

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County
North Carolina

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Murphy, N. C., August 10, 1939

A GRAND IDEA, THIS ONE;- AND SURE TO SUCCEED

The plan to organize a county wide Chamber of Commerce is the most forward step ever taken by this section.

The Lions, and the Rotarians have done yeoman service in behalf of their communities—but they have been hampered by lack of funds. The lack of funds has resulted in lack of productiveness. And that lack of productiveness has resulted in a waning of interest.

That means failure to pay dues—hence still less effectiveness, and still less interest—a vicious circle.

A county wide chamber will end all that. With all the towns united, and paying dues, there will be money in the treasury to lay our wares before the country. And that is the only way in the world that we can sell them.

We know we have the goods; but it takes too long for others to find it out by themselves. We must go and tell them—and keep on telling them.

One of the best possible proofs that the idea of unified effort is sound is the willingness of Robbinsville, to pool its interests with Cherokee.

There are some smart business men in Robbinsville. They had confidence enough, to invest \$30,000 in an ultra modern tourist camp, in the very heart of the town.

Some of the older, intensely conservative ones, shook their heads in dismay at such a "foolish investment".

Yeah! So foolish that every blessed room in that camp has been reserved in advance, by the week, for almost all of next summer; and at sweet rates. Backers of the plan now are planning an enlargement.

Naturally Robbinsville is anxious that this enlargement—and other future developments shall pay. The town realizes that it is the only community or any size in all Graham County, and that its individual efforts toward advertising must be comparatively weak.

They also know that a unified campaign will bring in enough visitors for Murphy, Marble, Andrews and Robbinsville too.

In organizing this County Wide Chamber, however, one thing is vital. That is PATIENCE.

The proposed chamber does NOT want men or women who demand immediate return for every dollar they spend in dues.

It wants, and must have members who realize that when you buy a farm you have not always got a crop. You must prepare the soil, then plow, then sow, and finally cultivate. Then, and not until then, can you reap.

It will be exactly the same with the proposed Chamber. The dollars spent now cannot be expected to bring in any return until next Spring, or perhaps next summer.

When those returns begin to come in, however, they will be ever increasing—and the comparatively small expenditure will come back in a steady and ever increasing stream.

ABOUT THAT AVENUE OF TREES

With the proposed 17 mile avenue of trees between Andrews and Murphy close to reality, bitter opposition is being voiced in many quarters, based chiefly on the expense involved.

One attorney informed this writer that he had been approached by one irate tax-payer who considered seeking a court injunction to prevent the town from expending the \$600 voted by Mayor Gray and his Board to sponsor the project so far as Murphy is concerned.

Others object on the grounds that the trees will spoil the view of the valley.

The latter is a matter of personal opinion. This writer believes that the trees will NOT spoil any view. They will be fifty feet apart, and the careful driver will be able to get both eyes full of valley and mountains too. The speeder, of course, doesn't see anything but the road in front of him.

This writer believes that miles of flowering trees—16 or more varieties of them—are prettier than fields of corn, set off, here and there by houses that need paint. He believes that green vines are more beautiful than red clay banks.

This writer KNOWS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE that a similar avenue of trees—of only one variety, and only four miles long, in Virginia, attracts thousands of tourists every blessed year.

But if your opinion is different, you surely have a right to think as you please, and the Scout will gladly print your views if you write them to us.

As to the expense involved—the objectors are laboring under a serious misapprehension.

It is true that the town voted \$600 for the work and Andrews did the same. But that is mostly "think money".

It is not to be paid in cash. It is to be paid by lending trucks to haul the trees, lending men to drive the trucks, and lending picks, shovels etc., for the updigging and transplanting.

For every hour that a truck is used, the town will be credited with not less than \$1.25. There will be an additional allowance for the driver, another allowance for the tools used, and finally, an allowance for the tree itself—probably 50 or 75 cents.

Thus a truck may go six miles out, wait three hours for the digging etc., and then bring in a tree—total time gone four hours. Total distance traveled, 12 miles.

The town will have to buy less than one gallon of gas—say 22 cents. For that expenditure, it will be credited with more than \$10.

So, you see, ladies and Gentlemen, that appropriation of \$600 resolves itself into a cash outlay of just a few stry pennies.

AND NOW, A LYRIC —A REAL ONE!

Here is another bit of verse from singing pen of Stanley Olmsted. Murphy boy who went to Europe and made good in every way there is—except that he could use a little more money, maybe.

The verses printed below are considerably different from the introspective perhaps a bit sombre, but exquisitely lovely lines by the same author that have been printed in previous issues of The Scout. These are buoyant; and confidentially, there's a reason. They were penned in the medieval city of Vienna, Austria, long before anybody ever heard of Hitler, and when the author was younger—oh, very much younger. Here it is:

KNIGHT IN THE SADDLE

Oh they twitter and chirrup
I hear from the stirrup
The birdlings! the birdlings sing trill
as I ride!

Tee-ree-rup, tee-ree-rup
With fritter and frirrup
The leaves stride the breeze-tide, the
little winds rear up,

And I flying by at a clattering fly,
All a-clanking the silver that shimmers
my slide,

Listen blythe from my stirrup
With fritter and frirrup
How drolly the birdlings sing trill
as I ride.

See you green swish across
With velvety gloss—!
See the sky with lush foamings all
brimming and skimming!

And the shadows that cross—
Checker greenings of moss
Shading rushes where thrushes throw
warblings a-toss. . .

(Hark!—Muting the song
Of the rollicking throng
Echoes horn of the hunter, their
singing bedimming!). . .

With sunbeamy gloss
See you green swish across
And the sky, all a whirlpool of azure,
is swimming!

Oh my steed's brisk astir
And our pace it is whir
And my dreams go a-winging and
wandering wide—

Ec'n abloom is the burr,
Tipped off flaming the fir,
And the morn brushes kisses; the sun-
beams demur

Nor would leap through the deep
Of the underbrush creep,
Lest they startle the nestlings.—Or
sweetheart, my bride,

Listen too, from our stirrup,
With fritter and frirrup
How the honeymoon birdlings sing
trill as we ride!

(Copyright, 1939, Stanley Olmsted)

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

—mr. holmsu moore and mr. bert skinner are figgering on going into the wholesale patten medison business, if they do, their plant will be located at flat rock, this new industry will be welcomed into our midst.

—the style of the firm will be skinner-moore yerb co., inc. they have been studdying up on certain patten medisons that are on the trade and which are curing folks of al manner of diseases, according to the "ads," and they want to help the world a little bit theirselves.

—these fine gentermans have their formulars redy and have ordered some bottles, their liver and stumick remedies will be made from the following subscriptions.

epsom salts	2 parts
diamond dyes	2 parts
ippy-ac	2 parts
watter	94 parts

—by using the wonderful vegger-table and yerb compounds listed above, they can and will make a 1\$ bottle if this fine peace of drugs for c3, but the bottle and the label will cost them about c2, and they will therefore have the sum of c5 tied up in each package, a barrel of this famous medison will cost them close to c95, if this medison do not move out fast enough, they mought add one part rubbing alcohol.

—they will advertize if possible thru the radio and newspapers and almanacks, whoever takes a bottle for 1\$ can have his pitcher put in a "add" for nothing along with his testymonial, this subscription will pass the pure food and drug acts according to dr. hubbert greene, he knows his patten medisons, this same medison will be good for roomy-tism, gout, dizziness, black spots, swimming in the head, night sweats, and insanity, the labels will all be different, but the contents will be the same, except they mought change the color of their diamond dyes to suit the wishes of the sick and bed-ridden, they mought sell stock in their company, hurrah for flat rock!

—yores, trulie, mike lark, rfd, local agent.

THIS and THAT

Minneapolis has been a testing ground, this last Spring, for a new silk stocking which is said to stand 100 days of wear, with nightly laundering—and still it passes for a sheer weight stocking.

Only one store in the country has been selling these stockings, but that store sold 300 dozen without pushing them.

The stockings themselves are sheer weight, treated by what is called the Durafilm process, to reduce the fuzziness of the threads. The process is being worked out by the same three men who promoted Pliofilm, transparent waterproof material, after they were eased out by Marshall Field during reorganization.

The new hesiery has been giving some trouble because it felt clammy to some and smelled to others. But the backers declare they are liking these things and will soon have \$1.35 sheer hosiery that will wear, and wear.

This interests the ladies of course; but it also interests the men who pay and pay—and pay!

It may seem strange, but any well read seller of beer must have his most pleasant dreams about the ways of ancient Babylonia. So if you find a beer seller smiling in his sleep, You'll know why.

In the fabled city of Babylonia there were several serious sins. There were: adultery, being a bad wife, incest with a daughter-in-law, deserting a husband's house—and selling beer too cheaply!

The penalty was the same for all these sins.

It was drowning.

Frozen Foods have been on the market for some time now, but Harvey A. Striplin, licensed chemist and chef out in California, has a new one.

He's freezing cooked food.

His company doesn't do any retail business as yet, limiting itself to supplying foods to airlines, hotels, steamship companies, drug-chain-department store lunch counters, clubs etc.

Most of his 29 items are packed in pint containers. They are priced to compete with fresh and canned foods and uncooked, fresh frozen foods.

The line includes quart bricks of frozen soup at 25 cents, roast squab, French lamb chops, filet mignon steaks, beef stew, roast turkey and

dressings, creamed chicken, Sarsaparilla, etc.

We can't comment on this development for words fail us. After all, some physicians have been using ice to keep people asleep for days and days and after the freezing boys get through with us, we suppose they'll supply a few dozen guests or whatever might be wanted for a dinner party.

There is one of the most stable and prosperous American industries, in case you didn't know it and don't use snuff.

Helmetta, N. J., home of the George W. Helme Company, largest snuff factory in the country, is one of only two towns in the country which have never applied for relief funds.

American Snuff Company preferred stock, paying \$8 in dividends per share, a year, is currently selling at around \$150, which means a yield of about 4 per cent and a very well thought of preferred stock.

There are 38,000,000 lbs. of snuff made each year from dark-fired Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee tobacco. It is fermented, ground, and flavored in various ways. Salt, cinnamon, mint, sugar and even atar of roses are used in flavoring and scenting snuff.

A confirmed snuff user gets a long nicely on 10 cents worth of snuff a week. He just takes a good pinch, puts it between the lower lip and the gum and leaves it there. He doesn't chew it or move it around any, either. It just stays there and supplies a slight glow, some taste, and a smell.

Some 65 per cent of the users are women, but the Senate chamber in Washington has two niches in the wall with two small snuff boxes.

These are always kept filled, even though few Senators avail themselves of the chance for a free sniff of snuff.

But that's about the only thing that's free that the Senators pass by.

Our vice-president in charge of useless statistics has just come dashing in with the news that a nice square box some 3,500 feet wide, high and deep, would hold all the people now alive on this earth, providing they were packed side by side.

We're going to call the thing Sardinia Finale.

V. C. O.

Turning Back History's Pages

40 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, August 15, 1899

Miss Mellie Brittain spent Sunday at Kinsey.

W. L. Fain, of Atlanta, is here on business and pleasure.

W. S. Green made a business trip to Hayesville last week.

A. S. Hill, of Wehutta was an appreciated caller at our office last week.

A. M. Howell and wife, of Young Harris, spent last week here with their son, T. N. Howell.

Misses Nannie Hyatt and Nellie Smith and Mr. Paul Hyatt returned yesterday from a pleasant visit of several days to Mrs. R. L. Herbert near Hayesville.

Rev. L. E. Boston and Miss Kate Axley spent Thursday at Kinsey as the guests of Mrs. G. P. Axley.

30 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, August 17, 1909

W. N. Cooper, of Asheville arrived Sunday.

J. Y. Allen, of Blue Ridge, was here Friday and Saturday.

E. S. Miller returned Sunday from a trip through the west.

Mrs. T. J. Sword returned Saturday from a visit to Wise, Va.

E. A. Davidson of Atlanta, arrived Friday to be with old friends for a few days.

Miss Mamie Harshaw left Wednesday for a visit with friends at Charlotte and Wilmington.

Mrs. J. M. Richardson, of Andrews, was here visiting her son, J. A. Richardson, last week.

ONE SWELL FEED

Asked how he enjoyed a dinner given by an inexperienced hostess whose company got soured, a critical guest said: "If her cocktails had been as cold as her soup, and her wine, and wine as old as her chicken, and her chicken less tough than her guests, I would have enjoyed her dinner more."

A BUST AND A "BUST"

At an art emporium auction the auctioneer called for bids on what he described as a bust of Robert Burns. Someone in the crowd suggested that it was not a bust of Burns, but one of Shakespeare. The auctioneer good naturedly admitted: "Maybe you're right; that shows how little I know about the Bible."

YEA, VERILY!

A Chicago Tribune columnist relates that at a funeral in suburban Oak Park one of the attending friends of the deceased was somewhat intox-

20 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 15, 1919

Lowrey Axley has returned to the United States from overseas.

Luther Gentry has gone to Akron, Ohio, where he has employment.

G. W. Candler, of this place, left Tuesday for a two week's trip to northern markets.

Mrs. Nellie Dunning, member staff of the Georgian, Atlanta, Ga. is visiting Mrs. G. W. Candler.

George Whitcomb and sister, Lou Belle, of Harlan, Ky., returned home Wednesday after a visit of several days with their sister, Mrs. A. B. Dickey.

10 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 16, 1929

Abraham Henry Brown, 73 years old last February 19th, prominent and widely known Murphy citizen and business man, died at his home in East Murphy Monday night, about 8 o'clock after an illness of only a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ellis and children, of Greenwood, S. C. are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ellis.

Mr. R. C. Mattox and daughters, Cecil and Mrs. Frank McDonald spent the week-end with friends and relatives at Dansville and Comer, Ga.

Misses Mabel Ellis and Irene Champion and Mr. Wade Massey motored to Asheville Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Wilcox, of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives and friends at Murphy.

Miss Merie Palmer, of Franklin was the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Palmer Wednesday.

icated. When the minister intoned the words, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," the inebriated one exclaimed "Fair enough."

ALWAYS FIRST

A western editor who prides himself on his enterprise in getting local news first published erroneously that a citizen of the town had died. Next day he printed the following item: "Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of Frank Brown. Today we are the first to deny the report. The Morning Star is always in the lead."

COLONIAL SPEEDERS

Rhode Island claims credit of having been the first American colony to pass an anti-speeding law. This law, enacted in June, 1678, provided a fine of five shillings for riding "either horse, mare or gelding at a gallop" on the streets of Newport.