

A Diabolical Scheme

I have a sister down in Mobile, Alabama that circulates in the upper echelons of that city's society. I'm sure not bragging none about that. I just mentioned that because it has a bearing on this story I'm about to tell you.

Actually I'm kinda sorry for this particular sister. You see she wasn't raised to nothing like that back home and we never did quite get on the Social Register. One horse farmer never seem to make it and that's what we were. So this business of being a member of the upper crust now is kinda hard on her, not being used to it and all. Then, too, she's always having to worry about somebody finding out that her kinfolks aint nothing but common people.

Well, I went to see her about five years ago and what a visit that turned out to be. I got there one Thursday afternoon and she definitely was not expecting me. I pulled into her driveway and left my old jalopy parked behind her sleek, low-slung chariot and went to the front door and buzzed the door bell. I could hear those beautiful chimes echoing through her platial ante-bellum home.

In about a minute she showed up at the door, very glad to see me and everything. I think. We went inside and chatted a few minutes about our families and the usual things that brothers and sisters will that haven't seen each other for a year or two.

Finally I asked her if she had anything to eat in the house. She said she didn't cause her husband was away on a fishing trip and her cook was taking the day off. She said if I would get dressed we'd go out and eat. Now I thought I WAS dressed, but what she had in mind was a coat and tie and things like that. That's when I vetoed that idea. And then she said we'd have to go to the store and get something to fix.

After she primped up some more we headed out of the house. My teen-age nephew was going along, too, until he saw my ole jalopy then he suddenly decided he had better stay home. My sister didn't want to be seen riding in it either. I could tell. But I insisted that we go on in it. She finally agreed, but reluctantly.

So off we went to about the superest super-market I was ever in. Delchamps, I think the name of it was. And I'll hafta admit that my ole wreck did sorta look out of place parked there among all these pretty shiney vehicles.

Soon after we walked in the store a very dignified and dressed up looking gentleman tipped his hat and spoke to my sister. She introduced me to him as her brother, of course. I thought he looked a little skeptical and I noticed that he kept looking me over after we walked away from him. She told me that Mr. So and So was Chairman of the Board of Deacons of her church.

Immediately a diabolical scheme popped into my wicked mind.

I told Sis I'd look around while she picked up a few little things like T-Bones etc. I sauntered back to Mr. Dignified and said, kinda confidentially: "Hey Pal, that dame introduced me as her brother. Well, I just wanted you to know that I never seen her before today. I picked her up in a bar down on the river about two hours ago. She said her old man was gone on a fishing trip so I'm gonna spend the week-end with her."

Well sir, his mouth flew open and his glasses nearly fell off. He had a look on his face that seemed to say, "Brother! Indeed, I just knew it all the time." As soon as I gave him this bit of dope I found Sis and was about the most attentive brother anybody ever saw - all for Mr. Dignified's benefit. And he really benefitted, too, cause he watched us until we left the place.

We went home and she asked me if I wouldn't like to park my car around back in the shade of a pecan tree. Course, I knew why she didn't want it left in front of her house where just anybody could see it. Then she cooked and we ate. And nothing spectacular had happened up to this point. But it wasn't long.

Then those doorbell chimes again, and I had a feeling of impending disaster, so I told her I had to go out to my car for a minute. I stayed, too, until I was "ORDERED" back in the house. You see, this latest visitor was her Pastor come to check on this erring Jezebel. And when he told her the purpose of his visit she came apart at the seams and her Irish temper was shooting sparks ever whichaway. You guessed it, Mr. Dignified had called this preacher and tattled on my sister. And the preacher come a trotting over P. D. Q. to check on the matter.

I think this was the only time that she was ever anxious to prove that I was, indeed, her brother. She even insisted that her son come and identify me as his uncle. Ticked? Why, I was busting wide open. My nephew got tickled, and this preacher finally couldn't help his self and he cackled, too, but my sister -- well, she sure wasn't tickled enough you could tell it.

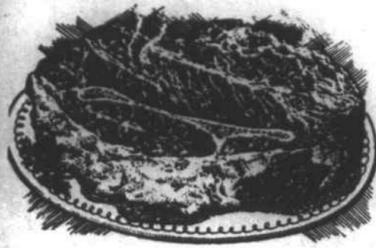
Me and this preacher eventually calmed her down and then me and him got acquainted. I invited him to come see me the next time he went to the Smokies. He said he would but I ain't ever seen him. Maybe he just hadn't gotten back up this way. Or it could be that, after he had time to meditate over my invitation, he decided he had better not take the chance on whether I might pull one on him.

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39¢ LB.

CHUCK BLADE PER LB.

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FRESH, TENDER SNAPPING GREEN BEANS PER LB. 19¢

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CORN 10

EARS FOR 59¢

Backward Glance

40 YEARS AGO, APRIL 24, 1925 Mrs. J. M. May of Hayesville was a visitor in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper of Tampa, Florida, are visiting relatives here.

30 YEARS AGO, APRIL 25, 1935 Miss Edna Patton was here for the Easter holidays and returned to W.C.T.C. on Monday.

Mrs. Hardy Colvard of Robbinsville spent Sunday with Mrs. Bessie Deweese.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Savage and little son, of Hiwassee, Georgia, spent the week-end here with relatives.

Little Miss Ann Brittain of Black Mountain is the guest this week of Miss Jessamine Vestal.

Miss Ann Candler attended the house party given by Miss Thelma Powers, of Bennesville, S. C., during the Easter holidays.

20 YEARS AGO, APRIL 26, 1945 Mrs. W. S. Dickey, Mrs. J. D. Burch and Mrs. J. B. Hall spent Tuesday in Atlanta.

Parma's mate 3/c Everett English arrived in Murphy Saturday to spend a 15-day leave with his family.

Dr. and Mrs. Berlon Lovingood and daughter, Nancy Marie, returned Saturday to their home in Summerville, Georgia.

Mrs. Neil W. Hughes spent last week-end with her husband, Pvt. Neil W. Hughes, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Mrs. H. A. Mattox spent the week-end in Raleigh with her husband who is stationed at Fort Bragg. Her mother, Mrs. Harry P. Cooper, of Atlanta came to stay with the children, Harry Webb and Phil while she was away.

Among The Sick

MURPHY - Patients admitted to Providence Hospital April 9 thru April 16 were: Mrs. H.C. Witter, Murphy; Mrs. J. A. Penland, Hayesville; Harold Charles Enloe, Rt. 3, Hayesville; Mrs. Jim Green, Murphy; Brenda Stalcup, Route 2, Murphy; Mrs. Boyd Scroggs, Brasstown; Gregory Myers, Andrews; Mrs. Otto Golden, Rt. 2, Culbertson; Mrs. Donald Moran, Hayesville; Mrs. L. R. Harding, Murphy; Mrs. Virgil Hardin, Andrews; Mrs. Marlin West, Marble; Connie Farmer, Murphy; Howard Graves, Rt. 3, Murphy; Mrs. Grace Murphy, Unaka; Mrs. Lester Chastain, Rt. 4, Murphy and Mrs. Noah Palmer, Rt. 3, Murphy.

Deed Transfers

Cora E. Galloway to Zell and Shirley Miller, 2 tracts of land in Shooting Creek Township.

H. D. and Edna Lance to E. Frank Galloway, 10 acres more or less in Sweetwater Township.

Oren E. and Rebecca Ann Parker to Vernon L. Parker, 1/2 acre more or less in Tusquitee Township.

Candler A. and Helen Carroll to James B. Ferbee, property in Hayesville Township.

Cherokee Scout & Clay County Progress, Thurs. Apr. 22, 1965