

# Cherokees Eastern Band North Trip To Mountains

By R. C. PAGE JR.

North Carolina is the home of almost 4,000 Indians who make up the eastern band of the Cherokees. Their reservation in the Great Smoky Mountains, covering some 50,000 acres lying mostly in the Qualla Boundary adjoining the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, is the largest in Eastern America, report the travel counselors of the North Carolina State Automobile Association.

The largest community on the reservation is the town of Cherokee, which serves as administrative headquarters for the reservation and is the home of the Cherokee drama "Unto These Hills," America's largest extended outdoor drama which closed its 1956 run recently.

The town of Cherokee, situated on U.S. 441 near the North Carolina entrance to the Great Smoky Park, is a famous tourist objective and offers a unique opportunity to study both the history and present-day life of the Cherokees on a pleasant "Weekend on Wheels."

The Cherokee Indian Fair, held this year the first week in October, is the big annual event for the Cherokees and attracts visitors from all over the United States. Other noted attractions at Cherokee, in addition to the drama and the annual fair, are Oconaluftee Indian Village, a recreated Cherokee community of 1820 years ago, and the Museum of the Cherokee Indian. The village and the museum, like the drama, are sponsored by the non-profit Cherokee Historical Association.

The United States Indian Service maintains an Indian Agency at Cherokee. A school system, health division, road division, forestry service and agricultural extension and soil conservation services are provided free of charge and staffed by about 100 Civil Service employees. Government buses transport Indian children to and from their schools, which include the Cherokee Indian High School accredited by the State.

The superintendent of the Cherokee Agency is responsible for the administration of all the government services on the reservation. His position is comparable to that of a city manager.

The eastern band of Cherokees has a chief and vice chief elected every four years by the people and a council of 12 elected biennially. This body passes ordinances and regulations and manages the tribal land and other assets and enterprises of the tribe.

At Cherokee, tribal enterprises include feeding and house tourists and producing and selling handicrafts. The Boundary Tree Motor Court, with dining room, cottages, craft shop and gasoline station, is owned and operated by the tribe. A number of Cherokees operate their own businesses.

While Oconaluftee Village is open from May through October, Cherokees live in it, occupying authentic reproductions of their ancestors' homes and demonstrating handicrafts and traditional prowess with the blowgun and bow.

**GARDENERS ALL**

The Cherokees live along the creeks and in the coves of the Smokies. Many of their homes are within sight of paved hard-surfaced roads; others are tucked away in remote areas accessible only by trails. Each home has its own vegetable garden; many have patches of corn or tobacco. Farming is a principal occupation, and a roadside market house has been built for the sale of their farm products.

There are 25 or more churches on the reservation, nearly all of them served by Indian pastors. In general, the life of the Cherokees is much like that of rural white families of the region, although there are a few old customs—such as mothers carrying babies on their backs—to which the more conservative Indians cling. Traditional foods such as pickled beans, chestnut bread and bean bread are found on their dinner tables, and they have a great knowledge of medicinal herbs.

In some home furnishings are scant and primitive; others have electrical appliances, radios and television sets, and modern furnishings.

**ONCE A YEAR**  
Cherokee men swim, hunt and fish, and play basketball, football and softball, as well as the traditional game of An Tsagi or stickball, which is now played only once a year, at the Cherokee Fair. Many of the tribe speak the Cherokee

language, and some can read it and write it. It was shortly after 1810 that the Cherokees, Sequoyah, produced the Cherokee alphabet, giving his people the only written language of any American Indian tribe.

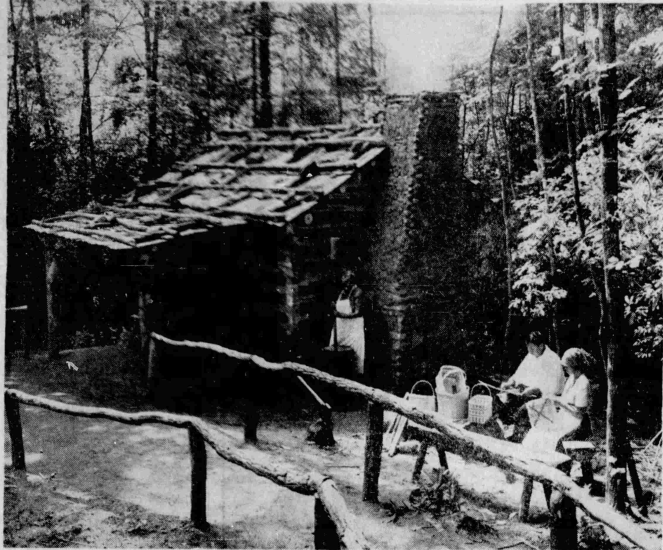
At that time, even though they had lost most of their lands and had been repeatedly tricked and exploited by the Americans and the British, the Cherokees had perfected their own democratic government, had learned to farm and build schools and churches, and were at peace. Wanting no part of the War of 1812, they nevertheless aided Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, where Junaluska personally saved the life of General Jackson.

**KIN HAVE ROLES**  
The story of the Cherokees' efforts to keep their homes and become part of the American government, and the martyrdom of the Cherokee Trail to permit a remnant of his people to remain in the Great Smokies rather than be herded west over the tragic "Trail of Tears," is told in and other legends are portrayed in the drama, and their descendants and those of "Unto These Hills" Junaluska, Sequoyah and other legends are portrayed in the drama, and their descendants and those of "Unto These Hills" Junaluska, Sequoyah and other legends are portrayed in the drama.

**TRAVEL TIPS**  
TOWN OF CHEROKEE, Oconaluftee Indian Village, Museum of the Cherokee Indian, Mountaineer Theater, and mountain color parade.

**ACCOMMODATIONS**  
Good choice of motor courts, inns and eating places in and near Cherokee.

**RECOMMENDED ROUTE**  
Charlotte to Asheville, U. S. 74; Asheville to Cherokee, U. S. 19—total, 164 miles.



Hidden Cabins, Basketweaving Are Indian Customs.

## PEOPLE: Old Man Sat, Stared Until A Child Happened To Pass

By CHARLES KURALT

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, that was part of the reason.

The elegant lady in the fur cape, the four businessmen and the two young housewives stood at the Tryon St. bus stop with the vacant look of people thinking about their own affairs, tired of working, tired of shopping and eager to get home.

So they didn't notice the old guy in the alley. He wasn't much to notice. He sprawled against a brick wall and raised his stables-covered face to the people who passed by and lifted his shaking arm to offer them a pencil.

Some stared at him curiously. Nobody stopped. The people waiting for the bus didn't even look his way. The lady in fur stepped out to the curb impatiently and looked up the street to see if the bus was coming.

ONE OF THE four businessmen leaned against a plate glass window, took a newspaper from under his arm and turned to the sports page.

One of the housewives glanced uncomfortably at the old man in the alley, and looked away. They all waited.

That was when the little girl walked up. She was a few steps ahead of her mother, whose arms were full of packages. The little girl walked straight up to the old man in the alley and looked at him. He looked back. The little girl's mother took her place with the others, shifted the packages in her arms and began waiting for the bus.

"Come here, Annie," she said. The little girl walked over to her.

"What is that man doing?" she asked. The man with the newspaper stared over it at the man's hat. She selling pencils," her mother said.

The little girl walked back over to the alley and peered down at the man. She didn't say anything, and neither did he. She turned back to her mother and tugged at her arm.

"I want a pencil," she said. Her mother smiled, took her pocketbook from her arm and reached into it awkwardly, without putting down the bulky packages. She gave the little girl a nickel.



THE GIRL: "I Want A Pencil."

The girl took it over to the alley and put it in the man's hat. She looked at him once more, then walked quickly back to her mother's side.

"God bless you," the old man mumbled. She didn't hear him. The bus arrived and its doors opened. Everybody got on.

But before they did, two of the businessmen and the lady with the furs dropped coins in the old guy's hat. A little child had led them.

## Earl Wilson— Rocky Needs Worry

NEW YORK — My B. W. doesn't have a big appetite . . . but when she had a steep throat, she gained five pounds — on spaghetti.

Rocky Marciano — serious about turning thesophian into a bid from Ray Thompson to do her CBS spec, "Eloise," from Hollywood. And Red Skelton wants him for a Las Vegas act.

Rocky told the Lamps Sealed Night how he was honored at a big Brooklyn Italian affair. Just starting, he'd been photographed with his and Joe Di Maggio.

The Italian speaker warned him: "Rocky, don't get big head now just because you've had your picture taken with Joe Di Maggio."

But Rocky'll have to worry about punctuality. We were having dinner at 11 with famous jeweler Jack Wertz of Dayton and Miami — and Rocky was due on a TV show . . . but was excused about the time and place.

"I think I have to be there by 9:15," he said, about 8:55. "I'll about 20 minutes late."

"It's at the Colonial Theater," NBC said, "but don't bother going—the show's just over."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," states one of our Ten Commandments.

Yet many people worship the false god of blood kinship. Cain killed his blood brother Abel. Absalom did likewise for his blood brother Amnon. Solomon ordered his brother Adonijah slain over jealousy for the beauty queen Abigail.

And thousands of royal sons have slain their fathers or vice versa to get the throne. So don't worship the false god of blood kinship.

The true parent-child relationship is strictly a spiritual bond. If you adopt a baby and teach it properly, it will love and respect you till you die.

It will even lay down its life for you. Indeed, marriage is a similar example of "adoption" where two people who are not of any blood kinship adopt each other forever.

After you've adopted children are old enough to ask about their origins, explain to them that you adopted their mother, though of no blood kinship, and have felt closer to her than to your blood brothers and sisters.

Likewise, you fell in love with your adopted son or daughter and adopted them, too, in the same manner as you adopted their mother.

To be the proper type of parents, send for my 200-page "Tests for Good Parents," enclosing a stamped return envelope, plus 30c.

And I don't hesitate to adopt children when you have the chance. Don't limit yourself to infants, either, for many kids of 8 to 12 crave parents, too.

## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS Feature Page

Edited By Jim Banbury

### —MARY HAWORTH— Timid Girl Has Big Problem

Dear Mary Haworth: I am a girl 19 and have a problem. All my life I have relied on my mother to help me with every decision. In choosing clothes, for example, it is almost essential to have her there to help me.

My parents are very good as can be found, and I have two wonderful (younger) brothers. I am attractive, friendly to everyone and enjoy many things, but in a large company I feel lost and wordless; and when engaged, I feel self-conscious.

I have a wonderful friend of good family, who has asked me to marry her. We have been going together six months—and he is nice looking, dress well, as well as understanding clothes, for interest in my hobbies, and our religion is the same. He put himself in a position of confidence when his parents could not afford it; and is going to night school to further his education.

We have common interests, seeing through his father's physical eyes. He is a fortunate boy.

Fortunate also is the son who learned to see through his father's spiritual eyes. This can be done with the father still living. How many fathers wish their sons to be like him, which they encouraged through spiritual attention, submissiveness, and even self-imposed blindness to life's most important virtues. Yet it is most difficult for a father to do this. It is characteristic of each rising generation to wish to do its own exploring and, as a result, make its own mistakes.

But there are sons and daughters who do profit by their parents' mistakes. This comes when there is sympathetic understanding and affection between the parents and children. Where these ties are strong the children are willing to look through their parents' eyes of wider experience. Nowhere is this more evident than in a truly Christian home where the power of love, understanding and righteous example are an inspiration to the children.

Humbly, but gratefully I can say that I was not such a home. Although, like any other adolescent, I was at times rebellious against what I considered "parental old fogeyism." I am eternally grateful that I was able to see many things through the eyes of my father. As the years pass I see more of them, because his influence left an indelible impression.

Fortunate is the parent who acquires the grace and goodness to endow his children with spiritual eyesight while they are still at home with him.

## THE WORRY CLINIC: Babies Never Illegitimate

By Dr. George W. Crane

Case S-388: Bobby, aged 6 weeks, is a baby boy available for adoption.

"Oh, Dr. Crane, can't you please help me?" begged a charming wife, aged 29.

"We have been married for 6 years, and the doctors tell me I can never bear a baby of my own."

"But now I have a chance to adopt Bobby, and he is wonderful. But my husband says he doesn't want to father anybody else's illegitimate 'brat,' and she winced as she repeated those harsh words.

"I'm almost crazy with worry and longing, so can't you tell my husband something that will change his mind."

"He'd really make a wonderful father if he would only change his mind about the idea of adopting a child."

Don't call any baby illegitimate, for no infant is ever illegitimate, though his parents may be so!

All babies are born according to God's laws of physiology. And it is an instance of cruel back-passing to stigmatize a baby for something he had nothing to do with.

Babies don't ask to be born. They are innocent of any evil, though their parents may be guilty.

Secondly, don't be so egotistical about your own surname! In a previous column I told you that none of us males ever manufactures the chromosomes which are the basis for future offspring.

Now, we are simply bearers of those eternal chromosomes that were passed on to us in much the same way that a quarter miler in a mile race receives the baton from the previous runner and passes it to the next.

We just carry the chromosomes from the past generation during our limited 70 years on this earth. And if we marry, maybe we pass along 24 chromosomes to match those 24 contributed by our mate.

For a baby requires 48. But neither the father nor the mother creates or originates his or her 24 chromosomes for that baby.

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