

Polk County First, Second, Last and all the rest  
WATCH IT GROW!

# The Polk County News

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## Green River Narrows Peculiar In Formation Says Eli Bradley Who Fully Describes Wonders of Fishtop Section

### Pictureque Country. Bradley Falls Has Sixty-Foot Drop. Laurel Creek Cataracts and Other Points of Scenic Interest Worth Traveling Miles to See. Many Interesting Legends

The following sketch is the third of a series of local historical facts connected with the Fishtop neighborhood and "the Cove", drawn in original and naive manner, by E. J. Bradley, for many years a sage and philosopher of his home and community.

The sketch gives the reader a short account of the scenic and attractive objects of this section, and the Narrows on Green River near the selected place for the dam now in prospect for the Blue Ridge Power Company. Will say that it will not take an expert geologist, if he will visit the surroundings, to see that Green River did not always run the course it follows now, but possibly flowed into the French Broad River. It would seem that by some great convulsion of Nature that a rift, fault, or crack was made in the mountain running across West of the Cove, and the great body of water gathered above, tore through the mountain just below where Hungry Creek enters the river, which heads in the Sugar Loaf Mountain and runs a Southwest course for 12 or 15 miles, there to meet the river which heads in Transylvania County, and runs Northeast. In its race it scattered the broken up stones of immense size all along the river for several miles, eventually coming down to solid granite and for ages it has been wearing a small channel through, in our present day, known as the Narrows. An active man could jump across here, and it has often been done, although should he make a slip and fall he would probably never be seen again so I'd advise visitors to be careful.

Then below here, comes Fishtop Falls, where so many people fish, and opposite the path on the South side of the North mountain, are flats among the rocks which are covered with grass, hence the reason for the name "Featherbeds."

Then there is Lula's Gap, also on the North Mountain, a narrow niche through which deer passed, and upon one occasion an old hound named "Lula" owned by Enoch Foster ran deer through here and the name has clung to it to this day.

On this same mountain has also been found silver ore in chunks, but the real vein has never been discovered (but sometime will.)

Then to see the Cove in all its native beauty, the best view is obtained (for the upper portion especially) from Hallum's Heights, and the best view of the lower section is from "Little Chimney Top" and from that height one can not only view the Cove, but all the surrounding peaks including Tryon and Sugar Loaf and Bradley Falls on Little Cove Creek also, which is more of a cataract, with falls of 60 feet. Bradley's Falls on Big Cove between Holbert's Cove and Green River Cove back a hundred years ago was called "Ravens Falls" because the ravens built here every year, and is the grandest scenery, said by some to equal Niagara (in proportion to size) with one fall estimated to be 130 feet at a single leap with a rainbow visible every fair day the year round. Also the Raven Cliff near the Postoffice on North Cove Mountain is beautiful to behold, and a quarry of mantle pieces, from which many fine ones have been taken and sold, is located near this cliff.

Some would be interested in the rock in the middle of the river on which the white people slept of nights while on a raid on the Indians which eventually drove them out.

The "Devil's Track" is a curiosity which everyone likes to see in the solid rock, made ages ago by some one while the rock that now is, was clay. This attracts more people than any other in these parts. The cataracts on Laurel Creek are truly magnificent.

Among the timber may be named some balsam, a grand sycamore on Big Cove Creek that can be seen and distinguished for miles away, and a stump now of what was a large apple tree around here, possibly 200 years old and over 4 feet in diameter, with a spread of limbs 100 feet, back 75 years ago. Another is an oak, (the turkey variety) near by me where tourists stop and park their cars or wagons in the winter time to cook and sleep, and in the summer to "rest under the shade of the tree" which is named Stonewall Jackson, in honor of that great soldier, and maybe, a Christian.

Among the new Fleetwood Hotel at Miami's Greenwood Begins Building Operations in Hendersonville, Ground Broken on Tuesday.

Contract has been awarded to J. Perry Stoltz, Owner of Miami's Fleetwood Hotel at Miami, for the erection of a Hotel at Hendersonville, which is estimated to include building, site, G. W. Buchholz Construction Co. who was awarded the new Fleetwood Hotel at Miami, Park Estates, Hendersonville, has been awarded a contract for 300 rooms, and Le Grand & Gals, architects, are now at work on plans and will be modern hotel building.

Includes mechanical and complete for occupancy, estimated at \$100,000.

Among the proposed Blue Ridge Hotel at Hendersonville, which will call for a similar building in Polk County and which won't have long to wait for Mr. McGuire?



## Lake Lanier Visualized By Wright Made Reality Through Aggressive Work Of Eisele Brothers' Splendid Organization

### P. L. Wright and Waverly Rester Turned Big Job Over to Eiseles Who Aided and Assisted By Clever and Competent Sales Force Sold Lake Lanier Before Lake Lanier Existed Save on Paper. Million and a Half Now Invested in Homesites. Only a Few Hundred Left. Eiseles to Develop Morris Island, S. C.

"Just look at those winding roads! Why we thought—" And then the enthusiastic babbling began. Of course, the scene was Lake Lanier, and the speaker, one who had expected to see a lake, but hadn't any well defined idea of what else she was to behold.

And it is thus that Lake Lanier is a revelation to the majority of folk who drive thither to catch some little idea of what this big Development really amounts to.

It seems but a whoop and a holler ago, as time runs, since the representative gathering of Tryon's townspeople licked their chops over Host Brownlee's splendid dinner that night and waited in tense anticipation for the first man to "rise and testify."

I recollect that Dr. Jervey rose on his hind legs and told about Tryon growing so fast that he like to never get there—and then he delved into ancient history about how the germ was first hatched about Lake Lanier and how it was relegated to the background on account of the death of Mr. White, one of the originators and further because the war broke loose about that time. Dr. Jervey, and Mr. White, and Doc Palmer, first conceived the bright idea. And with his talk for a starter, the crowd sort of warmed up in preparedness.

Well, Carroll Rogers, I take it, started the ball to rolling. And Mr. P. L. Wright, the instigator, spoke a piece "about it and about"—and Mr. Holmes took one, and Brodas Ballen took one, and the Hesters came on in, and the whole room was charged with that feeling one experiences in church when waiting for one more sinner to step up and be saved. And directly the crowd began to fall like nine pins, and the look out, if I am not getting my metaphors mixed had hard work keeping cases till the last of the initial lots was sold. That's how the initial work on Lake Lanier started.

Next morning as one walked briskly to work the slogan that seemed to have overnight taken the town by storm was—"Did you get a lot?" Which made those who hadn't so ashamed or envious or something that they ran right in the Bank of Tryon and signed up. There was also another phrase current, though said to one another, port o' subrosa

on street corners—"D'ye think it will ever amount to anything?" Anyhow, Mr. Wright, who said if he could get rid of so many at the banquet he'd start to work pronto, somehow got ahold of the Eisele Brothers, then went back to Hendersonville and left them to do their darndest. And close following at their heels he shipped another little fellow down here who ain't much bigger than his name—Penney, for the purpose of plastering the country with the goings-on as they happened in order.

It really seems now as if them Eisele boys had an Aladdin lamp hidden away and all they had to do was rub it and things would hop along with fresh impetus, and the next thing you knew before corn plantin' time come round, the dam was half way up across a gulley and trees were coming down all along the bank, and dynamite was goin' off and niggers were singin' and white men bossin', and Mr. Ellsworth, who Mr. Wright had also imported, was stridin' up and down the theatre built a purpose for him, and he was tellin' spell-bound people all about the water that was going to run into the three basins and the surrounding hills upon which people was going to build and sit on their porches and look across the bosom of the placid waters up to Hog Back—and that seemed to settle it, for an hour after his audience had dispersed, another gang of workers was runnin' around like mad sticking up little white signs hither and yon with the word SOLD in big black letters on them which they put under all the pine trees and as thick around the shore line as they could crowd 'em.

The above paragraph is one sentence without a period in it, and that was just the way Mr. Ellsworth lectured to those homeseeeking people and in the end, they capitulated.

Meanwhile, the mules kept pullin' scrapers, and plows began to scratch in new spots, and one now noticed piles of lumber at intervals. A handsome log cabin took on form for the tea house, and Mrs. Burlison moved to temporary quarters in a pretty cottage and began serving splendid meals, and more lumber piles followed new stretches of roadways, and presently it was also notic-

ed that the holler that had been a rendezvous for bull frogs began to eddy with the water that was coming in from the perpetual Lake Lanier Filling Station from back in the mountains. And one day a little boat was launched, and Mr. Ellsworth waxed more eloquent than ever, and thousands now came where dozens had started.

Somewhere I read a poem of Walt Whitman's telling about crowds, crowds, which reminds me of the throngs that have visited Lake Lanier daily since the first spadeworked the earth. It was something about, "From the East they come, from the West, from the North, from the South, from the Southeast, from the Northeast, from the Northwest, from the Southwest, across bridges, across valleys, across mountains, across ridges, across plains—you remember how unconventional Walt was, but if there had been any more directions, the people would have poured out of them too—as they have done to get to Lake Lanier!

And it is just this constant procession, and their listening to Mr. Ellsworth, and their reading Mr. Penney that has resulted in their PAYING the Eisele boys, until the other day the startling tidings were turned loose that all but 300 lots had been sold!—(and they are probably gone by now.)

And the woman who expected to see merely a LAKE last Sunday is not to be giggled at, for such happenings don't happen once in a lifetime in such a short time. In spite of drought, in spite of heat, this most wonderful of all of North Carolina's Lake Development programs has gone on until beautiful scenic roads wind spirally up the wooded hill sides; cottages are beginning to take on shape of homes; the second basin is filling and the third is being prepared to receive its share in due time.

Years hence, that dinner at Oak Hall where the Big Medicine was made for Lake Lanier, will shine out in the annals of Tryon History, and be a blessing to those who can dive off their private wharves for a morning dip, or paddle around in their canoes to spend the evening with "relatives and friends."

## Rosalind C. Pratt, Well Known Artist Who Spends Much of Her Time Here Makes Plea For Clean-Up Campaign

### Rubbish Cans and Street Cleaners Necessary and Streets Must Be Kept Attractive If Resort Development Continues. Passing Resolutions Won't Clean Streets. Clubs Can Accomplish Much Through Co-operation But Somebody Has to Work

"Bad news travels far" is the old saying, but when we quoted from the letter written us by a prominent citizen in re the untidy condition of Tryon, we never gave a thought that it would travel in the next mail as far as Connecticut state and prove a boomerang.

It came back to us in a charming letter from Mrs. Rosalind C. Pratt, the noted artist who is welcomed to Tryon each winter when she comes to transfer to her canvas, the wonderful bits of scenery that she loves in all of Nature's changing moods. She sees Tryon with an artist's eye, and wonders in a puzzled way why with so much culture and intellect and refinement here, such untidy conditions remain with us. From "Villa Vista," Stony Creek, Conn., comes Mrs. Pratt's letter:

"If another letter will help the cause for a cleaner and more beautiful Tryon as per article in your issue of August 20th then herewith is another appeal from a reader of the Polk County News, also a frequent visitor who for many seasons has returned to enjoy the treasure store of delightful Tryon.

From the skyline of the mountain girt valley and lesser hills, one hears the call and feels the "urge the lure" in no uncertain way. And then the dull thud, when one drops to earth where scattered papers and a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish meets the eye.

"I know whereof I speak, because I have not only seen it, but have even had the courage to call the attention of the "powers that be" to the unsightly conditions that prevail. That "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is a time-honored adage. If this be true, then there must be a close relation between the church spire, the belfry bell, and the village sidewalk and wayside gutters. Godliness in their unity of mission and purpose.

"A town may be legitimately proud of its churches, and public edifices, their beauty of architecture and dignified outline, but somehow an unkept street fails to register, due to thoughtlessness, or possibly waiting for the "other fellow" to take the initiative. Someone has to make a start, and it may have been this urge that led a noted authoress, assisted by a bevy of prominent women of a summer resort to appear early one morning to clean up the village street Dressed in white, and fully equipped for street cleaning, the plan worked, accentuating as it did, the dignity of labor and imperative demand for a clean village. Also, the rebuke "went home," and proved a lasting lesson. Organizing and holding meetings to make resolutions will not take the place of rubbish cans, and the fellow who follows after to pick up the refuse that someone else has carelessly thrown down.

No community can afford to be without a group of citizens to attend to this most important branch of public work, also to "live wire" individuals who sees that it is done.

In fact, this justly comes under the head of Welfare Work, known as Sanitation. The enclosed clipping may find lodgment in the Tryon Scheme of Beautifying. One is almost warranted in arguing that Tryon is beautiful enough but granted the simple process of adding much more of floral charm to the scenery is not amiss. Also, granted that nature has already bestowed lavishly even beyond the usual allotment of oveliness in form and color along the highways, and byways of Tryon and vicinity, and yet, there are localities and roadways that traverse outlying districts where more would not overwork.

Beauty as an asset is not lightly to be overlooked, as Tryon citizens already appreciate its value, and proved it by their works."

Note:—The clipping referred to by Mrs. Pratt has to do with a Massachusetts organization called "The Seed Scatterers" Inc. to which belong a number of nationally known and prominent folk who are making it their pleasure to sow wild flower seed in the waste and barren places of their state, hoping that the custom established, will take a firm hold in every state in the union. Among the women of prominence actively interested are Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, noted suffragist, Fannie Hurst, author, and many others. The further object of this organization is to save the wild flowers and shrubs from impending extinction.

### McWhirter Earns Pay As Publicity Man By Keeping H'ville on Map

### Wire to Edmunds of Manufacturers Record Read by Thousands of Business Men Throughout the Entire South Good Work!

It pays any town with ambitions to employ a paid publicity man and A. M. McWhirter while secretary of the Hendersonville Chamber of Commerce earned every cent expended on his salary—and more. Mac kept Hendersonville before the public, he wrote stories about it; he talked it; he never let a prospective development rest.

After landing the Stoltz Hotel for his town he kept right on boosting as the following clipping from the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore proves.

"In a telegram to the Manufacturers Record, A. M. McWhirter wired: "Hendersonville is the town in Western North Carolina that comes nearer matching the best in Florida. We are growing faster, more activity, more building, more visitors, more amusements, more real estate transactions and greater increase in wages. Come down and see for yourself."

"The statements made by Mr. McWhirter are not new to the Manufacturers Record. Similar information has come to this office from our own representatives who from time to time have traveled through that section.

Hendersonville is superbly located and for the last few years it has been putting forth a spirit of energy and activity which, in its results, is matching Florida.

Similar conditions can be made to prevail in hundreds of other towns and cities throughout the South wherever the people of these towns and cities are awake to the opportunities.

### Clinchfield Industrial Agents Says Mountain Country Will Come Into its Own

### Surface Merely Scratched, Says Paul C. Green, of Clinchfield Company who Predicts Continued Development for Section.

Paul C. Green, Industrial Agent of the Clinchfield Railway says that of section of Western North Carolina traversed by his road:

"This territory, after years of indolent enjoyment of its own picturesque scenic grandeur and climatic wonders, is now thoroughly animated by an astounding recognition and swift realization of its vast industrial potentialities and achievements. We have already numerous textile mills utilizing our native cotton, and other varied industries throughout our territory utilizing the coal from our own vast fields, the timber from our great forests, minerals from innumerable mines, waterpower from our own mountain streams and native American labor from our own hills.

Notwithstanding the recognition that has already been accorded us and the achievements already attained, we have merely scratched the surface of our native resources, and industry in our territory is yet in its infancy."

And that is true of every section in "The Land of the Sky."