

The Cherokee Scout

Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County
North Carolina

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Murphy, N. C., August 24, 1939

A SO-CALLED "HUMANITARIAN" LAW THAT REALLY WORKS BACK WORDS

As you may have noticed we are past masters at the gentle art of "laying off" the national news. We take the stand—tell us if we're wrong—that you can get national news more quickly, and in more detail, in your daily newspaper.

We also take the position that if we can tell you most of what is happening in Cherokee County we're doing about what you want. The Scout is for Cherokee County first and last—and the rest of the world can go hang.

We plan to follow the same policy in our editorials. There are plenty of local things to be discussed without bothering our heads about the Polish Corridor, or the Japanese situation—or the pitiful spectacle of peanut politicians in Washington trying to act like Statesmen,—or the love life of the beetle, as contrasted to the monastic tendencies of the widowed swan.

But there is one national question which also is a local question—very much so. We refer to the cruel minimum wage law.

A New Deal measure this—but it should be blasted from here to Jerico, and back every true southerner—and particularly by every resident of a small town such as Murphy. And it should be blasted regardless of your political leanings. It is not a matter of politics. It is a matter of bread and butter.

Right here in Murphy, it threatens to close down the plant of Beau Brumby—which will mean a stoppage of a payroll of several hundred dollars a week for people who need it and badly.

Already it has forced the laying off of many "hands" who because of their age, or physical handicaps—or both—can't get another job to save their lives.

It is a fine thing for a smooth tongued politician, seeking to curry favor with labor unions, to prate of a "living Wage"—a "standards of living" and similar prettily worded idea that are based entirely on theory. These politicians like to declaim, grandiloquently that "the laborer is worthy of his hire".

That certainly does NOT appeal to them—for if most of them got only what they were worth, they'd not only get nothing, but would owe the voters money.

To talk of "living wages" in the big cities of the north, means one thing. In the small towns of the south—Murphy, for instance—it means something entirely different.

Standards of living are different too. In all sections men buy the same cars, radios, electrical devices and whatnots—but in the cities of the North one cannot go out of an evening and do much of anything, without spending plenty.

You know that this is not true here—or in most other southern towns of our size.

But, they passed the minimum wage law, regardless; first establishing a minimum of 25 cents an hour. That's little enough by and large—but let's see how it works out. Lets take the home town of Beau Brumby.

Mr. Brumby was paying his help on a piece work scale.—and remember he had to train every one of them—at his own expense. Under his system some made more—some less. He had a dozen or so elderly ladies who were very slow—but even so they could earn \$1.25 a day without too much effort; they lived on nearby farms—and that amount sufficed their simple needs. As a matter of fact they were tickled pink to be supporting themselves instead of being on relief.

Came the 25 cents an hour minimum. No business man is going to pay people more than they earn. That isn't business. And those elderly ladies couldn't earn \$2 a day to save their lives. They just didn't have either the speed, or the knack.

So they had to be fired.

The younger, more spry helpers got a little more money—but not enough to do them any real good. The others are out, definitely—and can't get another job.

In a few days now, the wage rate will be hiked again to 35 cents an hour. That will cause still more firings—for again Mr. Brumby certainly is not going to pay help more than they can produce.

The case of Mr. Brumby is not isolated. Mr. Harvey Wilson now of Murphy, went through the same thing when he was a top flight executive in one of the largest hosiery mills in the nation in Chattanooga.

In that factory they had a group of elderly ladies who worked in the repair department. They sat in a big airy room, chatted and made minor repairs in "seconds",—and they were very very happy.

Then—the minimum wage law. Those old ladies couldn't possibly turn out enough work to be worth that much. The mill found it cheaper to throw the faulty hosiery away—and the old ladies found themselves not with higher wages—but no jobs at all.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

FLAT ROCK TAKES THE LEAD
—flat rock is going chinese. the chinks have been wearing their shirt tails outside their britches for 4,000 years, and we have been making much fun of the practice, but most of our local citizens are now doing the same thing, and they are giving the chinese credit for havvixng more sense than we thought they had ansoforth. It is cooled all over.

—our wimmen are allso drifting back towards the savage manner of dressing, but of course they still wear a few more clothes than the offricans and the madagascar-ans wear, but it won't be long now. it took 30 yards of cloth to make a woman a descent dress and underthings years ago, that has been cut down to one yard at this riting and they are still trimming down a little from month to month, so says maddam roomer.

—holsum moore has rote in to the secker-tery of the cenus bureau at washington, d. c. he has asked for the job of district census taker with everybody else subordinating themselves to his instructions. he is willing to work at 100\$ per month and the government to furnish the ford to ride in and pay his board to his wife amounting to 15\$ per mo. he asked for an advance in sallary of 50\$ to clean up detts with so's he can count folks and mules and cows without being bothered with bill collectors ansoforth. he will kivver flat rock townshiponly.

—miss jennie veeve smith is back from n. y. after a secont successful trip to the world's fair. she did not clear no monney on the last vissit. her buss driver got arrested once for speeding and once for being drunk. she had to pay his fine. she has plenty of spunk and handles a mean steering wheel. she will hire a new buss driver entirely if she carries another covey of folks to the fair. she has lost 20 lbs. fooling with them up to now.

yores trullie,
mike lark, rfd.
corry spondent.
kaaiaiff

LATE AUGUST

Over the clover flows the wind
And the maple bough sways and the
morn's crisp and keen
With a sheen
That is sunless; and cleanly the
ways
Over slopes through the grasses,
where the wind plays.
Summer's nigh over—!
Thus pipes the plover,
Cooling his wings in the slant of the
clover—
Slant and shimmer,
Gray-clear glimmer
Of winging morn without sun:
—Summer's done!
Pipes the plover.

Maple tree, poplar tree, juniperbush,
Thrummed of the wind, how you
hearken and hush!
Aeolian fingers have stroked you.
Satin oak-leaves, emptied of nesting,
Deep in your deepened green glosses
are queesting
Ingenuous, strenuous, brown little
cheepers.
Gone are the keepers,
Nest-building peepers,
Gone with heat-harried days that
provoked you—
Then, you hung limply—
Now, you are simply
Spruced out like renescent belles,
All your unbrage is dimply!

All through your shades there's a
flicker and flash,
Coquettish lash
Of the eye of the morning,
Open and shut, such a winking and
warning! . . .
Hark to the bumble-bee, drowned
in the clover lea,
Shipwrecked in pollen dust, blown
on the clover gust
Summer's nigh done!
Say the birds,
Everyone.

But the wantony rife in the sound
Bubbling round,
Aye, the delicate wantony, know-
ing its lure
Trebly sure. . . .
Ere the year 'gins to fade
She's a jade!
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THIS and THAT

The following letter speaks for itself. We are glad to print it and deeply regret that it's author has been caused inconvenience and perhaps shame. It should be explained however, that the fault lies not so much with the Scouts as to a case of mistaken identity.

There are two Ernest Loudermilks. One the author of the following letter lives in Tomotla. The other lives in factory town. It was to the latter that the Scout story referred. The letter follows:

"Dear Scout Folks:
"A few weeks ago you all published that Erney Laudermilk, or Ernest Loudermilk was in jail. Well you all were greatly mistaken. I am not in jail. Further more I never have been so please publish your mistake. I can prove where I've been by my wife and neighbors.

"Many of my friends and kindred have been to see us telling of what they had read in the Scout. I can't understand such a mistake. Any claim that I have been in jail is absolutely false.

Ernest Loudermilk and wife
Tomotla, N. C.

A strange story of the supernatural—perhaps it was vengeance familiar enough to some of the older generation, but never heard of by many of the younger folks has just been verified by Mr. James Raper, who has recently returned to his home in Missouri after a visit of several days to Cherokee County, where he spent his boyhood.

Mr. Raper, was one of the pioneers of this section. When he lived here there were no railroads, and the present fine highways were mere trails. A trip to Asheville took three days sometime more.

They didn't have too many comforts in those days—and any luxuries were considered almost wicked. Gal's bathing suits were ankle length, some mountain ladies might smoke a friendly pipe or maybe dip a little snuff but they regarded cigarettes not only as "coffin nails" but also as inventions of the devil. Even a boy who smoked them, they were sure, would come to no good end. And as for rouge ("paint" as they called it) gals who used it simply were beyond the pale.

They were a stern, God-fearing set in those days.

Everybody went to church and prayer meeting regularly. Everybody was deeply and sincerely religious, and why the Mormons, way out in Utah decided that they should send a missionary here to "save" our mountaineers, is something you will have to figure out for yourself. But that is what they did.

Well the missionary came, and did his best. His reception was not exactly what you would call cordial. In fact, a group of men took him out in the woods near the present village of Culberson, tied him to a tree, and whipped him until he was almost senseless.

As soon as he had been untied, and was able to walk, he went away from here—and no Mormom missionary has been back since.

Mr. Raper saw the whipping admin-

istered. During his visit here, he spent many hours trying to find the exact spot the Mormon had been tied. He failed.

But Mr. Raper verified a strange ending to the tale. Immediately after the beating, the leaves of the tree to which that man was tied dried up—and within a very short time the entire tree withered and died.

Write your own moral.

It isn't often that a laymen—and a dumb one at that—can tell a good attorney something about the law—but we have just had that happy experience with Messrs Fred Christopher, and Ralph Moody, the latter back on a visit from his State legal post in Raleigh.

It seems that some weeks back, we wrote a little piece about a certain unnamed attorney who was supposed to be rit-ley, but who, in reality was a sucker for the homliest woman on earth—provided merely that she had gray eyes. We offered to name the attorney for \$11 cash—explaining that it would take that much to get us far enough away that we would feel safe.

Mrs. Maude Christopher promptly offered us \$11. We refused it—which, we maintain, is evidence that her supposition was all wet.

But her husband, declares that Mr. Christopher still thinks the article referred to him. He claims this writer has caused him to be held up to public ridicule, and has caused him great mental anguish and suffering—and all the rest of it. Finally, he engaged Ralph Moody as his attorney to bring suit for libel, asking \$8,729.14 damages.

Messrs Christopher and Moody came to the editorial sanctum and offered to settle for six beers P. O. B (placed on bar). Whereupon this writer sat back and gleefully told them a few things about the libel lows of this state.

In the first place it was necessary to prove malicious intent. Since the writer's affection for Mr. Fred Christopher Esq. is widely known, this would be impossible.

In the second place, it was pointed out, that since no names had ever been mentioned, Mr. Fred Christopher could not prove that he was the person referred to.

In the third place, quoted the writer, the Carolina Law accepts proof of the Truth of charges as their justification—and although Mr. F. Christopher was NOT named, if he wanted to make anything out of it, the writer was prepared to prove that everything he had said was true.

Mr. Fred Christopher had instructed Mr. Ralph Moody, that he doesn't believe he wants to sue, after all.

Recently the management and control of some great and venerable corporations have been turned over to men under forty years of age.

A pilgrim returning from Washington, this year, reported to friends in his home town that we are governed by children. He was shocked by the youth of the members of Congress and the holders of important administrative posts.

V. C. O.

Turning Back History's Pages

40 YEARS AGO

Tuesday, August 22, 1899

Harvey Hughes was up from Blue Ridge Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Ferguson, of Waynesville is visiting her father, Capt. Cooper.

Norman Davidson, of Gainesville, is visiting his grandfather, J. D. Abbott.

Missea Callie Harshaw, of Murphy, Pearl and Grace Brown and Mr. Virge Brown of Warne were in town visiting Friday.

Mr. Allen Richardson was here Saturday and Sunday shaking hand with his many friends.

W. L. Harralson, of Atlanta, spent Sunday in town with his sister, Mrs. L. E. Mauney.

30 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 24, 1909

Miss Corrie Wofford went to Blue Ridge Saturday.

Miss Annie Cooper is visiting friends at Bryson City.

Miss Emily Nelson left Saturday to spend several weeks in Knoxville with friends.

Mrs. R. J. Butt and Mrs. V. I. Butt, of Blairsville, Ga. spent Wednesday night here and left for a visit to relatives at Marion.

Mr. I. A. Patterson and Miss Mary

King, both of our town, were married Sunday, August 15, at Blue Ridge, Ga.

Dr. M. G. Hendrix, wife and two children, of Ball Ground, Ga., arrived Sunday to visit Mrs. Hendrix's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wofford.

10 YEARS AGO

Friday, August 23, 1929

Mr. and Mrs. Pim Franklin and children visited his parents recently in eastern part of the State.

Mrs. W. L. Anderson, of Hayesville and Mrs. Hood, of Atlanta, were guests one day this week of Mrs. Nettie Axley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis spent Tuesday in Hayesville.

Miss Mary Robinson spent Sunday with her grandparents at Clyde.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Dickey and children motored over to Chimney Rock Sunday.

Mrs. A. B. Dickey and children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mulkey at Marble.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown returned to Atlanta after spending several days with relatives following the death of his father, Abe Brown.

Mrs. W. H. Murray spent last week end in Knoxville with relatives.

Mrs. C. W. Allen, of Sylva, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dennis Barnett.