

THE CLAY COUNTY NEWS

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BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN C. MOORE

First White Man Who Ever Lived On Tusquitee

(By J. V. A. Moore)

John C. Moore was born in Rutherford County, N. C., in the year 1811. When grown, he moved to Macon County where he won the heart and hand of Miss Mary Bryson as his help mate. After many fond dreams and thoughts of a fortune in the future, they each agreed to cast their lot among the Indians in the fertile Tusquitee Valley. They packed two horses with household effects and their first born, little Bill, and started across the Chunkie Gal Mountain, the road being a precipitous Indian trail at that day. They soon safely landed at a small Indian cabin in the bottoms at the side of the road just below W. H. Johnson's residence.

Mr. Moore, being an expansionist and endowed with pluck and brains and capital enough for any young man to earn a living, he set out to felling the monster trees and clearing land to grow Indian corn, the staff of life.

One day, when erecting his fence, an Indian came along and protested against the fencing enterprise on their possessions. Each of them grew into a combative spirit and tried their luck at fist and skull fight, Mr. Moore biting the Indian's thumb nearly off and the Indian retreating hollowing "Wa Wa." Later other Red Men came and Mr. Moore got his old Flint Lock Gun, set up a board shooting hole demonstrating to the Indians his coat of arms to protect himself in case of wars. The Indians seeing this, all retreated never to molest him again.

Getting work well along and crops about ready to store in his garner, he secured an Indian woman, Sallie Peckerwood, Jim's wife to stay with Mary and little Bill while he returned with his two horses to Macon County to get more household equipment for icy winter's cold winds. Loading and leading one horse packed to wondrous capacity, he then started for old Tusquitee via Chunkie Gal Mountain. The first day's travel landed him at the head of Tusquitee at an Indian's by the name of Yone Conahut, the good family giving their guest plenty of Connie Honie (Honey) for supper. After supper several Indians came in to display to their white man their mode of dancing, one of them getting drunk and vomiting part of his Connie Honie. The next morning, after loading his horses, Mr. Moore wended his way by an Indian trail a few hours later reaching his new home to find Mary and little Bill. While he had been gone, Sallie Peckerwood had day by day tied little Bill Moore in the blanket, Indian style, for her papoose taking him up Johnson's Creek to pick up chestnuts under the rich October skies.

This being several years prior to the land sale, when the land sale came, he bought what is now the Shearer and Evans property on Tusquitee.

As the years sped by more bright children were added to this new home, Sarah Elizabeth, Joab, and Lizzie. Seeing the needs of these buds of promise and the needs of his farm, he got two other stalwart men rigged his horses with harness, the collars being made of shucks, and started for Tennessee to purchase the first wagon to ever track the soil of Clay County. These three men with axes trimmed their road as they went. As they came up the Hiwassee River and reaching the shut in at the Leatherwood Bluff below Hon. J. C. Herbert's, they had to take the wheels off the wagon and carry it piece by piece around the mountain. Resuming the former way of clearing the road, they reached his Tusquitee home where Bob Evans now lives.

Just imagine the radiant smile of his wife and children and Indian neighbors as they stood gazing at

REVIVAL TO BEGIN AT METH. CHURCH SUN. NIGHT APRIL 1

Rev. Chas. S. Plyler will begin a series of revival services at the Hayesville Methodist Church Sunday night April 1. Everybody is urged to attend these services and help make the meeting a success.

CLAY CHAPTER ELECTS OFFICERS

Clay Chapter No. 11 O. E. S., elected new officers at its regular meeting Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Juliette Crawford, Worthy Matron; Mrs. G. H. Haigler, Worthy Patron; Mrs. Inez Howard, Associate Matron; Mr. W. T. Baumgarner, Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treasurer; Miss Edna Padgett, Conductress; Mrs. Claudia Crawford, Associate Conductress; Mrs. Carrie McClure, Chaplain.

the new wagon—the new Ford car at that time. These gleeful children thought they were riding some in this new wagon.

Later Mr. Moore sold these possessions to James Allen Shearer and purchased a lot of the Ford property and the Warne property at Brass-town, starting his vocation of farming and fencing again. One day while fencing, he went to fell a sapling for a ground pole, hit something with his axe causing it to glance off. This broke his axe and on examining the rock he discovered he had with his monstrous blow struck the lick of fortune. Looking at this rock and others his keen eyes beheld plenty of shining gold. With bold steps and smiles of fortune on his face, he carried some of these rich treasures to his wife. Fortune, they say, knocks at every man's door and Moore's fencing proposition was the key to turn him in. Later Moore sold these lands and his gold mine to Warne and Bill Boe, thus the Warne Gold Mines were started. He received quite a handsome sum of money for the mines for that day. Then Mr. Moore started for Tusquitee again buying a large farm from Lovelady. Here he died at the age of 92 years, his wife being about 90.

Their son Bill located in Asheville and reared 16 children, Lizzie married John Robbins who taught the first school at Robbinsville, this town being named in his honor. Sarah married the Hon. William Herbert, the Hon. J. C. Herbert being then our Senator, two of their sons became physicians. Miriam Moore married Abner Moore, T. C. Moore was born to this union. T. C. Moore married a Caldwell, to their union 15 children were born to do honor as teachers and various honorable vocations to J. C. Moore's name.

Mr. John C. Moore came to Tusquitee and lived among the Indians five to seven years before they were removed from this section. Douglas Davis was the second white man to locate here. The writer of this sketch has often sat and listened to Mr. John C. Moore as he would rehearse his life among the Red Men and tell of their habits, ways of living, dances and ball games. One of the most outstanding incidents, was that the Indians would go to a mountain between Jay and Paul Moore's and get silver ore on the sly and take to their furnaces and run bars of bullion, this they took to Tennessee and traded for coin.

Mr. Moore's lineal decent was German, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and English. He affiliated with the Presbyterian Church where he imbibed a lot of his lofty ideals and noble principals.

He was a man of fundamental principals of the Bible. Psalms XLII, "Blessed is he that considers the poor: The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and then wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

Joab Moore, son of John C. Moore was one of the most eminent physicians of the State of Texas.

REV. RAUTHENBERG WAS HERE SUNDAY

Rev. F. Rauchenbery, of Asheville preached a most interesting and instructive sermon at the Presbyterian church on last Sunday afternoon. His subject "Man" was taken from Ecclesiastes 12:13. Quite a few were out for the service and everyone expressed themselves as being well pleased with the sermon.

Mr. Rauchenberg comes to Hayesville one Sunday in each month to conduct services at the Presbyterian church. Everybody is cordially invited to attend these services on each meeting. We note an increase in attendance. We hope that still more will come out for these inspiring sermons.

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA

CHAPTER VI

For two days she had had a knife. Now, in the mid-hours of the third night, she was again lying in the cabin awake.

She was thinking of a remark of Burke's several times repeated, which had assumed the significance of a threat. "Better volunteer that kiss while the volunteering's easy," he had warned, his grim good humor in the last half hour or two, as she felt, growing a little thin. "For I can tell y'this: There won't be no evading the draft—once she clamps down."

What had he meant? When Palmyra came on deck on this, the fourth day of her captivity, she saw that Ponape Burke was in an ugly mood.

The man greeted her with acoholic leer, his infantile features shocking in their age-old depravity.

When she shrank back into the companion he was amused. "Come, come, Queenie," he roared. "Are y'ready with that kiss?" He hellowed with laughter. Then, when she did not advance, he changed to the quick anger of intoxication. "Have it yer way, Miss Tree—Miss Palm Tree," he said thickly. "But twont be long before you're down on your shins a-praying the Lord for just one chance t'beg me t'take the dam' kiss—and you sick with fear I won't want it."

Ponape rolled aft to the girl. "Sweetheart," he said, "I'm going t'part with you."

She did not understand. "Dam' them Japs!" he exploded, his temper taking a new direction. "Twas their man-o-war we sighted last midwatch."

So that had been the cause of the alert watch, with its brief but real excitement.

The man's suggestion of parting with her, the possibility of Japanese intervention, had brought the color of hope to her cheeks.

But he, returning now, struck at that hope with malicious perception. "Oh, safe enough in three or four days," he reassured. "They'll be gone then for a good six months. It's only in the meantime—ruin everything you t'be caught aboard."

She tried to fathom his purpose. "I'm going t'jettison you. Y'shall stop ashore."

She stared at him. Incredulous hope roused again, only to fall before his expression. He had not the slightest thought of relinquishing her.

Burke was amused. "'Tis a bonny isle," he said, "and you'll have naught t'do but sit and think o' me."

The girl's spirits rose. She did not question that this would be some depot of his, a place of servile natives. But, even so, her position would be bettered. Surely, among them all, must be those to understand, to respond to her plea for protection.

She was eager to go. But she thought it wise to seem indifferent. She waited until Burke turned away, then scanned the sea.

As the day wore on toward its close she worked herself into a passion of suspense; apprehension. Burke was still drinking: what if night should find her aboard?

And then, when it seemed she could stand no more, she discovered that the man Olive, grinning enthusiastically, was putting water, ship's biscuit and some other stores into a boat.

In surprise, she swept the sea again—and found it blank. "Why, when do we get there?" she asked of Burke.

He smiled sardonically. "We're there now," he answered.

She was completely at a loss. He handed her his binoculars. "Hard a-starboard," he directed.

Presently she made out, through the glasses, that which might be the crest of palms. The island seemed far distant.

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

TO THE FARMERS OF CLAY COUNTY

It was a great pleasure to be again in Clay County for three days.

It was a pleasure to see evidences of progress along many lines since my last visit there. The first thing on entering your County Town, was the improvement of the courthouse square. The neat stone wall around the square and the leveling of the ground will, when covered with blue grass, add immensely to the appearance of your town. Then I saw many fields of pastures much enlarged and the stand of grasses much improved. It was a great privilege and pleasure to visit several farms and communities where meetings of farmers were held. At all these meetings the spirit of neighborliness and good fellowship were present in a large measure.

I was much pleased with our visit to the farm of Mr. Carlton Ledford who two years ago undertook to build some pasture and to start a herd of dairy cattle. The land on which he desired to start a pasture was poor puff-natured land which I thought at the time was about as hard a lot of land to tackle for that purpose as I ever saw, since that time Mr. Ledford has done some excellent work and he has a pasture, to back up what I am saying about it. Mr. Ledford is starting out in the right way. He is operating on rather a small scale, but safe. He is not pasturing his cattle on the young tender spring grasses in his pasture. He informed me that he has silage enough to feed his cattle a month yet. This will allow his pasture to get ready to be grazed and not damage it. This is as it should be. Now Mr. Ledford has not done a thing that every farmer in Clay County could not have done. Mr. Ledford planned his work and has worked his plan. He determined in his mind to have a pasture and he has one. He determined to have a silo and he has one. What he has done, has been well done, what he has done will help him do more in the future. Men cannot perform impossibilities; but that which is possible for one man to do, another man can do, if he can get the proper vision and has the will to do.

Clay County has made progress during the last two years; but she has a long road to travel before she reaches perfection. Of course we never expect to reach such a state. I would not want to live in a county that had been finished, with nothing more that could be accomplished. There are yet many old fields that have been robbed of their fertility and scarred with gullits, which should be reclaimed and fine pastures made instead. There are branch and creek banks lined with alders, willows and briars that should be cleaned up and grass growing where they grew. There are unsightly piles of trash about the yards and barns of many farmers that should be made into stove wood or burned in bonfires. There are many unpainted houses and barns that might have a coat of paint or whitewash that would add to the beauty of your county. But the useful and necessary things of course should come first.

I have heard much about a creamery; you can't have a creamery without cream, you can't have cream successfully without good pastures, you can't have good pastures without good rich land, you can't build up worn out land without work. So here is a logical program. Get to old fashioned work. Just such as I had to do seventy years ago and rebuild your worn out land. Sow them in good pastures; put purebred dairy cows, beef cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry to grazing them and, when the proper amount of cream is produced to make a creamery pay its way, build one and you will be on the road toward making Clay County one of the richest little counties in North Carolina.

"We Build" would be a good motto for your County; build soil; build silos, build pastures, build herds,

MR. C. LEDFORD GETS \$140.17 FOR BROILERS

On Poultry Sale Day which was held in Hayesville March 20th, Mr. Carlton Ledford, who is recognized by the Extension Department to be the Master Farmer of Clay County, sold 240 broilers. These broilers were hatched in January and weighed at the time of selling 400 1-2 pounds. On this date broilers were bringing 35 cents per pound, Mr. Ledford realizing \$140.17 from his sale. An accurate account of the cost of growing these broilers including eggs, hatching, feed, etc., was kept which totaled \$78.00, Mr. Ledford making a net profit of \$62.17.

These chickens were incubator hatched by Mrs. H. B. Patton, of Elf, Mr. Ledford transferring them when one day old to his brooder house which is small but well built thereby enabling him to profitably grow chickens at this season of the year.

Mr. Ledford's success and profit with his broilers is nothing more than any enterprising farmer or farmer's wife of Clay County can do.

Heavy Thunder Storm Sun. and Mon. Night

Hayesville and immediate section were visited Sunday and Monday night by unusual thunder and rain storms for this season of the year. No special damage has been reported except that a large oak tree near the school house was struck by lightning.

Mr. Erwin Kitchens Raises First Ton Litter In Clay County

Mr. Erwin Kitchens, one of Clay County's progressive farmers, has the distinction of raising the first ton litter of pigs in Clay County, and we have no record of any other ton litter in this end of the state. This litter of pigs at six months old weighed 2,058 pounds.

Mr. Kitchens is not only successful with raising of hogs, he is also doing good work in dairying and other progressive farm work.

and flocks of cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. Build homes and above all build friendship and brotherly love and then you will be the greatest if not the richest county in the state.

To this end, work faithfully with your County Agent, with your County Commissioners. Criticize in a constructive way when criticism is needed; but don't act the "Jack Ass" and Kick.

Respectfully,
J. R. SAMS,

County Agent at Large.

Editor's Note:

We are glad to receive and publish the above letter from Mr. J. R. Sams to the farmers of Clay County whom we feel sure, has the interest and welfare of them at heart.

BUT—from Mr. Sam's statement concerning the cream situation and our creamery, he evidently has not thoroughly investigated the situation; he either has not read our article appearing in the issue of March 9, which states clearly the progress of cream production also the present production showing an average of 1150 pounds of butter fat per week, or he has been misinformed by outside parties who are not in sympathy with the creamery which we are going to build in Clay County. We feel sure if Mr. Sams knew the exact figures and facts of the present cream production, he would heartily agree that our creamery will be a paying proposition and good investment to the farmers of Clay County.

Miss Kate Evans, trained nurse of Asheville, who was called home by the illness and death of her sister, Miss Hattie Evans, has been quite ill with flu at the home of her parents, but is reported to be improving.