

Haywood Publicized In State Magazine

Editor's Note — The following article was published in *The State*, of Raleigh recently. The article was written by Carl Goerch, editor, who spent some time in Haywood. Approximately the same thing was broadcast over several radio stations by Mr. Goerch on his weekly radio time.

By Carl Goerch

In one of our radio programs a week or two ago, we asked the question: "What town in North Carolina has the same name as a city in China?"

The answer, of course, is Canton.

A lot of people are under the impression that there's some kind of a tie-up or connection in the names of Canton, N. C., and Canton, China, but there isn't so. Sam Robinson told us the story when we were up there last week.

The place used to be known as the "Ford of the Pigeon". When a postoffice was established at that point it was given the name of Pigeon River. In 1881 the railroad reached the place and from then on it began to show signs of real growth. The name, Pigeon River, was changed to Buford in honor of the president of the railroad company. Somehow or other,

though, people didn't seem to particularly care for that name, so in 1889, when the town was incorporated, the old name of Pigeon River was taken back again.

In the early '90's, a steel bridge was built across the river. It still stands and is in daily use. Since its construction, approximately half a century ago, it has never been reinforced. While the building of the bridge was in progress, the folks of Pigeon River began talking again about changing the name of the place. Several names were suggested. A group of men were sitting on some of the steel that was being used in erecting the bridge. Mr. C. L. Mingo happened to be present. The steel had been shipped from Canton, Ohio. "Tell you what lets' do," he suggested. "Let's call the place Canton."

The others liked the idea. A bill was introduced in the Legislature the following year and the name was made legal.

Biggest thing about Canton is the plant of the Champion Paper & Fibre Company. It's one of the biggest industrial enterprises in North Carolina. The company employs more than 1,500 persons, owns around 140,000 acres of land and obtains additional timber from 5,000,000 acres of independently owned forests. It maintains a continuous program of reforestation to insure against a shortage of raw material.

As a general thing, when visitors up in the western part of the state get within five or six miles of Canton, they start sniffing. After the first few sniffs they invariably ask: "What in the world is that particular smell?" The answer, of course, is that it's the paper mill. Ask any of the residents of Canton about the odor, however, and chances are they'll look at you with a blank expression and say: "What odor?"

It's a live town: one of the most prosperous in the state. Four miles beyond Canton is the village of Clyde, from which point a considerable number of beef cattle are shipped. They've just completed a new school building there that's a dandy.

Clyde used to have among its residents a man by the name of Manse Cagle; one of the most picturesque characters in the western part of North Carolina. Mr. Cagle was a man of forceful speech and had the knack of expressing himself in such a manner that there was no chance of misunderstanding him. Here's a little incident that illustrates what we mean.

Blucher Ehringhaus was running for Governor. His campaign carried him up to Haywood county and eventually brought him to Clyde. He went into Mr. Cagle's store and made himself known.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Ehringhaus," said Manse. "I know all about you and you can depend on my support." At that moment a friend entered the front door of the store. Manse hollered at him: "Bill, come back here a minute. . . I want you to meet Blucher Ehringhaus, the finest man God ever slung guts into."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
The undersigned, having qualified as administrator, c. t. a. of the estate of Miss Nellie Collins, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same duly verified with the undersigned, Herbert Collins, Clyde, N. C., on or before October 30, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery thereon; and all persons indebted to said estate will make settlement forthwith.

HERBERT COLLINS,
Administrator c. t. a. of Estate of Nellie Collins, Deceased.
No. 1126—Oct. 30-Nov. 6-13-20-27-Dec. 4.

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.

Waynesville Boy On N. C. State Judging Team



A stock judging team representing N. C. State College ranked second behind Cornell University recently in the Eastern Intercollegiate Livestock Judging Contest held in connection with the annual Baltimore, Md., Fat Stock Show. The University of West Virginia won third place and Clemson College was fourth.

Members of the N. C. State team are shown here with their coach, J. C. Pierce, Jr., of the animal husbandry department. Front row, from left: Siler Slagle of Franklin, David Harris of Newell, and Mark Goforth, Jr., of Lenoir; back row, Coach Pierce, J. H. Palmer of Waynesville and B. F. Spencer of Scranton. The State team ranked first in judging swine, second on sheep.

Governor Ehringhaus says it's the most sincere compliment he ever has had paid him in all his career.

Next time you are at Clyde, look to the left and see if you see what we saw on our trip up there. There's a whittlers' bench about fifty or sixty feet from the highway and, as a general thing, you'll find three or four elderly gentlemen sitting on it—whittling and chewing tobacco. The morning we were there we found Mack Penland, C. B. Jones and J. C. Byers on the bench and had a most interesting talk with them for a few minutes.

A short distance west of Clyde is the Shook house, the oldest house in Haywood county. It's a three-story frame building and was erected by Jacob Shook, a Pennsylvania farmer who was granted the site for his Revolutionary services. It is now occupied by Mr. John Morgan and family. Shook entertained Bishop Francis Asbury here about 1810 and the first Methodist church in Haywood county was organized here. The third floor was equipped for a meeting hall.

Four miles further along the highway and you come to beautiful Lake Junaluska with its Methodist Assemblyground. This 1,250-acre site, with its 250-acre lake, is the summer recreational and educational center of the Methodist Episcopal church. The name honors Chief Junaluska. The grounds contain over 20 miles of graded roads, more than 200 summer homes, and 20 public buildings, including a large open-air auditorium with a seating capacity of 4,000. It is one of the loveliest places in the state.

Speaking of Junaluska: you know, of course, that he was a prominent Indian chief. At the battle of Horseshoe Bend, March 29, 1814, between Creeks and Federal troops, Junaluska saved the life of Andrew Jackson. Later on, when the United States government in ruthless fashion ordered the Cherokees to be rounded up and moved to Oklahoma, Junaluska said of General Jackson: "If I had known he would allow us to be treated so, I would have killed him at the Horseshoe."

On this removal of the Indians, a Georgia soldier then afterwards a colonel in the Confederate service, has this to say: "I fought through the Civil War and have seen thousands of men shot to pieces, but the Cherokee removal was the most cruel work I ever knew."

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology has this to say concerning this tragedy in the lives of the Cherokees:

"The history of this Cherokee removal of 1838, as gleaned by the author from the lips of the actors in the tragedy, may well exceed in weight of grief and pathos any other passage in American history. Even the much-sung exile of the Arcadians falls far behind it in its sum of death and misery."

It must have been a pretty horrible affair.
At Waynesville we ran into an old friend, Jim Stringfield, chief of the police department and for half an hour or more we scouted around town, looking for Professor W. C. Allen and Charlie Ray. We finally located the professor, and we ran up with him at what might be termed an historic moment. He was out at the schoolhouse, drawing his last salary check. He has been engaged in school work for more than fifty years in different

sections of the state and for a long time was superintendent of schools in Haywood. But now he's through, and he plans to take things easy the rest of his life.

Professor Allen holds a rather unique distinction. He has written a history of Halifax county and he has also written a history of Haywood county. A splendid gentleman in every sense of the word. Haywood county was formed in 1808 from a part of Buncombe. Its children are Macon and Jackson; its grandchildren, Cherokee, Clay, Swain and Transylvania. It was named for John Haywood, who was state treasurer from 1787 to 1827. Used to be that the little settlement there was known as Mount Prospect, but when the site was selected for the county seat the name was changed to Waynesville. (Named for "Mad Anthony" Wayne of Revolutionary fame.)

Waynesville is quite a vacation and health resort. The town is surrounded by the 5,000- to 6,000-foot peaks of the Balsam and Smoky Mountains. Colonel Robert Love gave the land for the public square, courthouse, jail, cemetery, and several churches. The region was settled largely by officers and soldiers who had received land grants in the years following the Revolution. The Haywood county courthouse is a modern stone building erected in 1932. On the grounds is a granite boulder with a plaque memorializing the 10 Revolutionary soldiers buried in the county. On the property of the old Sulphur Springs Hotel (1886) is a marker claiming that this is the site where the last shot on land in the War Between the States was fired on May 10, 1865.

Before we left Raleigh, Louis Sutton, of the Carolina Power and Light Company, told us to be sure and visit Waterville. The company has a big hydro-electric plant up there. We asked Professor Allen if he didn't want to ride up there and he said he'd be glad to. You start on the road to Soco Gap and then veer off to the right. For nine miles you've got a fine paved road and then—for twenty-five miles you travel over the crookedest gravel road imaginable. Some of the grades are unusually steep, too, but the road is in good condition and you won't have any trouble getting to Waterville.

In 1925 the Carolina Power and Light Company began the construction of the twenty-million-dollar plant near the mouth of Big Cataloochee Creek. It was finished in 1930 and has a capacity of furnishing more than 100,000 horsepower. The power plant at Waterville is right up against the Tennessee-Carolina line, but the dam, a wonder in engineering, is at the mouth of Big Cataloochee Creek from which point a tunnel has been bored through the base of a mountain for a distance of almost seven miles, through which the tremendous volume of water pours to the plant at Waterville.

The dam is 700 feet wide and 200 feet high. The tunnel through the mountain has a 14-foot bore. Mr. H. D. McDonald, a quick-spoken gentleman, is superintendent in charge. There are twenty or thirty nice looking houses in Waterville, a fine school, a church and a contented people. Waterville is at the lowest point of elevation in Haywood county—1,400 feet above sea-level. The highest point in the county is the top of Mt. Guyot on the state line. It is 6,621 feet above sea-level.

By the way; do you have trouble in remembering elevations of mountains? Professor Allen told

us how he remembers the height of the three tallest mountains in North Carolina. Mitchell is 6,684 feet. Divide 84 by 2 and you get 42. The height of Clingman's Dome is 6,642 feet. Now divide 42 by 2 and you get 21. The height of Mt. Guyot is 6,621.

The Soco Gap section of Haywood is famous for two things—its beautiful scenery and its square dancing. The Soco Gap dancing team is nationally famous. Sam Queen has put in many long and weary hours of work in directing them and takes great pride in the dancing of his pupils. Rightfully so, too.

Dellwood and Maggie are two other interesting little communities in that section. And one of the most delightful mountain views to be seen anywhere is the one you get passing through Black Camp Gap and arriving at Heintooga Overlook. Mount Sterling, Platt Balsam, Guyot and other lofty peaks are spread out before you in an awesome and impressive spectacle. It's well worth making the trip out there just to see the marvelous scenery from Heintooga.

On our way back from Waterville, we paused at one of the several overlooks on the route and were standing beside the car, admiring the view, when a man suddenly came down a pathway from the side of the mountain. He carried a rifle on his shoulder.

"Howdy, gentlemen; howdy!" was his greeting.

Professor Allen introduced himself and us.

"Glad to meet you; glad to meet you. I'm Joe Hunter of the White Oak section."

"Been out hunting?" asked the Professor.

"No; I've just been walking through the mountains. Got tired of working, and everything is so pretty and nice that I just wanted to go for a walk by myself. Often do it. It makes me feel better. I carry this old rifle of mine along more for company than for any other reason."

Returning to Waynesville, we picked up Charlie Ray and drove

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND NORTH CAROLINA. HAYWOOD COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, made in the Special Proceeding entitled C. W. Wright, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Emaline Wright, deceased, and others ex parte, the undersigned Commissioner will on the 28th day of November, 1941, at 11:00 o'clock A. M., at the court house door in the Town of Waynesville, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property to-wit:

Tract No. 1: Lying and being in Beaverdam Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Begins on a stake, corner of lot 9 and runs E. 116 feet to a stake in the east boundary line of G. W. Ferguson; then north 1 degree E. 100 feet to a stake; thence S. 1 deg. W. 100 feet to the beginning. Being lots Nos. 9 and 10 of the Dobson survey of the G. W. Ferguson lands.

Second Tract: Begins at a stake on the east side of street S. W. corner of lot No. 9 and runs E. 116 feet to a stake; then N. 1 deg. E. 10 feet to a stake; thence S. 1 deg. W. 116 feet to the beginning. Being of lot No. 9 of said survey.

This the 28th day of October, 1941.
C. W. WRIGHT,
Commissioner.
No. 1127—Oct. 30-Nov. 6-13-20.

out to Haywood county's newest industrial enterprise; a branch of the Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company of Dayton, Ohio. They've put up a big building there and will engage shortly in the manufacture of rubber accessories for various types of machinery. A separate division is known as the Wellco Shoe Corporation, of which Mr. Leo Weill is president. The organizers of this latter company, incidentally, are mostly refugees from Czechoslovakia. They've already started operations and are making bedroom slippers.

Hazelwood, in case you don't know, joins Waynesville on the west, but it's a separate corporation. Another interesting industrial plant up there is the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company. They turn out shoe soles. Purchasing their leather in large strips, they convert it into shoe soles and ship to all parts of the country. You ought to see the speed with which the soles are turned out.

Haywood county has many fertile farms within its boundaries and raises a wide assortment of crops. The county is also one of the biggest cattle-producing counties of the state. In addition, it grows huge quantities of apples. The Barber Apple Orchard, operated by R. N. Barber Company, has more than 100,000 trees in its orchards. The county also has several excellent dairies, outstanding among them being the Osborne Dairy Farm near Canton, owned jointly by Miss Florence Osborne and Mr. Arthur Osborne, but operated by the latter.

Haywood has always been a popular place for vacationists but of late years these have taken on a different status from formerly. Near Hazelwood and Waynesville is a large tract of land, small areas of which are being purchased by people from other parts of the country for the purpose of establishing permanent summer homes. A number of these have already been erected.

We've always held the theory that people up in the mountains live longer than they do in the eastern part of the state. Professor Allen is a fine example in support of that theory. He's 82 years old but as lively and as active as a man 20 years younger. Fred Messer was a well known citizen of Haywood county and, when he finally passed away had reached the remarkable age of 114. (Some say 117). Most of our readers remember Judge W. T. Lee, who for 25 years was a member of the old Corporation Commission and for 18 of those 25 served as chairman. The Judge also is more than 80 years old, but is still hale and hearty. The only thing we regret about our trip to Haywood is that we didn't have time to drop in and see him. He lives a short distance from Waynesville.

Another beloved citizen of Haywood county is Judge Felix Alley who, in addition to being a distinguished jurist is also a writer of books and ballads. A new book of his—"Random Thoughts and the Musings of a Mountaineer"—has

just come off the press. It was written up at the State days ago and it looks interesting work.

The ballad, "Kiddie," written by Judge Alley, has been played and sung to Texas. Here it

"My name is Felix Alley; My best girl lives in the Valley; She's the joy of my life; And her name is Nellie."

"I don't know—it's a chance; 'Way last fall when I was to dance with you; I was to dance with you; live-long night; But got my time by Wright."

"If I ever have to go; I hope it will be to Wright; For he was the ruler; When he beat my der Cole."

"When the dance was away; To bide my time till you; When I could cause pain and bliss; To sadden the soles of Wright."

"I thought my race was run; When Kiddie went to school; She went to Andover school; And left me home alone."

"But she came back in the spring; And oh, how I missed her; It helped me get my time; To beat the time of Wright."

"Kiddie came home in June; And I sang my sorrowful tune; I commenced trying to get my time; To 'put one over on Wright."

"I did not feel the same; On the Fourth of July; When at the head of the parade; I went to attend the celebration."

"When the speaking was had a dance; And then and then; — (Continued on page 5)

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