

THE BREVARD NEWS

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BREVARD, N. C., APRIL 11, 1929.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF CONNЕСТEE IS LUCKY.

The Brevard News man found the Philosopher of Connестee surveying the wreck of his haystack with grim satisfaction. A dun cow and a white billy-goat were wading into the wreck with victorious determination.

"Why, that stack is layer-cake for a cow," explained the Connестee sage, as he pulled a mass of straws and briers out of his hair, and sat down on a rock.

"But you know how it rained this morning. It was a veritable equinoctial waterspout. I could not let the beasts out in the storm, so they were hungry and angry when I brought them out.

Up until North Carolina adopted the compulsory school attendance law the majority of the mill workers were minors. In the old days, early in this century, many a man with a large family of children acted as "business manager" for his wife and children.

With the passage of the compulsory school attendance law, practically all children under fourteen years of age were taken out of the mills and put into the schools.

Several hundred people are missing powerfully fine sermons by remaining away from the Methodist revival. All who hear Rev. Mr. Aycock are thrilled with his great sermons.

TEXTILE STRIKES, THEIR CAUSES, DANGERS AND THEIR SOLUTIONS.

Labor troubles in the textile centers throughout the Carolinas create a condition that has attracted the attention of all the South, and the interest in these troubles is especially keen in the New England section.

To understand the cause of these troubles, one must know something of the textile industry, its beginning, its growth, its practices and its customs.

When the South was laid in waste as a result of the Civil War, and stark poverty reigned everywhere South of the Mason and Dixon line, a few men began building small cotton mills. Such men were looked upon in their communities as some kind of super-man, or a god of some description.

The industry grew and expanded, until it assumed such proportions that the cotton mill workers soon constituted the second largest single group of people in this state, exceeded in numbers only by the farmers.

New machinery was brought into the South, where the cotton is grown, and the workers became trained and efficient in making the yarns and weaving the cloth. It was but natural that those men controlling this great industry exerted a powerful influence in the state.

But the workers in the mills did not make like progress. Although cotton mill employes constitute the largest group of workers, their pay has always been the lowest wage paid in any given community, and their hours of labor have been longer than that of any of the next largest group of laborers.

The cotton mill workers have even been denied equal leadership in the church affairs. The ministers that have filled the pulpits in those churches attended by the mill workers have usually been first year preachers, sent by the church officials to these cotton mill towns to practice upon these workers until such time as they could qualify to fill a pulpit down town, where the family of the cotton mill owner and other better folks attended church.

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Conditions in the beginning were not so bad. The man who owned the mill was his own manager, and he had personal dealings with each of his employes. As the industry expanded however, and private ownership gave way to corporations, and even the privately-owned mills grew to such an extent that the owner was forced to employ representatives to carry on his work, the personal touch between owner and worker was lost.

Later the old A. and M. college trained men for these places, and included in this training was the doctrine that the most effective way to get results from working people was to treat them with consideration.

For the past several years, since the first fruits of the compulsory school attendance law began to show, the mill people have become more and more educated, until now there is a real intelligence in the mills that the owners and their representatives must meet and deal with.

The textile workers of today look back over the history of the industry which their parents and grand-parents worked in, and they see that every law that has been enacted for the benefit of the workers was obtained only after a long, hard fight with the cotton mill owners.

These workers also look back through the years of their industry, and they can find not one single outstanding character that has been developed in the cotton mill village.

So when the mills of this day and time attempt to have two men do three men's work, without any additional pay for the two, it is not like the olden days when the mill worker accepted without protest just any old condition imposed upon by the mill owner.

This industry has been due a general shake-up for a long time. Efforts at effective protest have been made before when the workers tried to form their unions. Living in company-owned houses, a condition under which a worker loses not only his job but the place he calls home as well, when he displeases the boss, made the task of organization simply impossible at the time it was attempted.

Now things are different. The cotton mill owner is not as almighty powerful as he used to be. The cotton mill worker is not as illiterate as he used to be. The public has also changed attitude on these questions, and even the press, once the greatest ally of which the cotton mill owners boasted, now make effort to tell the facts about conditions and write editorials that a few years ago would have been considered "labor propaganda."

The workers in the textile industry are going to have their organization, and they are going to have, through these organizations, a voice in naming the wage, setting the hours and outlining the working conditions of the textile industry.

mate lines of labor unionism as laid down by the American Federation of Labor. Refusing this, then the mill owners, and the public, too, might well resign themselves to a series of labor outbursts such as the South has never known in all its history.

The only force in the United States that can successfully stand between the textile industry of the South and communism, is the great American Labor Movement, at the head of which stands as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, the American Federation of Labor—one of the most thoroughly American institutions ever known in this great country.

SOMETHING MISSING ON NEWS ARCADE.

News Arcade, that short but extremely busy street running from Main Street to the postoffice, is a peculiar looking section of the town now. There is an old landmark missing, a familiar sight is gone from here, and it does not seem so much like home any more.

For a great many years, more than we even dare express, there has been one fixture on this street which had become familiar to all people who had occasion to travel this street.

Louie Loftis has disposed of that old Ford car which has for so many years puffed and panted into and out of News Arcade. It wasn't any particular model of the Ford car, but was rather a conglomeration of Fords of many models, and parts of old wagons, sleds, coffee mills, tin cans and barbed wire.

It is gone now, and something seems to have gone with it. Mr. Loftis does not even look like he used to at all. Maybe in time we'll grow accustomed to seeing him driving something besides his old car. But it's queer now.

DEADLY EFFICIENCY

Several textile strikes occurring in South Carolina during the past two weeks moved David Clark, textile editor of Charlotte, to observe that "too much efficiency" seems to be at the bottom of the industrial unrest there.

These workers also look back through the years of their industry, and they can find not one single outstanding character that has been developed in the cotton mill village.

It may be significant that the troubles that have so far been manifest are generally in those plants now under northern ownership or control. In this fact there should be warning to outside capital, which is warmly welcomed in virtually every Southern community.

The waters had scarcely subsided when Mr. C. and his sons and tenants, and all the teams and men he could get were busy loading and hauling rails from the piles, and replacing his fences.

BEE GEE'S CORNER

THE FENCE CAME HOME

(Note: The following incident happened about fifty years ago, and many of our old citizens will recognize it, and recall the persons and the details. The parties are spoken of as Mr. D, Mrs. C. and Mr. L.)

(Note No. 2. At various places up and down the French Broad Valley one may still see a row of trees along across, or along the side of the road, leading across the valley; or, it may be, an occasional tree, and a line of stumps. One of the reasons for their being will appear.)

Shortly after the Civil War, Mr. D. owned a farm, lying on both sides of French Broad River, containing say a hundred or so acres of bottom land, and extending back into the hills on both sides of the river.

Mr. C. owned the adjoining farm below Mr. D. Also, along the fence beside the road, crossing the valley through Mr. C's farm, there was a close row of trees. A similar row was along across fence a short distance up stream.

About fifty years ago Mr. D. sold his farm to Mr. L., of Charleston, and wrote Mr. C. to that effect, and for him to deliver possession of the farm when Mr. L. arrived.

Mr. L. was a highly educated man, and an able business man, and one versed in the arts and graces of the old South Atlantic Coast aristocracy. A very likeable man indeed, but, at the same time, an excellent exponent of what the mountaineers described as "Sharlestonian Culcher."

Mr. C. was an able farmer, a devout churchman, by common consent a general referee for disputes and differences of the neighborhood, with an endless supply of dry humor, and a neat slender man, scarce medium size, but a striking figure anywhere.

During the years Mr. C. managed Mr. D's farm, Mr. C. moved a few loads of his fence rails (the crooked rail fence was almost universal then) and built a fence across the D. farm, dividing the pasture lands from the growing crops.

When Mr. L. arrived, Mr. C. extended every courtesy, assisted him to get his operations started, and was the "good neighbor" generally.

A short time after Mr. L. had his work going in good shape, he chanced to meet Mr. C. in the road. In the course of the conversation, Mr. C. remarked that he would shortly send up and get his fence.

This remark caused an explosion. Mr. L.'s education included much law, and one of the points that his instructor had drilled into his ears was that fences were "part of the realty." Mr. L. sputtered and fumed, and finally when he had calmed down somewhat, his tirade ended with the statement: "I have a registered title to my land, and the fences are part of the realty. I would like to see you or any other man move one of my fences."

There was a wonderful twinkle in the eyes of Mr. C. as he listened to the harrangue, and when it was ended, much to Mr. L.'s surprise, he replied: "I guess the good Lord knows whose fence it is, and he will bring it back in His own good time."

A few months passed, and it was near the middle of the crop season. Corn had been "laid by", and the fence in question still kept up its office of separating the crop lands from the pastures and from the outside (the whole country was open range at that time).

As sometimes happens in this section, following a few days rain, the French Broad went on the war path, and the water rose over the crops and fences. Anything that would float and was not tied down, went downstream. Hay, grain, fences, logs, brush, anything floatable that was upstream, came down.

The rows of trees on Mr. C's farm had stopped drifts rods and rods wide, composed of rails, logs, hay and grain, etc., not only from Mr. L's farm, but from the other farms extending for miles and miles up the river.

When the waters subsided, Mr. L's farm was practically fenceless. His growing crops were open not only to his own live stock, but to the live stock of the entire neighborhood running at large.

Mr. L. hurried over, and demanded his fences, and stated his intention of sending right over and getting his rails, to rebuild his fences.

You could not have seen a more stern or solemn countenance than that of Mr. C., as he replied: "I too have studied considerable law, and especially the laws of flotsam and jetsam. What is washed up or down on my land is mine, and I would like to see you or any Charlestonian or any other person come on my land and take my rails."

busy with his own emergency affairs.

Time after time he returned, and his efforts to get rails became more and more frantic, and the burden of his request gradually changed from blustering demand to humble supplication.

On each return, Mr. C. gave the same reply, and, if possible, his appearance at each repetition was more stonier and forbidding. This kept up for some two days and a half, by which time Mr. C's fences were replaced. On the morning of the third day, Mr. L. had made a last appeal, and stopped talking from the length and fervor of his appeal. Mr. C. was standing and quietly looking across and up and down the valley. His various men and teams were returning after the last finishing touches. Mr. L. was in despair. Was there no moving that stern countenance?

As the returning men and teams approached the drift there was command and direction in quick succession. In less time than it takes to tell it, a dozen wagons were being loaded with rails, and rushed to Mr. L's farm. Mr. L. was too dumfounded to utter a word, as Mr. C. in a few minutes had several loads of rails, and a lot of men at work replacing the fence between the crops and the open range, and more following to replace the cross fences.

Mr. C. paused, and as he wiped his dripping forehead with a large bandanna, he slowly turned to Mr. L., who was too far spent to notice the tiny crinkles playing around the corners of Mr. C's eyes and mouth.

Giving another look to see that the work was going ahead as directed, he said: "We haven't had time to pay any again turned to Mr. L., attention to your foolishness. Your fences will be finished in a little while. You are worn out. Get in the shade and rest, and ponder over the possibility of there being decent men we don't come from Charleston."

In later years, the writer has heard Mr. L. tell with great glee "How Mr. C. taught him that there were decent men outside of Charleston", and Mr. C. laughingly admits that he also learned that "the cultured Charlestonians were human after all."

Both Mr. C. and Mr. L. have long since gone to their reward, and who knows but that they still tell and retell about the time when THE FENCE CAME HOME.

Don't forget your town taxes. Brother Patton says they must be paid this month. The town needs the money, and that's no joke.

Report of the Condition of the BREVARD BANKING COMPANY at Brevard, N. C. at the Close of Business March 27, 1929.

RESOURCES Table with columns: Description, Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, United States Bonds, All Other Stocks and Bonds, Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures, Cash in Vaults and Amounts Due from Depository, Banks, Checks for Clearing and Transit Items, Cash Items (Items Held Over 24 Hours), Other Real Estate, Pisgah Bank Notes.

LIABILITIES Table with columns: Description, Amount. Includes Capital Stock Paid In, Surplus Fund, Undivided Profits (Net Amount), Reserved for Depreciation, Other Deposits Subject to Check, Deposits Due State of North Carolina and Any Official Thereof, Secured, Unsecured, Deposits Secured by a Pledge of Assets or Depository Bond, Cashier's Checks Outstanding, Certified Checks Outstanding, Dividend Checks Outstanding, Time Certificates of Deposit (Due on or After 30 Days), Savings Deposits (Due on or After 30 Days), Bills Payable, Bonds Borrowed.

State of North Carolina, County of Transylvania, T. H. SHIPMAN, President, Cashier, Annie L. Shipman, and C. C. Yongue and J. M. Allison, Directors of the Brevard Banking Co., each personally appeared before me this day, and being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

T. H. SHIPMAN, Pres.-Cashier. C. C. YONGUE, Director. J. M. ALLISON, Director. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1929. LAUNA CLAYTON, Notary Public My commission expires February 12, 1931.

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