

Away From Home At Christmas: Boiling Springs

The world seemed a cold and dark place that wartime Christmas of 1944, but a light of cheer shone through the windows of the Cleveland Sandwich Company. The Shelby Star reported the week of Dec. 23, 1944, that over 100 employees and their relatives enjoyed singing "Jingle Bells" and passing out presents to children at the company's Christmas party here at Boiling Springs.

Such homey scenes were on the mind of Yeoman Lansford Jolley one year later. Jolley, serving in the Navy, was spending a balmy Christmas, 1945, on the deck of a military ship docked at the Philippine Islands, wondering about his "folks back home in Boiling Springs, and if they were having a white Christmas."

Jolley is one of several Boiling Springs residents who by fate, such as a war, or choice, such as a mission work, have celebrated their Christmases far from home, in lands where snow, turkeys, and cranberries are considered exotic.

In fact a celebration in a strange land was part of the first Christmas, even though the holiday traditionally is celebrated by a homecoming; but of all those present at the manger during the first Christmas, only Joseph was at home.

Home was on Yeoman Lansford Jolley's mind as he played games, ate, and passed Christmas Day, 1945, with his shipmates on the U. S. Layson Island, docked at Manila Bay in the Philippines. The sole consolation of being so far from home, Jolley recalls now, is "some of the best meals we ever had" in the military were served on holidays.

Residents Remember



Across the Pacific Ocean and 34 years later, Boiling Springs resident Gaines Washburn and his wife, Lela Belle, sat down to a Christmas dinner of whole, roast pig at Zambia, Africa, 1979.

"Oh, it was a marvelous Christmas," recalls Washburn, who with his wife were serving as volunteer mission workers for the Southern Baptist Church, helping build houses for missionaries to the African nation.

A "neighbor" 100 miles to the east invited the Washburns to spend Christmas at the 900-acre farm he operated for the church there.

"He had bartered with one of the natives for a suckling pig, and barbecued it for Christmas dinner at one of what I'm sure were the few (southern) barbecue pits in Africa," Washburn tells. "It was the first time I had sat down to a whole pig, head and all," Washburn says. "He apologized for not having an apple in its mouth."

The dinner was set at a "rambling, African ranch home," Washburn says, with a "little Christmas tree and Christmas cards." Native children of the farm workers were called to the house, he recalls, told the Christmas story, and given presents.

Although the dinner was on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, Washburn tells it as a summer story; Zambia is in the Southern Hemisphere, where summer weather occurs in December.

Christmas south of the equator was a commonplace for Commander Bill Withrow (U.S. Navy, ret.), now a political science instructor at Gardner-Webb college.

"I never had a Christmas at sea," Withrow says. Despite his 29 years' service in the Navy during three wars, Withrow was always able to spend Christmas with his family, he says, although they were often a long way from home.

The Withrows celebrated their family holiday at Ecuador, Spain, and New Zealand during the commander's tours of duty.

"The New Zealanders have a reputation of being more English than England," Withrow recalls, "and they exchange gifts on the 12th day of Christmas. Santa Claus there is called St. Nicholas."

The Spanish and South Americans exchange gifts as freely as North Americans, Withrow said; the New Zealanders show a preference for homemade gifts rather than expensive items, he said, giving each other gifts such as pastries.

And what about Christmas in a place at the far end of the world where there's always snow? No, not the North Pole, but the southern antipode, Antarctica, where Withrow was stationed and where a glacier is named after him?

"No, I never spent Christmas at Antarctica — thank goodness," Withrow says.

The Foothills View

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BOILING SPRINGS NC

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DAR's Love At Christmas

"Love Excels at Christmas" was the theme for the annual Christmas dinner of the Flinthill Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), held in the lounge of the Charles I. Dover student center at Gardner-Webb College.

Mrs. Joseph Kendrick, chaplain, gave the invocation, and Mrs. Robert F. Sweezy welcomed the chapter's guests. Mrs. James Padgett introduced the dinner speaker, Mrs. A. A. Powell, district II director of the DAR, who spoke on the love that should be exemplified by each of the members at Christmas.

Mrs. Kendrick then introduced the chapter's winner of the 1982 Good Citizen from Crest High School, Jerry Alan Riddle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lee Riddle of Grover.

The younger Riddle attended the Appalachian State

University summer science program, and is a member of the junior Beta Club, Washington Works Program, Who's Who in American High School Students, and is a drum line captain for the Crest band, in addition to drumming for a jazz band.

Alan has won medals in social studies, biology and chemistry, and plans to study at N.C. State University, where he plans to major in aerospace engineering.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddle and Alan's sister, Jackie, also attended the dinner.

Mrs. Louie Devaney from the music department of Isothermal College, sang three songs and led the group in singing carols. Mrs. Padgett played piano.

The group then served themselves at a buffet. Hostesses were Mrs. Kendrick, Mrs. Brooks Piercy, and Mrs. James Blanton.

Hamrick "Bringing Them In"

The tombstone of James Young Hamrick, Cleveland's first representative to the N.C. General Assembly, is readily found in the Boiling Springs Baptist Cemetery.

But the dust of this man, who distinguished himself, in the 1840s, by serving his constituents to the last breath, lies in an old graveyard in a pasture off Skinner Road, near Crest Junior High School.

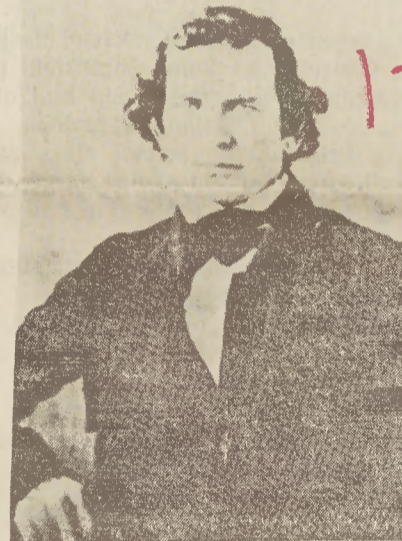
The early legislator's great-grandson, Clifford Hamrick Sr., found the stones of James, who died in 1849, and his wife Catharine Hardin Hamrick, and brought them to the more accessible spot last spring. Re-gathering the family, at least symbolically, in one spot has become a cause for Hamrick, retired proprietor of C.J. Hamrick and Sons of Boiling Springs. He's still in search of the burial place of James Young Hamrick's father, George Hamrick, a fourth-generation descendent of the George Hamrick who brought the family name to America.

"I'm still looking for George Hamrick's tombstone, to bring him in," Clifford Hamrick says.

James Hamrick, born in 1810, died in his 39th year, during his second term in the legislature. Already ill with a severe cough and chest pains, he wrote of attending critical sessions and voting, out of duty. The letter, written to Sandy Run postmaster George M. Green, appears in *The Heritage of Cleveland County* published last month by the Cleveland County Historical Association:

"I told my friends that I had a loving wife and 8 children that I loved dearly. I also loved my contry ... My punctuality in voting almost alarmed the hole house."

Ten months later, James Young Hamrick was dead. To his family he had written, "Dear wife be composed and try to take care of the family and



James Y. Hamrick 1810-1849

the stock. Send the children to school. Charles, you are a good boy for to work. Be attentive, git up the sheep, attend to the horses and cattle and hogs. if you hant got salt enough, Drury Collins has and he will let you have salt or you must borrow.

"Keep the stock off the wheat, have shoos made and mended as the nature of the case requirs, hall leaves and put in the stables, keep plenty of wood, keep the potatoe banks civered in warm weather, open a hole in the banks, if there is any young pigs, attend to them... if you hant soad that little bottom in wheet you had better do it yet. you had better not go to school very much yourself but send the rest of the childring if the new school is made up. Send every day.

"Dear wife, I must come to a close and if anything should happen either with me or you so that we never are permitted to see each other again in this world I earnestly hope that we will meet each other in that uper and better world where we shall meet to part no more..."

Funeral For Father Of John Washburn

Monday afternoon the senior Washburn's Rev. Ed Lynn recalled his first taking the Washburn; four sons, including John Jr.; four daughters; a stepson; a brother; a sister, Mrs. Sallie Horn, also of Boiling Springs; 13 grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

"John liked life and that shows in his children," said Rev. Sidney Lanier, also of Hoey Memorial. Rev. Lanier told the children: "You have a heritage of kindness."

Washburn was an retired employee of Eagle Roller Mill where he had worked more than 40 years. His son, John, Jr., is a town councilman at Boiling Springs.

Burial was at Sunset Cemetery.

Here's Openings And Closings

Christmas comes early for Boiling Springs merchants, with a majority of the town's stores closing early Dec. 24 and remaining closed the 25th. Below are local store hours for Christmas Eve day and for Christmas Day:

Christmas Eve day: closing early will be the College Gulf Station at noon and the Snack Shop at 2 p.m. Keeping regular hours the 24th will be the Wagon Wheel restaurant, open until 9 p.m., and the Campus Cupboard, open until 6 p.m.

Christmas Day: the following will be closed: Mutt's restaurant, the Wagon Wheel, College Gulf, and the Snack Shop.

The Pantry con-

View On Holiday
The Foothills View will not be published next Thursday, Dec. 30, due to staff vacations. The View will resume publication the following Thursday, Jan. 6, 1983.

At Last — What's Worse Than Kudzu

In the northeast, newspaper editorials regularly compare their presence to the "seven plagues of Egypt" — heading not for the Pharaoh's house, but the homes of North Carolinians.

They are gypsy moths, and comparisons of the insects to Biblical plagues are appropriate; the moths can eat the leaves off entire forests and produce millions of caterpillars dropping off tree branches and roof eaves.

Like kudzu, they're creeping on their way without stop.

Expect to see their munching infestation in North Carolina within eight to ten years, says the North Carolina Forest Service. The moths currently are about 150 miles north of the North Carolina-Virginia line and, according to a state Forest Service spokesman, "the insects are moving south at the rate of 20 miles per year."

The forester adds: "There are no barriers in their way."

When the insects reach North Carolina, residents will cope with

what northerners have endured for the past several years — widespread defoliation of forests.

After hatching from egg masses, the caterpillar larvae of gypsy moths crawl up tree trunks and branches and feed on foliage. Their appetites are large. In the summer of 1981, for example, gypsy moths defoliated two million acres of forest in New Hampshire. Forestry officials expect similar problems here.

Gypsy moths were

found recently in the Raleigh area, and were believed to have "hitchhiked" into the state on vehicles that had passed through infested areas.

Like kudzu, gypsy moths are exotics and are not native to North America. The moths were first brought to America in 1869 from Europe by a French professor from Massachusetts, who dreamed of crossing them with silkworms and establishing a thriving silk industry.

The moths escaped,

and by the turn of the century Boston was experiencing a full-fledged gypsy moth infestation. Infested trees were burned, egg masses were scraped from tree trunks, and predatory insects were imported from Europe and Japan to prey on the pests. All failed.

Despite man's best efforts over the next 100 years — involving millions of dollars in state and federal funds — the gypsy moth slowly expanded its range. Foresters say that there's not much