

Modern World Has Appeal For 95-Year-Old Woman

By Gertrude Ruskin.

"bunched up" and went to Wahala and Seneca, S. C., or Clayton, Ga., in covered wagon trains. They always took along enough feed for the horses and rations for the men to last them on the trip and camped out at night. The wagons had tar-poles on them and if the wheels squeaked, they put tar, rendered from pine, on them. Not much money was needed on these trips as the men used the barter system and traded their apples, chickens and chestnuts for salt, coffee, sugar and thread for the looms.

"Once my father, whose name was George Clayton, went to Clayton, Ga. Because he had been on the road and was dirty, he went into a store there and asked for a cake of soap to wash Clayton. They thought he was throwin' off on the town and they were about to jump on him and beat him up," chuckled Mrs. Crawford as her faded blue eyes smiled into mine.

After most of their nine children were born, Mrs. Crawford's father and mother moved from Webster to Addie, nine miles away. Here they raised hogs, sheep and cattle and farmed. Not far above them, on a farm, lived the Rev. W. M. R. Crawford, a Baptist preacher, with his wife and family and whose son Phillip Mrs. Crawford later married.

"I was just a young girl fifteen years old, when the War Between the States began. Those were bad days," Mrs. Crawford said, as her eyes moistened with tears.

"One day 'Preacher' Crawford and his son, Phillip, started out to cut some wood, not far from their house, when five Yankee scouts came up. Two grabbed 'Preacher' Crawford by his long-tailed frock coat and wrapped him around a small sapling. A big husky fellow jumped on Phillip who was just a young boy and not old enough to join the Confederate army. 'Preacher' Crawford's wife heard the commotion and picking up a white oak splint that they used in making chair bottoms, flew out of the house and lit into the Yankees who held her husband. They soon let go and fled down the road toward Webster.

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Philip ran into the house; got down the old Springfield musket and shot at them. One ball went through a scout's coat, for Cole Hall, of beyond Webster, where the scouts spent the night, told them about it later.

"A few days after that, the scouts came back through this section by another road. The Crawfords and several of their friends heard about it and cut them off where the Balsam Fish Hatcheries are now. Sam Monteith, a strapping mountaineer, told Phillip to pick out the fellow that jumped on him. Phillip pointed to a big fellow by the name of Loudermilk. Monteith walked over to him and said, 'You fought a boy before, but now you're going to fight a man.' They said that every blow Monteith gave Loudermilk brought blood. Then Monteith called Phillip over to him and said, 'Phillip when you say he's had enough, I'll let him up.' When Loudermilk had had a good beating Phillip said, 'That'll do.' And before leaving, Loudermilk said that he had learned his lesson and wouldn't jump on a boy again." Mrs. Crawford related.

"The Yankees were bad about takin' horses. One time, Pink, a faithful slave, of 'Preacher' Crawford, scared a Yankee off who wanted to exchange his lean horse for a good one in the Crawford stable, by threatening him with an axe," said Mrs. Crawford. "My mother's brother, Thad Bryson, was a colonel in the Confederate army," continued Mrs. Crawford.

After the war was over Mrs. Crawford married 'Preacher' Crawford's son Phillip, May 14, 1865. He had fought in the Confederate army the last two years of the war under Colonel William Thomas. He was too young to enter the army sooner. 'Preacher' Crawford gave them his two-story log home and built a smaller one for himself and family below them. Here Mrs. Crawford and her husband, whom she lost in 1888, raised a family of fourteen children. Near them was a log cabin that served as school and church. It was always referred to as the "Old Meetin' House Place." The seats were logs with four peg legs to hold them up and there were no backs.

Many a night Mrs. Crawford "stomped the treadle" until midnight making homespun for her growing family by the light of a home made tallow candle or a rich pine knot splinter which she stuck in a mud-chinked chimney. "A pine knot splinter was just as good as a candle and it would burn a heap longer than you thought it would," explained Mrs. Crawford.

"My husband was an awful bear hunter in those days and our six-foot fire-place always had bear meat hanging in front of it on sticks. The smoke from the hickory logs and the steam from the boiling kettles, cured the meat perfectly in the winter time."

Mrs. Crawford is a born story teller. One of her grandsons, Johnnie Jones, said, "My folks didn't have much trouble keepin' me away from Grandmaw's 'cause she kept men scared up with her 'hant' tales. And I believed them 'till I was a big boy."

Luther Foster was another boy to fall under her spell of story telling and was afraid to go home in the dark after listening to one of "Granny" Crawford's bear or "hant" tales.

They say that Mrs. Crawford couldn't be beat when it came to dancing and that her husband was the best fiddler in these parts. I asked her if she could dance the "Ocean Wave." Immediately she became interested.

"What's that?" she asked.

I replied, "Oh you go under each other's arms like this and swing your partner—but before I could finish she said:

"Then you lock arms like this and swing your partner."

She grabbed my arm and locked her's in mine.

"The Lord bless my soul, I've danced it many a time while Wash, a black man, belonging to my fath-

EXECUTRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as executrix of the estate of Anderson Sanford, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 8th day of October, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 8th day of October, 1941.

MRS. MANDY SANFORD,
Executrix of the Estate of Anderson Sanford, deceased.

No. 1116—Oct. 9-16-23-30-Nov. 6-13.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as Executrix of the estate of O. T. Alexander, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 1st day of October, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 1st day of Oct., 1941.

(Mrs.) Anna Katherine Alexander,

Executrix of the Estate of O. T. Alexander, deceased.

No. 115—Oct. 9-16-23-30-Nov. 6-13.

Five Generations



In the picture, seated in a chair, is Mrs. Crawford, who is holding her great great granddaughter, Peggy Joe Crawford, on her lap. Back row, reading from left to right is Mrs. Crawford's great grandfather, Allen Crawford, next, and in the middle of the back row is her son, G. C. Crawford, and lastly her grandson, Phillip Crawford.

er, played the fiddle."

Out of a family of five boys and four girls only Mrs. Crawford and a younger sister, Mrs. Sarah Murray, are still living. Of her fourteen children only five are living, all within a few miles of Mrs. Crawford. They are: Mrs. Geo. Smathers, Mrs. Rufus Jones, William Crawford and G. C. Crawford, a deacon in the Mount Pleasant Baptist church. A daughter, Addie Crawford and a great grandson Allen Crawford and his family live with Mrs. Crawford who continues to live at the mouth of Woodfin creek where she and her late husband started housekeeping on May 14, 1865. The log house has been torn down and a neat clapboard cottage erected in its place.

Mrs. Crawford was busy knitting mers ago. And until a year ago

she never had to wear glasses

and all of her faculties were unimpaired until a little over a year ago. Now her hearing and eyesight are failing and at night she has to be lifted into bed. Mrs. Crawford never went any farther from home than Sylva and Waynesville in all her 95 years and not until several years ago did she go to Sylva to see Lee Crawford, a grandson. While there she saw electric lights for the first time.

Mrs. Crawford has 30 grandchildren and 35 great grandchildren.

History reveals an interesting sidelight on the Crawford clan. Dr. Archibald Henderson has written in his sketches of Andrew Jackson that Jackson was born on the plantation of John and Robert

More Than 125 Visit Plant Of The Mountaineer's During "Open House"

More than 125 people visited the plant of The Mountaineer during National Newspaper Week and saw how a "newspaper is made".

The visitors were shown every phase of the work required to get out a newspaper, and also some of the equipment in the commercial printing department, including the automatic press which prints 60 pieces a minute, picking up the paper, printing it, then counting and drying without an operator.

The linotype machines proved to be the "great mystery" to the group, while many spent considerable time watching the large newspaper press print the paper.

Several were of the opinion that the machine that folded the papers and trimmed the edges was the smoothest running piece of machinery in the plant, while others were fascinated with the stereotyping.

Each visitor was given a memorandum book with their name printed in gold on the front cover. Each visitor saw their name set in type on one of the linotype machines. Each one was also given a letter opener.

Groups of eight or ten were taken through the plant, and every step of newspaper production explained in detail.

BEE CAUSES NEAR PANIC INDIANOLA, Miss.— Carbontone sitters fled in panic when they saw an automobile approaching them, apparently out of control. The car careened off the corner building but pretty soon returned. The pretty driver explained that a bee had gotten into her blouse and stung her.

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