



In many of the older homes of this section are to be found mountain scenes—photos, most of them tinted—bearing the signature “Scadin”. R. Henry Scadin, a photographer and artist, came here from the North about the turn of the century, and tramped the mountains making photographs of what appealed to him as unusual or artistic. The picture above of a log cabin home and the family occupying it is one of his pictures. (Photo loaned by Mrs. W. B. McGuire).

## Recalls Old Macon Days When Overnight Guests Were Welcomed By Score

BY WEIMER COCHRAN

It is 21 miles from where I was reared on Otter Creek to Franklin. This is only a matter of minutes by automobile now, but forty years ago it was a hard half-a-day ride. My first trip to Franklin was made in June of 1907.

The chief cause of this trip was to have a tooth pulled, but strange to say, as I neared Franklin that tooth stopped hurting and I didn't have it pulled in Franklin. Going fast across Iotia on our way home, it began to hurt again, and when I got to 'Squire Joe Morgan's, it was more than I could stand. So I got Joel Simons to pull that tooth with a pair of home-made forceps and I can say that he was a real artist at the job.

When I got to the foot of Tellico Mountain, I asked a lady who was churning on her porch what time it was. She went in the house to see and when she came back, she said it was "fifteen minutes past half past five". I understood that it was 5:45 o'clock.

As I neared the Tellico Gap, there was a big yellow rattlesnake crossing the road. When I got off my horse to kill it, it spread out very thin. In my 62 years, I have killed many rattlers and copperheads but that is the only one that I have ever spread.

### Home For Travelers

When I was 15 years old, I was acquainted with many people who lived in Franklin and Macon County; in fact, all over Western North Carolina, parts of Tennessee, and other states; for my father's house was a famous stopping place for travelers, both for business and pleasure.

It was my job when anyone approached our home near meal time to go out and invite them in. If it was late in the evening it was Dad's command that they put up their horses and spend the night. All he charged them next morning was to come again. I have seen upward of forty people spend the night there more than once, and three or four were just company. These were the days when many men lived by the side of the road and were truly friends to man, for most men who lived in Nantahala would have done the same thing. My chief interest when I was 12 to 18 years old was my dog and gun. I would make six and sometimes seven dollars in one night hunting with that dog. He was always by my side. When we came to a spring, I always let the dog drink first. He was half fiesht and half hound. He would catch and kill anything that was in the woods then. I loved that dog so much that I would have died for him or he for me.

### Often Visited Franklin

I made many trips to Franklin between 1907 and 1915, and there are many incidents that I recall, mostly about John Thomas. I remember one incident when Dad sent me to town on shopping business. He sent an order to John for some plow points, and told me to tell him that he would pay him the next time he was in town. Mr. Thomas said he reckoned I could get the plow points, but to tell Dad to be sure and not forget it. I came back home as mad as a hornet, only to be horse-laughed at by Dad. I always went to Smith's Drug Store in the summer when I was in town and had ice cream. It

was real ice cream, not just frozen milk.

In April of 1915 I made my first important trip to Franklin. The sweetest girl in Franklin had asked me to marry her and I just couldn't pick up the nerve to say no. I loved that girl, I know that I did, because I loved her nearly as well as I did my dog. At that time Elmer Johnson was register of deeds, so I got my license from him. Then I went across the street and bought a necktie from Jos. Ashear, then on to Smith's Drug Store and had an ice cream and a cigar. I didn't know it then, but my ice cream days were drawing to a close, and my Castoria days were around the corner.

### Recalls Older Persons

I have many memories of the older people and their businesses around Franklin. J. D. Cobb (I believe) put up the first hardware store. I gave one of my neighbors a Chattanooga plow that was bought from him. It is still in good shape and is now plowing. "Loganville" in 1915 was a conglomeration of pole yards, lumber and tan bark piles, cross-ties, and what have you. Now it has good business establishments.

My trips to Franklin were never rewarded by meeting "Boney" Ridley or "Snip" McCloud. There is plenty of history about these old people that should be preserved. I recall a story that I have often heard about "Boney" and a famous character from Nantahala, "Uncle Joe" Mason. Uncle Joe was assumed to be the funny man of our section. His wife was named Nellie.

The story goes that they were having a Confederate Reunion in Franklin, and there was too much liquor. Two men got into an argument and were about to fight, and Uncle Joe ran in to get it stopped. He told the men there was no good in fighting over an opinion, for it would not do for everyone to have the same opinion, because if they had all had the same opinion he had, everybody would have wanted Nellie. "Boney" Ridley, a spectator, said to Uncle Joe, "Yes, and if everyone had been of my opinion, no one would have had her."

### A Good Land

During my sixty-two years of life, I have lived mostly in Nantahala township. I am proud of my birth place and I am proud of most of our people. This was a land that attracted such men as Nimrod S. Jarrett, Mark May and many that space will not permit me to mention. N. S. Jarrett was one of Western North Carolina's most famous men. The Rev. Mark May served with distinction in the Constitutional Convention of 1868. He walked from Otter Creek to Yadkin County, where he visited his friends and relatives. Seeing that his shoes would not last to make the trip on foot, he borrowed a horse from someone in Yadkin and proceeded on to Raleigh where he served in the convention. It is claimed that of the 63 delegates to that convention, 23 were Carpetbaggers, 17 were negroes, and the remainder were white men.

The settlers began slowly to settle in Nantahala about 1835. The Garrisons, Younces, Jarretts, Rowlands, Morgans, Batemans, and Martins were among the first settlers in the Aquone section. Gen Winfield Scott had his army camp about where the C. C. Camp was recently located. Logs of the old Indian stockade were still visible fifty years ago. N. S. Jarrett lived nearby and

that old home was later known as the "Munday Place", and was the first location of the Aquone post office.

Jarrett later moved to what is now Nantahala Station. He had many slaves. The land that was first cleared at Nantahala was cleared by slaves. The same was true of Aquone.

He later moved to the "Apple Tree Place". He was killed by Bayless Henderson, who was later hanged at Webster. This murder occurred in 1872.

The settlement of the lower part of Nantahala was not so rapid. Transportation was a great difficulty for a number of years.

The Masons and Gaffys were the first to settle on Otter Creek, about 1835.

Logan Millsap lived about where S. T. Trammell now lives. At an early date many of these settlers had a gun, axe, and sometimes a clock. But with a strong back and heart, and a willing mind, they conquered a wilderness. After the Civil War, the settlement was more rapid.

In 1892, the Western North Carolina Railroad was completed to Murphy and full traffic was resumed. Then the development of the entire western part of our state was rapid.

The first Winding Stair road was built by free labor. My father, J. M. (Coon) Cochran, with all able bodied men worked upward of 40 days one year on that road. Bill Jones was the boss.

Cooperation was more visible when I was a boy than now. Log rollings, house and farm raisings, and corn shuckings were practiced very religiously.

Dyphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and other diseases caused many deaths in the old days. Most old timers were good nurses and doctors. Making whiskey was tolerated and sometimes encouraged, for whiskey was a medical standby with the old timers.

When the Wayah Road is completed, Nantahala will have equal opportunity with the remainder of North Carolina, and with its climate, lakes, and other natural conditions, it should grow rapidly. Since 1885 there have been many improvements, from the perfection of the cotton gin to the hydrogen bomb which all our people are familiar with, but let me say that Franklin and Macon County will be what we and the future people make it.

Let us forever remember that the best for today will never do for tomorrow, in a progressive civilization.

Only about four generations ago, what is now Franklin was inhabited by Indians.



One of the exciting events here, along about 1902, was the "Old Maids' Convention", a comic play put on by local talent, to raise funds for the Franklin Public Library. Several performances were given here, and later the play was taken to Highlands.

The picture above was made in the courthouse (note railing).

Mrs. W. B. McGuire, who loaned the photo, identified those in the picture:

Front row: A Mrs. Daniel (left), who was visiting here, and Mrs. F. L. Siler.

Second row (seated): Misses Julia McDowell, Virgie Crawford, Laura Bryson, and Kate Robinson.

Standing: Miss Leona Bryson, Miss Bess Gaston, Mrs. W. H. Higgins, Misses Lillie Rankin, Florence Curtis, Claudia Sample, Margaret Bulgin, May McDowell, Isabel Elias, Laura M. Jones, and Margaret Bryson. The lone man in the cast was Henry G. Robertson.



These were the days of the four-horse team. The picture, made about 1898, is facing north. Just behind the wagon is the John Thomas store, about where Porter's Esso Station is now. The old Myers home is to the right of the store, and to the right of the residence may be seen a corner of the old liquor dispensary. At the left is the Robinson barn and

woodyard, while between the store and the Robinson fence, horses and mules, tied to the hitching rack, may be seen.

The team is driven by Robert (Bob) Jacobs, father of Fred (Sadie) Jacobs, who loaned the picture. With the late Mr. Jacobs are John S. Trotter and his sister, Dot.



In the old days of poorer roads but more leisure, people went camping, especially on Wayah Bald, not for days, but for weeks. And come Sunday morning, they had church services—outdoors, of course.

This picture, made about 1903, shows the Rev. Mr. Sample (extreme left), Presbyterian pastor in Franklin then, conducting such a service on Wayah.

Among those in the picture are Elam Slagle (near center, with

graying beard) and Mrs. Slagle (wearing bonnet). To the left of Mr. Slagle is Mrs. Jackson Johnston. Next to her is R. L. (Bob) Porter, son, Dewitt (in his lap), daughter, Iris, and Mrs. Porter (in white hat). To the left of Mrs. Porter are Miss Julia McDowell and Mrs. F. L. Siler. Back toward the center, to the right of Mrs. Slagle, the man with black tie and beard is believed to have been Henry Slagle. At extreme right (in wagon) is Sloan Kinnebrew. (Photo loaned by Mrs. W. B. McGuire).