

Evil often triumphs, but never conquers. —Joseph Roux.

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boastful, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unlovely, —II Timothy 3:2.

Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

Another CDP Achievement Meeting

The annual CDP meeting, and announcement of the winning community will be held tonight and, as usual, there is the mounting interest as to the winner of the 1956 contest.

Seven communities are in the running, and have been checked by the out-of-county judges as to the achievements of the communities in making advancements during the year.

There will be \$1,000 in prizes to the participating communities, which is a nice prize in any contest.

The CDP program here in Haywood continues to go forward, and will continue, we feel, for a long time to come. Citizens in Haywood have learned long ago the value of the CDP program, and that it is one of the best investments they have ever made of their time and efforts.

The fact that Haywood is a pioneer in the Community Development Program can well be manifest by the many accomplishments in the county during the time since the program began in 1949.

The program has steadily grown here, and the accomplishments have been so numerous that it is hard for us to realize all that has taken place.

It is encouraging to know that every rural church in Haywood has been repaired or replaced. In the past few years more churches were built than in the preceding 100 years. Now telephones are in every township, and Haywood leads all counties in Western North Carolina in the percentage of rural phones. The CDP has its hospitalization plan in operation with Hospital Care. Every cemetery has been cleaned and kept so. Electricity is in 98 per cent of the homes. Active recreation, out-of-state farm tours, marked community boundaries, are other accomplishments.

Truly the CDP is a rural chamber of commerce for each community, and this is by far a better county because of the CDP program.

More Business — No Tournaments

A lot of folk have been wondering why there were no golf tournaments at the Country Club this past season. G. M. Kimball, manager, has the answers in a very convincing manner.

Kimball compared the week in August of this year when the tournament was not held with the same week of August last year when there was a tournament. The comparison shows room revenue this year up 17 per cent, green fees up 39 per cent, and dining room receipts up over 10 per cent over the corresponding week of last year.

The manager continued by pointing out that when the fact becomes more widely known that there is not a tournament going on that the percentages will be "increased appreciably in the future."

There's the answer.

U. S. Sen. George Smathers of Florida couldn't resist a plug for his home state when he addressed the state democratic platform convention in Jefferson City last week.

Smathers told the democrats that a victory for the national ticket would mean prosperity and more money for all. "And when you get that extra money," he concluded, "why don't you all come down to my state to spend it." —Chariton Courier, Keytesville, Mo.

Views of Other Editors

Glumous advertisements tell us again that the season of new automobile models has arrived. With it have come more genuine mechanical innovations for 1957 than the mainly "face-lifted" cars of 1956—such advances as fuel injection, new kinds of suspension, redesigned frames for lower center of gravity, and perhaps best of all, a buzzer that sounds when the driver exceeds a designated speed.

THE MOUNTAINEER

Waynesville, North Carolina Dial GL 6-5301 Main Street The County Seat of Haywood County Published By The WAYNESVILLE MOUNTAINEER, Inc. W. CURTIS RUSS Editor W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY BY MAIL IN HAYWOOD COUNTY One Year \$3.50 Six months 2.00 BY MAIL IN NORTH CAROLINA One Year 4.50 Six months 2.50 OUTSIDE NORTH CAROLINA One Year 5.00 Six months 3.00 LOCAL CARRIER DELIVERY Per month .40 Office-paid for carrier delivery 4.50 Second class mail privileges authorized at Waynesville, N. C. Thursday Afternoon, November 8, 1956

A Young Doctor Claimed By Death

This community has been fortunate in having many young men to make names for themselves in various professions, business and political circles. We are justly proud of all of them. When one is suddenly called by death, just as he stepped on the threshold of what loomed as a bright and useful career, it makes our hearts sad for many reasons.

One of our promising young men, who had already gone far in the medical profession, and was just proving to the world some of his many abilities, died after just a week's illness — Dr. Russell Spaldon Underwood, 30. We had not seen him much since he finished high school here, but his records of high scholarship and achievements followed him through Notre Dame, Duke School of Medicine and his work in various hospitals.

Veterans Day, Sunday Nov. 11

America will have a strange feeling this Veterans Day — Sunday, November 11 — especially in view of the latest developments in Egypt and Hungary.

Nevertheless, it is fitting that all Americans take time this Sunday to think back to the November 11th of 1918, when the guns on the western front were silenced by the signing of the Armistice. The Armistice then was for too short a duration, but it was significant that a truce was called.

Since the horrible war of 1917-1918, and even the worse one in the early 1940's, there has been talk of a potential third world war. Prayers are going up from lips of peoples all over the world today asking that this much-talked of potential conflict pass, and that the issues instead be settled about a peace table.

The thoughts of 1918 are with us this day, although mightily overshadowed by the news of the hour.

Further Rural Progress In Haywood County

The rural progress of Haywood is proven, in part, by the fact that the county leads all Western North Carolina in the number of telephones on farms. There are four counties that have more phones on farms than Haywood, but none of them in this section of the state.

The state has an average of 19 per cent, whereas, Haywood has 48 per cent.

There are two factors responsible for this achievement; first the people wanted the telephones, and Southern Bell was willing to install the lines and instruments. The two working closely together resulted in the high percentage of rural homes now enjoying the many advantages of a telephone.

There is absolutely nothing that irritates a columnist on a weekly paper more than finding an idea he has planned to develop already expressed probably more fluently than his limited ability could muster, in some national publication. For instance, we had a dandy on the misuse of adjectives all ready for the press, and up comes Clifton Fadiman with a much better discourse on the subject in a recent issue of Readers Digest. Fooy! —Glasgow (Mo.) Missourian.

Whether or not you regard another man as a screwball depends on how different his eccentricities are from yours. —Camden (S.C.) Chronicle.

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Lou Lyon Craig is assistant cashier of the Bank of Windsor, down in Bertie County.

Alton Ward is also a well known resident of the same town. A couple of years ago, Mr. Craig and Mr. Ward met on the streets of Windsor and Mr. Craig said: "Alton, let's go squirrel hunting this afternoon." And Mr. Ward said: "Lou, that's a fine idea. We'll go out to Dad's place."

So they got their guns and shells and drove out to Alton's father's, some six or seven miles from Windsor. They went back into Roquist Pocosin and started hunting.

Mr. Craig shot a squirrel. A few minutes later, Mr. Ward also shot one.

They were about a hundred yards apart. Occasionally Mr. Ward would hear a shot and he'd know that Mr. Craig had seen another squirrel and vice versa.

It was the first time that they'd been hunting this season and it wasn't long before Mr. Craig became weary, so he seated himself on a log and decided to wait for Mr. Ward to come along. Shortly thereafter, he heard his friend coming through the thick brush.

"Here I am over here. Alton," he cried out, as he continued to gaze up into the trees, hoping to see another squirrel somewhere in the branches.

He could hear Mr. Ward drawing closer. "What luck did you have?" he called out.

No answer from Mr. Ward. Then Mr. Craig looked around casually to see why his companion wasn't talking. And when he did, he almost fell off the log.

There—just a few yards away—stood the biggest, blackest most ferocious looking bear he had ever seen in all his life.

He looked at the bear; the bear looked at him. Then Mr. Craig raised his gun to his shoulder and fired point-blank at the animal.

As you probably know, when you go squirrel-hunting you use No. 6 shot. They're fine for squirrels, but they're of very little account when you want to go bear-hunting. They have just about as much effect on a bear as a sling-shot would have on a dog.

Nobody knows what this particular bear's intentions were. Maybe he was just curious about Mr. Craig's presence and wanted to see what he was doing out there in the woods. Maybe he was lonesome and wanted company. But when he felt those small shot stinging him, he evidently decided immediately that Mr. Craig was no friend of his.

So he growled and started in Mr. Craig's direction.

There's no use in asking you to guess what Mr. Craig did next, because there was only one thing he could do. He sprang up from that log and sold out.

Mr. Craig isn't what you might call a fast runner, but he proceeded to put plenty of energy into his maneuvers. Seeing that the bear was just looping along and not gaining, he loaded his gun again, halted suddenly, and let the bear have another load of shot.

It made absolutely no impression upon Mr. Bear; he kept right on coming.

And Mr. Craig decided that the best thing for him to do was to keep right on going. So he did.

Three or four times more, he launched a load of shot in the direction of the animal, with the same result. As he crashed through the reeds and straw, birds would flutter out behind him, and he'd think that the bear was just about to nab him. So he'd put on a little more speed.

And then, suddenly he saw another bear ahead of him. He was trapped. The enemy was ahead of him and behind him. Taking a closer look, however, he observed that the animal in the path was a large black hog.

He sprang over the hog gracefully and continued on his way.

About that same instant, the hog observed the bear. The porker evidently decided that Mr. Craig's company was preferable to that of the bear, so with a wild squeal he took out after Mr. Craig.

The path was narrow. The hog decided that Mr. Craig wasn't moving as rapidly as circumstances warranted, so he tried to get past him. He caromed Mr. Craig up against a tree and shot out in front.

Then Mr. Craig look out after the hog, with the bear still running in third position.

There's no telling how far the bear really did run the two of them. There's no telling how far Mr. Craig and the hog were scared by the fluttering of birds and other noises in their path. Their



Views of Other Editors

NO WONDER "HARMON" IS SO MYSTIFYING

The really fundamental mistake made by the New Yorker who asked the Florida State Chamber of Commerce for information about "harmony grits" it was when he referred to it as a "food consumed by southern people."

He'll never understand about hominy until he understands that it's not eaten by the southern people, but by the Southern people. That capital "S" makes a big difference. When you write it "southern," you are simply referring to a direction, a mere geographic generalization. What makes the South "Southern" is much more than that. Living in "the south" is simply existence—

but living in "the South" means participation in a culture and its traditions. Depending on the location of the speaker, a reference to the south can mean any place south of the North Pole, but there's only one South. And just as the South is not merely a place but also a way of life, so hominy is not merely a food—it's a custom. In fact, in the eating of hominy the average Southerner is as conscious of the rituals as he is of the rituals. Why else would there be such a violent protest when anyone dauses them with sugar or otherwise deviates from the accepted norm?

We have to give this New Yorker credit for an open mind. He really wants to know "harmony grits," and he's gone to the trouble of asking an informed source. But the first step in real "harmony" between North and South would be a little more care about capital letters.

There will be more harmony between sections when more people realize that "north" and "south" only begin to tell the story that lies behind "North" and "South." Capitalizing those letters is the beginning of respect for each section's consciousness of itself, and harmony basically means respect for the self-respect of the others. —The Florida Times-Union—Jacksonville.

GOAL TO GO

That Army line is a little too rugged for quarterback Frank Tamburello.

To stave off induction, the Maryland lad has carried his war with the draft board a far piece. To the state appeals board. To the state director of selective service. To Gen. Hershey. To President Eisenhower. To the courts. No gain.

But he not dismayed, Frank. There's always the United Nations. And pretty soon it'll be through with this Suez game.—The Charlotte Observer.

Letters To Editor

Editor, The Mountaineer: We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the extensive publicity given to our new school in a recent issue of the Mountaineer.

The editorial regarding the physical set-up of St. John's was particularly well written, and we thank you for the appreciative comments it contained.

We hope that, not only will Haywood County be improved by St. John's new building, but that the youth who pass from its doors, will be better patriots and citizens for having come within its influence.

Sincerely yours, The Faculty at St. John's School Sr. Mary Laurentine, Principal.

only interest was in getting as far away from the bear as they could.

When they finally got to a clearing, Mr. Craig looked around and discovered that the bear was no longer in sight. Probably the animal had sat himself down to laugh over the spectacle of Mr. Craig and the hog chasing each other. At any rate, there were no signs of him.

Gasping painfully for breath, Mr. Craig and the hog exchanged glances of congratulations. Then Mr. Craig staggered on in the direction of the Ward home. When he got there he was so completely fagged out that he couldn't move for half an hour. And he swears that regardless of how fond he is of stewed squirrel meat, he's not going out hunting in Roquist Pocosin again as long as he lives.

Editor, The Mountaineer: We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the extensive publicity given to our new school in a recent issue of the Mountaineer.

The editorial regarding the physical set-up of St. John's was particularly well written, and we thank you for the appreciative comments it contained.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Perhaps it was a wise Providence that selected the date for Thanksgiving, especially in the year 1956. We have so many things to be thankful for, and add to these the fact that the Presidential election can be spoken of in the past tense. Back to normalcy again, this nation can move on as though no such momentous question had been answered. We will now turn our attention to affairs at hand, and, most unfortunately, to the muddled situation abroad.

This pre-election session has been a most heated one and too many unpleasant words have been spoken. Reputations have been shaken until they are tattered and decidedly grimy. Political fences have been torn down, painted a different color and set up in other areas. It's been a hectic siege and again we offer thanks that it is over.

Heard in passing: "Nobody answered the door when I knocked but I heard the floor creak and saw the curtain move."

It was Little Johnny this time who had the last word. He and his daddy had taken their accustomed Saturday walk down town and as usual, had added the pleasure of going to the drug store for refreshments. Johnny was giving a painstaking and time-consuming interval deciding upon his selection and his father became a bit impatient. "Hurry up, Johnny," he told his son, "you are making the waitress stand and wait before she can serve you."

Oh, that's all right, Daddy," was the little boy's cheerful reply, "in Sunday school last Sunday our teacher read out of our lesson where it said: 'He also serves who only stands and waits.'"

When there is a question of doubt, find the answer and thus remove the doubt.

Just as the first whiff of Spring sends the blood pumping faster, so does the first appearance of Christmas wrappings, ribbons, and all the gadgets pertaining to the glorious holiday affect us. And here's a suggestion: better buy those things now while the selection is good and the articles fresh and new. You're going to get them eventually, so why wait!

Well, we've already hauled out our big box and dumped in it all available left-overs from last year and added new purchases. It is impossible to fully express the satisfaction one gets in those last frantic moments to be able to pull out the box and find everything at hand to take care of accessories. And in this box also go small gifts to be mailed out or delivered. They can be wrapped at odd moments and put back in the box for safe keeping and that wonderful feeling of knowing where they are when needed. You'll never realize how nice it is to have wrappings, tissues, ribbons, stickers, mailing tags, string, Scotch tape, etc., all right there. A pair of extra scissors put in the box will be greatly appreciated, too.

Of course it does seem early to be thinking of Christmas with Thanksgiving still in the offing, but the way time travels in jet-propelled days it "won't be long now."

Trees becoming embarrassed as their bare limbs begin to show in public.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO Vivadeau Swayngim is awarded a gold medal for making the best report of 4-H club members in the county in a national rural electrification contest.

Miss Lillian Fowler of Walnut Cove is married to Howard R. Clapp.

Miss Martha Mock visits friends in Knoxville.

Mrs. J. P. Dicus gives quilting parties.

10 YEARS AGO Haywood Democrats have over 1000 lead as county casts approximately 8,000 votes.

Miss Theresa Alley is selected as the DAR Good Citizenship winner.

Miss Doris Grahl is a student nurse at Mission Hospital.

Mrs. Clyde H. Ray, Jr. and her young daughter, Caroline Patience, entertain with a large tea honoring Miss Laura Mae Clauson, bride-elect of William Ray.

5 YEARS AGO Miss Peggy Noland is one of 12 Iowa State College coeds competing for the title of "Little International Milkmaid."

Miss Betty Felmet is chosen as the Good Citizen of WTHS to represent the DAR.

David G. Limer is undergoing recruit training at San Diego, Calif.

Hazelwood Boosters pick J. B. Smith for president.

CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues. Clues include: 1. Source of cocaine, 2. Openings (anat.), 3. Wagon (Heb.), 4. Close to (poet.), 5. Afternoon (abbr.), 6. Measure of liquid (Old. Du.), 7. Lengthened in extent, 8. Starchy, edible root, 9. Cover, 10. Fish, 11. Monetary unit (Ecuador), 12. Dull, 13. Man's nickname (poss.), 14. Man's nickname (poss.), 15. Disease of eye, 16. Correct, 17. Crucifix, 18. Prophet, 19. Wiener-wursts (slang), 20. River (Eng.), 21. Land-measure, 22. Hellum (sym.), 23. She made first American flag, 24. Disorderly disturbance, 25. Line of juncture, 26. Flourish, 27. Loudly (slang), 28. Finishes DOWN, 29. Unit of dry measure (Heb.), 20. Deviated, 22. Former money of account (Port.), 24. Midday, 27. Labor, 29. Brays, as an ass, 30. Woody perennials, 32. Unable to hear, 34. Conflict, 35. Appearing as if eaten, 36. A billow, 40. Mend a hole, 43. Droop in the middle, 45. Fish, 47. Belonging to me.

Advertisement for 'Our Great America' by Woody. Features a cartoon of a man holding a sign that says 'FREE FARM'. Text includes: 'INDIANA IS THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRY-OPERATED AMERICAN TREE FARM SYSTEM OF GROWING TIMBER AS A CROP', '43,309 FOREIGN CITIZENS ARE NOW STUDYING IN THE U.S. UNDER THE STUPEID EXCHANGE PROGRAM', 'A WILD DUCK LOST IN A STORM CAME DOWN A CHIMNEY AT THE HOME OF J.J. OULETTE', '3,000 MI. TO QUEBEC', 'NEW YORK CITY HAS ALMOST 5,000 MI. OF STREETS'.