

The Cherokee Scout

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ADDIE MAE COOKE
MRS. C. W. SAVAGE

Editor and Owner
Associate Editor

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Polio Epidemic Over BUT Not for Him!!



JAN. 16-31

Fight Infantile Paralysis

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

Meditation

"Human love needs seasoning and tempering, refining and broadening, by the higher, deeper original love, the love human love, like a mother's the truer human love, like a mother's, that ruer this is. So it gets the clearer vision, the

stronger purpose, the finer sacrificial traits of the God-love. And so whatever selfishness may have crept in, sometimes unconsciously, is burned out, and the love is sweeter yet when it gives instead of asking."

Honest Endeavor Achieves Success

An idea seems to be spreading throughout the land that men and women achieve success through the operation of government rather than by their own patient persistence in honest endeavor.

The readers of The Scout especially young men and women, should not be misled in this respect. They should realize that worthwhile success in life is achieved almost exclusively

through personal endeavor.

After all is said and done, the vast majority of business successes owe their growth to one or more rare individuals who give to the enterprise a contribution that includes, not only physical effort, but superior intelligence and the wisdom that arises from the intangible thing that we call "character."

Advertising Is Not Charity

Organizations, societies and associations which make a practice of selling space on programs and other announcements to local merchants should be fair and give their trade to the local merchants who so charitably assist them.

Every once in a while, merchants will tell of the descent upon them by a committee representing a certain group staging some public affair and asking for the purchase of a space at a price fixed at any amount which, it is thought, the merchant will pay.

The Scout would not criticize those who sell these spaces nor does it suggest any impropriety in the matter. However, very often the sale of such spaces is the work of an outside agent who labors for individual profit and the money that the merchants expend does little, if any, good

to the cause that he thinks he is assisting.

Those who go around to sell such advertising spaces very often adopt tactless methods. This is especially true when the salesman is a professional promoter, interested solely in his own profits. In such cases, it is not unusual for the representatives of an otherwise laudable enterprise, to use what amounts to blackmail tactics in an effort to get an advertising donation from a local merchant.

Let all advertising be sold on a basis of advertising merit and, in the event that a buyer of advertising space honestly doubts the possibility of fair returns for his money, accord him the privilege of spending his money as he thinks best without making a veiled threat to "talk about his store" or to boycott him for his action.

Scouting With The Editor

THE FOLLOWING poem is published for those who in recent weeks have lost loved ones:

SHALL WE?
By Nora Cobb Spencer

Because there is a vacant chair,
Because there is a silence deep,
Because there is a voice that's hushed,
Shall we fail our watch to keep?

Because a new mound is on the hill
Where the stars watch all the night
While the moon's rays soften the scene
Shall we dim our inward light?

Because the road ahead looks dim,
And clouds of gloom hang low
While hope glimmers on the mountain top
Shall we not see life's sunset glow?

Because our hands are worn and frail,
And there's emptiness in our days,
And we miss the joy of faithful toil,
Shall we not lift our hearts in praise?

THIS IS A STORY about an agricultural worker and a State highway patrolman which is going the rounds in Raleigh.

It seems the agricultural worker had a small cotton gin which he used in various demonstrations about the State. He carried the gin in the back of his car, along with other paraphernalia which weighed the back end of the vehicle down considerably.

An alert patrolman, who spotted the car, thought to himself: "Oh-oh-Boo-tegger."

Stopping the agricultural worker, he asked, "What you got back there?"

"A little gin," replied the man.

The patrolman, thinking he had him something this time, began digging into the articles in the back seat.

Net results of the search: a little gin—for cotton!

WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood, we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colors, but all boys have the same mind. To enjoy every second of every minute

of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night. Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face; Beauty with a cut on its finger. When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it. A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel-trap, the enthusiasm of a fire cracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand. He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat) large animal, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday School, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoat, adults or bedtime. Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket - a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, 3 ft. of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, 2 gum drops, 6 cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment. A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your work shop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study but you can't get him out of your mind—Might as well give up . . . he's your captor, your jailor your boss, and your master—a freckled-face, pint-sized, car-chasing, bundle of noise. But, when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them just like new with two magic words—"Hi, Dad!"

Will He Be Forgotten?



GC's New Science-Classroom Building

Construction is scheduled to start as soon as possible on the new building above which will house the sciences and other academic instruction on the Greenbush College campus. Cost of the building when ready for service is estimated at \$250,000.

First to Fall

Lesson for January 23, 1950

PROBLEMS IN THE CHURCH can start anywhere. Sometimes it starts with the women. That was the way the early church found it. The experiment in fellowship which they tried ran into snags, for not even the first Christians were perfect. The church in Jerusalem was in a sense inter-racial. Some were born and bred in Palestine, and there were others from the outside, with Greek names, speaking Greek as their native tongue. Hellenists they were called. There was argument: Were the Hellenist widows getting their share of the church's help?

Committee Chairman THE APOSTLES, being called on, refused to straighten the tangle themselves. Let the church elect a committee, they said. First on the list was a man named Stephen. He turned out to be most famous for being the first Christian martyr, but when he fell unconscious beneath that shower of stones, there died no ordinary man.

To begin with, he filled the bill as chairman of that Committee on Grievances. Not many men, then or now, could fill all three qualifications the Apostles required: reputation, spirituality, and wisdom.

It takes a very tactful man to settle a difficulty in which women are concerned; it takes tact to handle any committee; it takes tact to manage an inter-racial situation; it calls for wisdom to handle funds.

Debater SOME MEN THINK themselves bigger than their jobs. Some men really are bigger, and Stephen was one of these. He spilled over, so to speak; he had even more energy and ability than the job called for. We hear of him debating around the synagogue circuit particularly in the synagogues which were used by Jews from other parts of the world.

We have no details of these debates, but we know how they always came out: Stephen got the decision. We can guess, from his great speech in the hour of his death, what his general line must have been.

Many Christians in Jerusalem at that time had little or no idea that Christianity was actually a new religion; even the name "Christian" had not been thought of. They considered it a form of the Jewish religion.

Scholar STEPHEN'S SPEECH at his trial (Acts 7) may sound dull to some now, but it was not dull to the audience. No man makes a dull speech on the brink of death. Further, it was that speech that got him killed. His listeners may not have liked it, but they certainly did not think it dull! The beauty of the speech is that it reveals Stephen's keen insight into the religious history of his people.

Speaking without notes, he reviews the history of close to 2,000 years in a 10-minute talk, and yet brings out the main points. Only a real scholar can do that, a man who is both historian and prophet. The most important peaks in Israel's history were God's revelations to them; and Stephen shows that these revelations had never been tied to a house or a book.

No institutions and no place is indispensable to God. The same God who had wrought new things in the past had now wrought a new thing in Christ. And the religion of this Christ.

Martyr STEPHEN'S AUDIENCE was not convinced. Seeing murder in their eyes, Stephen knew his time was short. In a few stinging last words he reminded them that murder was an old story in that Temple. They had killed prophets, they had killed Jesus the "Just One." And now—now they dragged Stephen out and stoned him till he died.

Well, you can stop a voice but you cannot stop an idea. Stephen was first to fall, but not the last. To this very year Christ has his martyrs, men and women who will die rather than deny him.

You can silence a man but you cannot silence truth. When the world goes against her, the Church should remember that now as then, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."