

# Those Dreadful Twins

FOR LAUGHING PURPOSES ONLY

will be presented at

CLOUDLAND HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

~~Sat, APR. 4th~~

~~Friday, April 3, 1931, 7:30 o'Clock~~

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOSH BROWN, a deacon of our church.....Pierce Julian  
DEACON WHITEBECK, of the same church.....Vent Young  
SHERIFF O'BRIEN, one of the boys.....Carl Miller  
LYNX, a detective, always on deck.....Coyd Gibbs  
JOHNNY BROWN, one of the twins.....Howard Roark  
RASTUS, out of a job.....George Heaton  
MRS. JOSEPHINE BROWN, looking out for No. 1.....Maxie Goodson  
JOSEPHINE BROWN CLIFFORD, Josiah's daughter.....C. M. Heaton  
BECKEY GREEN, energetic member of the church.....Mae Winters  
FANNY BROWN, another one of the twins.....B. E. Heaton

3 Acts—Time of playing, two hours.

## BILL OF PLAY

ACT I.—First appearance of the Twins at Deacon Brown's. They make things hot. The Parson's present. Sheriff in the wrong house. Lynx, the detective, who never detects. A bushel of fun and mystery. Making up a case. "A plot against her life." "It'll make me the most famous detective of modern times." The Deacon on his muscle.

ACT II.—"They have her body, the villains." The mysterious box. The suspicious wife and the deserted daughter meet. "Good land we hain't told the folks where the picnic was to be." The "spiked" lemonade and a tipsy deacon. "They're been standin' in the sun." Lynx in his great act of stealing the bather's clothes for purposes of identification. Specialties.

ACT III. "Oh, what a difference in the morning." Rastus, on guard for "s'picious characters," throws Josiah out. Enter Lynx. "Hush; not a word." "I ain't sayin' nuffin'." "You must come with me." Arrest of Rastus. Lynx the irrepressible runs down Sheriff O'Brien. "Where is the body?" Climax.

15&25 Cents

## Rhododendron Time on Roan Mountain

Each June Giant Blossoms Flame in Natural Gardens in the Clouds on the Lofty Tennessee-North Carolina Border

BY RALPH GRAY

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National Geographic Magazine Staff

WHEN I was a boy, my parents shoe-horned my brothers, sisters, and me into the family car and headed east. Always one to mix a bit of vagabonding with a business trip, father mapped out a rambling itinerary that took us from southwestern Missouri to Washington, D. C., by way of the Great Smoky Mountains.

One late summer evening, after dusty days on the lowland roads of Arkansas and Tennessee, we began climbing into a cool world of rampant greenery, running streams, and smoky blue mountains. At nightfall father pulled our overheated car into the village of Roan Mountain, Tennessee, and stopped in front of the inn.

Outside our rooms a mountain stream brawled lustily—a marvel to children from a region where branches run only after heavy rains and fair-to-middling rivers go dry in late summer. Next morning father dredged up one of his time-tested jokes: "Pretty wasteful. Somebody forgot to turn that stream off. They let the water run all night!"

### Mile-high Meadow Crowns the Roan

A piping whistle and chuffs of steam drew us from the breakfast table to look at "Tweetsie," a narrow-gauge locomotive pulling a string of boxcars along the main street. As it topped a rise toward North Carolina, I looked up and saw a huge flat-crested mountain walling off the world to the south. A townsman, seeing my absorption, sidled up and said, "That's the Roan."

"You mean Roan Mountain?" I asked.

"Maps might call it that, but to us who live with her she's more than a mountain."

An almost mystical note entered his voice. "Climb the Roan and you'll see what I mean. It hasn't got a rocky top like ordinary mountains. Up there, a mile high, you'll find six miles of meadows stretching through the clouds. The biggest, purplest rhododendron you ever saw grows there in great clumps."

He told me to come back sometime in late June, when the blossoms were out. "Of course, you may have to get your daddy to walk up the mountain with you. The old carriage road that people used to take up to Cludland Hotel is awful rough on cars."

### Twenty-seven Years Between Visits

In my boyish mind, after that visit, the Roan became the symbol of all the world's magic mountains. I resolved to revisit it someday and reach the top in blossomtime. But life's road has many turnings, and 27 years passed before I came this way again.

Time had changed things. When I finally returned, Roan Mountain Inn had burned down, the narrow-gauge tracks were gone from the street, and Tweetsie's whistle was only an echo in the hills. Instead of hiking up Roan Mountain with my father, I drove a car up in high gear, with my own children. Instead of lone exaltation on a remote, mysterious peak, we shared our feelings and the blossoms with about 10,000 other pilgrims.

We were there for the annual two-day Rhododendron Festival, which this year celebrates its eleventh renewal over the weekend



r. National Geographic Staff

### Swiss Town

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of June 22 and 23. The blossoming period lasts nearly a month.

People from western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee long have flocked to the Roan's natural gardens for picnics among the towering flowers.

Now the new highway, paved to the very top, has begun to attract travelers from farther away. And no wonder. Here is probably the world's most extensive, beautiful, and accessible stand of *Rhododendron catawbiense*.

I clambered to a high point and surveyed the almost unbelievable scene. As far as I could see along the mountain, the giant blossoms reached into the sky. The gnarled plants grow in clumps as big as houses, their glossy leaves forming an olive-green background for the flame-hued flowers. Covering hundreds of acres, the display stuns the senses.

#### Favorite Spot for Picnickers

In grassy areas picnickers were scattering to find favorite nooks. The thousands were accommodated with ease on the broad bosom of the mountain. My children and I lunched on the front lawn of the long-since dismantled Cloudland Hotel.

"Nothing left but these foundation stones," a neighbor told us. "Folks used to come up here before the turn of the century and spend the whole summer at the hotel. Hay fever sufferers, mostly. But what a spot for a resort! Best view in North Carolina. Now the Forest Service is talking about putting up a modern lodge on the old site."

We learned that much is owed to the United States Forest Service for the preservation and accessibility of Roan Mountain's rhododendron. In 1941 the Government acquired 20,000 acres and added it to Pisgah and Cherokee National Forests. Later, when North Carolina and Tennessee built a highway across the Roan at Carvers Gap, the Forest Service laid down a two-mile link, bringing sightseers directly to the flowers.\*

At 6,200 feet elevation, we were standing on one of the highest points in the eastern United States (page 826). There was a crisp Canadian feel to the air, though the sun beat down with southern ardor.

We wandered along natural grassy walkways through rhododendron bushes higher than our upstretched arms. Some of the individual flower clusters are as big as a child's head and hundreds of them blaze from a single clump.

As evening approached, everyone on the mountain but us started for home. We had brought camping gear and were going to spend the night (page 822). As we had planned earlier, we met National Geographic photographer Robert F. Sisson on the vast flower-dotted slope that terminates in Eagle Cliff.

#### "Noble Mountain" Lures Botanists

Soon we had the Roan to ourselves. Darkness filled the great valley below us, and the faraway lights of tiny Buladean, North Carolina, emerged to twinkle in a ticktacktoe pattern. In our twilit eyrie, as the evening breezes sougled through the Fraser firs, I began to understand the mountain's spell.

Not just beauty lovers, but men of science—particularly botanists—have been lured to the Roan. Rising more than 4,000 feet above its surroundings, it presents, in vegetation and climate, a Canadian island in the southern highlands. Even more interesting to the student of plants is the fact that some species grow here almost exclusively; others were first discovered on the mountain and some were named for it.

André Michaux, the great French botanist, was the first white man of record to explore Roan (1794). He described and named its rhododendron. Dr. Asa Gray, the only botanist in America's Hall of Fame, in New York City, talked like a press agent after visiting the Roan in 1841. In his account he called it "this noble mountain."

"How was the mountain named?" my daughter Judith asked as we broiled steaks over charcoal.

"No one knows," I told her. "When you mix rhododendron pink with a green background and look at it from far off you get

\* For a color-illustrated account of the widespread activities of the United States Forest Service, see "Our Green Treasury, the National Forests," by Nathaniel T. Kenney, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for September, 1956.

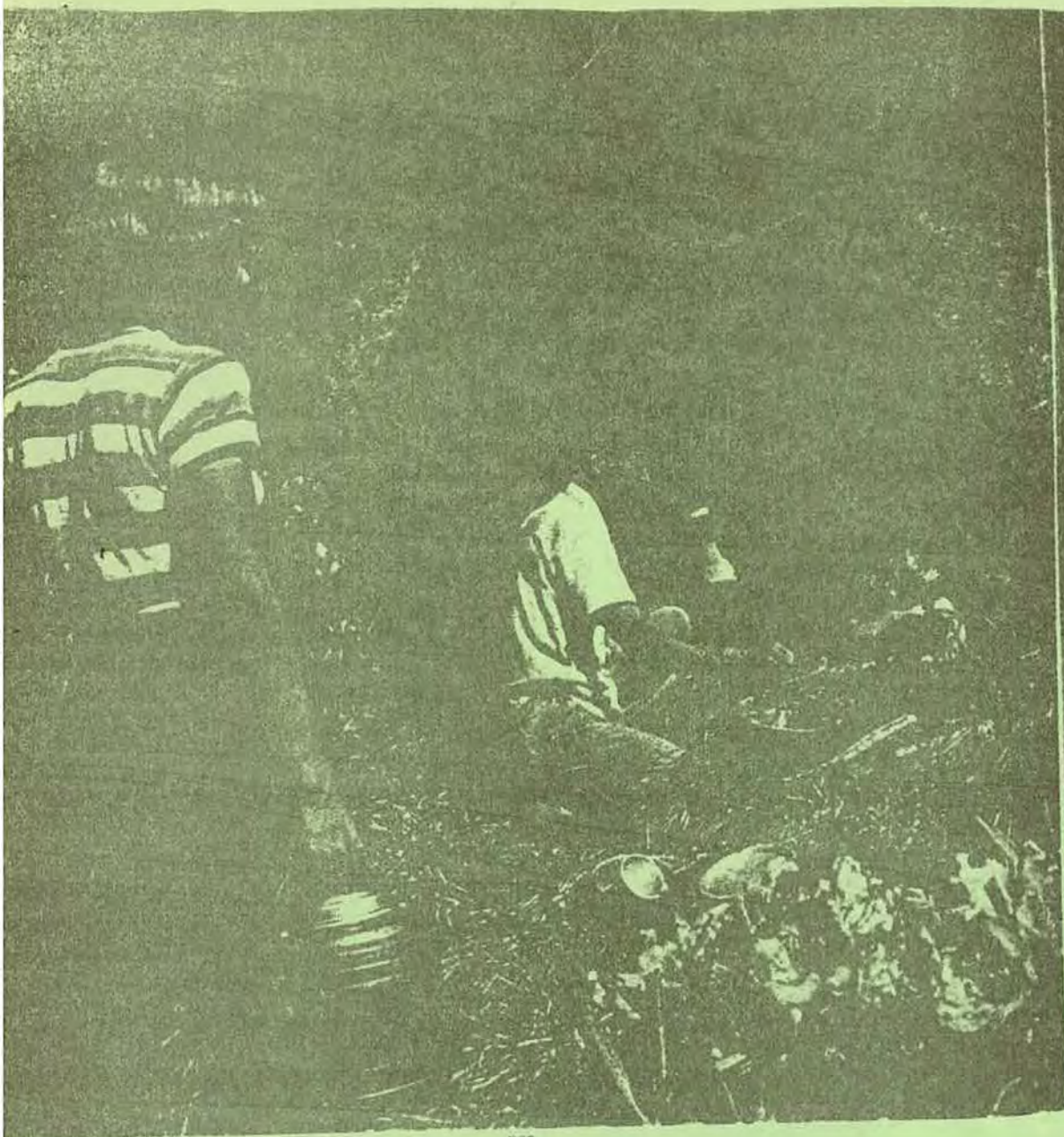
#### Rhododendron Clusters Explode → Among Lady Ferns

This brilliant member of the heath family takes its name from the Greek: *rhodon*, rose; *dendron*, tree. Botanists named the species shown *Rhododendron catawbiense* for the Catawba River in North Carolina, where it was found.

The author took his family on a camping trip to Roan Mountain on the Tennessee-North Carolina line, site of a catawba stand of several hundred acres.

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Kodachrome by W. E. Garrett, National Geographic Staff





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sort of a roan color. But some think the name comes from rowan trees, or mountain ash. Others believe the legend about Daniel Boone's roan horse. Daniel is supposed to have turned his exhausted mount loose on the summit and continued on his way afoot. When he returned the following autumn, the horse had revived and grown fat on the natural pastures."

Bob Sisson parted the grass where he was sitting and dug down eight or ten inches with a stick through rich, loamy topsoil. "Pretty unusual for a mountaintop," he said.

Actually, natural "balds" are common in the southern Appalachians. Their summits, totally or partially bare of trees, support a rich cover of grasses, mosses, laurel, rhodo-

dendron, or other low-growing vegetation.

Will, my 8-year-old son, drank in every word as we talked. Here we were in the land of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. On our way up the mountain we had seen the hardy descendants of those coonskin pioneers still farming their little plots and searching the woods for roots and herbs.

#### "Herbs and Simples" Make Modern Drugs


At Roan Mountain village Mr. K. Wayne Graybeal had shown us through his company's warehouse, stacked with pungent bales of everything from angelica root and balm of Gilead buds to wintergreen herb and yarrow leaves. All had been laboriously picked by mountaineers and sold for a few cents a



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pound to supplement comes. Modern pharmacies use dozens of herbs in medicines an testimony to the efficacy of old-fashioned back-cottitioner of "herbs and

The woods on the slope and other near-by mountains so prolific that the grower root and herb picker leave a mark. But after pruning that continued in the 1930's, when acres of rhododendron were dug up and the berries, nearly denuded giant shrub. From



### Author and Family Cook in a Mile-high Garden

Catawba rhododendron, like its cousin, Scotch heather, survives on wind-swept heights. Botanists attribute Roan Mountain's magnificent specimens to cool climate, high humidity, and acid soil. High winds and forest fires have helped to check the growth of invading conifers.

Ralph Gray and children here set up camp on the Roan's summit.


▼ Two-year-old Kenny Garrett reaches for rhododendron's leathery evergreen leaves, curled by cold weather.

Roan Mountain's owners at the turn of the century stripped acres of plants for sale, but happily the rhododendrons grew back. Today the United States Forest Service protects the best stands, now a part of Pisgah and Cherokee National Forests.

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Robert F. Slisson (left) and  
W. E. Garrett, National Geographic Staff

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pound to supplement their incomes. Modern pharmaceutical houses use dozens of roots and herbs in medicines and balms—testimony to the efficacy of the old-fashioned back-country practitioner of “herbs and simples.”

The woods on the slopes of Roan and other near-by mountains are so prolific that the gleanings of root and herb pickers scarcely leave a mark. But a more severe pruning that continued into the 1930's, when acres of rhododendron were dug up and sold to nurseries, nearly denuded Roan of the giant shrub. From roots and

seeds left undisturbed, the rhododendron has now come back in large clumps of nearly uniform height, accounting for the almost formal-garden look of grassy allées and promenades.

"It's the clouds and humidity that make the flowers do so well," offered one veteran visitor. "Taking the bushes away is against the law, but some people do it and transplant them at home. Never saw one yet but what looked puny when taken off the Roan."

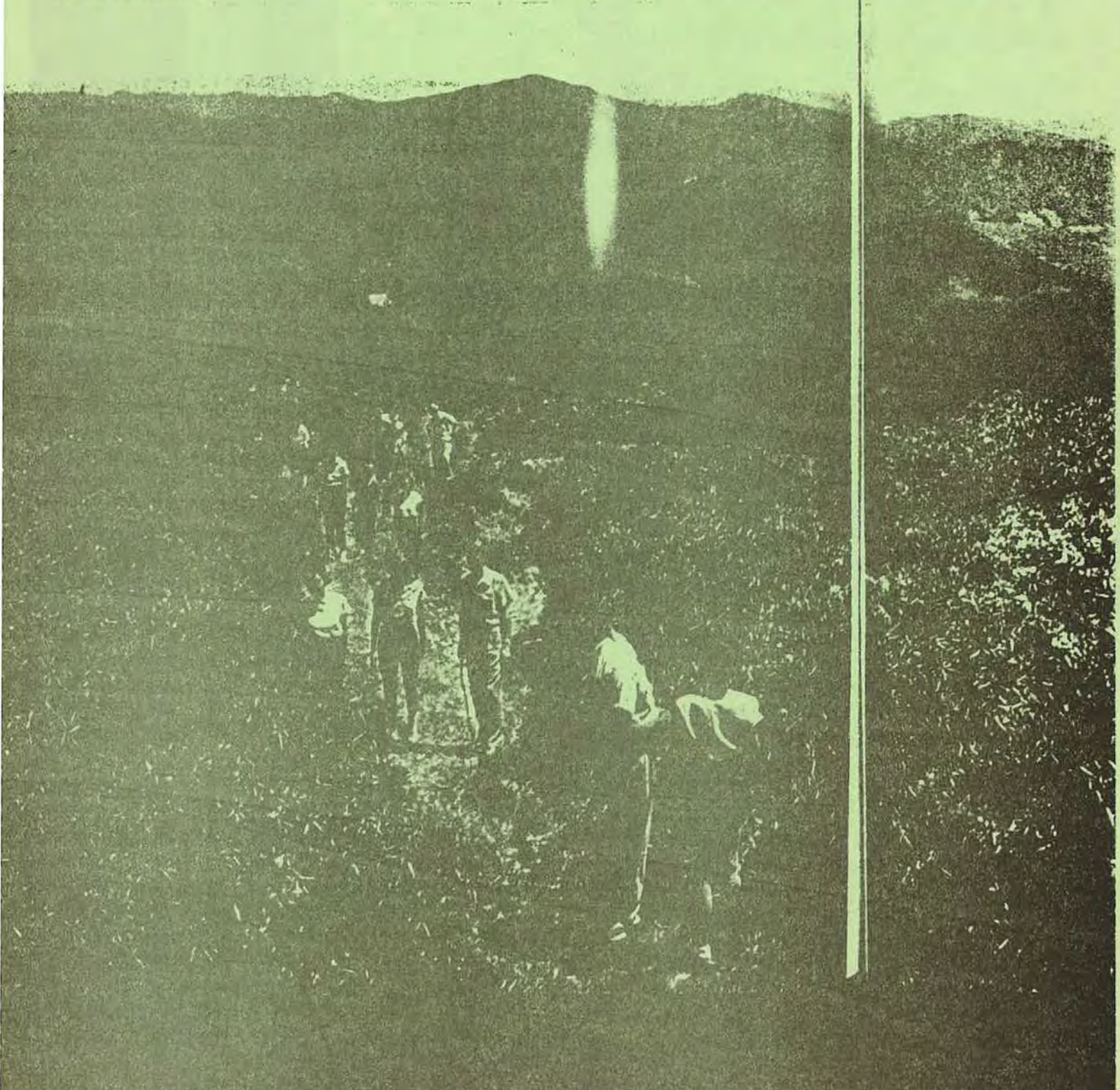
Our fire died down. Bob, the children, and I crawled into tents and sleeping bags. Soft grass and soil made a springy mattress. but through the long night I got colder and colder, and reflected that henceforth perhaps I'd better leave camping to the younger generation. When I rose at the first glimmer of dawn, chattering, to start another fire, I noticed that a thin film of ice had formed over a pan of water, though the date was

June 30! No wonder this sleeping bag.

Fog blanketed the clouds lowered and sat children awakened and Twelve-year-old Mary I then stopped—too awe sun burst upon our is bejeweled each still-dan som. This was worth w

#### Roan Mountain's Grassy Avenues Lead Sightseers Through a Forest of Brilliants

© National Geographic Society



Nature, Not Man, Is

June 30! No wonder I had been cold in a thin sleeping bag.

Fog blanketed the sunrise, but soon the clouds lowered and sat in the valleys. My children awakened and joined me in silence. Twelve-year-old Mary Ellen started to speak, then stopped—too awed for utterance. The sun burst upon our island in the sky and bejeweled each still-damp rhododendron blossom. This was worth waiting 27 years to see.

**Nature, Not Man, Is the Landscape Artist**



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Robert F. Slisson

#### **Bare Rock Caps Floral Jungle**

Hikers in North Carolina look toward Tennessee, a short distance off. Golden ragwort gilds the grass.

Week-end of May 25, 1979

Week-end of May 25, 1979

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER Wed., May 30, 1979

## Spring Is Sprung, But Not Atop Roan Mountain

Except for seeing, we wouldn't have believed. I guess it is that some of us carry our bad news with us, into the wild. (We might as well; we take everything else.) We take our sleeping bags into Death Valley, and it rains for a month. We pack in jars of chiggers and flies, in case there aren't enough.



**Dot  
Jackson**

Once in a while things slip up. Several of us were remembering a gorgeous

end-of-May weekend on Roan Mountain a couple of years ago. The sun shined.

We went across the mountain that day, through the waving grasses, over the ancient mosses speckled with bluets. Oh, it was lovely.

There were plants up there, on those bald windswept ridges, that we did not know. We decided to go back and take our book.

So Friday we packed us up, the flower children. We packed tents and sleeping bags and food for days and days. We took stoves and pots and charcoal for a fire (for there is very little wood up there) in case it got a little cool. It sometimes gets a little cool on the Roan.

"You better take my long underwear," said Baby Sister. Oh no, I said. She threw it in anyway. I didn't take her mittens.

We studied the clouds in the sunset, along the way, and saw in them dragons and things, but not of course what people with sense would have seen.

Just south of Spruce Pine the first snowflake blew across the road. It was as big as an egg.

Luckily we had a map to Bill and Betty Ledford's summer home, on Grassy Creek. They got us for the night. The wind howled and the snow blew, but didn't stick. We camped on beds in rooms with electric heat and got up when we smelled the breakfast cooking.

Even the birds woke up asking questions. It



Observer Photo By DOT JACKSON

### Hiker Tackles Icy Roan Mountain In May

looked very dark and strange outdoors.

A few miles along, we could see white on the mountaintops. The road up the Roan, from Bakersville, got icy toward the top. There were two cars on it. Ours.

Well, when we found the parking lot, under the snow, we got out and put on everything we had, in the way of clothes. We put our extra socks on our hands and heisted our packs and slushed off very slowly, blowing in the wind.

Bluets blinked at us through drifts of snow. Under the snow was water, and mud. We thought about how we would float the tents and keep them from blowing to Baltimore, with us in 'em. The wind whistled songs in the pack frames and sent us off balance, stumbling along.

We got the few hundred yards to Round Bald and found the marker blown down. It was an ominous sign. The wiser ones conferred and decided to retreat.

I remembered about that time that Harvey Miller, of that part of the country, told me the other day that he had not hurried his garden, that there would be one more bad cold spell in May. I remembered that coming down the ice.

We passed some Florida folks with bewildered

faces, packed to the teeth and trudging toward Iron Mountain, like Dr. Zhivago across the steppes.

So where did we go? We went to Mount Mitchell.

Down on the sheltered south slope, at the head of the South Toe River, the sun was shining and the blackberries were blooming and it was a gorgeous blue day.

Of course, now, on top, it was 35 degrees and the fog was rolling and the wind was howling and the computed chill factor was three above zero. Tourists sat in their cars with their windows rolled up, seeing all the gorgeous sights for three feet around.

It was, as a lady noted, in a store down in Spruce Pine, just a "blackberry squall." One of those little lessons in how not to take the uplands for granted. Even in May...

The National Weather Service says the weather this weekend in the Roan Mountain area should be partly cloudy and mild; last weekend's snow was caused by a freak condition that has moved on.



# The Highlands Of Roan

## Conservancy Seeks To Preserve Priceless Heritage

**CARVERS GAP** — Some of the finest work in the world is done by those who go quietly and diligently about their rounds. And here in the shadow of the great Highlands of Roan and within a stone's throw of Tennessee, the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy (SAHC) has the noble purpose — really it is a mission — of saving mountains from a threat nearly as powerful as the glacier age of old — commercial development.

I grew up in the shadows of the Roan massif — the magnificent group of peaks that includes Roan High Bluff, Round Bald, Grassy Ridge, Big Yellow and the Hump. And it is hard for me to return here without feeling that these mountains along the Tennessee-North Carolina line are part of the stewardship charged to each succeeding generation of mountain people.

It is equally difficult to view and not fall in love with the mountains' natural diversity, their wild profusion of rhododendron blossoms and their knee-deep grasses when in season, their stark winter beauty, their bounteous crowns in June. Looking out to the peaks on the horizon, one recalls the words of Scarlett O'Hara's father in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With The Wind*: "The only thing that lasts is the land."

A real-life character of the same era of Mr. O'Hara, botanist Elisha Mitchell, understood the values at stake here. Mitchell, for whom another great mountain was named, saw the Roan in 1839 and wrote:

"It is the most beautiful and will best repay the labor of ascending it of all our high mountains. The top of the Roan may be described as a vast meadow without a tree to obstruct a prospect...It is the elysium of the southern botanist, as a number of plants are found growing in this cold and humid atmosphere which are not seen again until we have gone hundreds of miles further north..."

This natural heritage includes more than 300 plant species and more than 150 species of birds and mammals.

*The land, the land — the only thing that lasts is the land.*

But on this land where extraordinary flora grows and scientists and hikers and related folk spend years exploring and enjoying there are problems. Much of the land has been privately owned for generations. And because of this economic and



**Rick Gunter**

social fact, it is vulnerable to development. It only has been in the past decade that the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy has been working to ensure that development is either prohibited or done on a scale that is in harmony with the mountain and its natural traditions.

The key word here is vulnerability. The land is no longer as remote as it once was. Recreational lands have been developed in the shadow of the mountains. Developers naturally want to reduce the Roan's treasures to unnatural condos and the like. The commercialization carries a high cost — a priceless heritage weighs in the balance.

SAHC's quiet, dedicated work has resulted in the preservation of some 6,000 acres. But the group's task is only half-completed. There are another 6,000 acres — at a minimum — needing protection.

SAHC's goals are two-fold:

(1.) To secure protection against development and other uses which would alter their nature and appearance.

(2.) To assure management so as to accommodate nondestructive scientific, educational and recreational use, while protecting the mountains' biological and physical features.

SAHC is an independent, non-profit, tax-exempt corporation whose purpose is the conservation of natural beauty and natural resources of mountain land and other open spaces for the benefit of citizens. It purchases land with donated funds, seeks conservation easements, and encourages public acquisition. It works with public agencies toward these purposes.

SAHC has been very creative with a legal vehicle called the charitable remainder trust. It applies this arrangement in the Highlands of Roan.

A tract is divided into Parcel A and Parcel B. The land owner establishes a trust in which Parcel A is placed. Even if the land has appreciated in value, the owner incurs no capital gains tax. The typical charitable remainder trust lasts for 10 years, during which the owner receives an annuity. The trust may also enable the owner to take an immediate tax deduction at the time the legal entity is created.

The trustee of the charitable trust then sells parts of Parcel A to persons who could be called "benefactors" — individuals willing and able to risk some capital on behalf of preservation. Initially, benefactors make only interest payments on their subparcel. The payments are tax-deductible. The trustee uses the interest payments to pay the original owner his annuity.

At the same time, the original owner enters into a purchase and sales agreement under which he or his heirs will sell Parcel B to SAHC at the end of the charitable remainder trust. The sum and terms are agreed upon in advance.

Subsequent to the sale of subparcels to benefactors, each benefactor is offered the opportunity to sign a charitable pledge to donate his subparcel to a second tax-exempt organization, the Appalachian Trail Conference, on or before the termination of the trust, and agrees not to alter the property in the interim.

If you would like to learn more about this useful stewardship, either as a benefactor, landowner, or volunteer, please write to the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy, P.O. Box 3356, Kingsport, Tenn. 37664. Ten dollars will buy you a subscribing membership and \$100-\$999 will make you a sustaining member. Life members donate a one-time contribution of \$1,000 or more.

It is hard to think of a worthier charity involved in land stewardship in Western North Carolina and East Tennessee than the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy.

And just so there is no misunderstanding — yes, I am a member of the SAHC's board of directors.



# Roan Mountain, North Carolina

by Robert H. Mohlenbrock

An early name for the area was Cloudland. From a broad base 2,500 feet above sea level, Roan Mountain rises to 6,285 feet, forming a rounded divide that extends nearly five miles along the North Carolina-Tennessee line. On either side of the divide, rounded spurs alternate with V-shaped valleys. Oak and chestnut forests once covered the lower slopes, but these were cleared many years ago for cultivation and timber (a blight that struck the chestnuts in the late nineteenth century helped to speed the process along). Above 3,500 feet, however, large tracts of natural habitat persist, including catawba rhododendron gardens that offer a spectacular show in June. The rhododendron communities and other treeless areas, referred to as balds, seem inexplicable breaks in an otherwise forested area.

In a band about 3,500 to 5,000 feet above sea level, where the deep, rich soil is relatively free of surface rocks and outcrops, American beeches and sugar maples may stand seventy feet tall. Yellow birch, apparently because it is better adapted to cooler temperatures, becomes common near the upper limits of this forest community, which also has a scattering of shorter trees—sweet birch, Ohio buckeye, mountain and striped maples, and smooth serviceberry. There is a shrub layer composed of hobblebush viburnum, alternate-leaf dogwood, and elderberries; beneath it, a number of wildflowers span the growing season. Jack-in-the-pulpit blooms in early spring, followed by the great star chickweed, with its large, white flowers. Orange jewelweed blooms in summer, and the branched white aster in the autumn.

Upslope, the beeches and sugar maples become smaller and are more widely

spaced as they reach their environmental tolerance limits. Above 5,400 feet and all the way to the summit—where the climate is cooler, snow more plentiful in winter, and the winds stronger—they are replaced by a coniferous forest of red spruce and Fraser fir. Scattered among the cone-bearing evergreens, which raise their needle-clothed branches to nearly ninety feet, are such deciduous trees as yellow birch, striped maple, mountain ash, and sweet buckeye. Beneath the canopy trees there is a modest shrub layer, which includes an occasional rhododendron. Aided by thick summer fogs, which hover over the mountain, mosses and lichens cover more than half the ground surface, often edging their way up the tree trunks for four or five feet, and wispy strands of *Usnea* lichens hang from the tree limbs. A few flowering herbs, such as mountain sorrel, foamflower, and purple turtlehead, rupture the moss cover.

The spruce-fir forest occupies Roan Mountain's most rugged terrain, where numerous exposed rock outcrops occur. This stony topography is particularly evident at Roan High Bluff, a scenic overlook reached by trail from the rhododendron gardens at Roan High Knob. Trees toppled by wind or scarred severely by lightning testify to the harsh climate.

But the plant communities known as balds evoke the most interest on Roan Mountain. Some area residents still refer to them as slicks because of their shiny appearance from a distance. A.F. Marks, who has studied the southern Appalachian balds thoroughly, defines a bald as "an area of naturally occurring treeless vegetation located on a well-drained site below the climatic treeline in a predominantly forested region."

Three kinds of balds occupy the upper slopes of Roan Mountain, all in the zone normally inhabited by the spruce-fir forest. Grass balds are the most common, generally occurring between 5,500 and 5,700 feet. Because they are devoid of most shrubs, they are sometimes called mountain meadows. Mountain oat grass forms a cover through which sheep sorrel, tickle-grass, and wild strawberry occasionally protrude. Some small mounds, called moss hummocks, support the growth only of mosses. At roughly the same altitude are also found the rarest of the Roan Mountain balds, the alder balds, which seem to have developed where there is more available soil moisture. These thick, shrubby stands of three- and four-foot-tall green alders are known from no other area in the Carolinas.

The showplaces of Roan Mountain, however, are the rhododendron balds, located mostly on the southeastern side of the divide at between 6,000 and 6,150 feet. At their peak in mid-June, these balds contain hundreds of brilliant rose-pink catawba rhododendrons, interrupted occasionally by patches of grassland. Here and there, a stray red spruce or mountain ash has established a foothold and overtops the rhododendrons, but few plants grow beneath the shrubs because their densely crowded, thick leaves let little light reach the ground. The rhododendrons also produce a network of feeder roots in the upper two inches of the soil, excluding most herbaceous plants. The Pisgah National Forest has provided parking areas near Roan High Knob, where trails permit visitors to wander through 600 acres of rhododendrons.

Biologists have proposed many theories to explain the origin of the balds. The first



Above, a skeleton of a rhododendron grove is one of the treeless areas atop Roan High Knob; opposite, catawba rhododendrons blossom on Roan Mountain.

suggestion, made near the turn of the century, was that balds were areas where the trees had been damaged and ultimately killed by winter ice storms. Although ice does damage some of the trees on Roan Mountain, large acreages of trees would probably not be wiped out while the surrounding forest remained intact. Years ago a prominent Nebraska botanist suggested instead that fire was the primary cause for the development of the balds. In the southern Appalachians, however, fires are normally followed by the invasion of fire cherries, which do not seem to have been an important part of the Roan Mountain flora. The treeless glades and hill prairies of the Midwest are accounted for, at least in part, by their western exposures, which leave them with soil so dry that trees cannot grow. Although many of the balds on Roan Mountain are on southwestern slopes that receive drying winds, their soil is not significantly drier than in the adjacent forests, and trees can grow there if given a chance. Still another suggestion is that Indians cleared the region of trees and maintained the treeless areas for campgrounds and grazing by animals, but there is little evidence of this.

The most plausible explanation for the origin of balds involves past climatic conditions and the reaction of vegetation to them. Typically, the upper elevations of the southern Appalachians support a coniferous spruce-fir forest. Below 5,000 feet, deciduous beech-maple forest pre-

vails. About 4,000 years ago, a lengthy hot and dry period affected the region. The spruces and firs growing near their lower limits of tolerance gradually succumbed to the hot, arid climate and were replaced by beeches and maples. Subsequently, a cooling trend, which has continued to the present, made life difficult for the beeches and maples that had occupied this upper range. Many trees perished during the cold winters, and others fell because of severe winds, ice damage, and possibly even lightning fires.

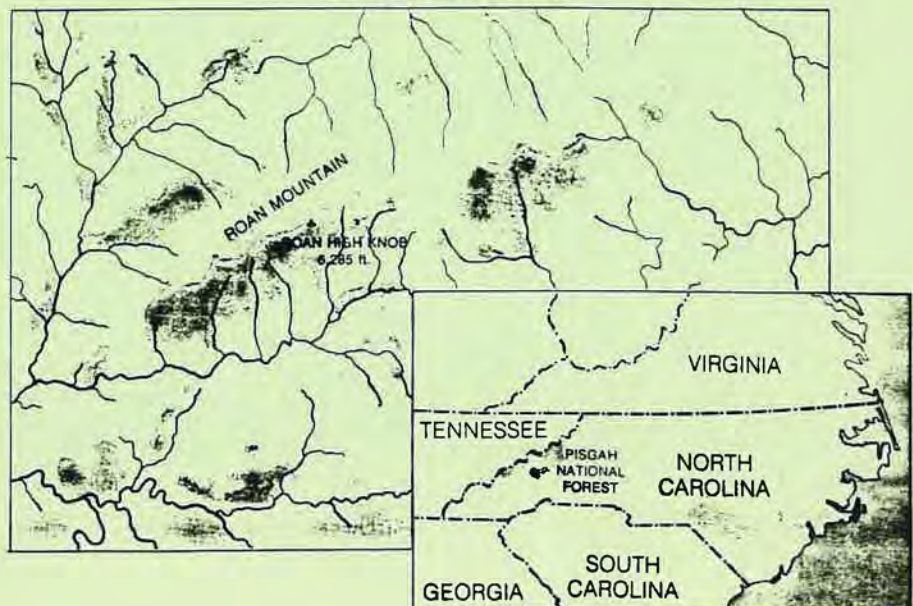
The spruce-fir forest generally failed to reestablish itself in this zone because any seedlings that germinated soon perished in the absence of a protective tree canopy. The treeless zone was invaded instead by grasses, and the grass balds came into ex-

istence. The uppermost balds nearest the spruce-fir forest were eventually populated by rhododendrons, whose seeds came from the rhododendrons in the forest understory. Fir and particularly spruce seeds also fell into these adjacent balds, but the conditions necessary for their germination and survival apparently did not prevail. Those balds that have remained grass balds probably harbor very few rhododendrons because there is not a large rhododendron seed source near by.

Today, the balds of Roan Mountain are unstable communities. Some are expanding; others are shrinking. Where there is expansion, it is because mature trees that grow at the edge of the balds are exposed to more severe environmental conditions than those within the forest. In historical times, also, local settlers who used the balds as grazing areas for their domestic animals cut the bordering trees to provide more space. On the other hand, the edges of the balds are constantly threatened by the invasion of woody plants. The spruces and firs are potent seed sources. A seed may be blown beneath a clump of rhododendrons, whose shade permits the conifer seedling to develop. On occasion, this seedling will grow and break through the shrub canopy, ultimately shading out the rhododendrons and killing them. There is thus a continuous ecological war between the balds and the adjacent forests.

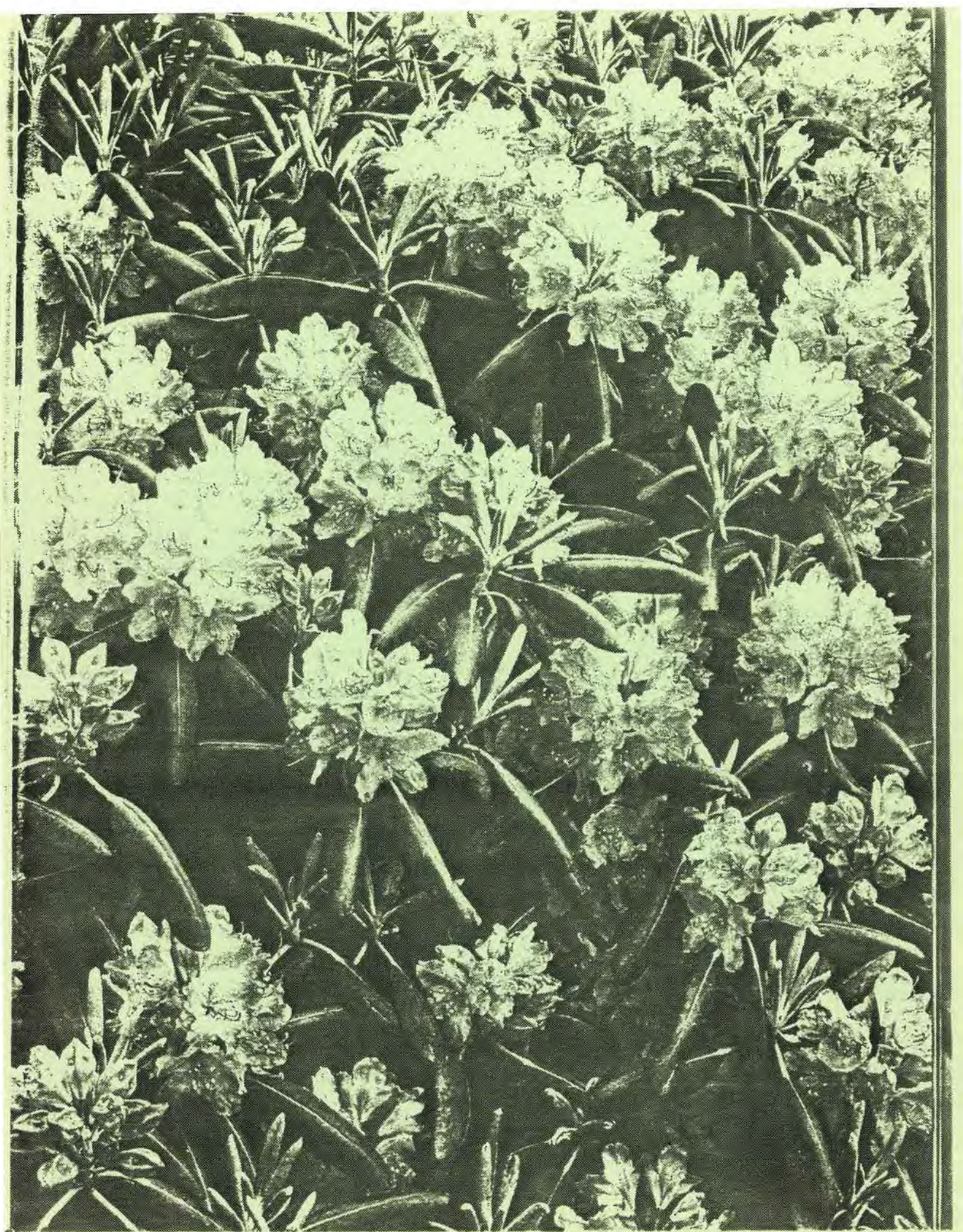
*"This Land" highlights the biological phenomena that can be explored in the 153 U.S. national forests. Robert H. Mohlenbrock is professor of botany at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.*

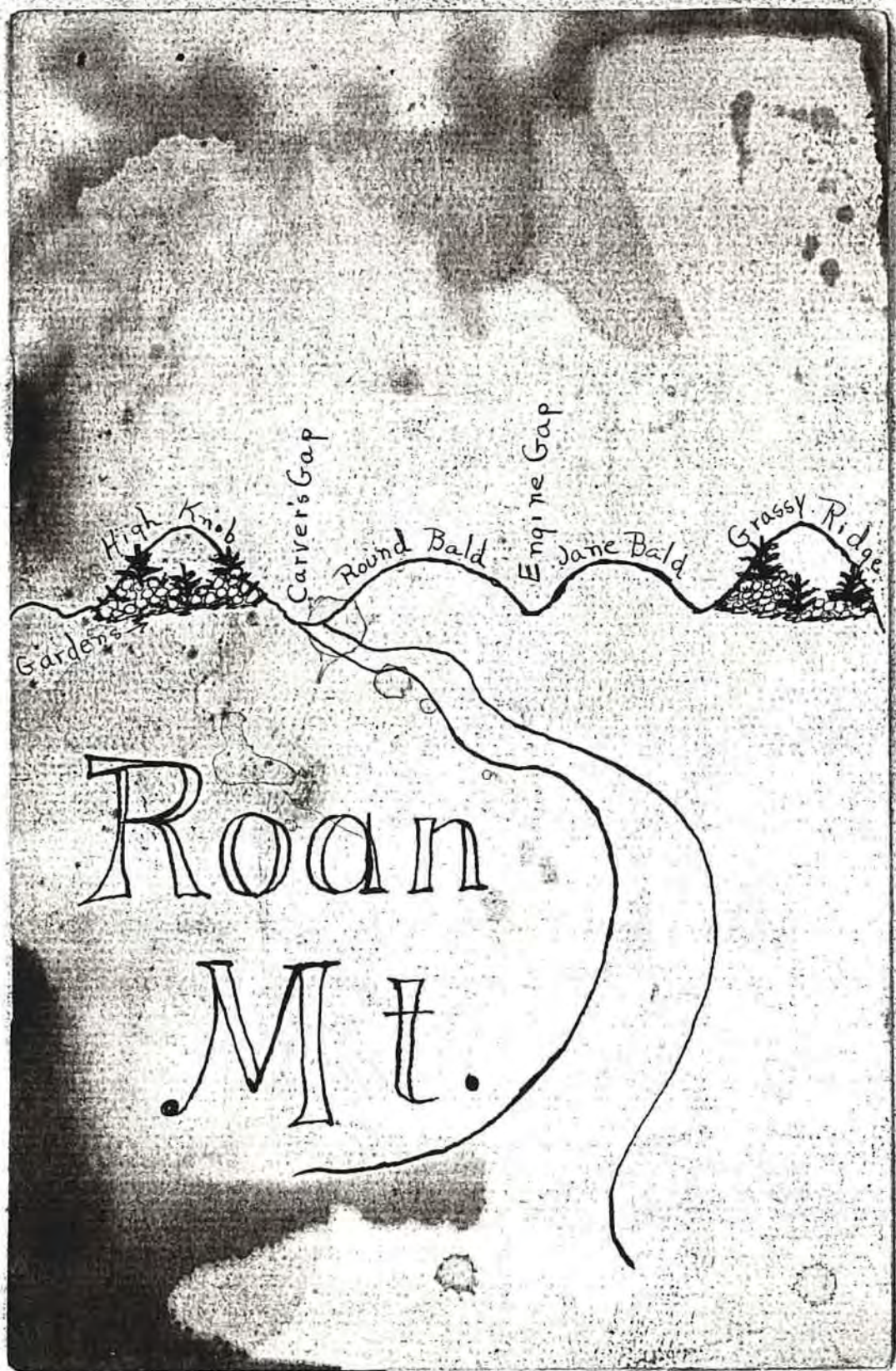
## Roan Mountain



Joe Le Monnier

For visitor information write:  
Forest Supervisor  
Pisgah National Forest  
50 South French Broad Avenue  
Asheville, North Carolina 28802





Roan  
Mt.

High Knob  
Carver's Gap  
Round Bald  
Engine Gap  
Jane Bald  
Grassy Ridge  
Gardens

Jessie's Book

ROAN MOUNTAIN



C. REX PEAKE

1887-1964

My Friend

*Copyright 1964, Roan View Gift Shop  
Bakersville, North Carolina, 1964.*

#### FOREWORD

On April 4, 1887, Cornelius Rex Peake was born on the Roan, on land owned by his forebears.

The author's love of trees, rocks and flowers was evident in his words and actions. He watched over Roan and fought to save the great natural beauty of the mountain from destruction.

He loved people, too. No one could be around him long without becoming his friend and admirer. The tales he told of the mountain people were enhanced by his great natural ability as a story teller.

Because of his love of nature, his memory for details, his long and close association with the mountain and its people, no one is better fitted than Rex Peake to tell the story of Roan Mountain.

He died on March 23, 1964. He is buried on the spot where he was born.

Grace Pack Durham  
June 2, 1964



## ROAN MOUNTAIN

By C. Rex Peake

*He took his last trip  
Up the mountain today.  
Friends and neighbors  
Walked softly the way  
To the knoll.*

*They handled him tenderly  
As if his body were still knit  
To soul.*

*Now he is part of the soil,  
Still hands that once knew rough toil  
Will fashion some pattern in clay and stone  
While he is resting on quiet Roan.  
Flowers -- the wild ones he thought were sweet --  
Will bloom in the meadow 'round his feet.  
Above his head the birds will nest;  
His horse and dog will come to rest  
Where his body lies.*

*I cannot think that he is there.  
My eyes will lift to find him where  
The wind blows free  
In grass and tree;  
Where granite stands,  
Defying hands  
That grasp its stone  
To change the Roan.*

*I'll see his smile in rhododendron  
And balsam boughs that bend; run  
Of rill will echo laughter  
Lingering with me long after  
I have left the vale  
And winding trail  
He knew so well.  
I cannot tell*

*What knowing him has meant to me.  
Wisdom of the ageless mind he'd hint to me  
And leave unsaid the thing  
I'd rather dream. I cling  
To the mem'ried snatches of his nonconformist "No's."  
His mountain talks were classic prose.  
His level eye  
Was measure to be measured by.*

*Thoreau-like, by his Walden Pond,  
His hand could wave a magic wand  
While time would cease  
Its restless pace  
To let the hours of peace  
Our frustrate fears erase.*

*"Bury me top of the Roan," he said,  
And though they tell me he is dead,  
There's doubt in every tone.  
We laid him halfway to the top,  
But somehow I think he didn't stop.  
He's still on his own adventurous way--  
Unafraid, confident, searching, and gay.*

Sarah Cannon Spell  
March, 1964

The elevation of High Knob on Roan Mountain, highest point on this boomerang shaped mountain, is 6,286 feet; although geologists believe it was twenty or thirty thousand feet high in its young days. This is one of the oldest and most beautiful mountains in the world. It has an average altitude of 6,000 feet for a distance of 9 miles, and a broad rolling top one-half to three-fourths of a mile wide all along its great length.

Long before white men knew of its existence, Indians from various tribes -- Cherokee, Catawba, and others -- roamed the mountain. There is a legend that one time in June the Catawbans and Cherokees met in "heap big battle," and the Cherokees almost wiped out the Catawba braves. The blood of the braves, spilled on the mountain top, made the rhododendron blooms red; and that is how the Catawba rhododendron got its name. There is evidence of this battle in the number of Indian arrows, tomahawks, and spearheads picked up along the top and on either side of the mountain.

There are many theories as to the origin of its unusual name. One legend is that Daniel Boone left an exhausted horse on the mountain in the spring of the year; and upon his return in the fall, found the horse fat and ready to ride again. The horse was of a roan color, hence the name, Roan Mountain.

Another tale is that the mountain ash, which came from Scotland and is known as the rowan tree, gave its name to the mountain. The unusual beauty of this tree with its white blossom in summer and scarlet berries in the fall might have so impressed visitors that they remembered the mountain from the tree.

The most feasible story is that the French botanist, Andre Mischeau, who explored the mountain in 1794, named it France de Rhone, from a mountain much like this one near the Rhone Valley in France. Later, the mountain people dropped the France de, and altered the spelling to Roan. \*

\*This information was contained in statements made by James W. Peake (born 1805) and James W. Ayers (born 1812). Both men were grandparents of the author.

The high Bluff (6,200 feet high) overlooks the Buladean section. With sheer cliffs looking down thousands of feet below, it offers a breath-taking view.

"Cloudland," a section of the Roan near the big spring, is so called because of the old summer resort that was built on the site in 1879 by L.B. Searle, on land leased from J.T. Wilder. Mr. Searle came from Chattanooga, Tenn. He gave Wesley Garland and Ben Moseley a contract to get all the material together and build a hotel. They were to hew logs 12 to 32 feet in length with a six inch face on each side and, upon delivery, receive twelve cents for each of them. The contract also called for them to deliver a certain number of round logs the same length as those above for six cents each. Rafters were to be "of good size and straight" for one cent each. In addition, they were to supply 60,000 balsam shingles five-eighths inch thick, with an average width of four inches (no shingle to be less than two inches wide), at two dollars per thousand.

Mr. Searle built a cart road from Buladean up the ridge, through Roan High Bluff and Eagle Bluff, across the top to the hotel site. The resort flourished until it burned in 1880. At that time it was replaced by Mr. Wilder with a 260 room, three story building that was in operation until 1903, as a hay fever resort. The last man who leased this building was promised 10% of the net profits, but there were no net profits.

Later, in 1919, the Wilder heirs sold the old building to Holden Garland of Burbank, Tennessee, who tore the old building down and sold parts of it to various people in this section. For miles around one can find evidence of the old hotel in every house and church that was built from 1919 to 1925.

In 1794 John Strather helped survey the state line between North Carolina and Tennessee. He made the statement that there was very little shrubbery on the mountain, few pines and that the wind blew so hard it had eroded great holes in the ground on the north side of the mountain. Some of this erosion still shows. To prove there is little shrubbery you could gallop a horse for a mile across the top without any obstruction. One can still gallop from Grassy Ridge Bald to Carver's Gap which is a distance of 2-5/10 miles. Even now there is very little shrubbery along the state line from where it touches the top of Roan Mountain to the old Cloudland Hotel site. The top of the mountain has a thick heavy sod of grass known to botanists as Mountain Oat Grass where the line turns down the dividing ridge.

Three kinds of rhododendron grow on Roan Mountain. These are Catawba (purple), Maxim (pink), and Carolina (white). There are wild azaleas which are colored flame, pale yellow, dark orange, white and pink. Also seen are white dogwood, service trees and azalea arborescent, which has white blossoms. Mountain ash and white alder are found there in abundance. The name "white alder" was used until a few years ago when all alders were put in one class. This species of alder is not found anywhere in the world except on Roan Mountain and on a half acre plot in the Rocky Mountains in Montana.

Roan Mountain is the habitat of some rare flowers and plants, such as Gray's lily, which was found by Dr. Asa Gray in 1841, and is not found elsewhere. Also there is Scotch heather (found only in Scotland and the Appalachian Mountains), wild geranium, Greenland chickweed, bluets (forget-me-nots) and purple fringed orchids. Other flowering plants make this mountain a botanist's paradise.

The first flowers in early spring are: blue, white and yellow violets, red and white trillium, bluets, spring beauty, Dutchman's breeches and squirrel corn. The last flowers to bloom are the wild asters, which make a blue carpet in the forest in late fall.

The soil is dark black loam, three to four feet deep in some places. Since it takes a forest 145 years to produce an inch of top soil, this shows Roan Mountain has had vegetation on it many thousands of years.

Minerals found here are unakite, magnetite, uranium, copper, zinc, tungsten, and feldspar in crystals. There are also some silver, lead, crystal quartz, zircon, amethyst, epidote, tourmaline, moonstone and garnet.

The elevation at Carver's Gap, the lowest gap on the mountain, is 5,515 feet. This gap was named for a Mr. Carver who camped there and herded cattle for Isaac T. Avery. On the North Carolina side, 150 feet from the top of the gap, is a spring which is the beginning of Little Rock Creek. On the Tennessee side about the same distance from the top is the beginning of Cove Creek which drains into the Doe River in Tennessee.

The mountain is composed of a series of "Balds" with individual names. High Knob, Round Bald and Grassy Ridge Bald are self explanatory, but the others recall a bit of local history. Engine Gap was named for a stationary engine, placed there early in 1880. Using this engine, three million feet of wild cherry lumber were transported on an incline railroad from Roan Valley to Bur-

bank, Tennessee. This operation was carried on by Mr. L.B. Searle, the man who built the first hotel.

Jane Cook, a woman who had been visiting in Tennessee, started back home with a small child and young girl. She had "Milk Sickness" and became so exhausted she couldn't travel any further. The young girl walked down to the first house on the North Carolina side, the home of Mr. Patterson Young. With the help of some neighbors, he carried Jane down to his house, but she died later that night. Her name is perpetuated in the round, grassy knob called Jane's Bald.

Mountain Music, a sound like the humming of bees, which occurs two or three hours before a heavy thunderstorm, is heard on Roan Mountain. During a storm you may also hear a sound like a sharp rifle crack before lightning flashes. This is sometimes heard in the valley below. Rainbows seen early in the morning or late in the afternoon circle the whole mountain.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MOUNTAIN LORE

Uncle Nathan preached to hay fever guests on the Roan. His sermon goes this way ---

Brothers, Sisters, uh, you come up here on this beautiful mountain so you can breathe a little better, uh, but down here in this old sinful world, uh, all we can do is cough and sneeze, uh, up in that beautiful world, uh, pancakes grow in bushes, uh, and fall off in sacers of molasses, uh, and nothing to do but sop and eat, Ummmmmm, Glory Hallelujah. Don't you want to go there and and live forever? uh?

Uncle Nathan was a great one for revival and when he had finished his sermons, he always looked over the audience and anyone he saw that he thought was a sinner, he always went to him and almost by force led him up to the mourners' bench. There he would sing, shout and pray until most of the sinners gave in. One night he had 30 or 40 on the bench, one a beautiful blond with a slightly shady character. He was singing a song, shaking hands to cadence of the music. The song was, "My father, mother, brother, and sister are in heaven. Glory Hallelujah, don't you want to go

there." He came to the girl, gave her his left hand and caught her by the knee with his right. She jumped up from the bench and he went right on giving his right hand to the next person, adding a new verse to his song - "I just done that to try your faith, Oh, Glory Hallelujah."

\* \* \* \* \*

Frank stirred up his wet hay, and it dried in the sun. Rain came again. For three different days it always rained before he could get it stacked. The last time he had it in good shape for stacking and looked up the mountain to see a hard rain shower coming. Frank stuck a match to the hay saying, "God, I'll fool you this time."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ruben, who dodged light, was loading cherry lumber for Mr. Searle to go over to Engine Gap. There was a wire running from the mill to the engine on top of the mountain with a bell tied on the end. When the car was loaded he pulled the wire to ring the bell for a go-ahead signal. Ruben had just finished loading a car and started to walk over and pull the wire when within about four feet of him, lightning caught the wire, came down and jumped off, ploughing the ground for about 30 feet. Ruben jumped back and said, "God, if I hadn't seed that thunder coming and dodged, it shore would have killed me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Uncle Larkin got religion today and lost it tomorrow. He went to the mill early one Saturday morning and was to hurry right back and hoe the beans. His wife waited until 10:30 that night for him to return. Finally when he came, she said, "Well, Lark, I want to know where you have been?"

He replied, "Nancy Jane, I've been in the best revival I've ever been in all of my life. I've got religion again and I'm going to keep it. I can't read but you can. You have got to read the Bible every night and I'll have family prayer."

She said, "Well, Lark, you've got it today but you'll lose it tomorrow."

She read the 23rd Psalm and Uncle Lark got down to pray. He was so mixed up in what he was trying to say that his young son laughed at him. Larkin stopped talking to the Lord and started to talk to his wife.

"Nancy Jane, today you know I can pray as good a prayer as Brother Jeff Laws, or Brother Jim either. Over thar in yonder corner sets your son Jim laughing and making fun of me. If you don't make him hush, I will take him in yonder room and jam him up agin the wall and choke him so black that Hell wouldn't know him."

Nancy Jane said, "Amen, I told you so, Lark."

\* \* \* \* \*

At the age of 65 to 70, Rube Rayburn spent most of his Sunday afternoons out in a cool shady spot with a bunch of his cronies and a half gallon of mountain dew. This particular Sunday afternoon a young fellow, Scott McCurry, had drunk enough to pass out. Dave Peterson happened to see that Scott had turned blue and was scarcely breathing.

He ran to Rube. "Rube, Scott's dying, we got to get someone to pray for him."

Rube said "Nobody here that can pray and by the time you get someone, he be dead."

Dave said "Rube, you are the oldest and you just got to pray for Scott."

"Well," said Rube, "If I have to, I reckon I can. Gather round him, and get down on your knees, put your hand on him and I'll do the best I can." He started out, "Oh, Lord, I got one son in the state pen, there for killing a man, one in New Mexico for his health, a lot of the Petersons is dead and gone to Hell and the rest of us is on our way. Amen."

It worked. Scott got well.

\* \* \* \* \*

Starling was a great man six feet four inches tall. He wore a number twelve shoe and was noted for his strange and colorful way of speaking. He suddenly lost his mind at the age of fifty-five

and was crazy for about four years. No one knew why this happened. It wasn't finances - he had money, and no family troubles. While speaking with me one day, he said he remembered something that took place while he was crazy.

I said, "Uncle Starling, what happened to you? You have too much sense to go crazy."

"Well Pard," he said, "I just got to reading the Bible and got to studying about whar God come from and it run me crazy."

I said, "What happened when you snapped out of it, all at once?"

He replied, "One day, I was up thar at the Elk Holler looking up wer sheep and wer cattle, and it come the awfulest storm I ever seed. I run under them thar shelving rocks, thar where you turn down to Heaton Creek, and the thunder and the lightning was a cracking and popping all around. And thar I was a-wondering whar God come from. All of a sudden thunder struck a big sugar tree in about ten feet of me, throwed bark splinters all over me and I decided it was just none of my business where God come from. That he was right thar, and could have killed me, and I just snapped out of her and was well again."

He lived a normal life for the rest of his days, age 89.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sol Pittman had a yoke of steers, one a worker and one lazy. Whenever they got in mud, Mose, the lazy one, would lie down and make the other one do all the work. One day they were pulling a wagon load of hay and were almost to the top of the hill, near his home. The lazy one would not budge an inch, and Old Buck couldn't pull the wagon out of the mud by himself. So Sol unyoked the lazy steer, and put his head in the yoke with Buck and pulled the wagon out of the mud to the top of the hill. Buck just kept going down the hill with Sol trailing along.

He called to his wife, "Mary, catch us, we are running away."

She ran out and grabbed Sol, and Sol said, "Gracious Mary, hold Buck, I'll stand."

\* \* \* \* \*

A neighbor's cows were found continually in Rattler's meadows. By cussing and swearing he let it be known he did not like cows on his property. This charge was made against him at the Church. The preacher, Uncle Stephen Greene, preached a sermon for his benefit on the penalties of sin. After the sermon, a collection was taken. Rattler gave one dollar, another gave ten cents, four other people gave one penny each.

The preacher said, "Thank you, brethren, for one dollar and fourteen cents. The Lord will bless you."

The neighbor reminded the preacher of the charge against Rattler. The preacher then turned to Rattler and said, "Brother Rattler, you are charged with swearing. Are you guilty?"

"Not guilty, Die God, Die God, I ain't cussed any for two years."

The preacher calmly said, "Congregation dismissed"; turned to the accusing neighbor and said, "Don't you ever bring another neighbor up before me for swearing, or I'll turn you out of the church."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wiseman was my father-in-law and always a skeptic. He lived to be 97 years of age, played the fiddle, banjo, drank a little likker, always wanted to live to be 100 years old. A few months before he died he was talking to himself. "Well, I've made 96, but won't make 100."

At the age of 85, one Sunday morning he left the house. I asked where he was. My wife replied, "He started toward Charles Creek and wouldn't say where he was going." A bootlegger lived over the mountain path about two miles away.

The preacher and his wife usually spent Sunday afternoon with us, and I told my wife that "Just about the time the preacher gets here, your father will be back drunk as an English Lord." Just as the preacher came in there came up a heavy storm, hail, rain, lightning. I wanted to look for him, but my wife and the preacher

wouldn't let me go. When the storm finally broke, I saw him coming up the hill, walking unsteadily from side to side. I led him on the porch to get him away from the preacher. I told him to come in and get dry.

He replied, "Gosh, the old man liked to killed me, poured the rain and hail down on me, never was in such a storm. I prayed like hell, but God was silent, wouldn't say a word to me." I kept trying to get him dry and quiet. He said again, "I am tough and I'll be all right, prayed like hell, but God was silent."

The preacher tried to help me and suggested dry clothes. He said, "Mr. Wiseman, don't you think it is time you quit this kind of life and try to get to a better land?"

"No, hell no, honey, don't live on skim milk here with thoughts of cream beyond the sky. When you get over there, every old cow in the pasture may be dry."



Photo by Michael Joslin

Richard Cobb takes advantage of this week's snow on Roan Mountain to get in some cross-country skiing

## Late snowfall warms hearts of skiers

By Michael Joslin

Press Correspondent

**ROAN MOUNTAIN** — The typical sights and sounds of mid-April in the lowlands have been missing from Roan Mountain this week.

There have been no birds flying or singing, no flowers and no nature-loving hikers, just plenty of snow and fanatic cross-country skiers getting in one last round before summer finally vanquishes winter.

"I heard there was snow and came to play," Diana Steele, Chapel Hill, N.C., said Monday.

Ms. Steele was in the moun-

tains with a Sierra Club excursion that had been aborted by the unexpected snow. When others faintheartedly returned to the lowlands, she went in search of adventure.

"I drove to the Blue Ridge Parkway to ski on the closed sections; then I heard about Roan Mountain and hurried over.

"I didn't learn to cross country ski until I was 50, but I love it. It's great exercise, and you don't have to stand in lines and pay a fortune like at ski resorts," she said, then dug in her poles and slid away on her narrow skis.

Also on the mountain this snow

day were Jeep Barrett and Richard Cobb, two local residents whose eyes are seldom off the mountain they love.

"This is the third April in a row that we've had a surprise snow on the mountain," said Barrett, proprietor of High South Nordic Guides, a cross country ski business located in Tennessee's Roan Mountain State park.

"Our season runs from Dec. 15 to March 15, but the snow comes when it wants. Roan Mountain has as good or better skiing than any other place in the South. There's this big fat plateau, and we get more snow than even Mount Mitchell," said Barrett.

Although they reside on opposite sides of the mountain, Barrett and Cobb, who lives in Bula-dean, N.C., often meet on the top because each lives within sight of the Roan and can glance up to see the snow cover when the surrounding valleys are green.

"It's another world up here," said Cobb. "Within an altitude of over 6,200 feet, the Roan gets snow when no one else has any."

With a wave, he whizzed down the main road.

"Call me next year for a story, I've got to take advantage of this now," yelled Barrett, as he disappeared down a side trail in a flurry.

# Why I Live In Roan Mountain

Speech Delivered November, 1919

by

PIERCE W. JULIAN, "The Sage of Roan Mountain"

## SPEECH

"Here lofty mountains lift their mighty peaks, ribbed with iron and granite, veined with coal and marble . . . covered with timbers rare in beauty and fine texture."

"Here it is the sun first kisses the hilltops of sunny Tennessee, and here a thousand springs, clear as crystal and as cold as ice, burst from the earth and rivers are born."

"Deep down in a thousand mossy glens, overshadowed with fir and hemlock, where the cataracts roar and splash, is found the fern and the galax, and the rhododendron and the leucothe; while on a thousand hilltops the laurel and the azalea blush and blossom in wild profusion. I first saw the light of day in a rude log cabin beneath the shadows of the great Roan Mountain, more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, upon whose summit I have stood when a barefoot boy and gazed out over an area of fifty thousand square miles."

"I have stood there, 6,300 feet above the sea level, where silence reigned supreme and where a hush of expectancy filled the air, and gazed as far as my eyes would permit to see mountains below me like countless blue waves on a great ocean rolled away to meet the sky in the hazy distance. I have seen streaks of gray mist steal up the steep below and spread out until the whole space below me was filled, except where the most lofty peaks protruded,

crowned with trees and stone, like green islands in a boundless sea."

"I have seen the fleecy billows roll and boil until they would toss their spray right at my feet. The great Admiral of the storm would then anchor the flagship of his mighty fleet on some nearby peak and then salute the arrival of summer with guns of rain and thunder, until their smoke would shut out the sun and sky above my head while the earth would seem to tremble below my feet; then he would shoot shafts of lightning through the smoke of battle that would plough great furrows through the ground, uproot trees and send stones tumbling down the mountain side, until the place where I stood seemed the abode of terror and death."

"Then again I have seen the white squadron sail away and anchor on the brow of the distant mountain like a great snow crown. The sun would burst out of the heavens anew and light up a thousand beautiful valleys below me with soft-tinted colors of purple and gold."

"The heedless and thoughtless may see nothing in what I have said about the great Roan Mountain but to me it was a drama surpassing anything mortal man has ever depicted."

"In the valleys and nestled among the hills of Tennessee are farms, rich in soil, owned and tilled by a people of pure Anglo-

Saxon blood unmixed with foreign strain."

The open book of nature reveals to them new secrets that bring out what is noble and best in human character.

"Love of home, love of country, and love of freedom is but the natural outgrowth of surroundings which have produced a type of citizenship of which any nation may well boast."

"With the increase of good roads and with a proper portrayal of what East Tennessee really possesses in the way of undeveloped resources, I believe that the attention of the outside world will soon be attracted to our beautiful section."

"In the onward march of world reconstruction, with its constantly increasing demands, I firmly believe that the time is not far distant when the great captains of industry will be willing to pour out their capital at our feet, in order that harvest, field, stream and mine may be forced to yield their most precious gifts to the mastermind of man."

"I also believe that the day is not far in the distance when East Tennessee, from Bristol to Chattanooga, will be known as the New England of the South. And I believe that we are now starting at the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the onward and upward march of East Tennessee and of our entire Southland."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS  
ABOUT THE ROAN HIGHLANDS NATIONAL SCENIC AREA LEGISLATION

1. What is a National Scenic Area?

A National Scenic Area is an area that has been recognized for its particular scenic values. The beauty of the Roan is appreciated and enjoyed by nearby residents and visitors alike. An objective of a Highlands of Roan National Scenic area is to preserve what is special about the mountain. This includes the rhododendron, the peaceful scenery, the grass balds, Christmas tree farming, grazing, and other traditional pursuits of landowners.

2. Who would be affected by the proposed National Scenic Area?

Only people with land inside the proposed Scenic Area boundary would be affected. People whose lands are outside would not be affected at all. There is only one house within the boundary in North Carolina, ~~seven~~ in Tennessee. Within the proposed boundary, there are 3,600 acres of privately-owned land in Mitchell County, 3,500 acres in Avery and 3,200 acres in Carter.

3. Where would the boundary of the Scenic Area be located?

The elevation of the boundary varies according to the location and the present amount of development. The boundary has been drawn to avoid residential areas and other developed areas. From Hughes Gap around to Glen Ayre, it is mostly at 4,000 ft. At the Valley of the Roan on NC 261, it rises to 5,000 ft. to exclude the area where there are already homes. Around Little Yellow Mountain to the end of Big Roan Ridge, the elevation is mostly at 4,600 ft. From Big Roan Ridge to the state line, the boundary is mostly at 4,000 ft. At Chestnut Oak Flats, however, where there is already a major development, the boundary rises to 5,200 ft. There are other variations to avoid houses on Horse Creek and near Elk Park. In Tennessee the boundary is very irregular, ranging from 3,000 ft. to 4,400 ft. It rises to 4,000 ft. at the head of Heaton Creek and crosses TN 143 just below 4,000 ft. A map is available on request.

4. If the National Scenic Area legislation is passed, could the boundaries be lowered to include more land?

Minor adjustments in the boundary could be made administratively by the Department of Agriculture. A significant enlargement of the Scenic Area would require new legislation by Congress.

5. If a person owns land below 4,600 elevation within the boundary, could the government take it?

Examples of the types of changes which would permit the government to acquire the land are: building new residences, building motels, condominiums, stores and similar commercial development, establishing junkyards, and large-scale clear-cutting. This applies only inside the proposed boundary. Outside the boundary, no matter what the elevation, there would be no restrictions whatsoever.



6. What could a person do on land he owns inside the boundary (below 4,600 ft. elevation)?

The proposed legislation would permit the owner to do all the things he has already been doing. A few examples are graze cattle, grow Christmas trees, change the acreage devoted to each, cut firewood, and harvest timber (other than large scale clear-cutting), build a new barn or garage, add to or modernize an existing home. Just about any agricultural use could continue.

7. Would an owner below 4,600 ft. be able to leave his land to his children or sell to someone else?

Yes. All rights, privileges, and responsibilities of ownership of these lands would remain.

8. What would be the benefits of a National Scenic Area for owners with land below 4,600 ft.?

A scenic area would protect the interests of those landowners who want to see the lands around them remain undeveloped. The Banner Elk-Sugar Mountain area is a nearby example of what can happen once owners start selling to developers. Under the Scenic Area proposal, owners of family lands would be assured that neighboring lands within the boundary will not be bought by developers.

9. Why would the land above 4,600 ft. be treated differently?

Above 4,600 feet the land is generally very scenic and visible. Some of these lands contain many acres of Catawba rhododendron, which most people enjoy seeing. Many rare plant and animal species are found at these altitudes, and there are strong scientific reasons for preserving them.

10. If one owns land above 4,600 ft. within the boundary and wants to keep it, is there anything he could do?

Yes, he could sell a conservation easement and still keep ownership. Under a conservation easement, the owner agrees not to do certain things on the land and gets paid for it. The more he restricts his land, the more he gets paid. Existing Christmas tree farming could continue.

11. Who would manage the federal lands within the National Scenic Area?

Federally-owned lands would be managed by the U. S. Forest Service. The Pisgah and Cherokee National Forests have already been planning to manage Federal lands on the Roan in the manner similar to what is called for in the proposed bill. They will work to keep the grassy balds open, will not clear-cut, and will keep existing roads and trails open. With Federal designation as a Scenic Area, it would be expected that more money would be budgeted for maintenance.

12. Why have a Scenic Area? Why not leave things as they are?

Things usually do not stay as they are. The balds tend to grow up and must be managed to keep them open. Throughout the region property is being purchased for vacation homes. Some areas, such as Banner Elk and Sugar Mountain, are already built up with condominiums. A National Scenic Area would help keep things the way they are.

13. Would the Scenic Area result in more visitors to the area?

There will likely be increased visitation to the Roan area no matter what.

14. For those might want to sell land to the government for the Scenic Area, how would the purchase be financed?

The legislation calls for an appropriation of \$10 million from the Land and Water Conservation Fund. Ten percent of the total expenditure will be raised by donations from interested private organizations and individuals and the States of Tennessee and North Carolina.

15. Does that mean that the State or local governments will have to appropriate a million dollars for the purchase?

No, state or local governments will not be required to commit any funds to the Scenic Area. The Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy is prepared to raise the private portion. It is expected that most people will wish to continue to own their lands; so the total cost may be far less than \$10 million.

16. Why is the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy promoting National Scenic Area legislation?

The Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy (SAHC) has been working to protect lands within the Highlands of Roan for over 15 years. SAHC pays property taxes on all land it owns. Some time ago Congressman Quillen (1st District, Tennessee) offered to consider legislation to provide additional protection for the area. From this came the present proposal, designed to protect the land while leaving most of it in private ownership.

17. What is the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy (SAHC)?

SAHC is a non-profit organization with headquarters in Kingsport, TN. Mailing address P. O. Box 3356, Kingsport, TN. Phone 615-323-3677. Members pay minimum dues of \$10 per year. Most of its members live in western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee. Most of its work is carried out by volunteers.

July 23, 1989

Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy

## *Roan Mountain an Inviting Place for the Study of Birds*

Of outstanding localities in the South for the study of birds, Roan Mountain is a most interesting one. For many years Roan has been an attraction to ornithologists, amateur as well as professional, and articles on its bird life has been published as far back as in the 1880s.

Biographically characteristic to the Canadian Zone of the Boreal Region, the upper reaches of Roan Mountain, with a more or less dense growth of spruce and fir from Carver's Gap at 5500 ft. up to the summit at 6300 ft., are a habitat preferred by some species of birds that ordinarily breed in regions far to the North. Thus, there may be found on Roan Mountain during the breeding season in late spring or early summer such interesting species as Red-breasted Nuthatch, Black-capped Chickadee, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Winter Wren, Carolina Junco, Veery, Canada, Cairn's and Chestnut-sided Warblers.

The grassy area east of Carver's Gap to Little Roan Mountain (5800 ft.) and Grassy Bald (6200 ft.) with a scattered few buckeye and hawthorn trees on the ridge and a dense tangle of alder bushes near the top of Grassy Bald, offers equally interesting observation to the bird student. Aside from the ever-present Carolina Junco, here may be found in summertime the Vesper Sparrow and Prairie-Horned Lark, probably breeding, and, on migration in the fall the American Pipit. On a clear day, Red-tailed Hawk and Turkey Vulture are likely to be seen riding the air currents while they look for food. If luck is with the observer, he may have an opportunity to watch a Raven, or maybe a few, soar above or along the mountain sides.

The approaches of Roan Mountain, principally

during spring migration in April and May and during fall migration in September and October, are alive with a great variety of song birds. As the visitor to Roan Mountain proceeds from the town of Roan Mountain on the Tennessee side, or from Glen Ayre on the Carolina side, he will see or hear along the streams, in the fields, pastures, orchards, on the grassy ridges and in the deciduous woodlands below Carver's Gap such migrants or summer residents as Bluebirds, Bobwhite, Cardinal, Catbird, Yellow-breasted Chat, Carolina Chickadee, Crow, Least Flycatcher, Goldfinch, Flicker, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Grouse, Hummingbird, Blue Jay, Meadow Lark, Whitebreasted Nuthatch, Ovenbird, Pee-wee, Phoebe, Robin, Chipping, Field Grasshopper, and Song Sparrows, Chimney Swift, Scarlet Tanager, Brown Thrasher, Louisiana Water Thrush, Wood Thrush, Titmouse, Towhee, Red-eyed, White-eyed, and Mountain Vireo, Maryland Yellow Throat, Kentucky, Bay-breasted, Blackburnian, Black-throated Green, Black and White, Cairn's Canada, Cape May, Magnolia, Parula, Redstart, Tennessee, Worm-eating and Yellow Warblers, Cedar Waxwing, Bewick's Carolina and House Wrens, Blackbilled Cuckoo.

Even in wintertime, the bird student will experience interesting bird observations on Roan Mountain. The new road will permit reaching the top of Roan Mountain without difficulty and make it possible for the bird student to visit this interesting locality the year around. With the planned development of Roan Mountain by the Cherokee National Forest Service and the Pisgah National Forest Service, which will provide for shelters and camping facilities, the bird student will find it worthwhile to include Roan Mountain in his travels.

Board of Directors will meet December 3--visitors welcome!

The winter meeting of the Board is scheduled for Asheville, North Carolina, on December 3 at 12 noon. There will be an in-house lunch immediately prior to the business meeting. Members of SAHC are welcome to attend. For information and further details, please write or call Richard Guthrie, 8 Cedarcliff Road, Asheville, NC 28803 (phone 704-274-7691) or Carl Fletcher, 7 Willmar Circle, Johnson City, TN 37601 (phone 615-282-4904).

Summer on Roan

by Ron Vance

Our natural tendency is to admire the wonders of Roan Mountain--wildflowers which cover the massive slopes and deep valleys; rhododendron entwined with azaleas as only Nature does it; tiny mammals which scurry to retreats faster than the eye can follow. Awestruck by such beauty, vastness and activity - the myriad intricacies - we fail to recollect the ever-present other side - the dangers to human life.

This July, a seven-year old boy, lost for almost eight days, brought the national media's attention to Roan Mountain and to Nature's carelessness of man. The child's experience extended to my own, for during the search for him, I was lost for four hours under Eagle Cliffs. All my experience hiking on Roan did not prevent my panic, a classic case, marked by loneliness, exhaustion and paranoia. My admiration of the seven-year-old is great; how he survived is beyond my comprehension.

Days after our ordeals were over, I remembered the tragic story of how Jane Bald was named. My memories took the following ballad-like turn, which I hope readers will like.

The Naming of Jane Bald

Once a lady heavy laden  
with a child she loved so dear  
Began a journey o'er the mountain  
to her kinfolks not so near.

On the mountain, not yet named,  
on she hurried heedless  
Scatched and bleeding  
till delirious she became.

Milk fever people called it;  
a cure was not then known.  
She staggered with her child  
but had to travel on.

Many hours still she struggled  
crying baby in her arms;  
Through cold and wind and showers  
she kept the babe from harm.

Though darker nights were many  
in the valley far below,  
Her husband he had scorned her  
and said that she must go.

He knew not of her illness;  
need she tell him? She thought no.  
He said he did not love her  
and away from him must go.

Eyes spilling feverish tears  
body weakening with pain,  
True love left behind her--  
yet another mile to gain.

How at last she reached her kinfolks  
no one has ever known.  
Her baby lived a beauty;  
but milk fever took its toll.

Now the mountain with its flowers  
shooting upward in the spring,  
Was name-ed for this lady  
the name of it is Jane.

The bald is now o'ertaken  
by nature's own wild growth  
And briars sprout with flowers  
as old memories unfold.

The briars they remind us  
all who travel near  
Of a struggle with a mountain  
by a courageous lady dear.

Ed's note: Our readers will recognize Ron Vance as our summer caretaker of 1982 and 1983. His special talents for observing and feeling the small and the large, the past and the present, are obvious in his notes and verse. Thanks to Professor Lary Wood, Department of English, East Tennessee State University, who assisted in making a few metrical emendations to the ballad.

Descendants of Daniel Tolley

- 1 Daniel Tolley b: Abt. 1793 Ledger, Burke Co, NC d: 1869 Mitchell Co, NC
- .. +Jane Howell b: 1806 NC d: Aft. 1880 NC
- .. 2 Nancy Tolley b: 1832 Ledger, Burke Co, NC
- .. 2 Jane Sarah Amanda Tolley b: 1835 Ledger, Burke Co, NC
- ..... +William Henry Houston b: 1841 NC
- ..... 3 Henry Houston b: Jan 1870 Toe River Twp, Mitchell Co, NC
- .. 2 William Tolley b: 1837 Ledger, Burke Co, NC d: Sep 20, 1863 Civil War, Battle of Chickamauga in northern Georgia
- ..... +Louisa McHone b: 1842 NC
- ..... 3 James Tolley b: 1860
- ..... 3 [1] Philmore Tolley b: 1862 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC
- ..... +Margaret Cooke b: 1862 Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... \*2nd Wife of [1] Philmore Tolley:
- ..... +Louisa Henline b: Jun 12, 1874 Spruce Pine, Mitchell Co, NC d: Mar 24, 1947
- ..... 3 Bunie Tolley b: 1890 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Kirk Simerly b: 1890 d: 1964 Carter Co, TN
- .. 2 [2] Swinfield "Swin" Summerfield Tolley b: May 7, 1838 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Jul 1900 Simerly Creek, Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Hulda Lovada McHone b: Abt. 1832 Yancey Co, NC
- ..... 3 William M. Tolley b: Jul 12, 1865 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mar 11, 1950 Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Laura Bailey b: Mar 12, 1865 Mitchell Co, NC d: Sep 8, 1957 Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 McDaniel "Mac" P. Tolley b: Jun 15, 1867 Bonford, Mitchell Co, NC d: May 28, 1920 Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Oma Tolley b: Jun 10, 1869 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mar 19, 1948 Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 Nancy Ann Tolley b: 1870 Mitchell Co, NC d: Bristol, VA
- ..... +Ben Birchfield
- ..... 3 James Nelson Tolley b: Abt. 1872 Mitchell Co, NC d: Clarktown, Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 Charlie M. Tolley b: Jun 16, 1873 Mitchell Co, NC d: Apr 23, 1958 Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Ida B. ... b: Mar 16, 1871 Yancey Co, NC
- ..... 3 Ellen Tolley b: 1876 Mitchell Co, NC d: Bristol, VA
- .. \*2nd Wife of [2] Swinfield "Swin" Summerfield Tolley:
- ..... +Molly Elizabeth "Betsy" Tolley b: Oct 1870 Yancey Co, NC d: 1945 Bristol, Washington Co, VA
- ..... 3 Elizabeth "Liza" Tolley b: Jul 1890 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Melvin Vanover b: 1886 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 Harrison Edmond Tolley b: Nov 1892 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Patta Elizabeth Stipes b: 1896 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 John Washington Tolley b: Sep 5, 1894 Carter Co, TN d: 1969 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Julie Jane Fender b: Jun 30, 1898 Burnsville, Yancey Co, NC
- ..... 3 Crede Anderson Tolley b: May 14, 1896 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... 3 Henry McKinley Tolley b: May 14, 1896 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- ..... +Beatrice ... b: 1900 Hampton, Carter Co, TN
- .. 2 Sanders Tolley b: 1839 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC
- .. 2 Leonard Howard Tolley b: 1841 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC
- ..... +Martha MacDaniel b: 1855 NC
- ..... 3 James D. Tolley b: Abt. Jan 1880 Mitchell Co, NC
- .. 2 Olivia Tolley b: 1844 Ledger, Burke Co, NC
- ..... +Thomas Howell b: 1838 Burke Co, NC
- ..... 3 Byrd Howell b: Aft. 1860 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... +Bertha Shook d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... 3 [3] Zebulon Vance Howell b: 1862 Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... +Samantha Woody
- ..... \*2nd Wife of [3] Zebulon Vance Howell:
- ..... +Louiza ...
- ..... 3 Swinfield Howell b: 1865 Mitchell Co, NC d: St. Paul, VA
- ..... 3 Delia Jane Howell b: 1867 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... +Milton Penley
- ..... 3 [5] Samuel Scott Howell b: 1871 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... +[4] Minnie Tolley b: 1874 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... 3 Dexter Howell b: 1873 Mitchell Co, NC d: Buncombe Co, NC
- ..... +Matilda McClellan d: Buncombe Co, NC
- ..... 3 McDaniel Howell b: Abt. 1874 Mitchell Co, NC d: SC
- ..... +Melvina Tolley b: 1875 Yancey Co, NC d: Jan 1912 Asheville, Buncombe Co, NC
- ..... 3 Laura L. Howell b: 1878 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC
- ..... +David Woody b: Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC

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.. 2 Elizabeth Tolley b: Jan 14, 1845 Ledger, Burke Co, NC d: Dec 8, 1893 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +Thomas Howell b: Jan 17, 1805 Washington Co, TN d: Jan 22, 1891 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Mattie Howell  
 ..... 3 Stokes Howell b: Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Swinfield Howell  
 ..... 3 Frances Howell b: 1864 NC  
 ..... +Joseph Tolley b: 1864 Yancey Co, NC d: 1912 Erwin, Unicoi Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Sanders Nelson Tolley b: Jul 9, 1866 Mitchell Co, NC d: Apr 1951 Bandana, Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +Sarah J. "Lina" Howell b: Aug 20, 1866 Yancey Co, NC d: Nov 4, 1918 Bandana, Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Melvina Augusta Tolley b: 1868 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +Tom Bowman  
 ..... 3 Thomas McWilliam Tolley b: 1870 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +Anna E. Patton b: 1874  
 ..... 3 Elmira Tolley b: 1873 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +Steve Beaver b: 1869  
 ..... 3 [4] Minnie Tolley b: 1874 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... +[5] Samuel Scott Howell b: 1871 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mitchell Co, NC  
 .. 2 Levi Tolley b: 1849 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Elizabeth Tolley  
 .. 2 McDaniel Tolley b: 1850 Ledger, Yancey Co., NC  
 ..... +Elizabeth McCourry b: 1851 NC  
 ..... 3 Saundus Tolley b: 1874 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Charles Tolley b: 1876 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Gerald Tolley b: 1877 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Moses C. Tolley b: 1879 Mitchell Co, NC  
 .. 2 Margaret E. Tolley b: 1856 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Bef. 1870 Yancey Co, NC

TOLLEY FAMILY. Please send your family info and stories to Brad Clark, 2804 Elm Street, West Des Moines, IA 50265
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Descendants of Francis Tolley

- 1 [8] Francis Tolley b: Abt. 1797 Ledger, Burke Co, NC d: 1885 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 .. +Darcus Emeline Bennett b: 1801 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Abt. 1865 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 .. 2 William M. Tolley b: Abt. Mar 1824 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Jan 24, 1913 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Nancy Willis b: Nov 24, 1837 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Feb 18, 1920 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 James Avery Tolley b: Oct 17, 1853 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Oct 5, 1929 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Susan Whitehead b: 1858 d: Sep 16, 1933 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Sester Tolley b: Jan 4, 1856 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Feb 5, 1935 NC  
 ..... +Samuel "Dickey" S. Tolley b: 1859 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Jan 12, 1944 NC  
 ..... 3 Elizabeth "Bettie" Tolley b: Apr 15, 1858 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Corell Henderson  
 ..... 3 E.K. Tolley b: Feb 8, 1861 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Sep 3, 1934 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Mary Ester Tolley b: 1868 d: 1935 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Martha Tolley b: Dec 27, 1864 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Mar 13, 1948 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +David Bailey  
 ..... 3 Wilburn A. Tolley b: Dec 18, 1867 Carter Co, TN d: Aug 26, 1925 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Sester Ledford b: 1873 North Carolina d: Nov 1, 1918 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Caney Sinkler "Sinclair" Tolley b: Dec 2, 1870 Carter Co, TN d: May 29, 1940 Big Crabtree Cem., Avery Co, NC  
 ..... 3 [1] William D. Tolley b: 1874 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Matilda Willis b: 1871 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of [1] William D. Tolley:  
 ..... +Rosie Edwards b: May 28, 1899 d: Dec 29, 1983 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Bunavista Tolley b: Jan 31, 1877 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Nancy Ann Tolley b: Jan 20, 1879 Unicoi Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Samuel Sampson Tolley b: Nov 24, 1881 Unicoi Co, TN d: Jul 21, 1967 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Laura Willis b: Jun 12, 1874 NC d: May 20, 1946 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 .. 2 Stephen Elkanah Tolley b: 1826 Ledger, Burke Co, NC d: Abt. 1898 Unicoi Co, TN  
 ..... +Nancy Hopson b: 1820 NC  
 ..... 3 William Steven "Bill Steve" Tolley b: Jun 1850 Yancey Co, NC d: Abt. 1898 Unicoi Co, TN  
 ..... +Mary E. Britt b: 1866 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Mary Jane Tolley b: Abt. 1852 Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Francis M. Tolley b: 1860 Yancey Co, NC  
 .. 2 Isom Tolley b: 1829 Burke Co, NC  
 ..... +Sarah Polly Young b: 1829 NC  
 ..... 3 [2] Merrit Tolley b: 1851 Yancey Co, NC d: Dec 1, 1927 Avery Co, NC  
 ..... +Mary E. "Polly" Calhoun b: 1857 NC d: Abt. 1890 Mitchell Co, NC  
 ..... \*1st Wife of [2] Merrit Tolley:  
 ..... +Lorena "Reana" Hicks b: Sep 16, 1881 Mitchell Co, NC d: Jun 14, 1967 Ashe Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Alley Tolley b: 1853 Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Frances Tolley b: 1855 Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Emaline Darcus Tolley b: Apr 10, 1859 Yancey Co, NC d: Jan 7, 1942  
 ..... +Robert Mitchell Burlison b: Sep 20, 1852 Avery Co, NC d: Jul 3, 1894  
 .. 2 [3] Nancy Tolley b: 1830 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Dr ... Allen b: Abt. 1830 d: Abt. 1860 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Cordelia Tolley Allen b: 1852 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Caleb Whitehead b: 1845 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Elizabeth Tolley Allen b: 1856 Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... 3 Martha Tolley Allen b: Sep 1859 Yancey Co, NC  
 .. \*2nd Husband of [3] Nancy Tolley:  
 ..... +John Whitehead b: 1800 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Jane Whitehead b: Aft. 1860 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +William Holder  
 .. 2 Judith Tolley b: 1832 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Eli Willis b: North Carolina  
 ..... 3 Al Willis  
 ..... 3 Robert Willis  
 ..... 3 Liz Willis  
 ..... 3 [7] James P. Willis b: Mar 5, 1850 NC d: Jun 30, 1933 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +[6] Dolly "Polly" Tolley b: 1865 Carter Co, TN  
 .. 2 Elizabeth Tolley b: 1834 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +Hiram A. Correl  
 .. 2 Rachael Tolley b: 1837 Ledger, Yancey Co., NC  
 .. 2 Daniel Tolley b: 1838 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Feb 18, 1916 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Rebecah Whitehead b: 1849 Carter Co, TN d: Feb 27, 1928 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN



..... 3 Dempsey Tolley b: Mar 18, 1865 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN d: Apr 14, 1959 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Lodema Nancy Tolley b: Jun 14, 1894 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN d: Apr 12, 1981 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 [4] Charlie Tolley b: Dec 14, 1867 Carter Co, TN d: Jul 18, 1929 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Nancy Lewis b: Jan 1877 NC d: Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of [4] Charlie Tolley:  
 ..... +Josie Stevens  
 ..... 3 Dock Tolley b: 1871 Carter Co, TN d: 1945  
 ..... +Sarah Jane McKinney b: 1884 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 John Tolley b: 1873 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN d: Nov 4, 1911 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Martha Jane Tolley d: Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 [5] Ellen Tolley b: 1875 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +... Price  
 ..... \*2nd Husband of [5] Ellen Tolley:  
 ..... +... Griffin  
 ..... \*3rd Husband of [5] Ellen Tolley:  
 ..... +Charlie Tolley  
 ..... \*4th Husband of [5] Ellen Tolley:  
 ..... +... Bender  
 ..... 3 Jennie Anna Tolley b: Mar 28, 1879 Carter Co, TN d: Jun 28, 1900 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +A.G. Whittemore  
 ..... 3 Brownlow Tolley b: Aft. 1880 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Dovie Stephens  
 ..... 3 Sam Tolley b: Aft. 1880 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Emma Tolley b: May 3, 1890 Carter Co, TN d: Abt. 1945 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Jim Straley  
 .. 2 Martha "Patty" Tolley b: 1838 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC  
 ..... +David Bailey b: Mitchell Co, NC  
 .. 2 Francis R. Tolley b: 1841 Ledger, Yancey Co, NC d: Sep 11, 1915 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Mary "Polly" Whitehead b: 1836 Hampton, Carter Co, TN d: Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 [6] Dolly "Polly" Tolley b: 1865 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +[7] James P. Willis b: Mar 5, 1850 NC d: Jun 30, 1933 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Bud Milton Tolley b: 1867 Carter Co, TN d: Abt. 1910  
 ..... +Sarah Delia Tolley b: Abt. 1866  
 ..... 3 Oma Tolley b: Jun 10, 1869 Mitchell Co, NC d: Mar 19, 1948 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +McDaniel "Mac" P. Tolley b: Jun 15, 1867 Bonford, Mitchell Co, NC d: May 28, 1920 Carter Co, TN  
 ..... 3 Daniel Carter Tolley b: 1873 Carter Co, TN d: Apr 14, 1957 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 ..... +Cora B. Justice b: 1883 d: 1957 Tolleytown, Carter Co, TN  
 .. 2 Eli Tolley b: 1846 Ledger, Yancey Co., NC  
 \*2nd Wife of [8] Francis Tolley:  
 .. +Sarah Griffin  
 .. 2 John "Red" Tolley b: Unicoi Co, TN  
 .. 2 Ike Tolley b: Unicoi Co, TN  
 .. 2 Mary Jane Tolley b: Sep 1, 1878 Unicoi Co, TN

TOLLEY FAMILY. Please send your family info and stories to Brad Clark, 2804 Elm Street, West Des Moines, IA 50265
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# HEARTH & FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS

by Barbara Wickersham

The Highlands of Roan is a place of spectacular beauty. Seventeen miles of the Appalachian Trail cross the massif and are reputed to be some of the most beautiful stretches of the 2,000-mile trek. Settlers started moving into this tumble of mountains in the very late 1700's and discovered vast forests filled with big timber and abundant game; plenty of fresh, clean water, teeming with trout; and possibilities for subsistence farming, "sorta hard come by." They brought with them to this wilderness a strong need for hearth and fire.

The hearth, called "hath" by the old-timers, was the center of much family activity and took prominence in the building of a home. Much care and time was spent in its creation since it was not only the center of family life, but essential for survival.

While I was in Roan Mountain recently, a friend and I stopped by to see my friend Jim, a mountain man of great presence who is a story teller quintessential, a natural historian, and a philosopher of sorts. He has survived many a harsh fire-demanding winter in the Roan Mountain Community and seemed to be a perfect source.

His blue eyes squinted thoughtfully as he peered out from under a shock of grey hair, a work-worn hand resting gently on Joe, his big German shepherd lying protectively at his side. He leaned back comfortably in his great chair and agreed to share with us some thoughts about the use and importance of hearth and fire during his growing up years.

"First," he explained, "You built the chimley to a house, and you jest got big field stones and clay mud, and you'd lay up a rock, and then you'd lay up a bunch of clay mud, then another round of rocks and more mud 'till you get high as you wanted, and then you built your hearth."

His voice trailed off as he seemed lost in another time, another place for the moment, then sighed, remembering, and continued.

"You hunted as big a flat rock as you could find to make a hearth out of. Gen'ly had to build up small rocks under it to make it level with the floor. What it was for was to catch the fire 'till it wouldn't get out and burn the house. They'd be three to four feet long and at least about that deep back. Then you got a big backstick that was to go in the back of the fireplace...threw the heat out. Sometimes hit would be 16 to 18 inches through, sometimes bigger, and jest half it, and it'd take two to put it on.

"Sometimes you'd have to roll it in, but it'd last all day behind there, and you'd put smaller wood in front. Then you had a fire, and you usually never let it go out 'til along after April when they'd have an old cookstove a'goin', and hit went through the summer 'bout all day."

Matches to start the fire were not easily obtained. If available at all, a box of matches cost about a nickel and "it took sometimes an hour to work out that nickel back in the late '20s and early '30s. I can remember well when people would borrow fire, bring a little old bucket, come to borrow a chunk of fire. I've

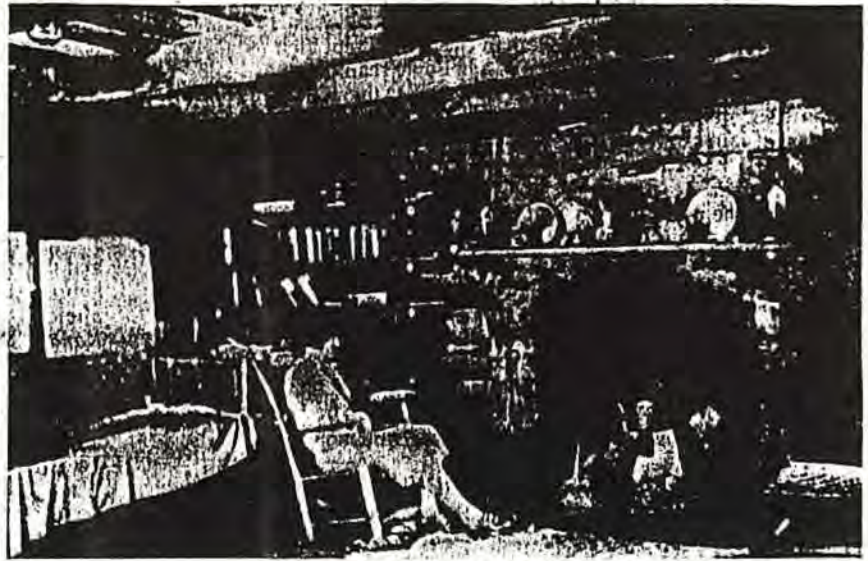


Photo courtesy of the Mountain Heritage Center

even know'd 'em to take the shot out of a shotgun shell and put a piece of cotton where the shot was - the powder would still be in the shell - and they'd fire that into some real dry kindlin' or punk and it would set that cotton a-fire. Then you jest blow'd on it and you'd have a good fire in jest a minute."

Punk is very dry rotten, crumbly wood found inside some hardwood trees.

"You could get it better out of a hard maple and usually ever'body kept a little around where it would be dry. Hit wouldn't blaze, but made big coals, and once it was a fire, it stayed a fire."

Sparks from striking two pieces of flint together were also used to fire punk.

All the fireplaces had an iron rod built into the chimney, usually made of wagon wheel iron. Double pothooks (S shaped) were hung on this rod and meals were cooked in hanging pots.

"When Mom cooked beans or anything like that, she put 'em on early in the mornin' and let them cook 'till noon or she'd cook boiled cabbage, lots of soup beans, or when she cooked pork or beef, she cooked it in a three-gallon iron pot. That's what it took to do us for two meals.

"You had to have a fire, and that saved a lot of wood and more time. Stove wood had to be gotten in the mountains where it was dead and dry. Sometimes, owin' to how long you'd been livin' in a place, you'd have to go a purty good ways to get it. You'd drag it in to the woodyard with a horse, either on a sled or drag the whole tree, and then chop it.

"Usually mother wanted dead locust - hardest stuff in the world. You'd be three minutes before you'd get one stick off, and that would get a stove or a fire really hot, burnt slow, and had a big coal with it, left coals in there. You'd get one good fire, and it'd cook a meal."

The cook stove had a bread oven, but in the winter they often used a portable, lidded, cast iron oven that could be put among the coals on the hearth rock. They raked back the coals,

set the oven down, and then covered it with coals. The bread inside the oven cooked to a fine turn.

"Mom could tell by the smell when it was done. Now that was good cornbread! Sometimes she made pone wheat bread, and I have eat some rye bread made that-a-way."

Family life centered around the hearth. The room that housed it was called the fireroom (our present living room), and the mantle was called the fireboard. It was generally the largest room in the house and held at least two big beds.

Sickness was a real problem, since there was little medical help available, and it was not uncommon for a woman to be "sittin' under the (sick) baby" by the hearth all day. Toothache was treated by putting hot ashes in a rag on the jaw to ease the pain. Smoke was blown in the ear to soothe an earache.

"Hit worked. Hit was jest something to git it warm, I guess. I've had it blow'd in mine many of a time when I was little. They'd jest puff it in their mouth, put their mouth right up close to your ear, and blow right slow. When they'd quit, you could see that little curl of smoke comin' out."

Colds were a menace; treatment was simple. Water was boiled in a cast iron teakettle and poured into a pan. Vicks salve was added and the person with the cold leaned over this with a quilt covering both the person and the pan. It worked magic! Babies and small children often had what they called croup. It was treated in much the same way.

"Kids'd completely choke up and that wa the only way they had to break it. They'd jest quit breathin'."

A person with rheumatism did what they called "bakin' it" by putting a quilt on the heart and scooting as close to the fire as the intense heat would allow, thus killing the pain.

A baby animal, unfortunate enough to be born on a cold winter night or just rejected by it's mother, was brought in by the hearth and hand fed.

"We'd bring little pigs in a lot of times, and lambs, and I have brought calves in by the hearth. I remember having baby pigs in a confined place close where they could keep warm when they would come unexpectedly in the cold time. If they could ever get to suck a pig or lamb, you couldn't freeze it to death. But a weakly pig, sometimes you'd have to bring it in and bottle-feed it, or a weakly lamb that couldn't get up. Once you fed it a time or two, you had a pet, and hit was a pest - a sheep or a pet pig is the biggest pest in the world. An old pig would trot after you all day long and squeal, and it not a bit hungry. You've heard the sayin' 'Aggravatin' as a pet pig' - that's whur that come from."

Before the advent of kerosene lamps, the room was lit at night by bundles of small pieces of knots from black pitch pines.

"They'd go into the mountains whur the old black pine had fell over and the wood rots out and leaves them pines a-layin' there. They'd take a tow sack and gather a big sack full of knots, and they'd be about three inches through."

They would take pieces a bit smaller than finger diameter, split them to length, and tie them in bundles "about what you could hold in your hand." Rawhide ties were placed at intervals down the 12 to 18 inch long bundles. When needed for light, a bundle was carefully secured in a hole among the chimney rocks and lit. As it burned down, a tie was removed and the next one down held the bundle together.

Some people had what they called pitch holders which were made at a blacksmith shop. It, too, was stuck back among the rocks in the chimney.

Kerosene ushered in a new era with lamps and lanterns. In the beginning, many of the lamps had no globe and were made to be used with wool rags pushed down into the lamp, then covered with kerosene. A bit of the wool rag was pulled through the opening and lit, sucking up the kerosene as it burned. Lanterns soon replaced pitch torches for walking to church at night, going to parties, or seeking a missing or sick animal on the mountain.

Fire was used to make life easier in lots of ways. Down by the creek they would have a 30-gallon iron kettle hung from a rack a foot or foot and one-half above a fire. This was filled with water from the creek and clothes were boiled using homemade lye soap. If clothes were especially dirty, after boiling they would be taken to the creek and beaten on the rocks with a battling stick. Dry wood was used for the fire, beech, sugar tree (maple), oak, "old apple tree made awful good fire," and the coveted dead locust.

Ironing was made easier by starching clothes with a cooked solution made of flour and water. There were no ironing boards back then, and ironing was done using a white cloth on the dining table as an ironing surface. Flat irons were heated on the cookstove, two at a time in order to switch when one got too cool. Most women quilted, and ironing small pieced seams flat with a heavy flat iron that was often too hot or too cold was no easy task. Trying to follow a soap or chalk-marked quilting line in the light of a pitch pine bundle or a kerosene lantern was a challenge as well.

And then...men's work. On the mountain farm, neither men's nor women's work was ever done.

On the evening before hog killing, the men dug a big hole and layered wood and big rocks in it. Very dry kindling was placed on top. About four o'clock the next morning, they would "fire that up, and them rocks would get hot, and we'd fill up a 60-gallon wooden barrel with water, and we'd lay that on an angle, kinda tilted, and we'd throw them big red hot rocks in there, and when you got it whur it would burn you, it was ready.

"They would have the hog up on a scaffold and it would take three men to put it down in there and then they'd keep feeling 'till they could tell the hair was comin' off. Then they would turn it and get that side. Usually you scraped it after you scalded it. They would turn it around and do the other end. You kept your fire agoin', and the water would be gittin' some cold but not much, and you hung them on the scaffold then, and take the entrails out and hang them to drip, and then they'd git the next 'un. Kept your fire agoin' and kept the rocks hot all the time. Take the rocks out when the water got too cold and reheat them. Would have more rocks all ready to put in while the first ones was gettin' hot again."

A special smoke house was used to smoke pork. A fire was built in either a hole dug in a dirt floor or smouldered in an iron pot. The meat was hung above this.

"Jest let it smoke...had a place in the roof for the smoke to go out...smoked it after it was cured with salt. Smoked it with hickory or mountain ash wood 'cause they wouldn't black none."

Two survival-related uses for fire simply have to be mentioned here. Moonshine was an important source of cash for these mountain people, and fire was essential both for heating water and cooking mash. Another lucrative business was the cutting and sawing of wood. Sawmill boilers fired with wood made the steam that generated power for the big pulley wheel. Belts ran from there to the saw and made it possible to cut giant logs into lumber.

There were far too many other uses for fire to recount them all, but one more important use was for agriculture. "New ground" had to be cleared for a garden about every three years. Everything was cut from as close to the ground as possible on three to four acres of land. The brush was put in a big pile, and the logs were left for a big "log rollin'."

"This was a git-together, jest one man a'helpin' another, have 10 or 12 men. They'd roll the logs and the women would cook. You've heard that expression "Jest like cookin' for a log rollin'...that's what it was. Now they really eat!"

The logs were rolled into piles and set ablaze, burning sometimes four or five days.

Once "Old Man" Wes Miller got impatient and decided to burn his logs by himself. He rolled the logs together and fired them. As they burned away in the middle, he pushed them closer together to encourage them to burn completely. While so doing, one big log suddenly rolled over and caught his left leg, jamming it tightly between two burning logs. No matter how hard he tried, he could not disengage his leg.

His axe lay about a foot beyond his reach. He began clawing at the dirt until finally the axe slid toward him. Then he chopped off his leg, tore his overall pants leg into strings, made a tourniquet, found a crooked stick which he used for a crutch and managed to get back home.

"He hewed out a wooden leg for himself, the straight kind, peg-leg they called it. He was real young when this happened and he lived to be a healthy old mah. He was a rough customer, he was. He could walk on the mountain even and take care of his animals....They was tough, back then!"

Jim suddenly fell quiet, a gentle giant of a man, his hand once again trailing Joe. Truly, they "was tough back then," and they still are.

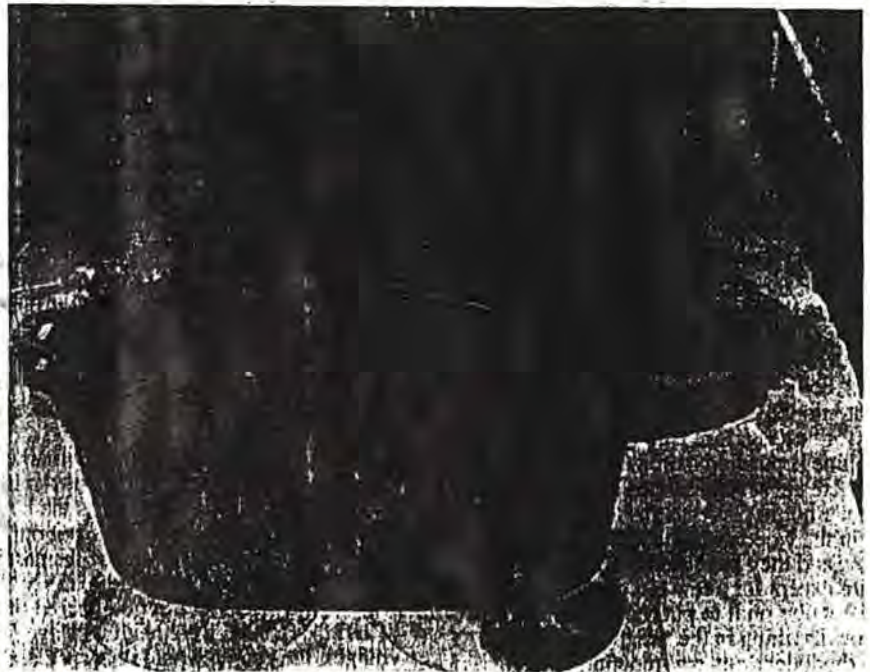


Photo taken at the home of C. E. Williams in Roan Mountain, TN by Barbara Wickersham