

The Cherokee Scout

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Meditation

God of the hills, grant us thy strength to go back into the cities without faltering, strength to do our daily task without tiring and with enthusiasm, strength to help our neighbors who have no hills to remember.

God of the wilderness, with thy pure winds from the northland blow away our pettiness; with the harsher winds of winter drive away our selfishness and hypocrisy; fill us with the breadth and the depth and the height of thy wilderness. May we live out the truths which thou hast taught us, in every thought and word and deed. Amen.
—Selected

Your Right To Know

In 1787 when the fathers of the Constitution presented the results of four months of efforts to the states for ratification, a cry went up throughout the land that the Constitution lacked something. The rights of the government were there, but many maintained that some of the rights of the people were omitted. Thus the Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments, was drawn up and added to the Constitution.

The first amendment goes like this: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

This first amendment protects "Our Right to Know", the theme of National Newspaper Week, October 1-8.

This does not mean that the right to know is the special privilege of the press, rather it is the right of the press to present to you, the reader, the facts you have a right to know.

Robert A. Vogel, prisoner of the Reds for 17 months says, "It is extremely important for the American people to realize that freedom of the press is a principle placed in the Constitution for their benefit, rather than for the benefit of the newspaper."

We are inclined to take this freedom for granted along with other freedoms won for us since the Declaration of Independence.

We shouldn't say "It can't happen here. We'll always have a free press." It can happen here and does, in big cities and small towns, as Charles Clayton pointed out in an address at the University of Missouri. He says "It does happen in every city where committees of the Board of Aldermen or the school board insist on secret meetings. It is happening right now in Washington, despite all denials to the contrary."

The permanent slogan of National Newspaper Week is "Your Newspaper Lights the Way of Freedom."

You, the man-in-the-street, must be on the alert to preserve this freedom which belongs to you.

Scouting

With The Publisher

MURPHY looked good to me when I had an opportunity to go back for a week-end two weeks ago. However, in less than three weeks of being away, the town had changed so much I hardly knew my way around I imagine by now the stop light and completion of the street work are making driving easier.

TODAY (Tuesday) I imagine has been a big day in our county, with the Democratic nominees and other party leaders coming in large numbers for the rally. While I ate barbecue at dinner here at Chowan College tonight, I still would like to have had some of that served at the fairgrounds.

COLLEGE life, though different and interesting every hour of the day, is just as busy as that of editing a newspaper. In fact, I still do some newspaper work, preparing news stories for the college, teaching journalism, visiting newspaper plants with the Journalism class, and yesterday we had several newspaper publishers from Eastern North Carolina and Tidewater Virginia here for a meeting of an advisory committee for the new Graphic Arts department of the college.

THE 16TH DISTRICT of Women's Clubs held its annual meeting Friday in Gatesville, and Mrs. J. H. Bunn, state president, and others that Murphy and Andrews club women know were speakers. Dorothy Brown (Mrs. E. P.) who lives in Murfreesboro and was one of my college mates is state treasurer. Among other activities in recent days have been: Attending revival services in Powellsville when Dr. F. O. Mixon, our president, was preaching and having dinner there with relatives; attending revival in Eure when the Rev. Oscar Creech, associate to the president, was preaching; attending the Chowan hour radio broadcast at station WRCA in Ahoskie; attending services at Aulander when the Dean of Men Henry Reeves preached; visiting two of our students who were in the hospital in Ahoskie—one with asthma and one with a broken leg from playing football. Tonight I attended the meeting of our Sunday School class, the Fidelis, and there were about 30 young women, around the same age of my Esther Class in Murphy, present.

VISITS to some of the lovely old homes in Murfreesboro also have been on my schedule. The present Wynn home, built 180 years ago and first occupied by the Murfree family for whom the town was named. A son of this family later moved to Murfreesboro, Tenn., and became the namesake of that city. The four huge white pillars on the front of this home were hand-turned by slave labor. Also there was an evening in the Old Vaughn home, part of which was built 175 years ago, and contains some of the most beautiful hand carved wood work and antique furniture I've ever seen. (I know Avis Hoover will be down to see me... no, the homes and antiques, soon.)
Best wishes to all.



Raccoon

Raccoon Survives Despite Enemies

Raccoon, pirate, pet, predator, prize or pest. So varied are the relationships between men and raccoons that you may take your choice for a single designation. Teddy Roosevelt built his Bull Moose party about a wild animal. This being an election year we found Senator Kefauver following his example and using the coon skin cap as campaign symbol. The fate of the Senator's ambitions matters little to the coon who seems able to survive dogs, traps, civilization, fire, hunters and almost anything. Even the rage of college boys for coon skin coats did not wipe the animals out of their range over our whole country.

When a country boy in his early spring wanderings finds what look like the prints made by little 2 x 4 inch hands in the mud along the creek he has a hunch that the coons have come out of hibernation. If he is a careful observer he looks for one track with four toes instead of five and if he finds one he knows he has found a track of a woodchuck rather than a coon.

Raccoons breed in February just after coming out of their hibernation. In 63 days two to six young are born of the union and both parents take part in the success of the little family which may remain as a group through the first winter. By the first winter a young coon may have reached a weight of 12 pounds. Two hundred acres of suitable woodland should yield an annual crop of one raccoon in spite of the normal accidents of nature. A full meal may be about 1/2 pounds of fish but it may be an equivalent in crayfish, insects, sweet corn or vegetables. We hope this clown of our neighborhood never vanishes off our home range. If he does we will move to his just for the fun of it.

HAYSEED

By Uncle Sam

A SMILE

- A smile costs nothing.
- A smile may be of great value.
- A smile does not impoverish those who give it.
- A smile happens in a flash.
- A smile may change a life.
- A smile may help the rich.
- A smile may enrich the poor.
- A smile may create happiness.
- A smile may foster good will.
- A smile may drive away the gloom.
- A smile may give hope to the hopeless.
- A smile may encourage the discouraged.
- A smile may rest the weary.
- A smile may lift a burden.
- A smile may dispel darkness.
- A smile takes away nothing of value.
- A smile may live in the memory forever.

In 1940, North Carolina was exceeded by 42 states in the proportion of college trained people among rural-farm populations.

Appeal

A hero will fall in battle one day, His wounds fast draining his life-blood away.

You shrug and say, "But what could I do?"

Brother, his life might depend upon you!

Perhaps that boy lies there in your stead,

Dying, while you lie safely abed. Your blood might revive him, relieve him of pain,

Restore him to wife, mother, children again.

You may not be burdened with this world's wealth, But if you are blessed with abundant health,

Here is a gift that won't cost you a nickel.

You're scarcely aware of the steady trickle.

That, rising in reservoirs such as we,

Like rivers flowing down to the sea,

Unite to form the much-needed flood,

Of merciful, life-giving, war-winning blood.

So hasten, contribute your drip to the ocean.

Help keep the healing streams in motion

Then go your way in satisfaction. This boy's not listed "Killed in Action."

—T. W. E. McKew, L. U. No. 101.



At the Manhattan entrance of the Hudson River tunnel, a huge truck got wedged against the top because it was too high to get into the tunnel. Emergency crews worked for hours trying to get it out, and in the meantime, traffic was stalled for a mile on each side. Finally a small boy who had watched the proceedings with interest walked over to the foreman of the crew and asked if he wanted a suggestion. Yes, he did. "Well, let the air out of the tires," he said. They did. The truck came out easily.

There's sadness along Broadway and much of the talk among the stage people is rather hushed. For Gertrude Lawrence is gone. She was more than just a bright star. She was Broadway personified in a lovely woman. It was not her acting or singing or looks, but a rare combination of all, an inner radiance which all of us who knew her felt. If any quality about her stands out, it was gaiety—and everyone loves to be gay. An understudy is trying to take her place. But it will be a long time before anyone really does, if ever.

A local politician running for office has just told the following story about how Governor Giles of Virginia came out in a name-calling incident with Patrick Henry. It seems that he had heard that Patrick had called him a "bob-tail politician" and wanted to know if this was true, and if so, what was it's meaning. Henry replied, "Sir, I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tail politician' at any time, but think it probable I have. Nor recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether or not you are correct."

The young couple sat on the bench in Central Park and looked the picture of young romance. Slowly their heads moved toward each other, his arm slipped about her shoulders, his hand tipped her chin upward and his anxious lips moved surely toward hers. Then his eye caught sight of an old lady

county agent for two days. One day we traveled seeing different parts of the Providence, the next day we visited a Home Economics school. You see I have been very busy doing all these things besides helping here on the farm.

Next week is going to be a fine one; all five of the American delegates here in Holland are invited to come to The Hague (incidentally, I have seen only two Americans since July 7) to see the opening of Parliament and see the Queen ride in her Golden Carriage. They have told me it looks very much like a fairy tale; I am very anxious to see it.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Shields

Lucky You

by Dick Shaw



Lucky you—you won that argument without losing your life

THE BIBLE SPEAKS
International Union
Evangelical Bible League
BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN
SCRIPTURE: Matthew 3-6
DEVOTIONAL READING: Joshua 24: 14-31.

Dedicating Life

Lesson for October 5, 1952

THERE ARE two classes of persons in this world: the drifters and the dedicated. Drifters become driftwood, cumbering a barren shore, or they float, waterlogged and helpless, a menace to more important traffic. The dedicated, on the other hand, have purpose in their minds, they have a course and a compass. They have somewhere to go, some reason for going there. But not all the dedicated are alike. The vital question is: To what is a man dedicated?

Stalin is a dedicated man; so are Christian missionaries; so are politicians good and bad. The big question remains: Dedicated to what? to whom?

Dedicated to God
HIGHEST object of all dedication is God; this always includes devotion to his cause. To be dedicated to God means to be devoted, in purpose and in action, in every way that is possible, to making this world—beginning with one's own self—come into line with the prayer, "Thy will be done."

The young man Jesus, whose story the Sunday school lessons will be following through the Gospel by Matthew for the next six months, was of all persons the topmost example of a life dedicated to God. Jesus did not drift into this. Dedication was not automatic, inevitable.

Jesus, not less than those he calls his brothers and sisters, had to make up his mind to the ancient demand: Choose this day whom you will serve.

The Power
JESUS WAS not a late comer to his decision. Once or more it has happened that a young man who decides to enter the ministry will surprise and even startle family and friends by this decision. But when Jesus "entered the ministry" (as we may rightly say he did, after his baptism), it could have surprised none who had known him. He had always been aware of being "about his Father's business." He did not pass from drifting to dedication, as most men must; he passed from one stage of dedication to another.

Whatever questions the story of Jesus' baptism raises, one thing is certain: from and after that even Jesus knew himself to be God's special Representative, endowed with the Holy Spirit for the work he was to do.

Over and over in the New Testament we hear of the "power of the Spirit," for the divine Spirit both brings power and is Power. Only the life dedicated to God has the power of God.

The Problem
IT IS a mistake to think that the dedicated life is free from problems. God will not weaken us by making our choices for us. Every temptation is an opportunity to choose, between God's way and some way that is not God's. Temptation may also present a choice not so much between black and white, wrong and right, as between good and better, right and more-right.

One meaning of Jesus' temptations was just that in them he had to think through the how of his dedicated life. He was indeed God's beloved Son; His work was indeed to save the world for God.

But the question was, How? By turning stones into bread? By astonishing people with miracles such as jumping unharmed off the Temple top? No; these were not God's way. The last temptation was not as absurd as it sounds. Whenever men have said, "Let us do evil that good may come," whenever they have said that a noble purpose glorifies any method used to attain it, they have done what Jesus was tempted to do—worship Satan.

The Practice
NO DEDICATION does not free the dedicated from problems. But when life is put at God's disposal, with each problem comes the power to avoid wrong choices, to make the right one. Yet again there is a condition: God will not resist our temptations in our place. There is something we have to do for ourselves. There is a practice required. It is likely that Jesus had never in his lifetime been tempted before that day in the wilderness? No, he resists with the skill of long practice. The weapon he uses is still ours to use: the Word of God.

Does that weapon lie rusting under the dust at your house? Keep it bright by using it, as Jesus did.

North Carolina farmers appear to be heading for their first billion-dollar cash income in history in 1952.

Looking Over A Four-H Clover

By FRANCES PUETT And M. B. WRIGHT

LETTER FROM HOLLAND

September 12, 1952

Dear Mrs. Puett:

I have been quite busy since the last time I wrote to you; and I have seen quite a lot of the Province of Gelderland now. I think that I forgot to tell you that this Province looks very much like some sections of North Carolina, (it doesn't have any mountains, but it has plenty of trees and beautiful vegetation.) It looks good to me, for I was beginning to grow tired of nothing but flat land with only a few trees near the houses. The soil here is sandy and they do not do farming on a large scale as they did in the northern provinces. Most of the farms here are small and a great number of them are poultry farms, with some of them duck farms. The farm that I am living on is more of a general farm with poultry, about 400 hens. But the farm next to ours is strictly a duck farm, there is somewhere over 1,000 ducks. You should just hear them all quacking at once!

The time on this farm is passing by very quickly. At first I was afraid it would be slow going by, but now I do not feel that the language difficulty is such a problem because our main mission is one of the personal understanding and in detail and factual data. To accomplish this the best method

is one of personal demonstration; working side by side, offering a friendly handshake or grinning through an embarrassing situation. These things give for better proof of the personality we are and the people we represent than could a hundred well organized oratory examples.

This is a typical Dutch village and not all "above average". It is very interesting to be a part of it and really see how the people live. The daughter and I ride our bicycles to the village about 10 a. m. in the mornings to do the family business. It is a usual sight now to see the milk being delivered from a wagon drawn by a horse or the bread delivered from a bicycle cart. Of course it is not all this way; at the same time you can see quite modern and recent conveniences that show the progress which is being made.

Last week I had a nice visit in Haarlem which was quite a difference from this small village. I had a lovely visit with the family of Mr. Arnold Beerkens, who is now living in Murphy, North Carolina. They were very gracious to me and it was especially nice to be with them since they speak English quite well; even the little eight-year-old brother, Paul, was speaking some English words. They showed me some of the beautiful church, the old mar-

torial places of interest in their city which is one of the oldest cities in Holland. I saw a very old ket place and town hall (and when I say old—some of the dates go back as early as 1100). They even took me to see the statue of the little boy who placed his finger in the hole of the dike and saved Holland! The visit with the Beerkens' was so much like being with American people I almost wanted to confess to someone else besides myself that I had often been looking at the calendar to see how far away November looked!

The van de Pol family has been very interested in my seeing their Province. One day the daughter, son and I went to Apeldoorn, a city some miles away, to a young farmer's meeting. Even though I couldn't understand all it was nice to see how they carried on their meetings. We have also had a visit to two of their old fishing villages, Morken and Volendam; this was a boat trip and very nice. Here we saw many of the scenes and old customs as are often seen in books. The most interesting thing of the day for me was traveling out through the sea where they were working on a new East Polder. I saw them bringing dirt up from the bottom of the sea to make a new dike. By 1956 they hope to have land where the sea now is—it is really amazing and seems quite impossible.

This week I was the guest of a

Since egg prices are highest at this time of year, it may pay poultrymen to use electric lights to stimulate production of fall and winter eggs.

Honey has been announced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as a "plentiful food" during October.