

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina.

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Where's Our Share?

Mr. Nellie Taylor Ross Director of the U. S. Mint reports that last year all three mints had to work 24 hours a day to keep up with the demand for coins. A new all-time record, both in number and value of "hard money" was set with 1478,982 coins—compared with the previous high mark of 738,742 minted in 1939.

Incidentally only half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies were coined—the "wagon wheels" at all mints they're quit making these the same process. They're even pretty scarce in these parts for a long time. For that matter though, even the smaller coins have been none so plentiful with most of us.

Of course this record output of new coins stems from the defense drive. Officially, though, Mrs. Ross attributes it to "increased volume of retail business; new defense taxes; increase in State sales taxes, and the increasing use of slot machine devices." The stream of jitneys pouring into juke-boxes seems to be back-washing clear to the U. S. Mints.

As to gains in retail trade, all reports admit that they have been pretty much centered in industrial areas where the bulk of the defense drive spending was going. Now however, it is predicted that the situation will begin to level out, as the flow of money spreads. This means that our own section soon is to share in the defense-born prosperity.

It is devoutly to be hoped that this happy forecast comes true. We've been wondering, for some time, where our share might be. And we sure could use it!

Texas Longhorn Turns Into A Tarheel

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Ruffner, have come to Murphy from Dallas, Texas to visit Mrs. Ruffner's mother, Mrs. Mattie Taylor and have found the mountains so delightful that they intend to stay here. Mr. Ruffner describes his reactions to the mountains in a letter to the Scout, as follows:

Dear Sir:—For many years I have wondered what the mountains of North Carolina looked like; how it would seem to move from the plains to the Land of the Sky. Of course we have mountains in the Western part of Texas; but they are more the barren type—mostly great piles of rock with scrubby timber and very little vegetation. There also are great plains, where you can look as far as the eye can reach, with your view obstructed by an occasional ranch-house, out-buildings and a few trees set out by the rancher.

In the Eastern part of Texas you find pine forests, great oaks, and trees of many other kinds, with saw-mills every few miles. Also there are ranches of from a few hundred to thousands of acres, roamed by white-faced cattle.

Oil fields are scattered over the entire State, producing the "black gold" that sometimes turns poor people into millionaires—and sometimes changes millionaires into poor people.

But I started out to talk about

North Carolina. Of course, in the few days I have been here, I can scarcely begin to appreciate the beauty of this country. It is strange to me to see water gushing from the sides of hills, rushing tumbling down into clear streams that seem to be in a mad hurry to reach the sea. I just stand, look, and marvel. I almost have to pinch myself to see if I am awake.

They tell me the mountains are much more beautiful in the Spring. All I can say is: "Spring, you gotta show me!" I don't know how your fishing is, because I have not yet gotten my license. We may fish in Texas without a license if we do not use lures.

However, I believe it will be great sport to cast in the beautiful streams here, even if I do not get a strike—but they tell me the fishing is good.

Well, I hope so, because I intend to get a license and find out for myself. I'm going to get a hunting license, too. Not that I am such a great fisherman or hunter—but I like to try!

I like the people here. I find they are always there with a hearty handshake and a great big smile, ready to talk about their mountains, their towns, and conditions in general. And they are all boosters. I like that, too. I just do not have any use for a fellow who can't say something good about his home, because if he doesn't like it there are plenty of ready hands out.

I was born in Texas, reared in Texas, and am mighty proud of that grand old State—but from now on, my home is going to be in North Carolina. And you can count on me as being a steady booster, too!

I hope you will accept me as one of you—because I intend to be just another "Tarheel."

Roy M. Ruffner,
Murphy (formerly Dallas Tex)

NOBODYS BUSINESS

BY GEE MCGHEE

SUNDRY NEWS ITEMS FROM FLAT ROCK

—mr. holsum moore says he is patriotic and all that and that he is anxious to help the alleys as much as possible, but he thinks his wife went about 1 pair of britches and a suit of underwear too far last week when she was gathering up "bundles for brittain." he do not know how in the world he will make out thru the balance of the winter, he happened to be in bed with the flu when Mrs. Moore was gathering up things to be sent across, and that's why he lost certain garments.

—the operation which dr. hubbert green performed on one of his patients was not a success, but he said it was not his fault, the said patient had waited too long and had been taking all manner of patent medicines much to the injury of her innards—befoar he went inside, of course she mought recover, she was took to the hos-spittle after the first set-back and she is getting along smoothly at present, her husband will not pay for his mistake, they are saying that dr. green operated for the wrong thing.

—the german nastis and the it-layan fastists did not like pres. rosevelt's recent speech, they don't won't him to help brittain, hitler mought make a talk hisself shortly and condemn it outright to his followers, mussy-lena has already spoke his mind, that is, what part of it is left, if anny, he says that he redly to fight the u. s. anny time, that is just too bad, imagine the it-layan fleet steaming up to new york bay and attacking us, we hope it won't come to that, but we don't know anny other way that ill ducay can strike back, he's powerful mad at the u. s. and grease.

—mr. edditor, please print a piece about the draft and tell us how long it will befoar the rest of the boys from flat rock is called, mr. art square's son, i. c. square, wants to put in a crop and ask for government aid, but as he is a draftee, he is afearad that about the time he gets his cotton chopped out, uncle sam will call him and he will lose all of his work, plus the parrity, if the government will send his check befoar he pitches his crop, he says

he will feel better over it, rite or foam.

YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT: I DON'T LIKE THE GOVERNMENT LEADERS

—there are a few dozen peeved sennators and congressmen in the upper and lower houses in washington, d. c. they can't get over the election, nothing that the present add-ministration does suits them and they are agin it befoar the question comes befoar them, we did not think big men would be that little, but such is the case, so far as some of them is concerned, the only emergency that faces us now is: the dimmercrats are in power, all other things such as wars and roomers of wars is incidental, these are the words of rev. will waite.

—a movement is now on foot in flat rock to do something for the said sennators and congressman, meaning those that have chips on their shoulders and some "axis" to grind they are acting so childish, mr. holsum moore is raising a fund to buy them some toys to play with and he is likewise planning to send them some all day suckers so's they will be too busy to pay anny attention to what is going on, he says they won't have a thing to do but get and suck.

—Mrs. art square says, bless their dear little hearts, I feel so sorry for them, the old new dealers rub them the wrong way, murther will smooth down their little hair and pet their little bald-heads, old donkey is a mean old donkey and should not treat our little mens so bad, mr. rosey-velt is acting bowsky-wowsky, he ought to ask permission of the sennators and congressmen that have been rubbed the wrong way, befoar he brings any bills, befoar them, lookout, mr. dellano, the boogy man will get you," Mrs. square is so motherly—well, folks will be like that, when you put little men in big places they will still be little men, if you refuse to play their way they won't play a-tall, but mebbe the u. s. will move right on and the defense program will continue to function without the help of the offended fellers, it is too bad the way they are taking it, they won't even stand up and receive it, mr. slim chance says when he was a kid in school, he found boys just like those "hurtud" politicians.

yours trulle,
mike lark, rfd.
corry spondent.

VENGEANCE CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. Major Lunsford of Peachtree were the Sunday guests of Mrs. Floyd Rogers.

David Ownsby of Browns Creek visited J. H. Lovingood Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Rogers visited Mrs. Rogers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Lunsford Saturday night.

Max Ladd and Hardy Miller were visitors in Cherokee Saturday.

Bruner Lunsford and Ralph Watkins visited John Chastain on Saturday night.

Jake Lovingood, Mrs. Bonnie Ladd and son, Bob, Hardy Miller, Miss Lorene Adams, Floyd Rogers, Ralph Rogers and Mrs. Delcie Watkins

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

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THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

CAMEL

THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE

visited Mr. and Mrs. Pearlle Lunsford last Sunday.

Edegar Ledford has been ill with flu but has improved.

Ralph Rogers, Howard Cloer, Eulice Rogers, H. A. Rogers Jr., Clyde Lovingood, Eugene Ledford and Wallace Rogers attended a meeting at the home of Lum Greene last Wednesday night.

H. A. Rogers Jr. visited his father at the Big Stamp Tower last Saturday.

Mrs. Max Ladd and son, Kent, visited Mrs. Pearlle Lunsford one night last week.

Willard Lovingood is visiting re-

atives at Grape Creek.

Miss Edith Queen has returned from a weeks visit with her sister, Mrs. H. A. Rogers.

As he watched an automobile speed away after striking Michael Flaherty, a fellow worker, John Cullinana of Quincy, Mass., wrote the license number in a pile of dirt resulting in the arrest of George Puopolo.

A jug of bootleg whiskey exploded when placed near a steam radiator, and blew out the windows of a police station in Chicago.

LAST CALL

The Board of County Commissioners has extended the time for listing your property for 1941 taxes until February 15, 1941.

If property is not listed by you, or your agent, a penalty of 25 per cent will be added—and this penalty positively will be collected.

List now, and save yourself expense and trouble.

BOARD of COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

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Here's a new kind of car with coil springs on all four wheels... new twist-proof safety body construction... Weather Eye Conditioned Air System... greatest seating width in the lowest-price field. Come in—see it today!

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