

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County
North Carolina

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered in the Post Office at Murphy, North Carolina as second class matter under Act of March 3, 1937.

VICTOR C. OLMSTED — Editor and Publisher

CLARENCE R. DANIEL — Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year \$1.50 Six Months 75c

Payable Strictly In Advance

Legal Advertisements, want ads, reading notices, obituaries, cards of thanks, etc., 5c line each insertion, payable in advance. Display rates furnished on request.

Murphy, N. C., Thursday, August 31, 1939

PROPHETS OF DOOM!

This desk is getting rather weary of the defeatist attitude which is becoming all too prevalent as regards what is going to happen hereabouts after the TVA leaves.

According to the prophets of doom, everything is going to pot. We lay no claim to being a psychologist—or anything else that takes much brains—but we would like to prescribe for these wailers. We would suggest a dose of optimism, mixed with a little faith, and a considerable amount of courage.

We suggest that all follow the famous general's axiom that the strongest defense is an attack. In other words, lets quit wailing about the doom that is headed this way, and do something to avert it.

It is distinctly our own problem, and while it is a wonderful and admirable thing to put full trust in kind Providence it might not be a bad idea to give that Providence a good healthy shove in the right direction.

There is, of course, nothing new about calamity howlers. Like the poor, they are always with us. They always have been. Go as far back in history as you will, and you will find there was always somebody who was wearing the dark glasses of gloom. For instance:

Over in Egypt, 2,000 years before Christ, it was written, upon bits of tile, that "Children no longer obey their parents". Doesn't that sound familiar?

In Sumeria—older even than Egypt—1,000 years before the golden glory of Old King Tut some man carved upon a stone table a long tale of woe telling how everything was going dead wrong.

Back in revolutionary days, William Pitt, famed Englishman, told the British Parliament that: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and gloom".

In the early 1800's, Bishop Wilberforce, writing to a friend, declared: "I dare not marry; the future is so dark and unsettled".

Back in 1838 Lord Shaftsbury told the House of Lords: "Nothing can save the British empire from shipwreck."

One year later, Disraeli, who later was to present his Queen Victoria with the vast Empire of India, was wailing: "In industry, commerce, and agriculture, there is no hope."

All these famous ones believed what they said—and they all were wrong.

Those who see ruin ahead of Murphy also are wrong—if we show a reasonable amount of courage, and some "git up and git."

About the only thing we need remember is the old adage, as true today as when it was first written:

"Heaven helps him who helps himself."

THE WAR SITUATION

Strong is the hope of the American people that we will not again become involved in a European war. Not so strong, judging by standard public opinion polls, is the faith that we will be able to keep neutral.

A very considerable segment of the population believes that we would eventually go to the aid of the European democracies if they were forced to wage war against the dictatorships—at least, if the war went on for some length of time and the dictatorships seemed to have the advantage.

And so the United States is preparing for war—and this preparedness does not only involve the largest military expenditures in our peace-time history. Also involved is a plan for "M Day" (Mobilization Day), prepared largely by military officials, which on the outbreak of hostilities, would have an immediate and drastic effect on every individual and every business in the land.

Heart of the plan, of course, is a detailed procedure for conscripting manpower—The War and Navy Department heads remember the confusion that followed our entry into the last war, and are determined that it shall not be repeated.

It is believed that the current plan will make it possible to organize a very large army, for either foreign or territorial use, in a very short time. Every man within the age limits must be ready to enter government service, in a military or other capacity, on call—the selection will be made by a sort of lottery system.

Unmarried young men, in good health, will naturally be conscripted first.

And industry will be mobilized with equal completeness. A War Resources Administration, staffed by important business men working with military chiefs, will be given gigantic authority in such matters as regulating prices, labor, trade and the procurement of supplies.

Industries which are believed essential to the war will be encouraged and helped to expand. Industries believed not essential will be discouraged, and perhaps forced out of business. Some industries will be taken over and operated by the government.

Under any circumstances, industry, commerce and trade will be 100 per cent controlled by government, and severe penalties will be in force for those who protests too much.

But this isn't all there is to the problem—some officials have long believed that efficient warfare demands giving the executive branch of the government undreamed-of dictatorial power. The President, if they have their way, would be given rigid control over the radio and the press.

In short we would fight dictatorship with a dictatorship of our own.

Funny, isn't it?

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

deer mr. editor.—

mr. holsum moore and dr. hubbert green have had a big argument about the dividends the former mought be entitled to in case the time ever comes for him to be entitled to anything according to the practice of big cop-rations.

mr. moore owns two shares of common stock in a big eastern copper-ration. enduring the past two years, he has been receiving a dividend of c25 per share, making his income from tha source amount to c50, all tolled.

dr. hubbert green has made the statement that mr. moore will not be paid nothing till the president of his company gets 250,000\$, plus a bonus of 1,000,000,000\$, and not until the vice-pres. gets 50,000\$, and the treasure gets 40,000\$, and each director gets 25,000\$, and other position holders get 100,000\$.

dr. green also insists that mr. moore has no chance to get nothing out of his stock till the first preferred stock-holders get 6 per cent, and the second preferred stock-holder gets 4 per cent, and the first mortgage bond-holder get 3 per cent, even then he has to wait until the debenture holders get 5 percent of their debents ansoforth.

after the income and state and county and city taxes are paid, plus insurance, plus interest on loans, plus floating detts, plus social security, plus unemployment taxes, plus insurance on buildings and equipment, plus fine on dodging 1932-33-34-35-36 and 37 taxes, plus attorneys fees plus wedges to employees who do all the work, plus cost of the purchase of new properties ansoforth, then mr. moore will get his c25 per share if anything is left. dr. green says poor folks in the north and south own common stocks, while northern folks own preferred stocks, bonds and everything else worth havving, and they hold the big jobs to boot, when do you say mr. moore comes in on his common (very common) stock, if at all? please arviser.

yores trulie,

mike lark, rfd,

corry spondent.

ENLIGHTENMENT

Wisp murmurs, out of fadings far and far—

Voices of yester-year, the coming day
Whisks you away. . . .

A sunless morrow—born to drowsy tune

Of yester—noon
Where little dreams are gone. How now, tomorrow
Where is the little sorrow?

For little dreams were clamorous—your feast

Lay spread across your glory of the East

Red rays, new born, of unbound yearnings bled;

Now with the dead
The hours lie prone,

The day and night have gone—
Come, morrow, come—

Come sorrow, come!

And at your feet I'll lay me with a sigh;

Clasping your feet, I'll say again,
Good-bye—

Chanting along the years,
Through the tomorrows:

Gone are the little fears
The little sorrows—

Gone with the prism tints of faded tears. . . .

Come, morrow, come—

Come, sorrow, come—!

Great sorrow, nobler sorrow—

Blest sorrow, clasping GOD from vanished fears!

(Copyright 1939-Stanley Olmsted)

THIS and THAT

Harve Elkins soft of voice, not much interested in anything, as near as we can find out, except his home and electricity, and generally regarded as just about the Perfect husband, may be travelling under false colors.

Mind you, we're not saying he is. We're not saying he isn't either. We aren't saying at all. We'll just give you the facts, and let you judge for yourself.

The other day we wanted to see Harve about something or other that was important enough (to us) to make us leave our desk and go looking for him.

His office was locked tight. Two men were outside, who declared they had been waiting for him more than an hour. Said one, glumly:

"Guess he must be at dinner—and from the time it's taking him he must have a tape worm, or something."

Said the other:

"I think you're wrong. I think some wires must be down and Harve is out fixing 'em. And they must be a long ways off, too."

The writer decided to take a chance on the dinner table, and hot footed over to the Elkins residence. There Mrs. Bess Elkins vouchsafed the information that Harve hadn't been home to dinner, but was probably at the office. Told that he was not, she said she didn't know where else to look—but that she was sure he was around, somewhere.

The writer didn't find Harve until the next day. Then it developed that Harve had everybody fooled.

He had been in Atlanta.

And Mrs. Elkins thought he was "at the office or somewhere."

Somewhere is right!

Ministers of the gospel and broad-minded merchants probably goaded by newspapers which gleefully reported the clashes, were locked in verbal combat last month over issues concerning enforcement of Sunday "blue laws."

Most spectacular event in the South-wide blue law arguments occurred in North Charleston, S. C., when the Rev. Paul M. Prigden led his congregation into a diamond where a Sunday baseball game was in progress.

Of interest is the fact that an ordinance at Charlotte, N. C., failed to hold up when a vender of watermelons was tried on charges of selling on a Charlotte Sunday. He was ac-

Prisoners tearing down an old police station in Nashville were permitted to keep any articles found in the debris. One Negro found \$20 in an old envelope, than paid the remaining \$19.75 due on his fine and gained his freedom.

Steve Brodie's critics denied that he ever jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, contending that he tossed a dummy into the river. But a few days ago Michael Ford, an able-bodied seaman, really made the jump on a wager, and swam unharmed to safety.

Turning Back History's Pages

30 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, August 31, 1909

Mrs. Jennie Cooper left Tuesday for her home in Lenoir, Tenn.

J. M. Stoner, of Asheville was here visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. G. Deweese.

Lowry Hill entertained his little friends at his 10th birthday party on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Bell, of Mocksville, N. C., is visiting her brother, M. W. Bell.

Mrs. J. H. Hall and Miss Betty McCombs left last Wednesday for Atlanta to be gone about ten days buying goods for the fall opening of the Enterprise Millinery.

Mr. John Airheart and family accompanied by Mrs. Martha Patton, left Tuesday to visit relatives a few days at Sweetwater, Tenn.

20 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 29, 1929

Mrs. J. W. Thompson went to Copperhill Wednesday to visit relatives.

Miss Velva Horne, of Monroe is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Davidson.

Miss Eva Nell Mauney returned home Tuesday from a two months visit with friends in Washington, S. C.

Mrs. L. E. Bayless returned Wednesday from Copperhill where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Snow.

Misses Juanita Swanson and Ma-

quitted because the ordinance specifically did not mention melons.

"And if you can sell watermelons without running around of the law", chimed the Charlotte News, "then you certainly may sell umbrellas and No. 9 thread or squashes."

A few cities have established modified Sunday ordinances that seem practicable. These permit movies, ball games, and sales of any items on Sunday except during church hours in the morning and two in the evening.

At Kannapolis, N. C., the Rev. H. B. Hiatt organized his Methodist followers into a prayer band to "pray that God shall put a stop to these Sunday shows and races".

Ministers in Goldsboro, N. C., prayed wrath upon citizens who attended legalized Sunday movies.

But a troupe of race-track performers pulled a fast one on a Salisbury, N. C. minister when they attended in a body morning services in a local church and performed a few hours later. Suicide Bob Hayes, the troupe's leader, said he was a member of a Methodist board of stewards in his home town.

Municipal officials in hundreds of cities and towns are facing irate church-goers and hundreds more will be.

Most municipalities have antiquated blue law ordinances, ridiculously stringent or full of legal holes. Others suffer archaic state statutes, such as that in North Carolina (quoted in the North Carolina Attorney General's Opinions in this issue) which authorizes a fine of one dollar for lifting a finger in labor or amusement on the Sabbath.

Judge Alton A. Lennon, Wilmington, N. C., recorder, in speaking of the city's blue law declared that "the only way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it." That most officials disagree is evidenced by their leathiness to comment on the problem.

Many agree, however, that most blue laws in their present forms are due for early repeal with substitutions of workable ordinances.

Unhesitant, on the other hand, is the Southern press. Most editorial writers point out that the sale of tickets to theaters or ball games, or the sale of bread, fresh vegetables, and other fresh foods, should be no less legal than the sale of prepared foods in cafes, game privileges on municipally-owned golf courses, or gasoline filling stations.

Until recently Marie Dionne has been the "runt" of the famous quintuplets, but a few days ago she weighed 49 pounds, a half pound more than her sister, Yvonne, who now is the smallest of the five.

An 11-year old runaway Negro boy from Birmingham was recently picked up by Alabama highway patrolmen. He was carrying a zipper bag and a police whistle, and said he used the whistle to hail drivers of trucks for a lift.

mie Turner, of Etowah, were guests this week of Misses Blanche Richardson and Martine Mattox.

J. W. Davidson, R. P. Crooks and Roscoe Mattox motored to Atlanta.

Mrs. J. H. Hall of this place left Monday for Atlanta where she will spend several days.

10 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 30, 1929

Mrs. Hadley Dickey and little son, and Mrs. Wilson Elliott are visiting relatives in Maryville, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harshaw of St. Petersburg, Fla., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. McD. Harshaw and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson and children are visiting in Charlotte and Gastonia this week.

Miss Marguerite Smathers, of Asheville was a visitor in Murphy Tuesday of this week. Miss Smathers formerly lived at Murphy.

Mrs. G. H. Cope returned last Friday from a visit to her mother at Sylva.

Mrs. E. C. Mallonee and children are spending this week with Mrs. F. C. Hall at Canton.

Miss Ada Harshaw was a recent visitor in Knoxville.

Mrs. J. P. Hampton and son, of Young Harris, Ga., were visitors here on Tuesday.

Miss Mennice Payne made a business trip to Hayesville Tuesday.