

# The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

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Murphy, North Carolina, Thursday, November 21, 1935

### DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY

In an effort to impress upon the readers of this newspaper the seriousness of North Carolina highway fatalities and what it means to their pocketbooks, the following information, which will be a great surprise to many, was compiled from "Guides to Highway Safety" a booklet distributed by the Institute of Government at Chapel Hill, and prepared by Harry W. McGalliard.

Here in North Carolina we are killing our citizens on the highways at the rate of three a day, and we are injuring and maiming thirty-five or forty others per day. Last year, according to reports sent in to the Motor Vehicle Bureau, we killed 966 and injured 6273—one and a half times as many North Carolinians as were killed and wounded in the entire World War. These official figures are far too low since hundreds of minor accidents are never reported at all. In 1935 we bid fair to pass the thousand mark. Alongside this, the problem of curbing crimes of violence such as murder and assault and battery pales into insignificance. On the basis of gasoline consumption this state stands first in the Union, with the highest automobile mortality rate. In the past few years the red clay roads of North Carolina have given way to hard-surfaced highways, but we are fast dyeing the shining white pavements red—red with the blood of thousands of citizens. Death stalks every traveller.

The COST of these accidents in dollars and cents is tremendous. If estimates are correct, and they seem reasonable low, the economic loss in this state, including damage to property, hospital and doctor's bills, and decreased earning capacity, will total over thirty million dollars for each one of the last six years. This means that automobile accidents this year will cost North Carolinians one and a half times as much as the entire amount spent on the support of the whole state-wide, eight-months-term, public school system. Furthermore, in the past five years, automobile liability insurance rates in this state have practically doubled.

Good roads are a great asset. We need them. But consider once more: each day three men in this state die on the highways; thirty-five or forty are injured; the economic loss totals some seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars. The morgue and the hospital claim too heavy a toll, and the strain on the pocket-book is too great. Yes, we need our good highways. But we must use them safely.

During the World War 34 North Carolinians were killed per month. Modern crime claims 37 lives per month in this state, but the figures can't compete with death on the highways—82 KILLED PER MONTH IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The rate of highway deaths per 10,000,000 gallons of gasoline consumed is higher for North Carolina than for any other state in 1934. The booklet says: the national highway death rate is 23.2 per 10,000,000 gallons of gasoline while North Carolina's is 36.6.

And every year the figure goes higher and higher—from 675 in 1928 to 986 for 1934.

What kind of accidents take place? One-third of all accidents involve collisions with pedestrians; one-fourth, collisions with other automobiles; one fourth non-collision accidents and one-sixth with other objects. Seventy-two per cent of the people killed are between the ages of 15 and 64.

Beginning in February, and excepting a slight lapse in June, the highway death rate mounts steadily and reaches a peak in December almost double that of February. Vacation trips, pleasure rides, and holiday travel all contribute both to heavier traffic and greater recklessness. Most important of all, the days grow shorter in the fall. Darkness comes sooner, and bad weather adds to the hazards of travel.

The "week-end" is the most dangerous part of the week. On Sunday, almost twice as many people are killed as on either Tuesday, or Wednesday, or Thursday.

Traffic is of course heaviest on the week-end. The

rush of Saturday's pleasure accounts for almost 40 per cent of an entire week's accidents.

Accidents happen when traffic is heaviest—late afternoon and early evening.

One-third of all fatalities on the highways occur during the five-hour period from 3 p. m. to 8 p. m. These are the hours of death.

Around the supper hour—when people are finishing the day's shopping, when people are going home from work, when people are going out for a drive after supper—that is the danger time.

But here is the most surprising fact brought out in the pamphlet—THREE-FOURTHS OF ALL ACCIDENTS OCCUR IN RURAL DISTRICTS, while the remainder are in cities and towns.

It is also interesting to note that one-half of all fatal accidents occur ON A STRAIGHT ROAD. One-eighth are on curves. AND 99 PER CENT OF THE ACCIDENTS ARE ON ROADS IN GOOD CONDITION!

Three-fourths of all accidents happen in good weather. Rain is a factor in 4.7 per cent of all fatalities on the highway.

And the ladies, commonly blamed for blundering driving, will get a kick out of this. Men drivers are responsible for more than 95 per cent of all highway deaths.

However, it is impossible to determine from these figures whether men are worse drivers as the number of men drivers far exceeds the number of women drivers, and furthermore, the average male driver probably drives more miles per year than the average woman driver.

But the fact remains, men do most of the killing on the highways.

Over 70 per cent of all drivers involved in fatal accidents had more than one year's driving experience.

All this leads us to but one conclusion: SPEEDING AND RECKLESS DRIVING CAUSE THREE-FOURTHS OF THE ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY MOTORISTS.

With all this in mind it might not be a bad idea then to stop and ponder the last two paragraphs of—"And Sudden Death":

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors' picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit is up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

### THE OLD AND THE NEW

With Christmas coming on we might take to heart the following greetings of the season received by a Murphy citizen several days ago:

"A few years ago we remember when hens were three dollars a dozen, roosters ten cents apiece, eggs three dozen for twenty five cents, butter ten cents a pound, milk five cents a quart, the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids to bologna, the hired girl received one dollar a week, and did the washing, women wore enough clothes to cover the subject, did not smoke, vote play poker and raise Cain in general.

"Men wore boots and whiskers, chewed tobacco, spit on the sidewalks and cussed. Beer was five cents and the lunch free, laborers worked ten hours a day and never went on a strike. No tips were given to waiters and the hat check graft was unknown. A kerosene lamp and a stereoscope and the parlor was a luxury.

"No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or brought glands, microbes were unheard of, folks lived to a ripe old age and walked miles to see their friends.

"Now everybody rides in an automobile or flies, plays golf, shoots crap, plays the piano with their feet, goes to the movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks hooch, blames the high cost of living of his neighbors, never goes to bed the same day he gets up and thinks he is having a heck of a time.

"These are the days of suffergetting, profiteering, rent hogs, excess taxes and prohibition. If you still think life is worth living I wish you:

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

## TURNING BACK HISTORY'S PAGES

### 10 YEARS AGO

Friday, November 20, 1925  
Miss Elizabeth Rice, of Morganton, Ga., spent the week-end with Mrs. R. V. Wells.

Mr. Sheridan Heighway, of Struthers, Ohio is visiting his father, Dr. S. C. Heighway.

Mr. H. L. Davidson, of Atlanta, spent one day here this week.

Mrs. John Sessions of Andrews, spent last week-end with her mother, Mrs. J. N. Moody.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Dickey, of LaGrange, Ga., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dickey.

Col. T. S. Rollins, of Asheville is attending court here.

Mr. P. H. Chastain, of Culberson, was a business visitor here Monday.

Mrs. W. W. Hyde returned last Sunday to Indianapolis, Ind., where she had been visiting friends and relatives for the past month.

Mrs. Homer L. Hoe and little son, of Middlesboro, Ky., and Miss Gus Whitcomb, of Harlan, Ky., and Mr. W. H. Whitcomb, of Harriman, Tenn. arrived Wednesday night to spend sometime with Mr. A. B. Dickey and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dobbs and other relatives and friends.

### 20 YEARS AGO

Friday, November 20, 1915  
C. M. Wofford made a business trip to Atlanta this week.

Dr. L. R. Castell of Culberson, was here yesterday on business.

E. A. Gibson and family left this week for Hobart, Okla., to visit the former's parents.

W. H. Whitcomb, of Harriman, Tenn., and G. G. Whitcomb of Harlan, Ky., visited relatives here and at Ogreeta last week.

Frank Herbert and family came in Wednesday from their home in Canada, and left for Hayesville, where they will visit the former's father, Capt. R. L. Herbert.

T. S. Boswell, Superintendent; R. Stone, Chief Dispatcher and Train Master; A. Lyon, Supervisor, all of the Southern Railway, spent last Thursday night in Murphy.

### 30 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, November 21, 1905  
Bruce King has moved his family to Marble.

U. S. Commissioner J. C. Herbert, of Hayesville, was in town last week. H. B. Elliott, wife and baby, of Andrews, visited relatives here the past week.

Mrs. F. A. Gennett and children went to Nelson, Ga., Saturday for a short visit.

Mrs. Nettie Dickey and sister, Mrs. Carson, went to Asheville yesterday for a short visit.

Mrs. Martha Patton and daughter, Miss Bird returned Saturday from a pleasant visit to relatives in Tennessee.

Miss Alice Robinson, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. J. Sword, left yesterday for her home in Virginia.

George Whitcomb and John Camey, of Jellico, Tenn., arrived Fri-

day to spend a week with home, the former at Ogreeta, and the latter at Young Harris.

### 40 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, November 19, 1895  
George Abbott leaves for the position this morning.

John Walker, of Andrews, was in town on business Saturday.

Miss Hattie Hughes is visiting brother, Harvey in Atlanta.

W. A. Hunt, of Young Harris, here on business yesterday.

Judge Robinson left yesterday Bryson City to hold court.

Allen Richardson, of Andrews handling the yard stick at Goro store.

W. A. Bryson, wife and daughter, came down from Coala last Saturday.

Mrs. A. F. Cunningham and Mince, of allwe, were shopping town Wednesday last.

Miss Margaret Howell and Mrs. E. Smith, of Peachtree, were in shopping Saturday.

Miss Josie Cooper, with the first of R. A. Akin returned from the lanta exposition last week.

Mrs. R. L. Herbert and child came down Sunday from Hayesville to be present at the marriage of sister, this morning.

Mrs. V. H. Olmsted, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. M. W. De of Chicago, Ill., left last Wednesday for their respective homes, spending two weeks at the guest Mrs. Olmsted's parents, Dr. and J. W. Patton.

The following parties left for exposition Sunday: P. H. Sam Akin, Briggs Gillispie, Bailey, and A. A. Fain, accompanied by Misses Callie and Annie Har-

## BRASSTOWN

Miss Hazel Wilson had the fortune to fall out of a barn break her arm. She is improving.

Miss Marie Elliott has returned home from Canton where she spent several days with her sister, Bill Penland.

Miss Evelyn Ashe spent last week with Mrs. Pauline Dyer, of Hayesville.

Mr. Garland Frankum left Saturday for Gastonia.

The revival at Maggie Chapel closed with one profession. It was conducted by Rev. Frank Hampton assisted by Rev. M. D. Coker.

Mr. Coy Coffey, of Sweetwater was a visitor here Friday.

Miss Dorothy Payne is visiting aunt, Mrs. Myrtle Raper, of Tompkinsville, Ky. Bob Payne is visiting relatives friends of Regal this week.

Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoR  
VICKS COUGH DROP



IT HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU, DOLLY. But if I'm pricking you now, you can be thankful for this: You're not going to lose any more sawdust, because things sewed with J. & P. Coats best 6-cord thread stay sewed. Mom says so—and Mom knows.