

The Cherokee Scout

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NO COMPETITION

It begins to look as if the Hon. Zebulon Weaver will not have any opposition in his campaign for reelection to Congress. A Republican has so little chance it is hard to get any one to make the race; and if any one is planning to contest for the nomination he is working in deep secrecy. Ad so, probably, Mr. Weaver will be triumphantly returned, without a struggle.

This is too bad. Not too bad that there will be no contest; but too bad that Mr. Weaver should be allowed to go back at all. So far as this county and this immediate section is concerned he has done just about as poor a piece of representing as could be done.

We believe sincerely, that Mr. Weaver means well. But it would seem that he just hasn't got what it takes.

By letting things slide, because, as he explained he "thought everything was all right," he came very close to costing this County the Hiwassee Dam. Later he claimed credit for remedying things by using his influence in the U. S. Senate.

In the first place, if you believe he has any such influence with the Senate, you'll believe anything. In the second place it shouldn't have been necessary for anybody to go to the Senate (where the work was really done by Senator Bailey, at the urging of a committee sent to Washington from here). Everything should have been attended to in the House, where the measure originated and where Mr. Weaver was supposed to be on the job.

Since then, about the only time we know Mr. Weaver is alive, is when he is seeking votes. Then he comes down, and handshakes, and paints rosy pictures of the future.

Alas, he paints in colors that seem to fade as soon as the election is over. A very recent example of what Mr. Weaver did NOT do—and what Senator Bob Reynolds, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs also did NOT do, is found in the recent decision to build a huge bomber plant at Marietta, Ga.

That Georgia site is an open invitation to air attack by the enemy. The fields are wide open, and present a perfect target. The distance from the coast is ridiculously short, with fine flat country to fly over, and fine visibility to fly through. The power needed by the plant probably will have to be bought from the Georgia Company that serves that territory.

Here in Cherokee County between Murphy and Andrews there is a site with a world of natural protection from its girdle of mountains. It would be hard to find; harder still to reach.

Here, too are TVA dams to supply all the power needed, and more. Here

Barring unpredictable developments, the total food supply produced on American farms this year will be the largest on record, reports the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Catholic Services

Waynesville, every Sunday 11:00 a. m.
Bryson City, every 1st Sunday 8:00 a. m.
Franklin, every 2nd and 4th Sunday 8:00 a. m.
Cherokee, every 3rd Sunday 8:00 a. m.
"Murphy, every 5th Sunday 7:00 A. M." (C. W. T.)
Sincerely yours,
Rev. A. P. Rohrbacher

is an abundance of labor that doesn't strike. Here finally, is a section that must HAVE some project, Federal or private, to survive.

It is possible that Mr. Weaver and Mr. Reynolds may have spoken in behalf of this section—but they must have spoken in whispers. Either that, or nobody was listening. That alas, seems to be so often the case where getting anything for these parts is concerned.

Mr. Weaver may have gotten a few jobs for a few people who have campaigned for him. But the mass of voters in these parts—we mean the thinking voters, not those whose ballots are for sale—feel that with Weaver in Congress we are truly the forgotten section.

If any reader knows of one blessed thing he has done for this county as a whole we urge that he write the details to the Scout. We'll print them on the first page!

Meanwhile, we still are wondering about what Mr. Weaver did when Congress passed that self-pension bill. Certainly he didn't vote against it. Only one man did, and he was from Ohio. So if Mr. Weaver was there, he must have voted for it.

If he was not present—where he is paid to be—where was he?

Considering the situation from all sides, it seems a great pity that we mountain counties can't elect one of our own residents to Congress. We could, if we could just get together.

Instead, torn by internal differences—family rows so to speak—we allow ourselves to be bossed, forever and aye by Buncombe and Haywood whose motto is: "we eat at the first table, and you take the leavings."

We say it's all wrong. There are enough votes in the mountain counties—put a reasonable number of defectors elsewhere—to nominate and elect. All we lack is solidarity—and it is high time we talked less about "my faction" or even "my party," and talked more about "MY SECTION."

It really wouldn't make a great deal of difference which party furnished the candidate. Mr. Weaver isn't always for Democrats. This writer once saw a personal letter from him, written to a certain Republican County chairman in which Mr. Weaver gave assurance that the Murphy Post office would be filled for several years by a Republican. A little later, when a Democratic candidate for the post sent many letters of endorsement, including one from the Democratic County Chairman, those letters somehow became "lost." At least, so Mr. Weaver said.

And so, any change we might make in Congress would probably be for the better.

Certainly it couldn't be worse.

OFFICES FOR SALE

Announcing his candidacy in the forthcoming race for Sheriff, Lester Mason states, in a paid advertisement, that he has "no intention of buying his way into office," and "wants a fair election."

It would be a grand and glorious thing if we could have an election really fair and square.

It would be a grand and glorious thing if the candidates agreed and stuck to it—that there would be no buying of votes.

But we all know that there isn't a chance in a million that it will ever come to pass.

Fact is, vote buying has become such a part and parcel of any political race, that the best man in the world, running solely on merit would have just about as much chance of winning as a lone infantry soldier fighting against a tank.

Vote buying and selling isn't confined to any party, or section. It is done everywhere, every election. The candidate has to dig down into his own pocket, and his friends and political allies make contributions.

Of course, those contributors are not paying out good money just for the simple joy of seeing their man win. Not on your life! They want, expect and generally get—some sort of tangible return.

This may leave a very short end for the plain, everyday man who votes according to his honest convictions, and lets it go at that. Stack the average individual voter up against a man who has kicked in with a lot of dollars for the winner, and see which one gets the preference from the successful candidate.

Of course, where a man has a large family, or a lot of kin-folks who will vote solid, he'll probably get very tender consideration. But if

THE NEW ARRIVAL



he stands alone he's very likely to get nowhere fast!

The foregoing is no criticism of any man or any party. It is mere statement of fact that we all know exists. And, instead of getting better, conditions are getting steadily worse.

With a fine disregard of the law which states, and states flatly that either buying or selling a vote is a penitentiary offense, the buying of ballots has become a recognized business. The powers that be in this county—in both parties—can give you a pretty accurate list of all the folks whose votes are for sale, and can also tell you the approximate prices demanded. Those prices fluctuate, of course. If the election seems close, they go up.

Even if the election is practically a sure thing, however, there are not a few voters who won't mark a ballot unless paid for doing it. There are dyed-in-the-wool Republicans who won't vote their own ticket unless they are "hired." The same is true of rick-ribbed Democrats. Even if their political convictions are strong, unless the well known do-re-mi is forthcoming, these gents just won't vote at all.

There is another group of vote sellers, who call themselves Republicans or Democrats as the case may be—and usually they can't for the life of them tell you what either party stands for—who are for sale to the highest bidder. They really have no party. All they have is an itching palm.

These gentlemen are pretty well known, too.

Agood many of these vote sellers—and buyers—lack even the decency to be ashamed. They go through the business almost openly. At the last elections votes were bought on the sidewalks in front of the polling places in plain sight of any who cared to look.

That is one reason why there are so comparatively few candidates in these parts. Men who might give splendid, impartial service—not to the "party"—but to the county—can't afford to risk their savings on what is supposed to be an expression of the free and honest voice of the people, but what has actually degenerated into a gambler's chance.

"May the best man win" is a fine phrase—but the best man won't win, and can't win in this county unless he also happens to have the most money to spend.

It is a crying shame that this is so—and it is the more shameful because it would be so easy to change. All that is necessary is for both sides to refuse to buy.

Seen separately, the leaders of both sides will tell you that they'd like it that way.

Unfortunately, however, neither side is willing to trust the other to keep its word.

When election day comes the desire to win is likely to prove a whole lot stronger than any promise made to the opposition—or any regard for the law either.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, may be why there is so little interest, among the rank and file, in the coming elections.

INFLATION

President Roosevelt, talking to newsmen the other day, said steps were being considered to freeze salaries and wages, "to check inflation," which he announced had "already started."

It seems to us that Mr. Roosevelt has been long time finding it out. We little fellows have known that inflation was with us since long before the Japs bombarded Pearl Harbor. So far as this immediate section is concerned, it began to arrive shortly after work started on the Hiwassee Dam, back in 1936.

Wages went up—and so did rents and the price of food. The farmer didn't benefit any though. On the contrary, all he got was the privilege of hiring help that was less efficient, but that cost more.

However, the farmer did have his home, and he had the crops to feed himself and his family. He was great deal better off than the average town dweller, who did not work for the TVA, whose income remained the same, but whose dollar bought less and less.

Now the shoe begins to pinch more generally. A majority of workers on the more recent dam projects have been laid off—and very, very few of them have saved anything. And they find prices based on what they used to get!

The farmer gets a little more for his produce—but the increase definitely will NOT pay the price boost on labor, or on the equipment he must have to work his acres.

The store keepers are taking in lots more money—but are having to pay out lots more too. It is doubtful if their net profit is anywhere near as large as it was when you and I could buy a steak for dinner without feeling like spendthrifts.

Also these merchants know that the day may come—and not too far distant, either—when they may have to close shop because they can't get goods at any price.

Meanwhile, of course, the average citizen, dwelling in town with his white collar job, stands between the devil and the deep blue sea. Whatever happens, he seems doomed.

Meanwhile there are not a few gentlemen you can see almost any day, busily engaged in toading up some building wall by leaning against it while they gaze out into the distance and meditate. Coaxed and cajoled they may be persuaded to work—at a price. And that price almost invariably is a lot more than they are worth.

They may tell you, if questioned, that they can get so much per hour on such and such a job. And what they say probably is true. But they are not working on that job. They are not working anywhere. They are something like the biblical lilies of the field, in that they toil not, neither do they spin.

The resemblance stops right there, however, for they definitely are NOT "gloriously arrayed."

Some of them will tell you they expect to be "called into the army pretty soon," so they are resting up in anticipation. Others may tell you—as one said when this writer tried to hire him to fix a fallen chimney, that he didn't have time, because he had to go fishing.

Every one of these "I won't work" men is helping inflation. Their refusal to work increases the shortage of labor. The shortage of labor sends wages higher. Higher wages mean higher prices. And so on and on in an endless circle.

But you can't blame any one thing for inflation. Also, it is impossible to fashion a man-made law that will stop it; for the cause lies buried in human nature.

To stop price gouging which is the material cause of inflation, you would have to stop greed.

And that would be the Millennium!

INTERESTING FACTS

Industrial research has developed three new lead-base alloys that can be used in place of tin, thus saving about 20,000 tons of that now precious metal every year.

THE HOME FRONT

Modern wars are fought on many fronts, and one of them is right at home. Life must go on. People must live, eat, have shelter and clothing, and carry on in many ways as they did before the war.

The regular services offered by banks to provide safety for money, expedite payments, facilitate thrift and so on, are still as important as ever. We continue to offer them, even though the stress is now on the special war-time services. You are invited to use this bank.

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