

## EDNEYVILLE WOMAN TELLS OF EARLY DAYS IN W. N. C.

Mrs. Mary Haydock, 80, Descendant of Pioneer Settler.

Picturesque and interesting indeed is Mary Haydock, 80 summers young, and a direct descendant of Jacob Lyda, earliest pioneer settler of Edneyville, who lives in a charming little country home three miles north of that village just east of Hendersonville.

"Grandfather Jacob," she will tell one in referring to her paternal grandfather, "was a regular old red-coat. He was sent over here by the government, and then liked the country so well he just settled here. He was buried in his uniform at St. Paul's, too."

Mrs. Haydock was born 'way back

in '51, and the stories she tells of early days in the North Carolina mountains are like chapters from a fascinating historical novel—vibrant and pulsating with the life and flavor of the "olden" days.

She was born, lived her girlhood, her married life, and now her tranquil declining years on the estate handed down from generation to generation since "Grandfather Jacob's time."

She remembers the War Between the States and the days when people hid their valuables from the Yankee soldiers. Sherman himself marched up the road past their very home. Both her father and her husband's father served in the war, the former coming through without a scratch, but the latter, originally from Pennsylvania but later a resident of South Carolina and therefore enrolled in the Southern army, was killed in the battle of Chickamauga. When her father, Isaac Lyda, was dismissed from the army, the nearest railroad was in Greenville, S. C. From there he made the rest of the journey on foot to Edneyville, a distance of 65 to 70 miles.

Mrs. Haydock has the story teller's ability of making the past stretch vividly before the listener's eyes. In her clear, unflinching accents, and with that far away look in her wise old eyes, which are still bright and birdlike, she tells of her girlhood on the mountain farm. Dresses were not to be had except by the work of one's own hands. All the wearing apparel was spun and woven in the home. Hats, too, were skillfully plaited out of rye straw and wheat straw. Traveling was done on horseback, and from the way Mrs. Haydock's eyes twinkled as she told of her love for riding one suspects that there is not much of the countryside she did not explore as a girl.

Another story, not quite as peaceful but every bit as interesting, is that of her great-grandmother Stepp, who was scalped by the Chickasaw Indians.

It happened over near the Swannanoa river. She had sent her son up the river to look after the property, and was waiting for him to return. Her youngest child, a baby, was in her arms. Seven big Indians, hidden by a log, leaped upon her. They scalped her but providentially, she held her breath and outwitted them. They left her for dead and went on their way. She was taken to the fort to recover.

While at the fort recuperating, she was annoyed one day by the gobbling of a wild turkey—or so the inhabitants of the fort told her it was. She would not believe them, and taking a gun from one of the men, she went to one of the holes, leveled her gun, and fired. The gobbling ceased.

She handed the gun back to its owner and laconically remarked, "There's your d— big Indian!"

Her father, the Isaac Lyda who served in the army, was a blacksmith and made all the axes, plows, pot-hooks, and tools used by this community. Many of these old tools are still in the possession of the Haydocks.

Characteristic of Mrs. Haydock's life, too, is her own romance. James J. Haydock, from South Carolina, was driving thru the country one day. As he passed by the Lyda farm he saw Mary Lyda, then a girl of 14, out in the yard sweeping. He looked at her and she looked at him and that was all that was necessary. It was an authentic case of love at first sight. Five years, or more, they were sweethearts, during which time Mr. Haydock went away to school and then to the army. In 1875 he came back and they were married. Seven children were born, six sons and one daughter. In 1888, Mr. Haydock died. One by one the sons grew up and went away. All of them are living and working, one in North Carolina, one in Idaho, two in South Carolina, one in Massachusetts, and one in Virginia.

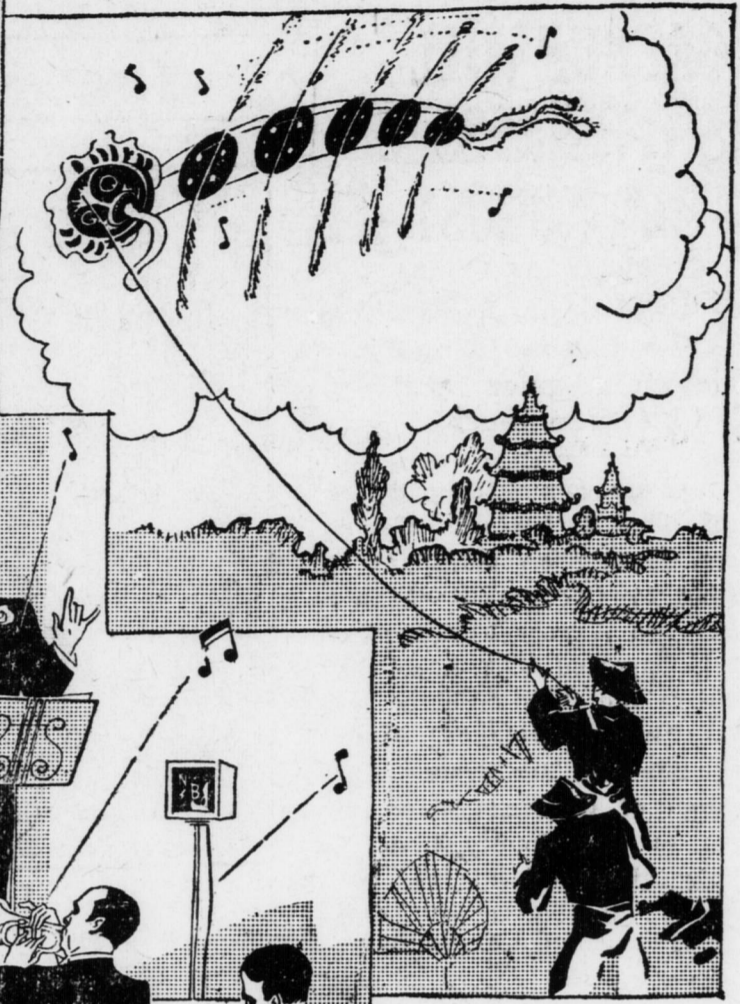
The daughter, Mollie, married and now she, too, and her little daughter, Margaret, are back on the old farm. In that little house in the country, rich in memories for the older woman and dear to the two younger ones as only a home that has grown with a pioneer family can be, the three women now live. A rich

## There's Music in the Air — by Armando



King David, according to Rabbinic records, was often lulled to sleep by the music which came from his Asolian Harp, thus named after Aeolus, Greek God of the Wind and Air. The harp was placed in an open window and the wind vibrated the strings.

Contrary to popular belief, Music in the Air is not a recent discovery. Armando, internationally famous caricaturist, has delved into the history of past ages and learned many interesting facts about how the Ancients got "Music from the Air." Pictured below may be seen his version of how they did it.



As it is today. Typical scene in a broadcasting studio showing B. A. Rolfe and a few of the fifty members of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, putting music in the air from which it is immediately extracted by millions of radio listeners.

The Chinese have been flying specially constructed kites for a thousand years. These kites have strings spread over the openings through which the wind may blow, thus producing musical tones.

inheritance is theirs, these three descendants of the Edneyville pioneer, who lies buried in his uniform at St. Paul's.—Hendersonville Times-News.

### Hens Fed Well Pay In Summer

Because eggs are low in price and the hens are allowed to range over the farm, many North Carolina growers neglect their birds in mid-summer and fail to feed them the proper rations.

"When the hens are fed a properly balanced ration made from home-grown feeds, they continue to pay their way even in periods of low egg prices such as occur generally in the summer in this State," says C. F. Parrish, extension poultryman at State college. "Some growers sell off their hens or let them shift for themselves. This is a bad practice and ruins a source of additional revenue. The successful poultryman gets his greatest profits by feeding for continued egg production throughout the whole year rather than depending on seasonal production."

Parrish says he usually finds some owners of farm flocks giving their birds the range of the farm in summer and giving them little mash feed. This is followed immediately by a decrease in egg production. Consumption of mash should be encouraged during this season if the greatest number of eggs are to be obtained. It takes about 25 pounds of feed for each hen for the four months of June, July, August and September. Each bird eats about 11 pounds of grain feed and 14 pounds of mash. This will cost about 57 cents. The average of eggs laid during this period according to records kept by North Carolina growers is 63. Valuing these eggs at the low average

price of 21 cents a dozen, they would return \$1.10. This leaves a margin of 53 cents a hen for the four months. A flock of 100 hens would thus pay \$53 above feed costs under average conditions.

This would indicate, says Mr. Parrish, that feeding the old hens properly during the summer is not a dead loss and proves that proper care of the flock will return a profit at all times.

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