

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina.

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NOBODY'S BUSINESS

Germany, Europe.
Dear Brother:—
I thought I was "it" till here lately. I am no longer wicked enough to rule over hell. I am today sending my resignation as Devil to Gog and Magog and am recommending you for this job. Not since I took charge of hell, eons and eons ago, have I had any competition in meting out punishment to persons who have chosen to make my place their eternal home, until you appeared on the earth.

You have it on me when it comes to torturing human souls. I had never thought of punishing the sinless: I took special delight in seeing the wicked burn and squirm, but as innocent, peace-loving, law-abiding citizens have not been coming to hell, I have had no opportunity to wne and dine them on fire and brimstone. But with you . . . the case is different. You make no exceptions: the good and the bad, the old and the young, the baby and the infirm, are the same to you. You kill and destroy and starve and crucify all who stand in your way.

Brother Hitler, I will keep track of you. It is not my purpose or desire to be here (in hell) when you arrive. A man with your reputation might make it too hot for me. I'm leaving the day you start for this, your last job. You will find the keys hanging on the red-hot pole at the edge of the bottomless pit. I have entertained some terrible characters since I be-

came the head man of the lowr regions, but not one has ever held even the tiniest candle-light to you.

Only last night I heard a bunch of dyed-in-the wool criminals talking about you and man . . . you are going to have the big head when I tell you that they were bragging something terrible on you and, believe it or not, they laughed right in my face when I told them that I was a bigger devil than you. They even had the gall to tell me that I didn't know my ABC's about running hell when compared with you. You will possibly fetch along a few of your co-workers and co-horts in crime. They having been taught by you will make most worthy employees of this Inferno that was once the worst thing known to the imagination of man. We began to "slide" here when you invaded Poland, and from then on we've been doing nothing but sliding. We oozed out of the spotlight when you made a hell on earth.

Yours in the cause,
The Devil (Himself).

MEET MR. HOLSUM MOORE, LONG-DISTANCE WEATHER FORE-CASTERS de Luxe

—mr. holsum moore is predicting a long, dry summer; he has benn the far-off weather fore-caster ever since his grandpaw died enduring 1910, he was the best long-distance weather proffit ever borned, so says holsum moore. mr. moore says summer time come 30 days earlier this spring than usual, he decided this question when he saw a katy-did on an apple tree last friday, she had brown eyes and green legs; that's why he went by.

mr. moore predicts a 45-day drowth enduring the month of July, everything except politicians will almost dry up, crops will be set back 2 months and about the time cotton begins to open and fodder gets redly to pull, frest will bit both of them and destroy nearly everything anybody expects to make, while the summer will last on up into autumn, the crops won't mature as usual in the early fall; the drowth will keep them from growing into a manhood.

—we will have a little snow in march, according to mr. moore, and heeavy frosts, followed by big dews, will be the order of the days and nights up to betwixt aprill the 20 and the 26, cotton bolls will be smaller this year and only 0-876,543 bales will be produced as compared with 12,540,000 last year, counting round bales and square bales at two each, there won't be any hoss apples in the south this summer; a new betsy-bug will eat all of the blossoms up in May.

—small grains will be less bountifu than usual, wheat will have the rust, oats will be et up with smut, rye will head but there won't be any grains

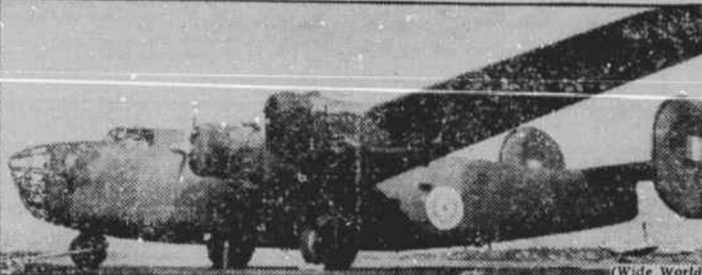
People, Spots In The News



TASTY PUDDING . . . Lighter side of war zone doings is this shot of official pudding taster doing his stuff aboard a convoy escort destroyer of British navy. A pretty good-sized "taste," eh? (UNP)



TAX TACTICS . . . With "income tax time" boosting amount and furiousness of tablecloth mathematics, New York night spot made it easier for calculating customers, and for the laundry bill, by using spotproof koroseal-coated napery, from which impromptu arithmetic can be removed by swiipe of damp cloth.



SELF-TRANSPORTING . . . Shown at LaGuardia Field, poised for non-stop hop to Britain on its own power, is long-range, high-speed Consolidated bomber which also crossed country non-stop from California. Known as "B-24," it's first of 26 scheduled to go. (Wide World)

in them, and barly simply won't mature big enough to cut. mr. more figered this out by watching the red ants; they back back into their holes instead of going in head-first, as has benn their custom in normal years. Mr. moore saw a ground squirrel last friday; that foretold heavy rains in may and june and crops won't be put in till so late the july drowth will ketch them, everybody had better save their government checks and stretch them out in the face of there forecasts, that's about all they will get from the soil this year.

THE TREND OF TIMES

—dr. hubbert green has benn trying to push his collections here of late, but has not met with much success onner count of the installment houses have all got a prior claim on his patients. he has threatened to hail mr. slim chance jr., into court for his 1938 doctor bill amounting to 25.35\$ and intrust for a inside operation on him which saved him from being handled by a undertaker, he received the following letter from mr. chance, jr. last week:

deer dr. green
you have always benn my family fissan, but you are now afixing to lose our practice, also pa's and grandpaw's practice, it won't do you no good to sue me; everything is in my wife's name except my government check and you can't tetch that by law or otherwise.

i ain't able to pay my honest detts, much less doctor bills, i am behind the following installments on the need-cessities i have bought here of late, vizzly: my ford, 4 payments, my raddio 5 payments, my new set of furniture, 9 payments, my rent, 8 months, my refrigerator, 7 months, and missylanous monthly bills, 4 months. it takes all i can rake and scrape to keep the wolves away from our door.

as soon as i get these secured detts out of the way, i will start on what i owe you, you needent be so hard-hearted, dr. rubbem harder, the ostopath, says he could of cured me without going inside for about 6\$ and your surgical work was no avail, he rubs pains and miseries away for

less than haff what you homepaths charge, so he says, he rubbed my wife's backbone into shape and replaced 7 jintts, and so far—I have had to pay him only 2\$. he has gone to

cash though here of late onnci count of the national defense, so he says. yores trulle slim chance, jr.

Because he doesn't like to write letters, a Notre Dame student has installed a short-wave radio in his dormitory room and at predetermined hours talks with his family in Port Dodge, Ia.

Lyman Baker of Sellingsgrove, Pa., shingled his 120-year-old house with the slats from 200 lettuce crates.

Not only do chickens like pipe organ music, but it improves their egg-laying capacity, according to H. N. Cordsen, manager of a poultry plant at Kansas City, Mo.

When he reported to police that thieves had robbed him of two cases of beer, Theodore Wyffles of Blenheim, Cam., was arrested for selling liquor and sent to jail for 60 days.

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