

What Can I Do? Telephone Calls On A Typical Thursday

Any self-respected Tar Heel citizen rightfully concerned about the traffic menace which claims so many lives and causes such untold suffering each year will ask:

"What can I do about traffic accidents?"

If there is any emergency in which John Doe can not only help but one whose solution depends, to a large extent, on his very active participation—that emergency is the prevention of traffic accidents.

Traffic safety is built out of the many contributions made by the John Does—by their careful observation of the first principles of traffic safety: "Know and Obey all traffic laws!"

The steadfastness with which every man, woman and child adheres to this cornerstone of traffic safety will help in no small way to solve the perplexing dilemma of modern traffic hazards.

Some doubting Thomasses may claim we're unduly exaggerating the importance of traffic laws, dismissing them as insignificant in the overall picture of traffic hazards. They are inclined to attribute traffic fatalities to other more remote causes—to the operation of some natural law or even to fate.

In answer to the quibbling of these cracker barrel philosophers we can only quote the following vital statistics from the State Department of Motor Vehicles of what actually happened in traffic accidents in recent years: Nearly 90 per cent of the drivers involved in fatal accidents were violating one or more traffic laws at the time death struck!

We don't say that none of these drivers would have had accidents if they had not violated the law—but it's safe to assume that a substantial number of accidents in which they were involved would not have occurred had these drivers been observing the traffic laws.

But there is another aspect to the problem. The deliberate flouting of any laws—from those of nature to those of traffic—is indicative of an unhealthy state of mind, an unwholesome attitude, which can lead only to disaster.

A knowledge of and a profound and healthy respect for our traffic laws is essential not only to the solution of our traffic problem but to the survival of our whole social structure.

Fundamentally, it's a simple solution. All it calls for is a willingness on the part of every driver to accept his responsibility as a citizen and as a human being to learn the traffic laws—and obey them!

You can do something about traffic accidents—you can help save lives.

Editors who are allergic to answering the telephone after the paper has just come out, will enjoy the following description of the dialogue experiences of Norman Lieberman of the Monterey Park (Calif.) Progressive, on a typical Thursday afternoon!

"Hello, is this the editor?"
Even the telephone couldn't hide the lady's disdain.

"See here, last week I gave you an article on the Watch Winders Auxiliary. What do you mean by not putting it in?"

"Beggin' your pardon, madam, I believe that appeared. Let me see . . . oh, yes you'll find it on page 1 of section 2."

"Zat right? Click!"

It was a good three minutes before the next call.

"This is Mrs. Susan Perfluous. I'm calling about the story I sent in on the visit at my home by my third cousin from Altadena."

"I believe we ran an item on that . . ."

"Yes, but you left out so much."

"You mean his war record? It's sometimes necessary to leave out a detail or two, even as important as his tour of duty in Texas, for space reasons. You see . . ."

The lady didn't see.

Seconds flew before the next call.

"Whaddaya mean with the tripe about the flying fish?" I could almost smell the cigar.

"Somebody asks the council whether they'd add to the decor of the swimming pool and you make it sound like they're spawning there already."

"There may be some mistake," I came back feebly. "No such story appeared in the Progress. Are you sure you didn't read it elsewhere?"

"Whatzat? Oh yes. Another paper? Har, har!"

I barely had time to light a cigarette.

"Hello I just wanted to tell you that I thought this was a wonderful issue. All the columns were interesting. There was a wealth of news and very good interpretive articles. I especially liked the cartoon and the excellent photo coverage. The editorials were thought-provoking and well written. The paper was outstanding."

I waited until the lady was through.

"Thank you," I answered humbly. "What's for dinner tonight, honey?"

—THE AMERICAN PRESS

Words Of Life

THE SECOND WEEK OF LENT BY REV. JOSEPH DEAN ST. WILLIAM'S CATHOLIC CHAPEL

LETTER TO JOE MURPHY

Hi Joe,
How are you today? Do you realize that we are in the second week of Lent already? One of the principal Christian works of Lent, Joe is almsgiving. Do you remember what the word "alms" means? An alms is money given and distributed for the aid of the needy. Now February is a month noted for its many appeals; you know that all too well. In fact, if we are not careful, some of us just close up after a while, and refuse to give anything. Whenever you get that temptation, Joe think of this example, this parable, taken from the countryside of Palestine.

In Palestine there are two seas. One is a beautiful sight to behold—blue, dancing water—sandy beaches, here and there crowned by rocky crags. Men build their homes about this sea. Birds love to rest along its coasts. Children run and play on its sand much as they romped about the feet of Jesus centuries ago on this same sand. All kinds of animals come to its shores to drink of its pure waters. The river Jordan flows into this sea of Galilee from the broad rolling plains. It is the sea that Jesus commanded to be still in the midst of a storm. And it was on this same sea that Jesus preached to the people from Peter's fishing boat. Not far from this sea on a rolling plain, our Lord, fed over 5 thousand with a few loaves and fishes.

Yes, even today men love to go to the Sea of Galilee for one can still feel there some of the peace and joy that came from the voice and smile and footsteps of the Son of God. But there is yet another sea in Palestine. No man could ever build his home on its shores. No animals ever drink of its waters. Never does the shadow of a bird's wing flit across its dull and torpid surface. Travelers avoid it unless they are on urgent business. And why this great difference between these two seas in Palestine? It isn't the river Jordan for the river Jordan empties the same clear water into both. It isn't the climate for the same balmy air encircles each! It isn't the country-side for the same rolling hills surrounded both them. But this is the difference: For every drop of water that flows from the river Jordan into this beautiful sea, another drop flows out. The sea of Galilee gives, that it may live. But the other sea is a miser. It hoards all of its income jealously, letting not one drop of water escape. It takes graspingly, all that it can get—never giving anything. This sea is called the Dead sea, and all that it touches is dead.

Yes, it is true! There are two seas in Palestine. And there are two kinds of people in the world. Tell me, Joe which kind are you? Here's your text for today, Joe. "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they pour into your lap. For with what measure you measure, it shall be measured to you." It comes from St. Luke 6, 38: Sincerely yours in Christ our Lord

Editor's note: Correction of last week's column "Words of Life."

The column stated "Bill, I am against God's gifts of pleasure and comfort." It should have stated, "Bill, I am NOT against God's gifts of pleasure and comfort, but we have wound ourselves up so much with these gifts that we have lost sight of the giver."

Mr. Jones, who has been spending 70 per cent of his time working on rabies, patiently traced the movements of this mad dog through the community, trying to discover if others had been bitten. He found one woman who had been chewed badly on both arms. She had not reported the bites and said, "Fahaw, it was just an old friend playing." Of course, she took the shots.

Last month, for example, Grover Shepherd and his boy moved a cow that had a suckling calf. Four or five weeks ago that calf died. There have been a number of cases where the exposure was indirect. Mr. Shepherd didn't suspect rabies, but Dr. Fulcher did. An examination of the calf's brain showed that the doctor was right. Grover Shepherd and his boy milked the cow while the calf sucked alongside. Both the hands

(Continued on page 3)

THE AMERICAN WAY



The Customer Gets It in the Neck (?)

TALK O' THE TOWN

By Emily Costello

It was a very touching coronation ceremony last Thursday night when runner-up L. L. MASON crowned HOBART McKEEVER king of Hearts after a hilarious election.

Junior Woman's Club husbands found out just what their wives thought of them when the girls wrote letters on why they thought their husbands should be King of Hearts. Actually all the girls had pretty persuasive letters, I thought, and it was really a tough decision.

The election took place at the club's Men's Night potluck supper and party at the TAC. Judges for the contest were visiting men, and supposedly "disinterested parties" who were the REV. A. L. MAXWELL, RAY JOSEPH and the REV. DEAN HOUK, who with Mrs. Houk were guests of the GEORGE SIZES and are from Griffin, Ga.

The letters were read aloud and voted on by applause. The men read the letters—but not the ones their wives wrote about them—so it was pretty mixed-up and a lot of fun. And I'd love to print all the letters for you, but that is entirely impossible for many reasons.

But the winning letter—a poem which Opie McKeever wrote is here:

DEAR GIRLS
Make my man king for a special reason,
To crown another t'would sure be treason.
He was born on the 25th day of December,
A date that all of his friends can remember
But each gift he receives kills two birds with one stone—
"Merry Christmas! Happy Birthday!" he reads as he moans
"Oh fate, oh folly, no day of my own
With gifts to be showered on me alone!
My candles burn low on a cake made of fruit,
While others are busy enjoying their loot."
But, girls, don't crown him king out of pity.
He lends many talents to this fair city.
As an athlete he shines—on the ping-pong court
He's an ace—on the ground—at any airport.
At home he's a genius—at tuning TV,
And playing the uke while singing off-key.
He's superb, he's terrific—please make him your king.
Give him this hour—give him a fling!

Now, how in the world could he keep from being elected after that noble peal? And after the crowning the king opened his shower of gifts which included everything from money for a haircut to a dish towel and soap.

About 30 folks attended the party and the food and fun were both very enjoyable. And we remarked that if the teen-agers have half as much fun at the TAC as the adult party did last week, it is surely a huge success.

ENJOY TEXAS
Mr. R. L. BEAVER gave me a very graphic description of the trip to Texas that he and Mrs. Beaver and their son, Johnny, and grandson, Terry Smith made recently. Mr. Beaver was especially impressed with the summer-like weather they found. And he saw acres and acres of melons, cabbage, water melons and other garden things growing like summertime. He also said the oil wells were as thick as the parking meters on Valley River Ave. and were pumping oil like one thing.

BOOTLEG DUMPING
The Asheville Citizen recently has run a series of articles on what they term "Bootleg Dumping". MARGUERITE BIDSTRUP (Mrs. Georg) from out at Brasstown came in the other day and was pretty perturbed, as we all should be, about the litter of beer cans and other litter along our highways and on private property. And I agree with her that it is a matter of public opinion and education to get the bootleg dumping stopped. I guess most of us have been guilty at some time or another of throwing trash out the car window, but we wouldn't think of littering our own property that way. If enough people started trying to control the dumping problem in a small way, it wouldn't take long or it to be under control in a largeway. Some states—Virginia, for instance—have a large fine for dumping litter of any kind along the highways. At \$500 a kleenex or tin can there wouldn't be many of us littering I venture.

RECOMMENDED FOR SCHOLARSHIP
JOHN PHAUP, a student at Cullowhee, has been recommended for Morgan scholarship at the University of North Carolina, to do graduate work. I'm not sure what his field is, but whatever it is, he's a whiz in it.

MURPHY'S NAME
BILL SHARPE, one of the publishers of THE STATE magazine, last week called our attention to an interesting footnote in the Feb. 11 issue of his magazine concerning the naming of our town. Here's the clipping:

Hiram Wilburn of Waynesville scraped around and finally found the letter which originally suggested that the town of Murphy be named for Junaluska. It was written in 1837 to Governor Dudley by S. F. Paterson, and dated Ft. Butler, Cherokee Nation:

"Some dissatisfaction I find exists in this part of the country on account of the name selected by the Legislature for the County 'Town. Many persons are in favor of calling it JUNALUSKA, in honor of a Cherokee Indian of that name who now lives in the nation, and who distinguished himself greatly at the Battle of the Horse Shoe. I have not seen him, but understand from those who have that he may be emphatically called one of 'Nature's Noblemen.' As to the name of the county all agree, I believe, that it should be called Cherokee."

(Continued On Page Three)

A Backward Glance

5 YEARS AGO
Thursday, Feb. 22, 1951
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Peacock and children attended the funeral of Mr. Peacock's uncle, I. N. Parker in Eastman, Ga. Thursday.
Mrs. Mary Hunt of Young Harris, Ga., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Odom.
M. C. Stiles and son, M. L. of Postell, visited his brother, Herschel and family at Marble Saturday.

Miss Frances Mashburn of Oak Ridge, Tenn., spent the week end with Mrs. Laura C. Mashburn in Andrews.

Pvt. F. J. Teague of Fort Jackson, S. C. spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Teague.

10 YEARS AGO
Thursday, Feb. 21, 1946
Mrs. Henry Hyatt, Miss Frances Waldroup and Miss June McCoy spent Saturday in Bryson City. E. C. Moneymaker of Knoxville was in Murphy one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dalrymple of Fontana Dam are spending a few days here.

J. W. Franklin left Tuesday for Crystal River, Fla., on a ten-day fishing trip as the guest of Judge Wilson Parker, Mr. Cox, Dr. Cochran and Dr. Turner of Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Moore and Misses Marie Price, Mozelle Moore of Shelby and Jane Moore of Atlanta spent two weeks in various points in Florida, returning home last Friday.

20 YEARS AGO
Thursday, Feb. 27, 1936
At the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club held last Wednesday afternoon officers for the next year were elected as follows: Mrs. H. Bueck, president; Mrs. W. A. Barber, vice president; Mrs. A. E. Vestal, corresponding sec.; Mrs. R. S. Parker, recording sec.; Mrs. C. W. Savage, treasurer.

Miss Lois Latham has arrived here to make her headquarters. She is with the Investors Syndicate.

Mrs. J. M. Harrison of Wake Forest has returned home after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Baucom, Jr.

Miss Jean Davis, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Davis, entertained a number of her friends at a birthday party at their home on Saturday afternoon. Those invited were Carolyn Carter, Doris Bailey, Jayne and Frances Ricks, Mary Frances Shields, Jane Moore, Donnie Hampton, Annie Laura Mulkey, Mildred Clouse, Sue Roberts, Gloria and Jeane Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Long attended the Colonial party given by the Konnaheeta Club of Andrews at the Riverside Hotel last Friday evening. The affair was given in honor of the Andrews Woman's Club.

30 YEARS AGO
Friday, Feb. 26, 1926
One of the biggest events witnessed by Hayesville and Clay County in quite a while was the parade and public speaking of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan here last night. The speakers were local men and wore masks.

J. H. Mintz moved to Marble last Tuesday, and Mr. W. M. Mintz moved to his place on the head of Hangingood.

Mr. Bob Porter of Andrews was down in Marble last 17th, looking after real estate, we surmise.
Prof. and Mrs. James Lovingood took dinner with Prof. and Mrs. W. K. Johnson last Sunday.

Mr. A. K. Dickey of Murphy was in Cuberson a few days ago buying mules for the Southern markets.

The Cherokee Scout

Established July, 1889
Published every Thursday at Murphy, Cherokee County, N. C. WILLIAM V. AND EMILY COSTELLO—Publishers and Owners
WILLIAM V. COSTELLO—Editor
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In Cherokee County: One Year, \$2.50; six Months, \$1.50
Outside Cherokee County: One Year: \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.75
Entered in the Post Office at Murphy, North Carolina, as second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Member of North Carolina Press Association

It Could Happen Here Alleghany County Has Rabies Epidemic

PART 3
Chester S. Davis
Salem Journal and Sentinel
Reprinted with permission from Wildlife in North Carolina
Although Alleghany is a small county, the toll taken by this epidemic already has been frightful. "The loss in livestock," Dr. Fulcher says, "has been heavy. We lost 15 or 20 head in July alone . . . nine in the past two weeks that I know of. I would say that the total loss so far in livestock has run from \$20,000 to \$25,000. And that estimate is on the conservative side."
Dr. Martin F. Hines, State Public Health Veterinarian, N. C. visited the county, hoping to get photographs of one mad cow. In a single day he had an opportunity to photograph 12 cows dying of rabies . . . five of them on the

farm of Edward Caudill in the Whitehead community. In one case nine head of cattle were lost out of a single herd.
So far some 40 persons have either been bitten by rabid animals or go seriously exposed to the virus that they were compelled to take the Pasteur treatment. One of them was the county sanitarian.
Late last April Lyle Jones was passing a farm, and he saw a fox come into the yard. The fox stopped at a corn crib and bit at a fence. Recognizing that the animal was mad, Jones grabbed his gun (a number of men in the county have gone armed since the epidemic broke out) and shot the fox. The fox fell and then jumped up and scurried under a barn. Jones shot him again and then raked him out. As he brought the body out from under the barn, the fox

snapped at him and bit him in the ankle. Laboratory tests showed that the fox was mad, and Mr. Jones took the series of anti-rabies shots.
On May 11 Mrs. Clifton Edwards started out to the barn to help her husband milk. Her cat, following, leaped on her leg and bit her deeply a number of times. Mrs. Edwards was hospitalized with blood poisoning, and she also took the Pasteur treatment. Tests had indicated that the cat was mad.
There have been no fatalities thus far. But luck and some hard work on the part of Lyle Jones explains that good fortune.
While back Mr. Jones received a report of some children who had been bitten by a stray dog. He located the dog, killed it and sent the brain off to Raleigh for a laboratory check. The dog was found to be rabid.