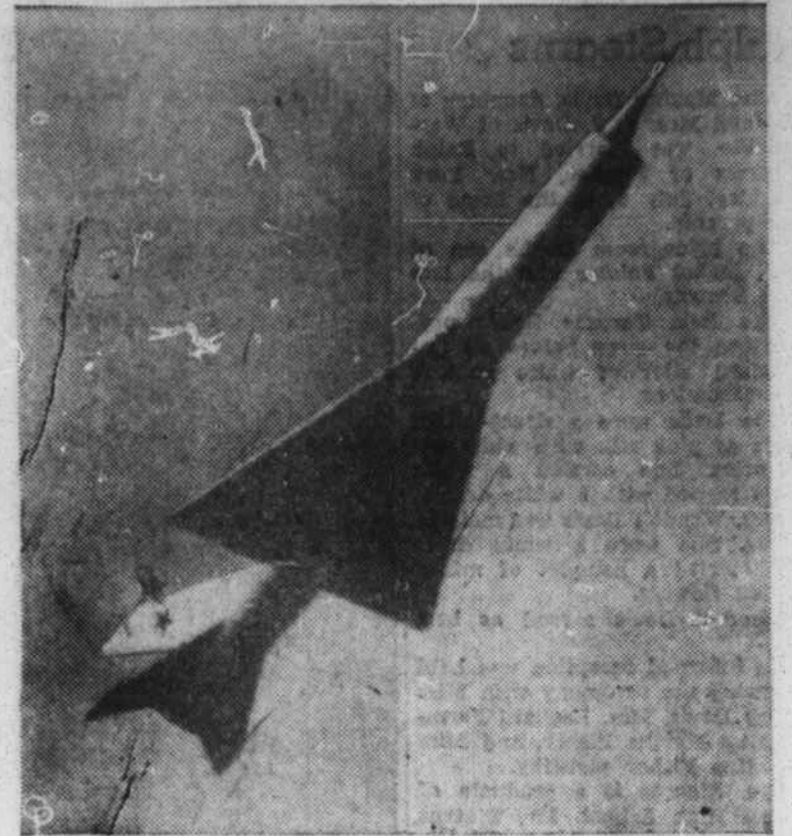
buildings such as a recreation room flanked by a swimming pool; an appetizing-looking indoor-outdoor barbecue; an air-conditioned dancing pavilion complete with organ and orchestra instruments; a movie theater seating a hundred persons; all climaxed by a large and splendid white-brick house containing really gorgeous Louis XIV furniture and piled-in beautiful music—as well as a host in Mitch Brice whose penalty sets off just right the whole colorful estate.

Herbert Hoover kindly sent me four "eye-openers" he calls them, about our government, based on the recent study of the Hoover Commission. These are, and we quote: "In 1951, the Army shipped from California to New York, 807,000 pounds of tomatoes. During the same period, the Navy shipped 775,000 pounds from the East Coast to California; a single reduction in the normal employe-turnover of 25 to 50 per cent annually, would save the government \$50 million annually; there are still 10.6 years' supply of WAC wool serge uniforms on hand, purchased in World War II, and 100 year's supply of Waves hats in Brooklyn; billions are spent in creating and handling some 25 billion pieces of government paper each year. End to end, this paper would stretch from the earth to the moon 13 times."

had declined to 60.6 per 100,000. Then who said those were the good old days? It was Grandpa who lived dangerously!

Vacationers returning from Florida report that the most fabulous estate they have seen in years is that of Mitchell Brice of Vidalia, Georgia. Set in a pretty landscape of some twenty acres, this elegant Southern mansion is picturesquely surrounded by other

RUSSIA'S DELTA 'STOVEPIPE'



ONE OF THE SEVEN secret jet planes flown in the air show at Moscow for U.S. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, was this new semi-delta wing experimental jet plane. Three different delta-winged fighters shot past the reviewing stand at a speed estimated at about 680 miles an hour. (International Radiophoto)

the Warrens—and sends its best regards to Marietta.

There is a hoarse-voiced singer on the "Meet the Artist" radio show named Bill Haley who sounds as if he came from the Bronx, but actually hails from Michigan and now lives in Chester, Pa. He and his "Comets" as his orchestra-members are called, are responsible for much of the rock-and-roll music craze—and some of it does sound crazy, as do the names. "Crazy, Man Crazy," "Shake, Rattle and Roll," "Keep That Candle Burning Bright, Mother" and "See You Later, Alligator" are just a few of the illuminating titles of the pieces. But there is something catchy about Haley's songs and his music style. Fact is, the teen-agers seem "crazy" about them.

DOWN THE RIVER

ELLSWORTH, Maine (AP)—Mrs. Frederick Nichols' house has been literally sold down the river. The 150-year-old Cape Cod style home was loaded on a barge and floated 10 miles down Union River to its new site at East Blue Hill.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



LAFF-A-DAY



"I'm going next door for a minute. Stir the soup every half-hour or so."

PARENT PROBLEMS

Young Father's Problem

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

WITH the large number of young fathers in the armed forces and the number of technical workers whose jobs take them away from home, a serious problem may arise between the father and his young child.

When the father comes home for a brief furlough or returns permanently, he assumes that his child will show him the affection he has long deamed of. But the youngster may never have seen him before. He may not know his father who had left home when he was only two or even younger. Even if this child is four, six or older, he may not immediately respond to his father with the expected warmth of heart.

Great Attachment

However intelligent the father may be, he is inclined to assume that, of course, his baby will show great attachment and deep affection to him. When the child seems cold and distant, the father is deeply hurt and disappointed.

Sometimes the father will imagine it is the mother's fault and that she should force the child to warm up to him. In desperation, the father himself may proceed to force the child to play with him, talk to him or caress him.

In the meanwhile the mother, who understands the whole situation better, may be suffering indescribably.

If only the father could imagine himself in the child's place and realize why the youngster feels and acts as he does. Then the father would see that it will take a lot of time to win his child's coveted affection.

If because of loneliness or crowded living quarters, the youngster has been sleeping with his mother, imagine what a trial it will be for him when he suddenly must sleep alone. Of course, at almost any sacrifice, the wise young mother will have trained her baby to sleep alone for some while before Daddy returns.

Daddy's Visit

Also, when the child is old enough to understand, she should talk about Daddy's coming on a visit or for good. She should show him photographs of Daddy, read to him from Daddy's letters, have him dictate, print, write or make some marks of his own in letters to Daddy.

If he's old enough to remember his father, she should often talk of things he and Daddy used to do, of the fun they used to have together and of the fun they are going to have.

(My bulletin "Fathers Are Parents, Too" may be had by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me in care of this newspaper.)

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