

**Lower Peachtree**

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Panther of Copperhill, Tenn., and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Sutton were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Panther, Sunday.  
Pettie and Pedro Panther were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Panther Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed English and Mr. and Mrs. Claudie Panther were visitors in Atlanta Sunday. Misses Ethel, Florence and Mill Panther were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Coker at Hayesville Sunday.  
Miss Ethel Panther is spending

her vacation with her grandfather, Jim Panther.  
Mrs. Jim Panther spent several weeks with her son, William, at Gastonia.  
West Martin and Lou Martin were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Panther Sunday.

**HAS OPERATION**

Lewis Hodges of Murphy and Hiwassee Dam underwent an operation for appendicitis Saturday at T. V. A. hospital, Farmer, Tenn. He is getting along nicely, reports say.

Put every dollar above the necessities of life into War Bonds. Payroll Savings is the best means of doing your best in helping your sons and friends on the fighting fronts. Figure it out yourself.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND**

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a Deed of Trust from Howard Hickey and wife Onabee Hickey to the undersigned Trustee, dated July the 28th, 1942, and recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds for Cherokee County, North Carolina, in Book No. 128 of Deeds of Trust at page 150, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust, the undersigned Trustee will on Monday, August the 30th, 1943, at One o'clock P. M., at the Court-house door in Murphy, Cherokee County, North Carolina, sell at public auction for cash the following described lands:

Beginning on a rock on the North side of the T. V. A. Right of Way, corner of Jim Brown; thence a North course with Jim Brown's line to the Old Road to the Allen

**Classified Ads**

Want Ad Rates: One cent per word, with minimum charge 35c. CASH IN ADVANCE.  
Card of thanks, memoriams, resolutions, one cent per word. CASH IN ADVANCE.

**ANNOUNCING INSURANCE AGENCY.** I am now representing Life & Casualty Insurance Co. of Nashville, Tenn., and will be glad to help you with your insurance problems. Mrs. Neil Sneed, Murphy, N. C.

**LARGE CUT PICARDY GLADIOLI** for sale, reasonable. Supply at roadside market in Murphy every Saturday morning or available at my home at all times. J. H. Ellis, Murphy, Route 2. 51-14c.

**V-MAIL STATIONERY**, air mail envelopes and paper, V-Black Scrip, Cherokee Scout, Regal Hotel Bldg., Murphy, N. C. 14c.

**FLOWERS** for funerals and all occasions. Mrs. Dixie Palmer, 114 Valley River Ave, Telephone 127-J, Murphy, N. C. 52-24c

**PICARDY GLADIOLI** for sale. Can be found at Robert Hughes' store, at old location of Murphy Florist, every Saturday. Orders will be taken there at any time. You are invited to visit our flower gardens on Rt. 2, J. H. Ellis, 1-1f.

Heirs land; then with the Old Road a Northeast course to the Right of Way of the T. V. A.; thence with the Right of Way of the Tennessee Valley Authority a Southwest course to the beginning corner of Jim Brown's line, containing 3 1/2 acres more or less. Being the land W. B. Ledford and wife Josie Ledford on September 10th, 1936 sold to Howard Hickey and wife Onabee Hickey, which said Deed of Conveyance is recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds for Cherokee County, North Carolina, in Deed Book No. 107 at page 563, to which deed and Record reference is hereby made for a more complete description of said lands.

This the 29th day of July, 1943. J. D. MALLONEE, Trustee

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Several sections of mail boxes. Stand inspection for second class post office. W. T. Holland, Andrews, N. C. 51-4tp.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—One Good Mule, Priced Reasonably. Ben Palmer, Palmer's Sinclair Station, Murphy, N. C. 1-2tc

**PIANO SALE**—75 to select from. Many like new. Last chance to buy a fine Piano at old price. \$49.50 to \$200.00, 12 months to pay. Write today. Flanigan & Flanigan, Winder, Georgia, 1tc.

**THREE Duke lots** opposite W. K. Vandiver's, 311 feet front, \$225. 5.6 acres good level land close in, worth \$200 per acre; too cheap, but can be bought for \$150 cash per acre.

**FOR RENT**—5 or 6 rooms furnished or unfurnished on the lake to right party. Reasonable.

**FOR SALE**—Duroc gilt, bred to registered Duroc male. Farrow in September. Bargain, \$50.

**A FEW good mattresses** left at \$5 each. 2 Jenny Lind new bedsteads, \$25. One dresser and two wash stands cheap. Wm. P. Payne, Phone 126-J, Murphy, N. C. 1-1tp.

**HOUSEKEEPER WANTED** for family of three adults. White or colored. Write H-2, c/o Cherokee Scout, Murphy, N. C. 1-2tp.

**FREE!** If Excess acid causes you pains of Stomach Ulcers, Indigestion, Heartburn, Belching, Bloating, Nausea, Gas Pains, get free sample, Unga, at Parker Drug Store. 52-15tp.

**NO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666**  
Liquid for Malarial Symptoms.

# To The Taxpayers of Murphy

All those who have not paid their Privilege taxes for current year May 31, 1943 to June 1, 1944, also all the personal property tax due the Town of Murphy, are requested to call at the Town office and pay the same immediately or steps must be taken to collect.

**E. L. SHIELDS TAX COLLECTOR**



## See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove



**THE STORY SO FAR:** Private Marion Hargrove, former newspaper feature editor has been inducted into the army and has spent some time in training at Fort Bragg. In his advice to prospective selectees, Private Hargrove had advocated a pre-induction period of "painting the town red." Done in the army he thinks "an open mind" is the best policy for the "first three weeks are the hardest." Some of the more fundamental phases of army life have come over Private Hargrove's head and his conduct has landed him often on KP duty. He has been classified as a cook. Between his KP duty and his regular cook assignment he has spent considerable time in the kitchen.

**CHAPTER VII**

One of the nicest things about working in the kitchen in Battery C of the 13th Battalion has been the knowledge that its number-one chow hound, Buster Charnley, would drop around after supper and the conversational fat. It's like a letter from home to listen to Buster's slow and mournful drawl, and his refreshingly dry humor is a pick-me-up at the end of a long, hot afternoon.

Buster came prancing up the chow line, the other evening with a grin that started at the back of his head and enveloped his face from the nose down.

"What's eating you, Walter?" I asked him, "—besides that egg-sucking grin?"

"Leaving here, boy!" he sang. "You won't see me around for three months. And when you see me, son, you'll see stripes on my sleeves and a look of prosperity on my clean-cut Tarheel face!"

The man behind him wanted to get to the mashed potatoes, so Buster had to move on down the line. I got the whole story from one of the 'nappes while I waited for him to make his evening call.

Of the 200-odd men in Battery C, two men had been selected for three months' training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. At the end of their three months, they will come back as gunnery instructors, with a non-commissioned officer's rating and a specialist's extra pay on top of that. Mrs. Walter Charnley's little boy Buster was one of the two men selected.

One of the sergeants near here came back from a recent leave with one of the most glorious shiners that ever darkened the human eye.

"Run into a door?" I asked him.

"Gave a guy the wrong answer," he replied simply, "or rather, the answer he didn't want."

I looked at his face; his teeth were all there and his jaw was still in one piece. I looked at his hands; the knuckles showed the marks of service.

"I was at a party," he went on. "When this fellow who lives next door to my folks wants to know how's the morale in the Army?"

"Leaving here, boy," he sang: "You won't see me around for three months. Then I'll be wearing stripes on my sleeves."

"Excellent," I told him; "excellent!" He looks me up and down sort of pitying-like and wants to know don't I read the magazine stories about how poor it is. Well, I tell him, I spend all my time with the boys and I believe what I see more than what I read.

"He goes on from there making cracks at the Army and the country and the suckers we are for giving our time for what's not worth fighting for in the first place. I listen politely for a while, because even though I'm not in uniform I don't want to look rowdy. I stand as much as I can and then I ask him to his feet. It isn't long before his three brothers join the fight. It was one of the brothers put his finger ring in my eye."

"Brother," I told him, "that ain't a black eye. That's a badge."

"I lost the fight," he said.

"You won the argument, though," I told him.

"I'd like to use the sergeant's name, but he made me promise not to."

"I told the Old Man," he said, "that I got the shiner playing baseball."

"How can I fit you into a coat," moaned Supply Sergeant Israel, "with you fidgeting around like a race horse at the post? Stand still, dern you, stand still!"

"Heavens to Betsy, Thomas," I complained, "you're getting to be the fussiest old maid in the outfit. I'm not squirming!"

"In the first place, my man," he said, "don't call me Thomas or try to get overly familiar with your old-

ers and betters. In the second place, don't argue with me. In the third place, don't fidget in the first place. And in the fourth place, don't agitate me unnecessarily. I'm at the end of my patience with you and I ain't feeling in no holiday spirit anyway."

I buffeted the handsome winter blous and he stepped back to inspect it with the eye of an artist. "Every time my wife gets mad at me, she has her picture taken to send to me. The picture I got today showed she's going to eat my heart out unmercifully when I can't put off my furlough any longer and I have to go home. And with domestic difficulties on my hands, I have to fit your winter uniforms."

He yanked at my coattail, straightened the collar and scratched his head. "Hargrove—37 long," he yelled to the boy at the desk.

"Man that is born of woman," I comforted him, "is of many days and full of trouble."

"Git off the platform and into this overcoat," he sighed. He held the coat while I got into it and he slapped my hand for fidgeting again.

"Sometimes I wonder why I go to so much trouble keeping you boys dressed right. Here I spend the whole afternoon wiping sweat out of my eyebrows, just to see that your clothes fit you and you won't look like a bunch of bums—which you are."

"Do you know what some ungrateful kitchen termite said the other day? He started putting it around that the Army could double itself in half an hour by filling up the extra space in its trousers. Do your trousers fit you bum?" He straightened the pleats in the back of the overcoat and gave the tail an unnecessarily vicious yank.

"Did I say they didn't?" I groaned, raising my arms despairingly. "Just because somebody else says you stretch the coat in the back so the man will think it fits right in the front, you have to go picking on me!"

"Me pick on you?" he screamed. "It's a wonder my nerves ain't completely shot! Do I come around and put signs on the door saying, 'Walk Up One Flight and Save Five Dollars'?" Do I throw gunny sacks on your bed and ask you to take up the cuffs two inches?"

"With my thankless job, it's a wonder I haven't collapsed before this. I wish I was a permanent kitchen police instead of a supply sergeant. Hargrove—37 long! NEXT!"

"This battery is my baby," Corporal Henry USSERY said, loosening his belt for a real bull session. I've watched it grow from thirty-one men to what it is now. It was hard work building up this battery to what it is now, but it's worth it when you look around and see what you've done."

The assembly sighed en masse and decided to loosen its belts. USSERY was wound up again.

"When I got here, there wasn't anybody here but the instructors. We spent four weeks eating dust and running rabbits. There I was—I'd spent thutteen months learning the old drill and tactics to where I reckon I had it down better than any man in the whole Army. Then they started this 'minute Army,' with a bunch of green ignorant Yankees—and I had to teach them what they had to know!"

The bull session nodded wisely and Corporal USSERY went on. "Now, this young Corporal Joe Gantt, for instance. Now, this Corporal Gantt, when he first came in, was one of the greenest rookies in the bunch. But he snapped out of it and made corporal in four months."

"Was that soldiering," a voice broke in, "or handshaking—as the Latins used to say, mittus foppus?"

"Much as I can't stand Gantt, I'll have to admit it was soldiering. That's the way it is. You sweat your head off hammering the drills and the calisthenics and the military courtesy and guard duty and the physical hygiene and the manual of arms into them. They're all clumsy and awkward as a bear in an egg crate at first, but then you can see them, after a while, snapping into it and getting better and better. By the time we've had them thutteen weeks, and they're ready to be assigned to their posts, they're as keen and alert as a bunch of West Point cadets. They're extra good cooks and better soldiers."

"Isn't a good soldier a specialist at griping and growling?" somebody asked him.

"Griping is an art, just like gold-bricking is an art. Before you leave here, you learn that you don't enjoy griping a bit when you spread your energy all over everywhere, griping about everything. You learn to choose one thing and specialize in griping about that."

"If you want to be a specialist at griping, you have to get on your toes. You get to where your clothes are comfortable. Where you used to think the food was terrible, now you pretend that you don't get enough of it. You like the beds and by nine o'clock you're sleepy. So you have to find something special to gripe about. If you haven't got any originality at all, pick you out one special noncom and gripe about him."

"Now, you take Private Hargrove, for instance. First came here, he griped about me telling him he was carrying his rifle wrong. Now he gripes when I tell him he's carrying it right. He might have something there. He still carries it like it was a 75-millimeter gun. He's getting so shiftless, even at griping, that he can't find anything to beef about except not getting any mail. I'm going to write all his creditors, so he won't even be able to gripe about the mail."

Somewhere on the wild coast of South Carolina, the battalion in which I cook is being treated to a weekend to combine business with pleasure. We can romp in the Atlantic while we get a "taste of the field." With the wind blowing the sand into kitchens and pup tents alike, it will be nice to get back to



At night we sleep, or simulate sleep, in pup tents made by our own hands with loving care.

Fort Bragg for a taste of the food we eat. A vexed soldier here doesn't grate his teeth. He crunches them.

We made the trip here in lorries, which are the mechanical age's nearest approach in appearance to covered wagons. You've probably seen them rolling noisily but smoothly through town—large canvas-topped trucks with a folding bench down each side inside. You'd expect to be hauled out of one of them, beaten to death, at the end of a 130-mile ride. They give a tolerably bumpy ride, just tolerably.

When we started pitching camp, about a quarter of a mile back from the beach, we found the place already inhabited — by cannibals. These creatures, which masquerade as harmless flies and even camouflaged by the harmless sounding name of sand flies, must have vampire blood back in the line somewhere.

I don't bear any grudge against the easygoing, good-natured house fly—in fact, I feel rather cruel when I squash one for tickling me—but it arouses my pioneer fighting spirit to see a stunted horsefly light on my bare leg, make himself sassily comfortable and start draining off my life's blood. But what can you do? Slapping one only serves to make him mad at you.

At night we sleep, or at least we simulate sleep, in pup tents made by our own hands with loving care, blood, sweat, tears, two pieces of waterproof cloth, two lengths of rope, and a handful of turned lumber.

I share my little duplex with Private Warren, the new student cook who told me the story about the man at the boarding house. When I stumbled home last night, primed to the gills with a blend of sand and salt water, I discovered that we had an overnight guest! The chief cook on our shift, in the task of packing the field kitchen, had neglected to put his own field pack (tent half, blankets, etc.) on the truck, so he decided to drop over and have us put him up for the night.

A pup tent, as you probably don't need to be told, will accommodate two men, provided neither of them walks in his sleep. If three men are to sleep in one tent, at least two of them must be midgets or babes in arms. Cooks should never sleep two to a tent, because of their tendency toward plumpness.

We arranged ourselves in the tent by wrapping knees around the tent poles, putting all feet outside for the night and raising one side of the tent high enough to make a rustic sleeping porch of the whole affair.

The guest proved to be one of those loathsome creatures who pull all the covers to their side of the bed. We had quite a lot of trouble with him, since he slept in the middle and rolled up in both our blankets. We remedied this by waiting until he started snoring, then recovered our blankets, rolling ourselves in them and throwing a raincoat over him.

The three-man arrangement was very uncomfortable for a while. When I finished opening my eyes by scooping the sand from them, I found that I had rolled through the opened side of the tent and spent the night under a myrtle bush ten yards down the slope.

During my first off hour, I succeeded in getting a tan which must have darkened the very marrow of my bones. My chest, back, and legs looked the color of a faded danger flag and smelled like the roast pork that the cook forgot to watch. After that, the sun and the sun went their ways and I went mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## CHIC THEATRE

MURPHY, N. C.

'Murphy's Only First Run Theatre'

Saturday, July 31  
**JOHNNY MACK BROWN**  
**TEX RITTER** in

### Raiders of San Joaquin

Admission 11c and 15c

Late Show Saturday 10:30 p.m.  
**RICHARD TRAVIS**  
**CHARLES LANG** in

### Truck Busters

Admission 11c and 30c

Sunday - Monday, August 1-2  
**GARY COOPER**  
**TERESA WRIGHT** in

### Pride of the Yankees

Also UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL  
Admission 11c — 30c

Tuesday - Wednesday, Aug. 3-4  
**DOUBLE FEATURE**  
**PROGRAM**

**RICHARD DIX**  
**JANE WYATT** in

### Buckskin Frontier

—And—  
**WILLIAM GARGAN**  
**MARGARET LINDSAY** in

### No Place For A Lady

Admission 11c and 30c

Thursday - Friday, Aug. 5-6  
**RANDOLPH SCOTT - GLENN FORD - CLAIRE TREVOR** in

### The Desperados

(In Technicolor)  
Also **R. K. O. PATHE NEWS**  
Admission 11c - 30c

'Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment'

## HENN THEATRE

MURPHY, N. C.

'Bringing Back the Better Pictures that You Have Asked For'

Friday - Saturday, July 30-31

—Double Feature Program—  
**LAUREL AND HARDY in**  
**A - Haunting We Will Go**

—And—  
**BUSTER CRABBE**  
**AL ST. JOHN** in

### Billy The Kid's Law and Order

Admission 11c - 20c

Sunday - Monday, August aaa

Sun., Mon., Tues., Aug. 1-2-3  
**GINGER ROGERS**  
**CARY GRANT** in

### Once Upon A Honeymoon

Matinee Sunday 2:30  
Admission 11c-20c

Wed. - Thurs., August 4-5

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** in  
**Remember The Day**

Selected Shorts  
Admission 11c - 20c

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**LET US HELP YOU TO SAVE POINTS AND SAVE MONEY**  
We usually have a good supply of **BEEF, SANDWICH MEATS**  
Fresh Vegetables—Fruits—Cakes—Breads  
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