

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like, of the which, I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—Galatians 2:21.

A Big 12-Point WNC Program

Rep. George A. Shuford has before him a 12-point program which he plans to continue to work on in Congress for the good of Western North Carolina. His program is far-reaching, and needless to say, will require a lot of hard work. But that does not seem to bother the Congressman as he sets out to see the big program completed.

A study of the proposals, shows that 10 directly affect Haywood, and the other two of vital concern to the County, although indirectly touching Haywood.

His unfinished program is as follows:

1—Legislation to prevent imposition of tolls on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Mr. Shuford expresses the view of North Carolina in saying it was never contemplated that the Parkway should be a toll road.

2—Earlier completion of the Parkway than that proposed under the National Park Service's Mission 66 which calls for this to be accomplished by 1966. The road's great popularity attests to this need.

3—Construction of a road between Heintoga Overlook and the Cataloochee area in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park to open up the eastern end of the area. This road, if authorized and built, would tie in with the Pigeon River interstate highway.

4—Early as possible allocation of funds for relocation of the Cherokee-Newfound Gap road. Included in Mission 66, it should be expedited since it is a major travel artery.

5—Allocation of funds for a road on the national park side of Fontana Lake between Bryson City and Fontana. This would carry out a 1943 agreement made by the TVA, the Department of the Interior, the State of North Carolina and Swain County. Such a road would open up the western end of the park.

6—Early action by the Indian Bureau on building a new school for the Indians at Cherokee, a project needed for the proper education of the Qualla Boundary children.

7—Legislation authorizing, at a cost of more than \$1 million, a Federal building at Bryson City to house the U. S. District Court, post office and offices of Federal agencies in that area. The 84th Congress enacted a bill by Rep. Shuford that removed a technical obstacle and paved the way for legislation planned by Rep. Shuford in the 85th Congress.

8—Additional funds for a trout hatchery in the Transylvania County portion of Pisgah National Forest.

9—A flood prevention program for the upper French Broad River through application of a Department of Agriculture plan for stopping erosion.

10—Further action for protection of the huckleberry program in the interest of Western North Carolina farmers.

11—Additional development of facilities at the VA hospital, Oteen.

12—Legislation to establish and maintain a Federal veterans' cemetery at Riverside here. Rep. Shuford's bill on this passed the House at the last session.

Confusing

It must be confusing to even the smallest "believing youngster" to see so many Santa helpers about. Here in this community, the one jolly fellow is a lone worker, without competition. In some towns there are three or four, and many times youngsters find a helper in every toy department.

Down in Raleigh, the downtown merchants have agreed to have only one Santa on the streets, while a shopping center on the edge of town already has three. These are problems of the modern age, which we imagine a utterly confusing to even those of the age we try to keep "in the dark."

NEWS OF OTHER EDITORS

The Transistor

The transistor has made a fantastic change in electronics, and it is likely to have much more of

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A Part Of Christmas

Holly branches are part of the Christmas scene. Even before there was a Christmas the ancient Romans found that the shiny, prickly green leaves and red berries of the holly tree were ideal as festive adorning for the halls where they celebrated their feasts of Saturnalia.

Holly came to be considered sacred by many because its beauty was greatest at a time when most other trees were barren. Evil spirits and witches hold powerful sway in the legends and folklore of all peoples and they account for holly's present position as a doorway decoration. It was placed over entryways and windows in the belief that its thorns would ward off these unwanted visitors. Regardless of legendary spirits, one thing is sure, Christmas holly is here to stay as an expression of the friendliness, good will and joy of the season.

Two Highway Projects Being Delayed

The Sylva Herald, in no uncertain terms of an editorial, points out that the Southern Railway is "holding up" some urgently needed highway projects in the area — both in Haywood county.

The Herald said: "Last week we commented on the message contained in Southern Railway System's advertisement, captioned 'Killed by Strangulation,' in which the Southern proposed a long-range plan in future highway location and the relation of such location to the rails and to industrial sites.

"This message is fine and we think it has much merit. However, we learn that there is a further motive behind the message that is not so good. Actions speak louder than words and some of the actions of the Southern in recent months concerning rights-of-way for relocating U. S. 23 and 19-A have not been the kind of cooperation they talk about in their message.

"We have been informed by Harry Buchanan, 14th Division Highway Commissioner, that he has been unable to get any cooperation out of the line for right-of-way at the Balsam end of the Willets to Balsam section for the proposed new highway and also for the Canton by-pass.

"Although not wishing to resort to such, it looks as if the State will have to institute condemnation proceedings to get the relief needed in the situation. This action on the part of the rail line has caused much delay in the letting of contracts on these projects, Commissioner Buchanan stated.

"Mr. Buchanan, one of the most industrial-minded citizens of Western North Carolina, and who has been instrumental in bringing huge plants to certain sections, has kept in mind the location of highways in relation to possible industrial sites throughout the 14th District. There is no industrial site involved in the Balsam highway right-of-way."

New Angles Of The Hunting Season

The short deer season provided more than the usual good hunting stories which sportsmen tell and retell throughout the other 50 weeks of the year.

The fact that two hunters found false teeth in Sherwood Forest this season will give plenty of subject matter for sportsmen. To add to the many stories which will no doubt be "manufactured" is the fact that one plate was an upper and the other a lower — both thought to be woman's plates — found some distance from each other in the forest, by different hunters, several days apart.

We have already heard several "possible

an impact before it is through. It is gratifying therefore to note that the Nobel Prize committee has awarded its 1956 citation to the three American physicists who worked as a team in developing it. It is also a tribute to the working atmosphere of Bell Laboratories, an organization devoted to intensive research in behalf of the communications industries, although some 50 per cent of its work at times is on defense projects.

The transistor is a midsize in appearance. It is a cat's whisker attached to some germanium, encased in plastic. Its tiny size has enabled the radio and telephone industries to reduce the immense size of installations. Small radios have been produced and sold that fit in your hand. Long-distance switchboards have been designed that are barely larger than old ones intended to do many times less work. Hearing aids have benefited most, perhaps. Recognition of the American scientific team places new emphasis on the high quality of research done in our system. For the first time since 1904, a Nobel award has gone to a Soviet scientist as well—a chemist. It is a reminder that the Russians are improving their scientific effort constantly. We can be appreciative of the recognition given the three Americans. But we must be aware that they have not yet conquered our problem of science training, and science education, in our schools and universities.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant

Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

When Miss Elizabeth Williams of Washington, N. C. became the bride of Mr. Owen Rodman of the same town, as is usually the case, the bride was the recipient of many social honors.

Miss Elizabeth Fowle is a very good friend of the bride's so she decided she wanted to throw a party for her and asked the advice of her mother.

Mrs. Fowle said that the plan met with her approval, so arrangements got underway. As an extra touch, Mrs. Fowle decided to bake a beautiful wedding cake, with icing and all the other accessories. It was late in the afternoon when the cake was finished. The party was to be that night.

There is another member of the Fowle family who takes a part in this tale—Bud Fowle—who at the time was a fullback on the Washington High School football team.

On this particular day Washington was playing a team in some nearby town. Bud had covered himself with glory and was the outstanding star of the game. That's enough to make anybody feel proud and happy and Bud was.

After the game, he got in a car with some friend and asked to be dropped off at his home.

Now, let's go back to the cake for a moment. Mrs. Fowle was afraid that the icing might melt if the cake were left in the house. The refrigerator was filled with other things that were to be served at the party, and there wasn't any room for the cake. So she put it out on the back porch. It was a cool day and she felt sure that the icing wouldn't run. And now back to Bud!

The car drove up in front of the house and Bud got out. He ran around the side of the house. It was dusk by this time; good and dark. He dashed up on the back porch and giving a prodigious leap gained the top step. Not only that but he gained the cake. His right foot—wears a size No. 10 shoe—landed squarely in the middle of that cake, causing it to splatter in all directions.

Bud was horrified. Not only was he horrified; he was completely dumbfounded. He knew about the party and realized the seriousness of what he had done. He knew what would happen when the women-folks of his household found out what had taken place.

He stuck his head through the back door and hollered: "Mother!"

"What is it Bud?"

"Bill has invited me around to his house to eat supper. I'll be back about ten o'clock."

"All right."

Bud sold out. He sold out just as fast as he could get away from there.

The party was a beautiful affair. There were about 12 or 14 guests. The dinner was delicious. As it drew toward its close, Mrs. Fowle got ready to serve the cake.

She went out on the back porch. She turned on the porch light. She stooped down to pick up the cake. And then she let out a terrific gasp.

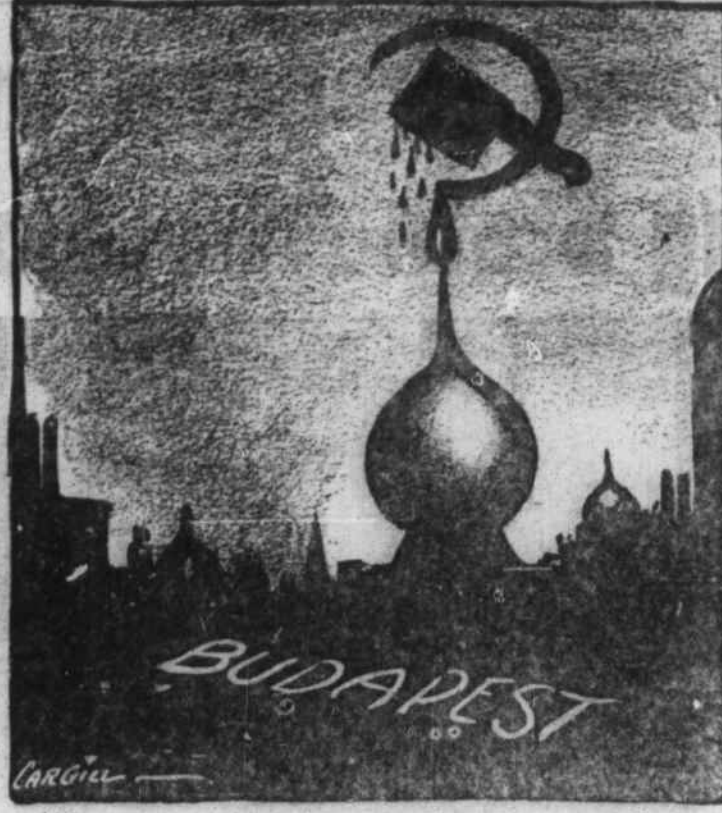
She stared at the cake, unable to say a word. She saw the No. 10 shoeprint right slam-bang through the middle of the cake. She saw where the icing had been splashed over the floor. And then, standing erect once more, she let out just one word: "Bud!"

Hurriedly phoning the drug store, she told them to send up some ice cream immediately. It arrived at the house in just a little while. The guests were so busy chatting that they paid no attention to the slight delay. Tay was the only one who made any comment. "Where," she whispered to her mother, "is the cake?"

"Sssh!" said Mrs. Fowle. It wasn't until after the guests had departed that Tay learned what had happened. Naturally she was greatly incensed, and the things she said about Bud and his big feet were of a most vigorous nature.

Bud returned home reluctantly at 10:30. When he opened the front door he found his father and mother awaiting him. Tay was there, too. Even his kid brother, Pappy, was on hand, figuring that something was going to happen which he couldn't afford to miss. He wasn't disappointed. It was almost half an hour before Bud was able to break away from the bosom of his loving family, and even then they hollered things up the stairs after him.

ALL QUIET ON THE BLUE DANUBE



Views of Other Editors

IT'S THE HURTIN' TRUTH

During the trial of a drunken driving case at Superior Court it developed that the defendant spent five hours on the front porch of his home "just talking" before he was arrested for the crime. The conversation was among the defendant and his three brothers. According to the testimony, there was no drinking of any kind going on during the marathon conversation.

"What did you talk about?" Solicitor W. Jack Hooks asked one of the brothers.

"We talked about women mostly," was the answer.

"Were there any women present?" the solicitor continued.

"No, we were telling some pretty nasty jokes," the witness confessed.

"Do you ever drink liquor?" Hooks continued.

The witness hesitated a moment and said, "I better not tell a lie. I do drink a little bit."

A second brother took the stand, and Hooks asked him why there was no liquor available on

that occasion.

"Because none of us had no money," was the answer.

"You mean you buy liquor every time you have some money?" Hooks inquired.

"I guess so," the witness said. "You love liquor, don't you?" the Solicitor ventured to ask.

"Yeah," the witness answered with a big grin across his face.

—Sanford Herald

BOILING EGGS BY SONG

Here is a Warrentonia bit that the late Bill Polk of the Greensboro Daily News could do justice to.

It comes to us from Mrs. Agnes Taylor, a Warrenton native.

She says that her mother used the hymn "Nearer My God To Thee" as a time device for boiling eggs. If the eggs were to be soft boiled she knew they were ready after she had sung one stanza of the dear old favorite. If the eggs were to be hard boiled, she sang two verses and then removed the eggs.—Goldboro News-Argus

Inside WASHINGTON MARCH OF EVENTS

Demos Optimistic for 1960 | Stevenson Done as Candidate Despite Ike Landslide Win | But Party Has Other Hopes

WASHINGTON—Admittedly shell-shocked by the tremendous landslide victory of President Eisenhower, Democratic strategists emerged the morning after already cocking an eye at their chances in 1960.

Despite the tremendous beating absorbed by Adlai Stevenson, the Democrats are sounding an optimistic note. They contend that the Democrats—without Eisenhower—will be in trouble in the next White House contest four years from now. As evidence, they cite continued Democratic control of Congress as well as Democratic victories in gubernatorial races.

Here is how they view the 1960 outlook: Stevenson is probably through as a presidential possibility because of the one-sided licking he took. However, he will be a valuable party asset in the role of a lucid, forceful Democratic spokesman.

Estes Kefauver, if he decides to make another try, will have an uphill fight to win the presidential nomination at his party's 1960 convention. However, he may continue a front-runner in the presidential primary scramble.

Senators John Kennedy of Massachusetts, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Albert Gore of Tennessee may emerge as formidable bidders for the Democratic nomination four years hence. All, however, have their drawbacks.

The Democratic candidate of 1960 may well come from the ranks of governors the party has installed in statehouses from Maine to Arizona. A state governor could effectively enlist grass roots support among Democrats. And a dark horse selection at the party convention—at the moment—is a good long shot bet.

● IKE'S INFLUENCE—White House aides were extremely pleased at the way President Eisenhower ran well ahead of his party in state after state. They say this will give him power to control GOP senators and House members in the coming four years.

The White House reasoning is that Ike's landslide performance will greatly offset the fact that a constitutional amendment bars another "coat-tails" campaign in 1960.

Even though the President's popularity failed to carry a number of GOP gubernatorial and congressional hopefuls to victory, in a great many other races Ike provided Republicans with winning margins.

Accordingly, White House advisors feel that the President will be able to keep any maverick Republicans in line by threatening to withhold his personal blessing on the next election go-rounds in 1958 and 1960.

● LANGER'S LOYALTY—One interesting aspect of the recent campaigns that went almost unnoticed was the party loyalty of Senator William Langer of North Dakota.

Langer, a Republican, has frequently been a thorn in the side of the GOP. A member of the Senate foreign relations committee, he often has disagreed vehemently with the Eisenhower administration's foreign policy. As chairman of the Senate judiciary committee in the 83rd Congress, it was Langer who delayed the confirmation of Earl Warren as Chief Justice of the United States.

Back in 1952, in fact, the North Dakota Republican did little if anything to support the GOP ticket.

Wrong is wrong; no fallacy can hide it, no subtlety cover it so shrewdly but that the All-Seeing One will discover and punish it.—Rivaroli.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

Little Johnny was living in a state of indecision. One day he faithfully adhered to the Santa Claus theory, then doubt would rear its ugly head to convince the little boy that his faith was misplaced. After that, the whole procedure would be gone through again and again.

As the festive season came nearer, Johnny became more perplexed than ever, and he could not decide which path to follow for the best results. He talked it over with his pal, Tommy, but as that young man was in the same fix, things didn't get cleared up. Then came an inspiration: he would ask his father to help him solve the problem. That's one of the nicest things about fathers, they always know the answer. "Daddy," he said earnestly, "tell me what you thought about Santa Claus when you were a little boy. Did you believe in him?" His father studied the question for a minute or two, then slowly replied: "Well, I tell you, son, Santa Claus is like any other good friend. As long as you can believe in him, he is there. But when you have good reason to doubt him, he is gone forever."

Heard in passing: "Could they sing? Say, they sang the horns off all the songs they had."

Personally, we have never had much pity for those people who hide their money instead of banking it, and then have it stolen. Recently the papers carried an account of a man who used every conceivable method of secrecy for hiding an enormous amount of money in his home. He improvised secret panels, lock boxes, vault safes and every other gimmick he could muster into use. Yet nearly a quarter of a million dollars was stolen in one evening during his absence.

A group of us were discussing the fact that The First National Bank had installed a number of new safe deposit boxes, and we all agreed that a splendid thing it was that one could rent these boxes for their private and important papers, jewelry, keepsakes and other personal and sentimental articles, and know they were being kept in perfect security, yet easily accessible when needed.

No matter how carefully one may think he has absolute safety and easy access to his insurance, life and accident policies, in the stress of confusion in case of fire, these valuable documents may be forgotten or their location unknown by other. In a safe deposit box, they are right there for delivery when called for.

"A little cloud no larger than a man's hand" may suddenly change into the mailed fist of a cyclone.

It was bound to happen just as it had for the twenty years Uncle Mose had worked for Mr. Bossman. The old colored man was beginning to absorb the spirit of Christmas. Not the liquid kind (that came between Christmas and New Years) but the jovial, heart-warming, blood-tinging sensation of the gift-giving season. So, on this tenth day of December when an unusually warm sun livened up a few relaxing moments for Uncle Mose in his favorite lolling position on the lower step, he allowed his mind to wander to the coming festivities.

Mammy Jo had come out on the porch to hang up some dish towels in the bright sunshine, and so Uncle Mose took this moment to broach the subject uppermost in his mind. "Mammy Jo, does you think we is goin' to have a big Chris'mus this year?" Mammy Jo shrugged her ample shoulders as she replied: "We aint never been forgotten, is we?"

Uncle Mose scratched his head in reflective silence, then said: "No... en Ah doan aims it's going to be overlooked this year. The first time Ah sees Mr. Bossman and the Missus, Ah's going to yell 'Chris'mus gill.'" Mammy Jo turned toward the kitchen door, and remarked over her shoulder: "Well, all Ah's got to say is that you shore is gotta holler loud for they went to New York last night to stay till Chris'mus Eve."

Uncle Mose sighed deeply as he mumbled "Oh me!"

Vandalism is the work of a mind that may never grow up.

Looking Back Over The Years

- 20 YEARS AGO
T. R. Pless, 80-year-old deputy sheriff, gets still after exciting raid at Cruso.
J. A. Lowe is named chairman of county commissioners. William Hannah is county attorney.
Representative J. F. Cabe leaves for special session of state legislature, called to act on Social Security.
Miss Virginia Ferguson of Waynesville and New Orleans is engaged to Otis Green, Jr. of Asheville.
10 YEARS AGO
Grover C. Davis is re-elected president of the Haywood County Bar Association.
C. D. Sisk, native of Haywood county, loses life in fire of Hotel Winecott in Atlanta.
Mr. and Mrs. Weaver Kirkpatrick and young son of Newport News visit Mrs. Kirkpatrick's grandfather, Prof. E. J. Robeson.
Tom Medford is named on All-State Grid team.
5 YEARS AGO
Billy Best of Upper Crabtree wins 4-H Corn Club Championship.
"Aunt Ida" Mullis celebrated 81st birthday.
Mrs. David Hyatt, and Mrs. Charles Ketner entertain with bridge and samba luncheon.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Kirkpatrick celebrate their 55th wedding anniversary at their home at Crabtree.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albright and son, Jimmy, return from vacation in Florida.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK
By R. J. SCOTT
Illustrations of various scenes and people, including a man with a horse, a person in a boat, and a large tree.