

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County
North Carolina

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Murphy, North Carolina, Thursday, July 27, 1939

A STRANGE CASE THIS; PAY MORE AND HAVE LESS EXPENSE!

Believe it or not, there is one servant who constantly asks for more work at less pay. That servant is electric power.

In the last quarter century the cost of practically everything we use has gone steadily up. Your dollar, for instance, now buys 30 per cent less clothing than it did in 1913. It buys 20 per cent less food. It buys 15 per cent less shelter.

But there is one very vital adjunct of living of which it buys a great deal more, and that is electricity. According to the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, today's electric dollar, measured in the energy it will purchase on a national average, is worth close to TWICE what it was worth in 1913.

Equally important as the saving in cash involved, is the fact that cheaper power has been a tremendous factor in improving our living and working standards. Where the average household used about 260 Kilowatt-hours of electricity in 1913, it uses almost four times as much, 950 Kilowatt hours, today.

That's real progress—the kind of progress that is felt in every home, and can't be adequately measured in dollars and cents.

So what?, you ask. So this:

Murphy has gone into the power business. In some respects the Town is not unlike the rich old maiden Lady who inherited a first mortgage on a factory she had never seen.

There had been several defaults on the interest. The maiden lady wrote to ask why, but got nothing but empty promises.

Finally she threatened foreclosure, whereupon the owner of the factory called at her home.

"Lady" he said, "you don't have to go to the expense of foreclosing on me. I have brought the papers with me, and I'm signing over my plant to you, look stock and barrel, right now. I suppose you know all about making rain coats?"

"Certainly not" said the maiden lady, with dignity. "I never made a rain coat in my life."

"Then" said the man "you'd better get busy right away;—because Lady, you're in the rain-coat business now!"

Well, the town—with the exception of Mr. Harvey Elkins, of course—didn't know much about the power business, either. It did know, however, that the residents were buying current at the rate of ten cents per kilowatt hour, and couldn't do a blessed thing about it but grumble.

Came the TVA, and the Southern States Power Company decided it had better sell.

The Town heads saw a chance to give Murphy and its suburbs BETTER SERVICE AT LESS THAN HALF THE COST.

So they took the plunge—and bought.

That plunge meant shouldering a staggering debt. Not staggering for Wall street, or a big city—but a lot for a town of this size.

However, the debt can, and will be paid. And it will be paid without raising taxes. Mayor Gray has promised that, and Mayor Gray knows whereof he speaks.

Just how soon it will be paid, however, depends entirely upon you, and you, and you. It's all a question of how much power you will use in your home, and your place of business.

Use lots of power—and the debt will be paid with speed. Use it sparingly—and maybe your grand children still will be paying it off when you need any electric lights because you'll be in the land of eternal day. Or will you?

Seriously, though, plentiful use of electricity is going to be a real economy. Believe it or not, the way to make your bills smaller is to make them bigger.

And here's why.

Every penny of profit that the town makes will go on that debt. Every payment will cut down not only the principal, but the interest. And every such reduction will be reflected in a corresponding reduction in your own rates.

Let Electric power work for you—and before you know it you'll be paying only three cents a kilowatt hour!

In times past most householders here have strained their eyes on many an evening, reading by the indifferent light from a single globe—and at that, it cost them plenty.

Regardless of the high rate such a course may have been false economy, in that it undoubtedly sent many a Murphyite to the oculist, and caused a heavy investment in eye glasses—to say nothing of the woes of impaired vision.

Now, with the town offering a reasonable rate, and seeking a still cheaper one, there can be no logical excuse for any one being niggardly with electric lights. Use of power now becomes actually a double duty—to your Town—and to yourself.

It is to be hoped, too, that residents will not stop merely at giving themselves plenty of light. There are any number of things about the house which can be done more quickly, and more efficiently by electricity than by any other way on earth. Making toast, for instance—or heating an iron—or washing clothes—or doing any one of a dozen other things that now make the housewife sweat like a man in a torture chamber, while her once lovely straight shoulders get bowed with house-breaking durgery.

Electricity is woman's best friend. It always answers every call, instantly, silently, completely.

The town or your private dealer, will tell you how to get all sorts of labor saving devices with a ridiculously small investment.

And with every such investment you are not only buying more comfort—you are greasing the way to a still cheaper rate.

THIS AND THAT

Kenneth Wright, high-school principal, foot-bail fan, and a gentleman and a scholar if ever there was one, has had all sorts of trouble—and so have we—about an advertisement he wanted printed in the Scout.

During summer time, Prof. Wright turns a few honest pennies by selling insurance. He represents twelve big companies, and therefore can give you a policy on just about anything from straight life to protection against hang nails. This particular ad, however, pointed out the advantage of the accident insurance policies put out by the Hartford Company. It was designed especially for those planning trips to one of the worlds fairs.

Well, the first week a heavy storm crippled the power lines and tied up the Scout, so that instead of going to press at 6 P. M., as we should, we didn't "get the paper to bed" until three o'clock next morning. Everybody was worn out, and mad at everybody else, in general, and the power plant in particular. The paper finally came out full of typographical errors—but there was no error in Prof. Wright's ad. It didn't get in at all!

Prof. Wright registered a good humored protest. He asked, mildly, what good an ad about vacation could do, after vacations were all over?

In our sweet girlish fashion, we tried to convince him that many of our very best folks don't take vacations until August—or maybe September, and he finally consented to "let the ad ride" for the next issue.

That was last week—and the ad got in exactly where it belonged.

This time, however although it told all about the Hartford Insurance Company, and its travel-accident policies, it did NOT tell who was selling them.

Well, we imagine you know now!

A certain trained nurse recently was in attendance at a home, near Murphy. After a ten hour vigil she left the bedside of her patient to snatch a bite to eat.

Hurrying back, she asked the patient's wife how he was.

"Fine" was the answer "right after you left he went to sleep. He seems to be restin' real easy."

And he was indeed resting easy. He was dead.

The new-made widow came in the room, looked at the corpse, and declared she "didn't believe it". Pretty soon her small son, aged six came in, and he too refused to believe his father was dead. He wanted to pinch him, to make sure, and when the nurse wouldn't allow that, he took his mother's hand and tried to pull her out of the room.

"Come on Ma" he said. "Lets us get away from that old nurse. I dont like her anyhow. What for does she want to come around here wearin' a false face?"

N. B.—This nurse can well afford to tell this on herself. Take it from us, she really is plenty easy to look at!

There is a certain dashing attorney in this man's town, very handsome, very beautifully groomed, very pleasant speaking—but with a reputation for caring nothing at all—or even less than that—about the Fair Sex. That is, of course, excepting his very charming wife.

Not for worlds would we destroy his almost nonastic reputation—but as an honest chronicler of all the news, we feel it our column duty to announce that this young gentleman gets very much "that way" when he even hears about a gal—any gal who happens to have gray eyes.

So far as we can find out, he doesn't know any girl with gray eyes. He just hopes that some day, maybe, he will.

To get this man's name, enclose a self addressed and stamped envelope, and seven dollars, cash. The money will be needed to get the writer out of town.

Over in Andrews, Wade Reese, young motor car Tycoon, is making a hobby of collecting old Ford cars. For many weeks his pride and joy was a 1926 model T coupe which he hauled in from the woods, and spent weeks of time on until finally he got it into running condition. He placed it on a pedestal outside his salesroom, and if he liked you very, very much he would take you for a ride in it.

But alas! The '26 model has been superseded in the fickle Reese heart. His new love is a fine young Ford roadster turned out in the good year 1921.

Reese says he found it up near Tusquitee, and he vows it has been run less than 1,000 miles.

Reese got it for \$65. He already has refused \$200 for it, and vows it is not for sale at any price!

V. C. O.

Because her husband didn't tell her he had a wooden leg before their marriage, Mrs. Helen Leto of New Orleans sought an annulment.

Letter To The Editor

DANCING IN CHURCH

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you please print this in the next paper as it is my first letter to the Scout since I have been a subscriber.

In regard to the article in last weeks paper I am sorry to say (Mr. V. C. O.) your way of getting more people to church is not appreciated here in our community. We sure don't believe in dances, shows, movies and free-for-all in our churches. The Lord wont allow us to make theatres out of our churches through the week; and scarcely used for him on Sunday, and we surely don't want a preacher in our midst that will carry on such things in our churches.

The Lord, in the day's of old, cast out the Pharisees because they made his house a house of merchandise, and says: "My house shall be a house of worship and not a house of merchandise" and how much worse are we if we make a house of sport out of our church. Our churches would be far better if there were no movies to draw our people away from the church.

I am sorry to know that you have such an idea in your mind. I believe in my heart that if we would have more old time preaching and church work our churches would be better and do away with so much sin and evil. We would be in far better shape. The Lord says his work and the devil's

work shall not be carried on together. We cannot serve God and mammon, so I hope all that read this will get all the church dances out of their heart and take up the old time Holy Bible and follow it. To all church members.

Signed: Glema Bryant, Culberson, North Carolina.

The Scout has never sanctioned "free for alls in church, and did not know there ever had been any. Neither did the Scout ever advocate turning the church into a place of "money changers". The Scout merely suggested that orphan children putting on a program for a worthy charity, could scarcely be called sinful.

Also, the Scout would suggest that using the church to raise money for orphans certainly is no more of a "money changing" business than selling suppers in the church to raise money to convert the heathen in darkest Africa. The Scout frankly admits that it considers one single North Carolina orphan a whole lot more important than a thousand African, Chinese, or what have you.

Everyone is entitled, of course to his or her opinion and the Scout is glad to print the views of the writer. But as regards the dancing of innocent children, not yet in their teens, the Scout believes that all too often so called "evil" exists only in the eye of the beholder.

TURNING BACK HISTORY'S PAGES

40 YEARS AGO
Tuesday, July 25, 1899

Miss Nora Cobb was shopping in town Tuesday.

E. Herbert, of Clay, was here Saturday.

Harry A. Miller, of Atlanta, is visiting his brother, E. S. Miller.

Harvey Hughes, of Blue Ridge, was here from last Tuesday night until Thursday morning.

Mrs. Nellie Smith, one of Salisbury Thursday after and is the guest of Mrs. Nannie Hyatt.

Miss Susie Norvell, who has been visiting her brother, E. B. Norvell, left yesterday for her home in Virginia, much to the regret of many friends.

R. H. Hyatt accompanied by his wife and Masters Edward Hyatt and Don Towns returned Saturday from a pleasant visit in Clay County.

36 YEARS AGO
Tuesday, July 27, 1903

Col. Ben Posey attended court last week at Benton, Tenn.

Sheriff A. B. Dickey spent last week at Andrews, Rhoda and Topton. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Dunlap chaperoned a party last week to Aquone.

R. H. Sneed returned Friday from Knoxville, where he bought a lot of new goods.

Miss Laura Morgan left the first of the week to visit relatives in Macon county.

The Misses McCanney delightfully entertained at a "Ghost Party" Saturday evening in honor of their attractive guest, Miss Behbie Mae Woods, of Murphy, N. C.—Young Harris News.

20 YEARS AGO
Friday, July 25, 1919

Roy Wells left Friday for Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. O. W. Hendricks, of Etowah, Tenn., is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Thompson.

Jake Palmer and Robert Brown are spending the week fishing at Wesser.

Wade Leach and Paul Hampton, of Andrews, are visiting Ralph Moody.

Mrs. Henry Akin, of Statesville, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. B. Meroney.

Miss Louise Hendrix, of Ball Ground, Ga., is visiting Miss Martha Candler.

Misses Blanche Richardson and Martine Mattox left last Friday for Etowah, to visit Miss Ollie May ufey.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Benton and children, of Cornelia, Ga., are and W. A. Savage and families.

spending the week as guests of C. W.

13 YEARS AGO
Friday, July 26, 1926

Mr. Bob Austin, of Biltmore, spent the week-end at Murphy.

Mrs. W. J. Linderman returned Sunday to her home at Washington, Ind., after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Fain.

Messrs Jake Palmer, Harry Fincher, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Sentell, and Miss Cora King, of Canton, spent Sunday with Mr. Palmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Palmer.

TIMELY TOPICS

The Chinese Lama Temple at the New York World's Fair was constructed in Peking, then taken apart and brought to this country in 23,000 individual pieces which were reassembled like a huge jigsaw puzzle.

STANLEY OLMSTED OH, SO LONELY

Stanley Olmsted, Murphy born novelist, pianist and erudite brother of the low-brow editor of this paper has written himself a "pome" which we think rather good. We pass it along, in the hope that you will, too. If you wish, we'll print more, if not, write us and say so.

UNFOUND

By Stanley Olmsted—

Dear one, unfound—we taught them not

The secret of our common lot,

But firm and fast

We both held steadfast to the last

Nor e'er forgot.

Blighted, we faced the day—the brain

Burdened of thought, gave back to

pain

Each stamp of fate,

Nor muted mocking jeer or hate—

Sorrow, our days' unending gain.

Dear one, . . .

Life all a lie,—yet love might be—

A radiance vast, to set it free

When thou, unseen,

Didn't press the lips which might

have been, . . .

They called to thee—they oped to

thee

Dear one, dear one—

O'er trackless wastes they yearned

toward thee

Dear one, unfound.

Only the knowledge Thou, somewhere

Breasting alone the waves of care

Didn't silent kiss

My wave-way unto hush and bliss

For thou wert't there,

Somewhere,

Dear one, . . .

Only the sweetening full, that you

Somewhere beneath the heaven's blue

Yearned as I yearned,

Seared of the breast, while my

heart burned

And knew, dear heart!—and knew!

Only the POWER, that of God

With fettered knees we pressed the

rod

And searched the goal,

Each longing pressed back to the

soul,

And kissed the rod, . . .

Yet looking, longing, 'cross the space

The infinite, which but thy face,

I knew it free—

Free, and forever there, for me

Who, kneeling still, might know the

grace,

Hungry for thee, dear one—

Praying for thee—

Dear one, . . .

And life moves on; and time is pressed

Fallid upon the days ago,

And thou dost know,

E'en as I know,

How, yearning ever, on we go

Counting the hours, singing the

song,

Crooning the measures, whispering

slow

The love-named dreamed, the

dream-name low,

And hunger so, dear one!

And hunger so, true heart I know

there

Somewhere, . . . somewhere, . . .

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