Planning Board says ‘no’ again

Like a boomerang, the Werder property project keeps coming back to the Planning Board.

At the Nov. 18 meeting board members once again voted to recommend against the new plan which calls for commercial buildings on the B-4 part of the property accessed off U.S. 64 east and residential buildings on the back portion of the 4.72-acre lot which is zoned R-2.

Developer Chuck Simmerson came before the board once again to hopefully get a final recommendation on the

Town crews tackle ball field drainage

It may not seem like big news, but to Highlands’ die-hard ball players, it means a lot because come Spring 2006 they’re ball games won’t be called off due to a soggy baseball field.

Several months ago, the Town Board voted to budget $132,000 to drain and upgrade the baseball field at U.S. 64 east and Hickory Street. The bid was based on an underground French drain system – a typical procedure used to drain areas.

But when the low bid came in at $239,468, commissioners asked Town Engineer Lamar Nix to go back to the drawing board to see if he could devise a less-expensive but equally efficient system.

By using a relatively new multi-flow drainage apparatus, Nix believes he has the drainage problem licked at the ballfield. Five one-inch plastic pipes are stacked on top of each other and covered in a black plastic mesh which is set horizontally in scores of ditches and held in place by little stakes.

Water flows into the pipes and is channeled via a small shaft-like pipe that runs through the “stacked pipes” to a large drainage pipe that carries the water off the field.

“This stuff is amazing,” he said. “We set it in the ditch, covered it in with coarse sand and turned the hose on it and the water just disappeared,” said Nix.

Town crews have striped the field with a series of 12-inch deep by 6-inch wide ditches. Two sets of typical drainage pipes have been set in deeper wider ditches that the water into the town’s system in two directions – the field next door along Hickory Street and out to U.S. 64 east.

“We are way under budget with this,” said Town Administrator Richard Betz.

Now that the Chamber of Commerce has found new digs on Main Street, the Town offices will be expanded to take over the vacated space.

The offices will be rearranged to allleviate the cramped quarters Town personnel have endured for a long time.

“We are re-arranging all the offices,” said Town Administrator Richard Betz.

GIS technician Matt Schuler will move into the office currently occupied by Zoning Administrator Larry Gantenbein. Gantenbein will move into Betz’s current office and Betz and one other person will move upstairs.

“Renovations will be around $10-12,000, from funds already budgeted,” said Betz.

Interior changes at Town Hall
**A Hawk-eye’s View**

![Image of a cartoon character pointing to the question: “To Bog or Not To Bog… That is the Question!”]

**Commissioners didn’t listen**

Dear Editor,

How very disappointing to see how the Town Board voted at the meeting following the ETJ hearing. Unlike the Town Board in 1989, which actually listened and acted upon the comments of the people attending the hearing, this board clearly felt no responsibility to represent its constituency. It’s like several people said at the meeting—their minds were already made up and they weren’t going to change them, even if 99% of the people there were very much opposed to ETJ.

I live in a subdivision with restrictive covenants as well, but I wasn’t as privileged to be excluded from the ordinance as Highlands Falls Country Club or Cullasaja Club. Now I am subjected to ETJ, but I can’t even fantasize about voting all of them out of office when they’re up for re-election, because I don’t live in town and I have no right to vote in ETJ. I only get its restrictions and no privileges.

What’s even more frightening to me than undesirable commercial development is elected officials who don’t feel bound to represent the will of the people. It’s an interesting situation. The people in ETJ were not eligible to vote for the commissioners and therefore didn’t elect them, yet they have the authority to make decisions which greatly affect our lives. Something about this just isn’t right...or fair. I wonder how far out of town I would have to move now to get beyond the dictatorial powers of a Town Board I didn’t elect?

Betty Holt
Highlands

**Sign petition to stop I-3**

Dear Editor,

The proposed Interstate-3 may never come to Macon County, but it would certainly affect us. In an effort to show solidarity between the mountain areas that the interstate could potentially affect, the Stop I-3 Coalition has set as its goal obtaining 11,674 signatures in Macon County (half the registered voters). We desperately need your help to accomplish this task.

U.S. Senators and Representatives sponsoring the Interstate 3 proposal, state

*See LETTERS page 3*
**Artists win money for designs**

Lindsay Wagner, 10, won $50 for her poster design for the “HollyDays in Highlands” contest. Donna Rhodes won $100 for her sweatshirt design. The sweatshirts will be sold during the Town Lighting, Saturday, Nov. 26 at 6:30 p.m.

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**OBITUARY**

Mark Stewart Hoppen

Mark Stewart Hoppen, son of Jack and Dottie Hoppen, died August 28, 2005, at the age of 54. His memorial and burial service will be held at 11 a.m. Nov. 25 at the Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, Highlands, NC. A reception will be held after the service in the parish hall. All are invited. In lieu of flowers gifts can be given to the Church of the Incarnation for the Memorial Garden where Mark will be interred.

Mark was a kind and gentle person who served his church as an acolyte up through his teen years. He often adopted and nurtured stray animals. Mark, his brothers and sisters and their five cousins bonded growing up into a family of 10 children whose antics bemused (and sometimes angered) their parents. He was a talented athlete and an avid golfer and fisherman.

Aside from his parents Jack and Dottie Hoppen, formerly of Highlands, currently of Atlanta, Mark is survived by his sisters Fran Gray of Ketchum, Idaho and Leslie Hoppen of West Palm Beach, FL, brothers David Hoppen of Lake Mary, FL and Andrew Hoppen of Atlanta, GA.

He is also survived by his five cousins, Barbara, Larry, Gail, Wendy and Billy.

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...LETTERS continued from page 2

and local officials, DOT personnel and indeed the public are closely watching public response to the Interstate-3 proposal. U.S. Rep. Norwood, of GA, sponsor of bill, as well as many other officials claim that they will “do the will of the people” If the people are opposed to this interstate, they say they will prevent it from becoming a reality. We need to hold these officials accountable and let them know how great the opposition is.

There are several things you can do. Letters and phone calls to your state and local representatives are very effective. Or you may sign the Stop I-3 petition. Here is the text of the petition.

Please contact me at 526-9172 to get a copy and begin collecting signatures. NOW. You may also contact Jackson-Macon Conservation Alliance at 526-9938 ext. 320. Petitions are located at Mill Creek Gallery, The Toy Store, and the Whole Life Market.

If you treasure these mountains and our way of life in Macon County, take action to Stop I-3.

Edna Foster
Highlands

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**COUNTRY CLUB PROPERTIES**

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- Pam Taylor

Tucked away in charming Highland Hills, this 3-bedroom, 2-bath is ready for occupancy after an extensive remodel. New front and back porches, wood floors, stone fireplace and garage. Offered at $499,000.

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Convoluted... Who, me?

Is Jesus up or is Jesus down? Convolutates, like myself, say “down.” Highlands Rotary exchange student Rachael Power went to Arica, Chili, climbed El Morro and saw Jesus with outstretched arms. Rachael went up to see Jesus but I went down to see Jesus. The results were different.

Off the coast of Key Largo, Florida, standing in 75 feet of Atlantic Ocean is a similar version of Jesus, arms outstretched. He is about twenty-five feet tall, standing upright on the ocean floor.

It was a scuba diving trip with my kids and we found the surface marker right away. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target. Gray skies made visibility poor as we descended and, at first, I thought we had missed our target.

Bond film people, but my heart began to speed just the same. I drew closer to see His face and the other outstretched arm. He was looking straight at me and I was looking back. Oh, why didn’t I own an underwater camera? We were only a few feet apart when, suddenly, without warning, the sun came out above and the water lit up as only it can in the clear waters of the Florida Keys. I was startled; it was a happening I have never forgotten.

Highlands, North Carolina, early November. “Slow down, honey, look at that maple over there... sooooo beautiful. And look over there... that oak. Slow down some more so I can take it all in.” “I can’t go any slower, I think the guy behind me wants me to pull over ‘cause he’s six inches off my bumper and making hand gestures.” Leaf lookers, damage lookers, the results are about the same, but for six month folks, like myself, there is no relief.

Back in my era, profiling is what we cops did most of our careers. Profiling made it easier to catch the bad guys. It hadn’t been labeled back then, so we called it aggressive police work. Just as I was retiring, someone decided to make profiling unlawful. After that, things didn’t go as well for the cops.

Then a bunch of terrorists blew up the World Trade Center, killing over three thousand Americans and suddenly profiling in America didn’t seem so bad after all. Making judgments strictly on race or origin was back in.

Well, things aren’t completely back to where they were. If a cop spots a black man with a large TV propped on the handlebars of his bike, leaving an all white neighborhood at three in the morning, he still can’t stop him if part of the reason for the stop is that he is black. Oh well.

If four Arabs are whispering and looking suspicious in an airport, authorities can legally stop them for questioning just because they are Arab and looking suspicious. Is whispering and looking suspicious against the law? Is being Arab against the law? Nope, but I just love profiling because that is when law enforcement works at its best.

Anyway, it’s sure good to be retired.

When I stare at the front page of a newspaper and read that FEMA is handing out $600 dollar checks for the purchase of generators like they were candy, convoluted thinkers, like myself, wonder if everyone in that line really needs a generator and why is government responsible for supplying them. In fact, why is government responsible for any of this? Was Wilma their fault? Who is paying for all of this?

I don’t need a generator, but because my power was out for more than five days, I could show them my receipt and they would cut me a check. Actually, I was in Highlands when Wilma hit, but FEMA doesn’t care, they’ll give me a generator just the same.

Is this a great country, or what?

Fred Wooldridge’s new book “I’m Moving Back to Mars” is on sale at Cyrano’s Book Shop.

A Call to Action!

If you believe that the Town of Highlands has acted improperly with regards to ETJ, please read on.

Without doubt, the people who live in the communities surrounding Highlands are some of the finest on the planet. Most of the folks would never choose to be in a conflict of this kind and many believe that they (we) are responsible to a much higher power than the Town of Highlands in relation to the care of the property that we have been entrusted with during our time here.

However, this challenge has been brought to our very doorstep and while we could allow this injustice to divide us, it could even better serve to be the unifying agent that speaks to the American spirit in a clear call to right a terrible wrong.

At least two (2) options come to mind as we face the possibility of even more government intervention into our private lives and property.

1. We can accept this injustice, as we have so many others, and spend the rest of our days hiding in defeat. Or,

2. With God’s help, and in the spirit of our ancestors, (true Highlanders) we can say “Enough is Enough” and this is just too much!!!

I choose option number 2! If you are effected by ETJ or not, and if you believe that we can no longer be silent, please contact me at (828) 526-3850. Please leave a message; I will return your call. Or, email me at bscrane@hgeexpress.net. May God Bless You.

Respectfully,

Baker Crane

— Paid for by Baker Crane —
As Thanksgiving 2005 lurks nearby, I feel obligated to express my gratitude in this column for something, anything. All too often I've come off as critical and unappreciative of what this country stands for—or rather, how we fall short from what we stand for.

I of course feel enormously grateful for my wife, my children, my friends. I am thankful for my comfort and relative prosperity, even though it’d be happier if the prosperity were spread around a little more evenly among my fellow citizens and others.

I’m also thankful, as an immigrant, for having found safe haven here when my life was in danger.

But perhaps my deepest gratitude, at least politically, is for the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution which, among other wise axioms, guarantees freedom of speech. Without it, I’d be sitting in some jail by now or worse. Or, God forbid, I would be cowering at home with my big mouth sealed shut.

When I was a child living abroad, my parents only discussed politics in whispers. “The walls have ears,” they would tell me. No matter how long I searched, I couldn’t find any ears, but I certainly learned to keep quiet.

After the Nazis came, speaking out about anything was punishable by death. In fact, just being me, a Jewish kid, was punishable by death. In fact, just being me, a Jewish kid, was punishable by death. In fact, just being me, a Jewish kid, was punishable by death. In fact, just being me, a Jewish kid, was punishable by death. In fact, just being me, a Jewish kid, was punishable by death.

Later, in Cuba under the dictator Batista—who, incidentally, was backed by the U.S.—I knew of college students who were murdered for criticizing the government. Attending protests and rallies was cause for arrest.

In the 1950s in the United States, government workers in our nation’s capital were intimidated into silence by the red-baiting of Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, and a climate of ugly fear permeated the country. Even the media succumbed to the pressure [with one or two exceptions; see the current George Clooney motion picture, “Good Night and Good Luck.”]

We have had many other periods in our history when free speech was threatened or curtailed. The usual reason given was a risk of giving comfort to some enemy. The usual real reason was the discomfort it gave our own government or senators or president.

Unfortunately, the public is often ambivalent about the virtues of free discourse. Most people seem to want the free speech they like protected, and the free speech they dislike or find offensive, banned.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) takes a lot of heat from all sides of the political spectrum for its absolute commitment to freedom of speech, whether it be the right of neo-Nazis to march in Skokie or Communists to speak at the University of Alabama.

Some young people are confused about the issue altogether. In 2004, the University of Connecticut polled 112,000 high school students across the country. 36% thought the press should get government approval before publishing a news story; 32% believed the press had “too much freedom;” and 74% felt that it should be illegal to burn or deface the American flag, a sentiment that apparently has strong support in Congress as well.

Even the Supreme Court has had difficulty coming to terms with what constitutes free speech, or just what is speech, for that matter. Is pornography speech, and should it be protected? What, in fact, is pornography? Is it the same as obscenity? Justice Potter Stewart said he couldn’t define obscenity, “But I know it when I see it.” Others have chosen to define as obscene anything they didn’t like: sexual language, sexual portrayal, erotica, and even romance novels.

Free speech can be threatened in the public realm where no legal restrictions exist. If someone is labeled a “pinko” or “Jew-hater” or “fag-lover” it can endanger his life, uproot his livelihood, undermine his standing in the community. Shame, in fact, can be a greater deterrent to the exercise of free speech than any governmental decree.

Sometimes, extra-legal but powerful pressures can be brought to bear. When I was in college in Washington, D.C., I wrote a weekly column for the student newspaper.
**Community Care Clinic**

**Clinic to open Dec. 8 at Zachary Field**

The Community Care Clinic of Highlands-Cashiers announced today that it has hired a Clinic Director and will open its doors for medical services on Thursday, Dec. 8.

“We are very pleased that we have found a highly qualified, experienced person in Jerry Hermanson to be the Director of the Community Care Clinic,” said Board Vice-chair, Don Mullen. “Jerry has a long history of medical management and consulting. He brings to our new free clinic an articulate and competent person who will represent us well in the community, in addition to having a heart for the disenfranchised in our area.”

“I am proud and excited to be part of this important undertaking,” said the new Director, Jerry Hermanson. “I look forward to helping promote first class medical services to all those in our area who are uninsured and not able to afford care.”

With the assistance of volunteer physicians, nurses, and community residents, the Community Care Clinic will provide free primary health care to all uninsured individuals who live or work in the Highlands-Cashiers area with incomes at or below 150% of poverty level. Medical services will be provided between the hours of 5-9 every Thursday evening. The clinic is located in the Macon County Health facility off Buck Creek Road next to the soccer field.

Anyone interested in making an appointment for medical services or for offering volunteer or financial support to the clinic is asked to contact Jerry Hermanson at (828) 526-1991.

**...ANOTHER VIEW continued from page 5**

(some things never change). I’ve already mentioned the atmosphere of fear that pervaded the city during the McCarthy era. One of my columns concerned a McCarthy henchman at the State Department who was causing havoc there by conducting a witch-hunt, using sleazy investigative methods and crude enforcement of political correctness. As it happens, my father was a mid-level employee there who had not given me any of this information (my dad was very conservative, politically right of Jesse Helms). The day the paper came out, my father was fired as a security risk. He didn’t speak to me for a year.

The very same private college, in 1954, was massively resisting racial integration. A friend of mine, a woman named Dora, one of the few blacks admitted that year, applied for a place in the women’s dorm. At first the administration tried to talk her out of it, but when she persisted they cleared the entire top floor of the dormitory and placed her there alone.

When a number of us protested publicly, we were threatened by the dean of students, then followed by men who said they were FBI agents (J. Edgar Hoover sat on the university board and was a close chum of the school president). There were other repercussions, too numerous to mention.

These were but a few free speech controversies I’ve experienced. Others have gone through much, much worse, including the Hollywood blacklist incidents, harassment by the House Un-American Activities Committee, and even jail for espousing unpopular views. Nevertheless, I am deeply grateful that a standard exists in the United States; the First Amendment, against which all speech and some actions can be measured—a standard which allows me to freely criticize my president, my senators, and even the justices who will ultimately determine whether I have the right to keep my big mouth wide open.

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Shop Early for one-of-a-kind Christmas Gifts!
said Town Administrator Richard Betz. “Estimated cost is $51,000 for materials and the town crew is doing the work.”

Nix said more than half of the $51,000 is for a chain-link fence that had to be dismantled to accommodate a ditch along the back perimeter of the field but will be erected when the job is finished.

“We dug a ditch along two-thirds of the field to channel surface water off the field when it rains,” he said. The multi-flow piping will handle the water that seeps down.

It will take about 9,000 linear feet of the piping to do the job and a few more months to complete but in the end it will be worth it, said Nix. “This needed to happen,” he said. “The field is just too wet.”

Recreation Director Selwyn Chalker said this past season games were postponed even when it was sunny due to standing water on the field from rains days before.

... PLANNING continued from page 1

Stephen Ham, whose property backs up to the residential portion of the Werder property, was at the meeting and told board members he would prefer the most recent scenario over the scenario pitched to the town’s various boards over the past year.

“I am an immediate neighbor. We all bought our property based on the current zoning and I would prefer this over the other.”

The “other” involves the Town Board granting a zoning change from the mixed B-4/R-2 to R-3 for the entire parcel. If rezoned, Simmerson proposes building high-end multi-family housing.

The Planning Board is still split on multi-family housing issue. Some members think multi-family housing within the town limits will promote a “walking environment” consistent with the land use plan. Others believe multi-family housing will bring more congestion.

But what the board doesn’t want is commercial development on the Werder property.

The planning board has told the Town Board three times it’s not for the new plan. “Let’s send it to them and tell them we’re not in agreement with this new proposal because it isn’t consistent...”

... TOWN HALL continued from page 1

said Betz.

Current requirements for getting a building permit for an older building is to spend money on making the building “more accessible.”

“That means we will be putting in a modest public address system in the board room,” said Betz. Attendees at Town Board meetings have long complained about the inability to hear commissioners during meetings.

Betz said the renovation project is currently under budget.

At the Nov. 2 Town Board meeting, commissioners agreed to formulate a “request for a proposal” from an architect to advise them on major renovations to the building.

“What we are doing now is merely a renovation while long term plans are formulated,” said Betz. “We need to put this in a Capital Improvement Program and be ready to do something in five years.

Town Engineer Lamar Nix hold the multi-flow piping which is being set on edge in scores of ditches across the baseball field. Photo by Kim Lewicki

At the end of the street at Falls on Main Featuring the art of Helena Meek

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By Nancy Welch

As children, we always looked forward to Thanksgiving. Yes, it was “Over the river and through the woods...”

Okay, it was really left on Ingleside Drive, right on Vineville Avenue and right at Stanislaus Circle - to Grandmother’s house we went. Off to a sumptuous dinner - and banishment.

My father’s parents lived in and English Tudor home not five blocks from our rowdy, noisy, three-bedroom tract house on a dead-end street full of happy, squalling children. Their house might as well have been in London. Situated on one of the oldest and most sedate streets in town, even the streetlights were stylishly understated. And there were sidewalks - a wondrous invention for my brother and me and our bicycles.

We would arrive at our grandparents’ house about 12 noon, starving and dying to get outside and play with our cousins.

There were two problems. One, the Thanksgiving feast was never served so early and two, the youngsters were banished to the “children’s table.”

Each year we moaned and groaned, begging for some scrap, some morsel, to ease our hunger pangs while the turkey finished roasting to a golden brown. We learned early to sneak around to the back door to cajole Estelle, our grandmother’s cook, to dole out one of her famous biscuits to ease our discomfort.

I should say, at this point, that there was never any doubt that my grandmother was the matriarch of the Jenkins family and was not to be crossed at any cost. The one exception to that rule was Estelle. She rarely ran the household and was the only one who could keep my fiery-eyed Irish grandmother in line. My grandmother knew which side her bread was buttered on, if you will excuse the pun.

After what seemed like an eternity, dinner would be announced and those of us below the age of 12 reported to the breakfast room, as my grandmother felt children should not be allowed at the formal dining table where we might very well threaten the china, crystal, and, most of all, the adult conversation. We saw it as a cruel banishment.

We little ones longed for the day we would graduate to the dining room. Ah, the magical Thanksgiving table with its sumptuous velvet drapes, immense mahogany furniture and the little button under my grandmother’s end of the table, the magic little buzzer which announced to Estelle at her post in the kitchen when it was time to refill glasses or clear the table for the next course!

Meanwhile, we youngsters sat out our sentence at the unclothed breakfast room table and ate our turkey and dressing from every day dishes. While the grown-ups sampled such delicacies as Charlotte Russe and chocolate mousse, we were served hot gingerbread and pound cake. We dutifully placed our paper napkins in our laps and proceeded to talk with our mouths full.

Estelle was our overseer and her philosophy was that children should eat until they were about to pop, drink all their milk and then eat more. We happily obliged.

My cousin, Andy Bunch, was the first to graduate to the sacred dining room. He immediately got the big head and I don’t recall that he ever communicated with any of us again until he was grown and married.

I was the second to make the big move. It was six years after Andy had "moved up." By the time I made it, he had gone on to Georgia Tech where he stayed for the holiday and the big Georgia-Georgia Tech football game.

The day of my "graduation" I dressed more carefully than ever. I brushed my hair until it shone and scratched my neck where my well-starched blouse rubbed me raw. I thought it was more than worth it because this was my big day.

As usual, we arrived at my grandparents’ house just before noon. I was good-natured about all the harassment I received from the poor babies who would, once again, be banished to the lower table. I was even so adult that I didn’t go sneak a biscuit from Estelle.

The big moment finally arrived. I
By Phyllis Pickelsimer
Contributor

Even though it began with my riverboat destroying an on-shore restaurant, “it’s all well that ends well” proved true. Although I had previously visited Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and Belgium, I had never been there during its spring tulip season. A river cruise along the Dutch and Belgium waterways and canals seemed the perfect way to experience the glorious “blooming” season.

A morning canal boat ride through Amsterdam’s charming neighborhoods of narrow gabled houses, cobbled streets, and decorated houseboats moored canal side had my fellow cruisers and myself excited about our coming leisurely journey.

As our riverboat was departing Amsterdam harbor, I was on the roof deck ready to observe and photograph the city as we got underway. When we were broadside across the waterway, there was a sudden thud, a moment of having to shift to stay on my feet, and the running of the crew to the prow of the boat. We were now drifting slowly backwards with me holding on to the railing.

Those of us on the top of the boat made our way to the front of the boat. We were amazed to see we had run into a solitary restaurant on the shore. A restaurant that on a beautiful sunny Sunday at lunch time must have had many people on its terrace and in its dining room. Our boat’s prow had certainly put an end to anyone’s eating there for some time. Luckily no one at the restaurant or on the boat had been injured.

Since it was also lunchtime on the ship with its tables set with dishes and glassware, the jolt had created a major glassware problem there and in the bar. After an investigation by the authorities, it was determined that a failure of a part in the steering mechanism of the boat had caused the problem and it was replaced.

All of this caused a change of plan that required that we take a bus rather than the boat for the first day of touring. We began with Zaanse Schans, an open-air museum. There we visited its many working windmills, saw cheese being made and had a taste, and observed how the traditional wooden shoes are hollowed out and shaped. Of course, see TRAVELER page 11.
INCOME PROPERTY

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ALL ABOUT WINE •

Slow down! Smell, then taste

W
ow, it’s Thanksgiving already. I thought summer just ended, but I look around and Christmas decorations are already up. Old Father Time seems to be running a 100-yard dash and we have to somehow keep up. Throw in a turkey and a few family members for a day, go back to work for a couple of weeks and then we’re doing it all over again. Shop a bit, sing a carol, put up a tree, take down a tree, sing “Auld Lang Syne,” rest for a few weeks. And then it’s Spring. Get out the lawn mower and plan a trip to the beach.

Whew…... I can’t keep up. And I’m not sure I want to keep up. When I used to teach high school, we were required to develop a syllabus each semester. Each day had its own purpose and focus as the weeks slipped by. And it used to drive me crazy: the “tyranny of the syllabus,” I called it. When you needed to stop and dwell on something meaningful, plow into the depths of the subject—not just the cursory skim over the top—the syllabus kept staring back, whispering and sometimes screaming. “You’re getting behind. You gotta keep up. Move it, buddy.”

Life’s the same way, badgering us: “You gotta keep up. Get going, buddy, or else.” And even as we approach the holidays when, idealistically, we do have some time off, some time to rest and perceive and enjoy, we are in a trap. Finish up the project at work so you can take a day or two to drive eight or twelve hours to spend a hectic day or two with people who, even though you love ‘em, tend to drive you crazy. And then you have to drive back home and get to work again, too exhausted to see straight, knowing that you’ve got to do it all over again in a month.


I realize that people are wired differently, that some type A personalities thrive on the constant GO GO GO. At least that’s what we’re supposed to believe. But I’m not sure I buy it. I think even the most motivated and driven people on the planet need the down time, and if they say they don’t, then not only are they fooling themselves, they’re denying themselves the fullest life they could live. I subscribe to the old supposition that “the unexamined life if not worth living.”

There’s the rub. How do we slow down when Time moves so fast, when the tyranny of everydayness and busyness saps us of perspective? How do we (to use a cliché) “stop and smell the roses”?

This is a column about wine, I know. I’m getting there.

I don’t get to smell too many roses. I’m in the wine business; I’m not a florist. But I do get to smell a lot of wine. Tasting is pretty nice, too, but a large percentage of what we taste is olfactory. Our nose can tell us a lot. The moment of opening a bottle, pouring, swirling the juice to the rim of the glass, enabling it to breathe and bloom. We can look at the color, appreciate the glimmer of light and the complexity of tone.

Ah, but then we take the whiff. A deep inhale. A series of short, intense sniffs. The moment of determining and identifying. Of valuing and appreciating, relishing. If we do it right, Time slows down. We are granted the grace of a moment, invited to be wholly present, senses attuned to detail and texture. The rest of the world relinquishes its tyranny—if only for a moment. But that is an important moment: a few seconds to sense and feel and experience something at a deeper level. It’s not just a glass of wine; it’s a portal to another level of living.

As Thanksgiving approaches, maybe the glass of wine served with a feast can help us slow down our crazy lives long enough to, for a moment if no more, relish how much texture we have in our world, how many layers of beauty and complexity and simplicity we can appreciate.

And then we get to taste…..
‘Open House’ at Historical Village set for Dec. 3

On Saturday, Dec. 3, there will be an “Open House” at the Highlands Historical Village on N. Fourth street next door to the Rec Park from noon to 4 p.m.

Come see the recently restored old Hudson Library, the oldest public library building in North Carolina, which now serves as the Highlands Historical Society’s Archive/Museum. On exhibit are many artifacts from the early days of Highlands.

For a sampling of the items on display, there are: geological and legendary stories of the creation of Highlands; the diaries of Samuel Kelse, the town’s founder; the office and library of Prof. Thomas Harbison, founder of Highlands’ first school; photographs of early Highlands by John Bundy, Henry Scadin, George Masa, et al.; road maps from before Highlands’ existence until now; the first traffic light in Highlands; photographs of Highlands’ schools and the students who attended them; family diaries and genealogies; books by and about Highlanders; interviews with many of Highlands early citizens; various kitchen utensils used in early Highlands’ homes; and computer access to all the historical records that have thus far been catalogued.

The Archive/Museum is located at the Highlands Historic Village, located where Spruce Street meets the Cashiers Highway, just two blocks north of town.

If you have something of old Highlands that you consider worth preserving, please bring it with you, and we’ll consider adding it to the Archives’ collection of Highlands history.

...TRAVELER continued from page 9

we all needed a pair. Later we visited the cheese-making town of Edam with its cheese-weighing house. The cheeses are only brought outside to be weighed with fine spectacle in the summer months. Our final and bittersweet visit of the day was the wonderfully picturesque village of Hoorn. This charming seaside town with a packed harbor was to have been our overnight destination pre-restaurant incident.

We returned to the boat and the next morning got back on our schedule. It was relaxing cruising along watching the quaint towns and bustling cites go by. We stopped at several, but the main purpose of our visit was the Keukenhof Gardens and its bulb fields.

The tulip was brought to Holland from Turkey around 1590. In the early 1600s, tulips were in such demand that one bulb could be used to buy a house.

Dutch bulb growers got together in the 1940s and decided they needed a place to display their products. Land was secured and a garden with lakes, streams, grassy areas, shrubs, and paths for viewing its beauty was laid out. Some permanent buildings would be required to show less hardy plant life. Today, the garden is only open from the end of March to the end of May and is planted differently each year.

I was visiting in early April. The previous week had seen some very warm (for Holland) sunny days, so I was hopeful I would see a brilliant display of color. At that time of year not only were the early tulips in bloom, but also hyacinths, daffodils, narcissi, and crocuses. There was a riot of red, yellow, orange, blue, pink, with dashes of purple and many variegated combinations in the color palate. Everywhere one looked were bulb groupings that complimented each other.

So there will be tulips in bloom during the whole time the garden is open, the bulbs are planted one on top of the other – late blooming on the bottom, middle season blooming, and then early blooming ones on top.

At the end of the garden, it is possible to climb a windmill with a balcony that allows views over the main reason for the garden’s existence, the bulb fields. Long stripes of color stretch as far as the horizon. When in full bloom, it must be breathtaking.

Bulbs may be purchased while in the garden. They are shipped in the fall at their planting time. October found me trying to find places in my sun-challenged yard to plant 200 various tulip bulbs. It’s hard not to be carried away after viewing all the beautiful varieties available in Keukenhof’s displays and I was no different from any other visitor.

We all survived the riverboat crash to have a wonderful voyage with interesting sights. The tongue-in-check words of the restaurant owner says it all, “Ship happens.”
was seated between my mother and father at the long table twinkling with crystal and silver. I was in. I had made it. This was great.
No, it wasn’t.
Guess what? At the grown up table you had to drink coffee. No cold glass of milk. At the grown up table, I soon learned, it was considered rude to interrupt adults who were carrying on a conversation. (BORING conversation, at that.)
At the grown up table you had to sit quietly for what seemed like hours, as no one was allowed to leave the table until my grandmother stood and invited everyone into the parlor for a small glass of port.
I sat in shock, listening with envy to the giggling coming from the other side of the dining room door. I cringed as I heard my brother and cousins run down the main hall and out the back door to play without me.
One look from my mother told me this was no time to ask to be excused. I sat in misery while the grown ups droned on. My blouse seemed to grow stiffer and itchier. If this was heaven, I preferred earth.
It was a lesson learned. And my children, as well as my nieces and nephews, never suffered the banishment. When we all gathered at my house for Thanksgiving, everyone, no matter what age, was invited to the dining room table. Everyone had access to the same menu, but no one was forced to sample everything.
Everyone had a place setting of my fine china, silver and crystal, and, when they were finished with their meal, the little ones were welcome to excuse themselves and go play their little hearts out.
I doubt my grandmother, God rest her soul, would approve. But I bet Estelle would be on my side.
Happy Thanksgiving everyone.

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‘Paving Over Paradise’ film showing Nov. 29

The Macon Chapter of the WNC Alliance, a regional grassroots environmental organization, will be showing “Paving Over Paradise” on Nov. 29, Tuesday, 7p.m. at the Macon County Library in Franklin.

This informational public meeting will highlight a DVD video developed by the Southern Appalachian Forest Coalition, which shows the potential impacts of a proposed Interstate-3 between Savannah, Ga. and Knoxville, Tenn. to the Southern Appalachian mountains, public lands, and natural resources.

Potential I-3 corridors through or around the mountains will be identified, including two routes that will impact Macon County via US 441 North.

There will be further discussion of local strategies to defeat this proposal. Three counties in NE Georgia have passed official resolutions against I-3.

About $1.3 million has been appropriated by Congress for a “feasibility” study. It is estimated that each mile of mountain road construction will cost $25 Million.

For further info: call Roger at 349-1549 or 524-3899 (VOICE).
Truck waiting to be filled for hurricane victims

Keller Williams Realty is taking donations for those victims affected by Hurricane Katrina. Our Franklin KW office has made their moving truck available for the transfer of collected goods. This will be the third trip made to the affected Mississippi area. The following items are needed: cleaning supplies, toiletries, baby supplies & food, houseware items, clothing and non-perishable food items. Donations are being accepted at the following Keller Williams Realty offices:
  • 454 Carolina Way - Highlands (526-9520)
  • 96 Hwy 107 South - Cashiers (743-2484)
  • 3065 Hwy 64 East - Sapphire (743-5122)
Delivery of donated goods will occur when the truck is full. We at Keller Williams Realty thank you in advance for all of your support and look forward to your donations!
From Highlands to Seattle on $20 a Day

Friday, Nov. 4

Today I set off on my big journey from my home in the mountains of North Carolina to my new life in Seattle. After a nearly tearless farewell to the folks, I was off down U.S. 64 west to Tennessee. I am so tempted to just take U.S. 64 all the way across the country, as it stretches from coast to coast and goes right through Highlands, but I tried to do that on the drive home from Chapel Hill once. It didn't work out so well. I was on the twisty, narrow road for all of 15 minutes before I had to turn around and go back on the Interstate. Hopefully I'll do a better job avoiding the Interstate on this trip!

We didn't think the leaves were ever going to change in Highlands, but of course they finally did the day I left, making for one of the most beautiful drives I've ever experienced right along the Ocoee River.

**Day 1 — Chattanooga and Nashville**

I stopped for gas just shy of Chattanooga, Tenn. and was ready to make the final two-hour push to Nashville when a sign for Lookout Mountain on I-24 caught my eye. It's going to be that kind of a trip. I even paid $3 to enter the Point Park on top of the mountain for three minutes to take pictures.

My first host, of hopefully many to come, was Gail Rogers Johnson and her husband Terry — big Georgia fans. Gail went to high school with my mom in Atlanta. We got along great! She's a jock, like me. They took me to dinner downtown, and then we went to this dive bar called Tootsies. Gail and Terry have a great set-up in Brentwood on the golf course. Everything they need in life is within a mile of their front door - they kept saying how simple their life is and how much they love it.

Some additional thoughts on Nashville...It's a beautiful, clean, contained city. The downtown area is lovely, with lots of cool bars and restaurants, speckled with various professional sport facilities. It's absolutely fabulous for people watching. The leather! The boots!

As much as I loved the stimulation of living in Chapel Hill, or the allure of bigger cities like D.C., Cairo, or Paris, there is something to be said for simplicity, too... just not yet! I really wish I had scheduled more time for Nashville, but Memphis — and more importantly, Graceland — awaits!

**Day 2-4 — Memphis, Tenn.**

Almost as soon as I got to Mills Ramsey's place (a friend from Highlands), we jumped in his car - a jeep. We went directly to Graceland. Mills has lived in Memphis for five years and he has NEVER been to the King's Memphis mansion. A catastrophe. I'm still not sure if it was worth the $28 entrance fee, but it was pretty cool. Not to be missed in a lifetime... but no real need to do it again.

Highlights of the driving tour included Rhodes College, the downtown pyramid, and the dilapidated old Sears building that was once the headquarters for its booming catalogue sales industry... Mills wants to buy it and renovate it into upscale apartments and office space. I also highly recommend Shelby Farms where we went for a sunset walk. So beautiful.

We went out on Beale Street Saturday night and ended up at this bar called Pat O'Brien's, an exact replica of the one on Bourbon Street in New Orleans that we all went to at Mardi Gras in February of this year.

The next day it was Sunday brunch at the Peabody Hotel and it was DIVINE! $30 for all you can eat (and drink) of sausage, omelettes, veggies, fresh fruit, sushi, pork loin, dessert, mimosas, bloody Mary's... WOW! I bet we spent close to 2 hours just eating, digesting, and eating some more.

The Peabody Hotel is the driving force behind my three-day sojourn in Memphis. I know it sounds cliché, but the whole point of this trip is to focus my various stops on people that I don't get to see nearly enough and on places that have a personal meaning to me. The Peabody is definitely that. My grandparents met at this hotel, a downtown Memphis institution in the 1940s and now. It's a beautiful hotel, but the most famous part about it is... drum roll please... the ducks. Yes, ducks.

They are trained by the...
On Monday, I went to play with new cousins who I had never met - Linton and Kathy - while my friend Mills went to work. They took me to Sun Studios, "Where Rock 'n' Roll Began." Elvis was first discovered there, as was Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, even Roy Orbison. The tour was actually pretty good, even though they didn't have as much to see as Graceland. Our guide was "El Dorado," and he had the absolute burliest sideburns I have ever seen. Hitting the road... more later.

- Claire Young
“Everything for your nest!”

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Nature Photographer To Sign at Cyrano’s

Local author George Humphries will sign copies of his beautiful new coffeetable book, Images of the Blue Ridge Parkway, at Cyrano’s Bookshop Saturday afternoon, November 26, from 1:00 to 3:00. The public is invited to meet this celebrated photographer of the natural beauty of the Southern Appalachians.

For more than 30 years, visitors to the Southern Highlands have marveled at the splendid mountain images captured by Humphries’ landscapes. His previous works have included North Carolina: Portrait of a State, North Carolina Wildflowers, North Carolina: Images of Wildness, Great Smoky Mountain Impressions, North Carolina, Tennessee, and several series of calendars and note cards.

In his latest offering, Images of the Blue Ridge Parkway, Humphries shares his passion for the Southern Highlands in which he was raised as he opens a door to the spectacular mountain scenery through which this winding route meanders from the Shenandoah National Park to the Great Smokies.

The book is filled with more than 200 beautiful photographs of the mountains, distant vistas, pastoral landscapes, and summit sanctuaries punctuated with rare evergreen, wildflowers, and wildlife. Equally stunning are the purple and orange autumn sunsets and the close-up shots of spring wildflowers beside a fence post.

Mary Best, editor-in-chief and associate publisher of Our State Books, provides the poetic text that accentuates these photographs of the world’s oldest mountains, even as the Blue Ridge Parkway is currently celebrating its 70th anniversary.

As a landscape photographer, Humphries sees himself more as an intuitive photographer than a technician with the camera. He claims his work derives “more from feeling than seeing—the lesteknology, the better.” He didn’t start a career in photography until he was 30 years old, when shooting pictures for him became the sheer exhilaration of trying to capture a fleeting moment that would never exist again. He suddenly felt like a child in a candy store.

Strongly influenced by Ansel Adams, who came along after most of our great forests had been logged and showed us what we had lost, Humphries shares Adams’ environmental concerns but focuses almost exclusively on the unspoiled wonders of what we have not lost. He feels that a lot of people who appreciate the natural habitat take it for granted, whereas for him, “all this is a miracle” and worth protecting.

Book Review with Katie Brugger

Zoro’s Field: My Life in the Appalachian Woods, by Thomas Rain Crowe (B Crowe)

This is a book about a man who spent four years living outside Saluda, North Carolina in a cabin without electricity and running water, raising all of his own food, being (almost) completely self-sufficient. If you have any interest in what it would be like to live a simple life in the woods, there is plenty of interest here in the first half of the book. His descriptions of learning to chop wood and farm, of learning how to take care of the tools these jobs require, of digging a root cellar and making homemade, of fishing for trout and making time the suburban dream are interesting. In the second half of the book he tries to get serious and this is where the book falls apart in my opinion.

This new book is written in the present tense: you imagine him out there doing this astonishing thing as you read. But as the book proceeds time anomalies become apparent. Things don’t add up—his age for instance, and then certain things he makes a big deal about—overpopulation for example are no longer the issue they once were. Finally read it carefully, this book took place 25 years ago and certain problems I had with the book became clear: for someone living this kind of life there was a lack of detail in his descriptions of the natural world, and there was a strange absence of his thoughts and feelings about his daily life. This book is written from a point after a long lapse and the detail and thoughts and feelings were long gone.

I also felt like I had no understanding of why he undertook such a difficult life. He gave me no sense of what he had learned about himself, humanity, or the world at large for that matter. About the only reason I could find was a desire to best Henry David Thoreau, author of Walden, to live in a cabin longer than Thoreau did. “Trying to complete what Thoreau started 150 years ago, I want to take his experience of the body and its toil of work and reflections deeper into the heart and soul of the woods...”—confusing description: “Hypothetically, it produces total beings whose values and sociosexual politics are more in harmony with their psychosexual balance of their watershed-ecosystem and with the planet and the universe.” I have no idea how a watershed-ecosystem has a psychosexual balance.

Mr. Crowe is also a poet, and each of his short chapters ends with a poem that relates to the subject of the chapter. I am no judge of poetry so I will leave it at that. His mentor is Gary Snyder, a poet, Buddhist, and environmentalist who established a back-to-the-land community in the Sierra Mountains in California. Mr. Crowe spent a number of years there living in a teepee and working the community fields which gave him a lot of experience in self-sufficiency.

I decided to read Pilgrim at Tinker’s Creek by Annie Dillard again, as I remembered it fondly as a book that mixed keen observations of the natural world with fascinating observations on what it means to be a human being. I was surprised to find that it disappointed me for the same reason Zoro’s Field did: neither of the authors shared themselves as human beings with their readers. Ms. Dillard never materializes; she is just a disembodied brain with eyes. Mr. Crowe lived this unbelievably difficult life but seemingly had no real struggles to speak of, even the obvious ones that jump to mind when you imagine yourself living in such a circumstance: in a passing thought he mentions he has an outhouse, but where was the resentment on a cold morning? Where was the fear that he wouldn’t be able to make it through a winter because a crop failed or he was hurt? Where was the struggle with self-imposed celibacy?

I tried out of duty to read Henry David Thoreau’s Walden while writing this review but I have to admit I found it extremely boring and put it down in chapter 2. Perhaps it was the effect of the two previous books, both of which I found tedious—it is rare for me to skim books and I did in both Zoro’s Field and Pilgrim. Or perhaps it is that I am fed up with the whole liberal-hippy worldview. This began last fall when it became clear that George Bush was going to win re-election (I’m speaking of September 2004). Not only has the Democratic Party completely run out of ideas, it is totally controlled by our sick political system built on influence and graft. The real issues confronting our nation aren’t the social ones we are distracted by: abortion, gay marriage—most of us agree on a relatively liberal position on these—they are the issues of graft: the decisions Congress and the President make are almost completely decided by lobbyists for major interest groups and corporations. Laws are written to please interest groups; they are not based on what is best for the people or the nation as a whole.

Our current Republican administration is just more obvious about their devotion to the wishes of the business world; Cheney’s secret meetings with energy company officials to craft the nation’s energy policy (with a verbatim quote from a corporate memo embedded in the resulting legislation) is the easy example. But the Democrats are corrupt in the same way. I’m looking for new ideas. I am absolutely uninterested in a return to outmoded ideas that went nowhere 25 years ago. Here’s a liberal talking about going back-to-the-land. The conservatives are currently torturing the country with 25-year-old Reaganomics and a 15-year-old obsession with Iraq.

This country doesn’t stop arguing over the past and look to the future we are in trouble.

* Look for my next review, The World is Flat, for the reasons why.
This year’s Highlanders on fire

The Highlanders are clearly on fire this year. They creamed their first two opponents – Blue Ridge on Nov. 18, 71-38. The next night, Nov. 19, they did it again, this time against Rabun County – 102-94.

With no down time between soccer and basketball, it’s a wonder the team is performing like it is, but Coach Butch Smart isn’t surprised.

“In anticipation of the soccer team doing well and going into the playoffs, we suspected we wouldn’t get a great deal of practice time in,” he said. “That’s why we had our basketball camp this past summer where we played eight games and 14 practice games.”

That explains the team’s obvious compatibility. Each member appears to anticipate what his team mate is thinking and acts on it. They know their plays cold and for the most part complete the plays at the basket.

“I am very, very pleased,” said Smart. “It’s definitely a carry-over from the summer camp because we only had one practice game with a full team before the Blue Ridge game.”

Smart said they have five experienced players and five who are developing well. At this point he’s setting his sights on developing the depth of the team.

Top scorer for both games was Ryan Bears with 17 points against Blue Ridge and 24 points against Rabun County; Nick Kerhoulas scored 21 against Blue Ridge and 8 against Rabun; Alec Schmitt scored 15 against Blue Ridge and 13 against Rabun; Jason Aspinwall scored 13 against Blue Ridge and 15 against Rabun; Adam Hedden scored 12 against Blue Ridge and 6 against Rabun; Eric Chen scored 7 against Blue Ridge and 2 against Rabun; David Parrish scored 5 against Blue Ridge and 3 against Rabun; Andrew Billingsley scored 5 against Blue Ridge and 2 against Rabun. The next game is at home against Robbinsville, Tuesday, Nov. 29.
Dinner seating etiquette

Memories of Thanksgiving circle in my head as we enter into the week inaugurating “The Fat Season.”

The season kicks off on Thursday with my Granny’s turkey, my Aunt Donnie’s famous potato salad, my mom’s yeast rolls, and my Aunt Dodda’s pumpkin pie. We have gotten older but our traditions have stayed just about the same.

Growing up in our family, we had three tables—all of which symbolized your rank in the family tree. First there was the dining room table. All young eyes dream of a day when they will have their place there. When you made it to the dining room table, you had arrived.

Fully decorated with white table cloth, cloth napkins and candles, it was the most precious and coveted place to sit and enjoy Thanksgiving dinner. The dining room table was reserved for grandparents, for aunts and uncles, based on age and number of years earned attending Thanksgivings over the years.

After the dining room table, the next table on the pecking order was the kitchen table. The kitchen table was not decorated so nicely. It was more casual with plastic place mats and a ceramic turkey as the centerpiece. The kitchen table was in the fray of the heavy kitchen traffic experienced on Thanksgiving Day. But it was a real table and was close to all of the food. The kitchen table was where my older cousins had earned a place— those waiting for the one day when they would graduate from the kitchen to the dining room to enjoy the meal.

And finally, tucked away in the corner of the family room, was the dreaded kiddie table. The kiddie table was an undecorated card table set up to provide those of us on the low end of the totem pole a place to eat. The kiddie table was in the far reaches of the house, so far away from the kitchen that refills and second helpings required a lot of time and effort to attain.

When I got old enough to know better, I realized I didn’t want to sit at the kiddie table. For years I was forced to endure Thanksgiving with the younger, food-throwing, bib-wearing, drooling younger cousins. I was in the predicament of being the “oldest of the youngest.” I am happy to report that I finally graduated from the kiddie table when I got into my twenties, but have since returned to it by being the parent of two children who are forced to sit there each Thanksgiving.

In ancient Jewish tradition, table etiquette was serious business. Your place at the table was about...
SPIRITUALLY continued from page 20

...SPIRITUALLY continued from page 20

...SPIRITUALLY continued from page 20

your place in society. Gathering around
the table to share a meal was a
reflection of religious and social life for
the Jewish people.

When a person sat at a banquet
determined one's social standing. The
closer you were to the head of the
table, the higher you were in social and
religious prestige and position.

In the 14th chapter of the Book of
Luke, the Pharisees watched Jesus
closely as he went to the house of a
religious leader to share in a wedding
banquet. Jesus was watching them, too.
He noticed how the guests took the
places of honor and prestige around
the table, as was their custom. And so
Jesus took this opportunity to teach
them something new about their place
at the table. He told them, “when you
are invited by someone to a wedding
banquet, do not sit down at the place of
honor, in case someone more
distinguished than you has been
invited by your host… go and sit down
at the lowest place, so that when your
host comes, he may say to you, ‘friend
move up higher…”

This must have puzzled the guests.
After all, who could possibly be more
deserving and prestigious than the
wedding party and special guests? Who
could possibly be more worthy than
the religious ones? Hadn't they earned
their seat of honor, and deserved it
more than anyone who could possibly
show up? But Jesus tells them in verse
12-14 who might show up. “When you
give a luncheon or dinner, do not
invite your friends or your brothers or
your relatives or rich neighbors, in case
they may invite you in return, and you
would be repaid, but when you give a
banquet, invite the poor, the crippled,
the lame and the blind.”

How rude! The gospel is offensive
because it upsets our rules of what is
proper. I am concerned about the trap
into which we fall - thinking somehow
we deserve what we have. The danger
of believing we have earned what we
have received.

But looking in my own life, what
do I really have that I deserve? Healthy,
beautiful children? Living in
Highlands, North Carolina? Being a
pastor at Highlands United Methodist
Church? Good health? Being born an
American citizen and enjoying the
bounty of this country?

I haven't been good enough to
deserve any of this. I could never be
good enough to earn these things. It is
all a gift to me. In fact, I can't really
think of anything that brings joy in my
life that I really deserve. It is all mine
just because God is good. It is God's
grace; completely undeserved and that
which cannot be earned. If I can
somehow grasp the depth of this truth,
perhaps I may have room at my table
for those I have deemed unclean and
underserving. You and I both know the
people we think are “worse sinners
than us. If we as people may grasp this
truth of those whom God honors,
perhaps it would cure some of the ills
of race and class in our society.

In some regions of the
Appalachian mountains, it is tradition
that families leave an empty chair at
their table on Thanksgiving Day. They
set a place at the table as they gather
to sit and enjoy the meal. As the tradition
goes, just in case someone shows up at
your door, hungry, and in need, the
place at the table is set so that they
know they are welcome and belong. It
is my prayer that the truth of God's
grace may open the door for you to
rethink your perception of someone
and welcome them into your presence.
But here is the catch – not at the kiddle
table, but at your place in the dining
room. White tablecloth, cloth napkins,
candles and all.

...SPIRITUALLY continued from page 20

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• **Upcoming Events**

**Through Dec. 16**
- Signups for Macon County Boys Basketball for boys ages 7-18. Applications are available at the Highlands Civic Center. The cost is $30. Birth certificates are required. For more information contact Michelle Munger at 526-8029 or 342-3551.
- On Fridays and Saturdays, Nov. 26, live music — Chad Reed, piano at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays, Home-schooled students from WNC, including middle school and high school. "Basketball this upcoming season should continue to be exciting," said Walker, "and a fun evening to enjoy the game and community architecture." "It will be a great way to support our local high school athletes and raise funds for our school." For more information contact Lori Jones, Booking Agent, at 828-507-4404.
- At ...and on the corner of Fifth & Main streets between the Masonic Lodge and HUMC. The ...6977.
- On Mondays, from 4:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. The Food Pantry is open for anyone needing provisions – canned goods and nonperishables – at Highlands United Methodist Church building on Church Street.
J.C. Honeycutt and Wanda Lu Paxton are coming to town for one night only! These unusual and entertaining songwriters will sing and play their own music on November 25 at 8 p.m. at The Instant Theatre Company’s Studio on Main at 310 Oak Square. This is the fourth in the ITC’s popular Songwriters-in-the-Round series.

J.C. Honeycutt is best known for her humorous and satiric songs and has been called the “love child of Tom Lehrer and Minnie Pearl.” J.C. grew up in rural Iredell County, where her parents, both singers and lovers of traditional music, taught her everything from mountain gospel to murder ballads. Shetook a side track by studying classical piano for ten years, worked as a church organist, and studied fiction writing with Reynolds Price at Duke University.

Ms. Honeycutt entertains a theory that there is no subject impossible to address with humor and she has demonstrated this with songs addressing everything from our obsession with body image to aging. Her job as an insurance fraud investigator doesn’t leave her as much time for music as she’d like, but she’s found time to open for Cheryl Wheeler at Charlotte’s Neighborhood Theatre and for Christine Lavin at the Sylvia Theater in York, SC. She also serves on the Board of the Charlotte Folk Society where she has booked a house-concert series for several years, and handles bookings for the Folk Stage at Charlotte’s annual Festival in the Park, as well as a songwriter showcase co-sponsored by NSAI/Charlotte and Borders Books & Music.

Audiences have said that Wanda Lu Paxton sounds like Mary Chapin, while others insist she is more like Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins or even a female Tom Paxton. Her music was forged on the track by studying classical piano for ten years, worked as a church organist, and studied fiction writing with Reynolds Price at Duke University.

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The Instant Theatre Company’s Studio on Main is located at 310 Main Street, across the street from The Methodist Church and above Sports Page Restaurant and Shiraz Rugs.

Support Northland’s Annual Toys for Kids Drive

Spread joy this holiday season by helping a child in need.

Donate a new toy valued at $15 or more and receive 50% off cable or Internet installation.

NORTHLAND CABLE TELEVISION
615 North Pine Street
Seneca, SC 29678
(864) 882-0002
www.northlandcabletv.com

The Instant Theatre Company’s Studio on Main is located at 310 Main Street, across the street from The Methodist Church and above Sports Page Restaurant and Shiraz Rugs.

J.C. Honeycutt and Wanda Lu Paxton appear at ITC Nov. 25

Mrs. Paxton (Greene at the time) may be best known as former News Director at WNCW Public Radio 88.7 FM, Spindale, NC. She has opened for Chet Atkins, Tom Paxton, Mike Cross and Greg Brown and shared the stage with Claire Lynch, Doc Watson, David Holt and David Wilcox. Her first CD, Mechanicsville, was released in 1995, and her second, Telling Lies, was released nationally two years later.

Host, and organizer, of the Songwriters-in-the-Round series, Jon Zachary, is an award winning songwriter whose work has earned the praise of writers as diverse as John McCutcheon, Steve Seskin and Guy Clark. Through his songs, Jon is a master storyteller and explorer of the human heart. He keeps the distance from tears to laughter short and believable. Jon grew up in Cashiers, NC and has recently returned to live in the area.

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HELP WANTED

OFFICE MANAGER AT HIGHLANDS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
– Must have skills in Quick Books, Excel, Windows, Word, good organizational skills and work well with people. Qualified applicants only need to apply. Send resume with references and salary requirements to President, P.O. Box 62, Highlands, NC 28741.

CONTROLLER FOR PRIVATE COUNTRY CLUB IN HIGHLANDS, NC. Must be proficient in Microsoft Office Professional. Club Connect software experience preferred. Duties include preparation of financial statements, payroll, budgeting, and human resources for club and related companies. Responsibilities include supervision of bookkeeper and oversight of accounts payable and receivable.

Must be an effective communicator. Excellent benefits. Reply to General Manager, P.O. Box 220, Highlands, NC 28741.

GENERAL MANAGER FOR PROPERTY OWNERS’ ASSOCIATION – for a private country club community in Highlands, NC. This is a 350-home community with a 24 hour security force. The ideal candidate will have progressive management experience coupled with 5 years operational management experience in property management, construction or related fields. The General Manager will supervise 9 to 11 people and will work closely with a Board of Directors. Candidate must be able to develop and manage a budget, effectively implement Board policies, liaison with community government officials, provide guidance and leadership to an established group of employees and members while marketing homeowner’s services to existing and new members. The position is available immediately. The salary will be commensurate with experience and qualifications. Retirement and health benefits are available. Please send resume to: General Manager, P. O. Box 220, Highlands, NC 28741.

HIGH COUNTRY CAFE – All Positions. Call 526-0572. EOE.

LAB, X-RAY II TECH AT MOUNTAIN COMMUNITY HEALTHCARE IN DILLARD, GA. Candidate must be licensed for laboratory work and have a minimum of two years’ radiology experience. This position is full time, temporary. Pre-employment substance screening. Call Mary Osmar, 828-526-1301.

LANDS-CASHIERS HOSPITAL, Sundays-Thursdays, 7:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Experience in hospital cleaning is preferred. Pre-employment substance screening. Call Mary Osmar, 828-526-1301.

EXPERIENCED RN to assist non-interventional cardiologist with office patients, echo and stress tests in new clinic. Email resume to pbarrrett@ngheartcenter.com or fax 770-538-7872 and indicate “Highlands.”

REGISTERED DIETITIAN AT HIGHLANDS-CASHIERS HOSPITAL. Must have N.C. license. CDE preferred, but not required. Manage nutritional services for 24-acute care and 84 long-term care beds, and Dietary Department. Full benefits available after 60 days for this full-time position. See CLASSIFIEDS page 25
**Classifieds**


**OPPORTUNITY**

**REAL ESTATE SALES**

**THE COACH CLUB, CHESTNUT STREET, HIGHLANDS, NC** Lot # 4 Oversized, well landscaped private lot with 10 X 16 coach house and large patios. Located inside private gated 9 Site Park in the city of Highlands. Restaurants, theater and fine arts are all within walking distance of the park. At an elevation of 4118’, the average summer temperature is 780. Some of the finest activities to also include are hiking, golf, tennis and of course, shopping, in a town full of unique shops. One of the finest parks in the country, truly. $260,000. Call 828-526-1029 or 4363 e-mail: bobbarnacy@brmec.net

**THE COACH CLUB, CHESTNUT STREET, HIGHLANDS, NC** Lot #5 Oversized, well landscaped private lot with 10 X 16 coach house and large patios. Located inside private gated 9 Site Park in the city of Highlands. Restaurants, theater and fine arts are all within walking distance of the park. At an elevation of 4118’, the average summer temperature is 780. Some of the finest activities to also include are hiking, golf, tennis and of course, shopping, in a town full of unique shops. One of the finest parks in the country, truly. $260,000. Call 828-526-1029 or 4363 e-mail: bobbarnacy@brmec.net

**INcredible Whitside View** – 2.5 gentle acres, 3/2, $450 K. Call 743-1947. No Realtors.

**Lot For Sale** – Highlands, close to town. 1.5 acre lot with 300-ft. creek front and long view. Only 2.8 miles from Main Street, Highlands. Lots of large rhodies, hardwood trees and Mountain Laurel. Easy building site with community well, telephone, electric and septic in place. Dramatic water fall at entrance. Community will be gated. Priced to sell at $290,000. Directions: From Main Street in Highlands, Take N.C. 106 (Dillard Road) south 1.8 miles, turn left on Mountain Laurel Drive, take first left on Moonlight and first right on Owl Gap, pause to enjoy the waterfall view. Continue on paved road to intersection, turn right, take next left. Lot sign on property. Call 828-526-9622.

**By Owner** – Two blocks from Main Street. Remodeled 2-bed/2-bath second floor condo with fireplace and glassed-in sunroom. Extensive use of mirrors. Must see to appreciate. 526-4874.

**By Owner-Sapphire Valley** – A unique “Timberpeg” Post & Beam home. Three levels: Upper Level, lofted bedroom, full bath and bed room with its own deck. Main level: Open living room w/ fireplace, dining room and kitchen, 2 full baths, master bed room, and a large deck with a spectacular view. Lower level: large family room w/ fireplace, full bath, laundry room and an outdoor patio. A fully finished room with full bath over a 2 car garage. Also a separate roomy workshop. All this located on 1/2 acre, on a private cul de sac. The entire property backs onto a green area. By appointment 828-743-2567.

**COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITY** – 1.22 acres on HWY 106. Existing building, 3,000 sq. ft. heated, 600 sq. ft. garage, new interior, new electric, and new septic with capacity for another commercial building. Design and build exactly what you want. Ample parking possibilities. Option on adjacent property, too. Call 526-9393, evenings.

**SCENIC VIEW HOME SITES**

Turtle Pond area. Views, secluded, near town. (828) 526-2759 marbago@direcway.com.

**Painting & Pressure Washing** – Don’t have time to do it yourself? Tables, chairs, decks, etc. Call for a free estimate. (828) 349-9009 or 342-1740

**Dan, Dan, The Carpet Man**

If it goes on the floor, we’ll bring it to your door! Carpet – Vinyl – Hardwood – Ceramic. Specializing in Commercial. Call: (828) 349-9009 or 342-1740

**Services**


**Business Opportunities**

**Work From Home and Build International Business Opportunity** Top growth company – just expanded into Germany. Who do you know? Looking for leaders. Contact 828-787-2212.

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MEADOWS MOUNTAIN REALTY

HIGHLANDS COUNTRY CLUB

Highlands Country Club Golf Course Home - This Six Bedroom, Six Bath House located on the Fifth Green at Highlands Country Club has it all. Old Club Charm, Outside fireplace and terrace. Rich wood paneling, updated Kitchen, Vaulted Ceilings, mature landscaping, sun porch, office and split bedroom plan. Lovingly brought up to today’s standards by the Owner and John Lupoli. A separate carriage house apartment is perfect for guests or used as a Mather-in-Law suite. Highlands Country Club Membership could be available to qualified applicant. Offered at $2,695,000. MLS# 66770 Visual Tour #426928

Offered at $1,795,000 MLS# 55037 Visual Tour #296840

HIGHLANDS COVE

Fantastic views grab you immediately, but once you are inside the home this spacious 4 bedroom, 4-1/2 bath offers you so much more. Vaulted ceilings, stone fireplace, hardwood floors, outside decking and spacious kitchen. If you like to golf of just relax and take in the view, this home perched on the high ridge is just the one.

Big Bear Pen View

This charming farmhouse style 3 bedroom, 2-1/2 bath home is located in the well-acclaimed Big Bear Pen development. Sit on the front porch and enjoy your mountain view or take a leisurely stroll around this quaint neighborhood. Stone fireplace, tongue and groove paneling, with the master bedroom on the main level, make this a rare find for an in-town view property. Offered at $795,000 MLS#56731 Visual Tour #135903

View Visual Tours at www.highlandsproperties.com • Phone 828.526.1717 • Fax 828.526.1711

Dillsboro 20 Miles
Hwy 441

Franklin
Lowe’s
Whistle Stop
Ruby Cinema

Cullasaja Falls
Gem Mine

Ski & Snow Tubing Time

Lake Glenville
Lake Glenville Storage
Lake Glenville Marina
Gas & Store

Dillard, GA
Highlands 14 Miles

Hwy 441
Fire Mt

Some Useful Internet Links
HighlandsInfo.com
HighlandsRadio.com
HighlandsMapGuide.com

Find All Winter Activities & Events

Highlands’ Newspapers Now @ The Cashiers Chamber of Commerce

Over 286,000 People On Our Website This Year
www.highlandsinfo.com

Highlands Map & Guide Now In The Highlands & Cashiers Visitors Centers
Holt Knob. Great location, old Highlands charm with knotty pine paneling and wood floors. Fireplace. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $459,000.

4 Bedroom, 3 bath home located at Wildcat Cliffs Country Club overlooks the 17th fairway. Offered at $739,000. Furnished.

Private lot & the end of the road. 3 bed, 3 bath features spacious rooms & 3 stone fireplaces. Vaulted ceiling. Offered at $650,000.

Mirror Lake Area - 3 bedroom, 1 bath. Master bedroom on Main level. Nice covered porch & open deck. Gazebo & garage. $450,000. MLS #57171

HIGHLANDS COUNTRY CLUB. Charming 4 bedroom, 3 bath home located on Hudson road. 1.28+/-. acres. Offered at $1,395,000.

VZTOP - 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom furnished condo. Spectacular views. Offered at $395,000.

HIGHLANDS FALLS CONDO Overlooks a natural stream area and mountain view & the 11th fairway. 2 bedrooms, 2 bath upper unit. $345,000.

Overlooking a clear green pond & 1.75+. acres. Great log home, 3 bed 2 bath, 3 car garage, full basement with generator pre-wire. $620,000.

3 bed, 2 bath log home features a super mountain view. Full length screened porch. Full basement with great workshop. $517,800.

Viewing Point Rd. Home, 4 bedrooms, 5 1/2 baths, 2 fireplaces, wood floors, & 2 car garage. Lot 1.44+. acres. MLS #52201 Offered at $975,000.

CULLASAJA CLUB, Lost Trail, 4 bedrooms, 4 1/2 baths, 2 fireplaces, 2 car garage. Country Club Living. MLS #54778 Offered at $1,595,000.

Beautiful Mirror Lake 3 bedroom 2 bath home completely renovated. Hardwood floors and tile; stone fireplace. Ready to move into! $499,000.

Large wooded lot full of rhododendron, hemlock and a stream. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths, spacious 2 car garage. Offered at $1,625,000.

3 bed, 2 bath log home features a super mountain view. Full length screened porch. Full basement with great workshop. $517,800.

HIGHLAND HILLS, 3 bedrooms, 2 full baths, fireplace, carport, 2 story home. Lot on .69+. acres. MLS #54231 Offered at $497,000.

HIGHLAND HILLS, 3 bedrooms, 2 full baths, fireplace, carport, 2 story home. Lot on .69+. acres. MLS #54231 Offered at $497,000.

0.79+ acres of flat level land. A wonderful spot close to town on Buttermilk Lane. Offered at $565,000.

SPECTACULAR VIEW, 3 bed, 2 1/2 bath, wide, & 2 car garage. Kitchen w/garage & stainless. Stone fireplace & huge deck. Offered at $1,650,000.

Great 5 Bedroom, 3 Bath Home. On 1+-. acre of flat level land. A wonderful spot close to town on Buttermilk Lane. Offered at $565,000.

WHITESIDE COVE - CASHIERS, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 fireplaces, carport, double decks, 4.35+. acres. MLS #55331 Offered at $399,000.

White’s Ford Rd., 4 bedrooms, 3.5 baths, fireplace, 2 car garage, wood floors. $695,000.

CULLASAJA CLUB, 4 bed, 3 bed, near 12th fairway. Gazebo & stream in backyard. Great open airy plan with large porches. Offered at $749,000.

GLEN FALLS Rd. 4 bedrooms, 3 full baths, 2 1/2 baths, fireplaces, large deck & a one car garage. MLS #52253 Offered at $695,000.